



Pottership

The Newspaper of the Royal Lymington Yacht Club

Number 23 Autumn 1999

Beyond 2000

Whilst the Club is well established, conventionally organised and provides facilities for a wide range of sailing activities, nevertheless the General Committee believes that it must plan for the future.

The Strategy and Membership sub committees were, therefore, briefed to consider the Club's future and submit proposals; at the General Committee's September meeting two papers were discussed and broad agreement reached that the way forward was to examine how existing facilities might be improved, what potential existed in extending the premises to meet such improvements, how the membership structure might need to be modified to meet future circumstances and the financial implications of implementing any such changes.

To exemplify the proposals it was suggested that appropriate objectives might include:-

- being able to seat up to 250 at a formal occasion
- make provision for larger lecture audiences
- improve training facilities and capacity
- provide more common room space for juniors,
- provide more suitable facilities for committee meetings, protest hearings etc.

In the context of a membership of over 3000 and an imbalance within the age groups it should encourage the younger membership and retain their interests to ensure a balanced succession into the middle and older age groups. Some updating of the Rules and Regulations which apply to membership were considered necessary, with a proposal that

- the minimum age for a full Member should be reduced from 21 to 18.

In order to carry out the necessary studies, fine tune proposals, consult with the membership, determine the optimum financing arrangements and submit to AGMs, a five year planning programme was considered to be appropriate.

The intention is that Members will be consulted widely and kept informed of developments as they proceed. Those who attend the Annual Sailing and Club Review meeting will be told about the ideas being discussed. Any Rule changes will, of course, be presented to the AGM for decision.

Andrew Tyrrell
Vice Commodore



Champion Club - Official

The RLymYC is proud to have been acknowledged as a Champion Club in a new scheme promoted by the RYA, sponsored by Volvo UK, and supported by Sportsmatch.

The accolade recognises the Club's pre-eminence in promoting and supporting excellence in training and racing for young people. To be accepted into the scheme the Club had to meet demanding requirements for the quality of its training, including the qualifications of the instructors, the fleets raced and the supporting teaching facilities ashore. The Club also had to satisfy certain environmental standards and provide non-sailing social facilities for younger members. The plaque recording this major achievement was presented to Commodore Gordon Simpson by Doug Holmes of Kings, Southampton's Volvo dealership, at the start of the prize giving for the Club's very successful Junior Regatta.

The high standards which the Club achieves have been demonstrated by success at national and international level. In addition the Club provides very competitive racing on Saturday afternoons in Optimist, Cadet, 420 and Laser Radial classes, with race training for these fleets on Sundays. The Optimist fleet works in co-operation with Salterns Sailing Club, with those beginning their racing careers sailing on the 8 acre pond on Sunday mornings.

The youngsters are very strongly supported by adult Club members, parents and non-parents, who give much of their time instructing or driving support boats. In the winter, supported by generous sponsorship from Green Marine and the staff of Lymington Recreation Centre, the youngsters maintain their fitness with circuit training and swimming.

Ian Gawn
Secretary



Doug Holmes of Kings, Southampton's Volvo dealership, Commodore Gordon Simpson and some of the Junior Regatta competitors.



Left: HRH The Princess Royal sailed in a First Class 8 with Ian Williams and his crew between races in the Royal Lymington Cup and, bottom, in Box Clever (John Bence) in the first race of the Berthon Source Pre-Admirals Cup Regatta. Bottom right: Joan Simpson presents the Royal Lymington Cup to Morten Henrikson, winner in the 25th year of this event.

Photos by Ian Gawn





TRAINING

In discussion with Nigel Summers, the Cadet Squadron captain of Highcliffe, we talked about our clubs training together over the winter months, and decided it would be very worthwhile to get together. We then spoke to the squadron captains

from Parkstone and Frensham Pond, and asked if they would like to take part in winter training, and they agreed. We arranged four Saturdays with morning training and afternoon racing. A prize giving would take place at the last event, which would be at Highcliffe Sailing Club with a competitors' disco. It was a tremendous success with over forty boats at each club. Lymington finished on top with five boats in the top ten; Iain Watson was the first Lymington boat.

RESULTS

Looking back over this last year I can see many great achievements from our Cadet sailors. The successes at Rutland, Queen Mary Reservoir and Weymouth are recorded elsewhere, as are the National and European championships.

I would like to thank all the parents, helpers, Club Members, and all the staff at the Club for making it such a successful year.

We are sailing until 5th December, Sunday mornings only, and we have a new Club Cadet for Junior sailors to try. If you would like to join in, give me a call on 678752.

Paul Putt
Cadet Squadron Captain

CADET SAILATHON

On 20th June this year Catherine Putt, Iain Watson and I along with our crews gathered together at 3 pm on a chilly Saturday afternoon ready for our 24 hour Sailathon to raise money for our trip to the European Championships in Hungary.

Iain Watson and David Putt were to start the sailing off on the new Club Cadet, finishing their shift at 5 pm and handing over to me and my crew Lauren Morrison. The wind was a variable force 3 - 4 in dull, drizzly conditions.

It all started off well, the laps from the Club line round Jack-in-the-Basket and back were clocking in slowly, averaging only two or three an hour. There was a lifeboat fair going on in the park which helped us hugely

in our fund raising efforts. After a long two hours Catherine Putt and Robyn Stock took over their shift. As we continued changing the shift at two hourly intervals the dark, cold, wet night set in. Finally our 11 o'clock to 1 am shift came. We clambered into our boat in the dark and set off. The wind had increased to about force 4 gusting 5 and we happily planed out towards Jack, not knowing where to go, just hiking as hard as we could. After communicating with the RIB with Robin Marks and Andy Lavies on board several times we finally understood where we were heading. We rounded Jack and started the broad reach back. I had honestly no idea where we were heading until I saw a black lump in front of me. I remember saying to Lauren 'What is that lump sticking up?' and her replying, in a worried voice, 'Land! Bear away now!' It was all very exciting and we managed to clock in the fastest lap in the darkness, but boy it was nice to go to sleep for a whole four hours!

The Sailathon carried on until 3 pm the following day, when the other two crews in their own boats joined the Club Cadet at the wave barrier and escorted it to the finish line outside the Club. We were all exhausted but pleased to have made it.

I would like to take this opportunity to say a big thanks to all the volunteers who helped us with our Sailathon, the RIB drivers, the people who stayed up all night timing laps and making sure everything ran smoothly. Also I would like to thank everyone who sponsored us, especially Green Marine, Harken, Hackett and everyone at the Etchells Nationals dinner. All of them gave us very generous donations, which helped us a great deal paying for a large proportion of our expenses for our trip to Hungary.

Pippa Wilson

HUNGARY - THE CHAMPIONSHIPS

Our trip to Hungary for the Cadet European Championships was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. We arrived to a very warm environment. We got on the bus which took us to Balatonfuredi, where we stayed for two weeks in a nice hotel called the Hotel Annabella. I found it hard to settle in such a humid place. We ended up going to the pool or beach every twenty minutes to cool off.

When we started to train Pippa and I could not sail because our boats were in Vienna. Apparently the trailer axle broke on the motorway and the boats were towed off by a fire engine. This had my brains working on overdrive; nobody has said anything about my boat. Does this mean they are in pieces on the motorway or are they the same as



British Sailing Team, Hungary

when we packed them two days ago?

They were fine, they both arrived in one piece. We went sailing that day but everything seemed to go wrong. It was like I had forgotten how to sail.

I went to bed that night worrying about the competition, this probably wasn't the best idea ever. However I woke in the morning feeling more confident and it worked. I could sail again. The qualifiers started on the Monday and as we had already got seven boats from Great Britain we used these few days to relax and check out the competition for the week ahead. The first thing I noticed was that the Argentineans were like ballet dancers. On the water on every wind shift they would tack in sequence one after the other. They also worked very well as a team. I really wanted to beat this team, so I think I was very ready for the big competition. The competition was nothing like I had ever done before. It was so serious and I have never worked so hard in my whole life. It was so hard to keep up the front.

The British team did excellently with all boats in the top thirty - there were sixty taking part. We had three Lymington boats in this year's seven boat team, and we all did brilliantly. We got

First female helm and eighth overall: Catherine Putt and Robyn Stock.

Eleventh overall: Iain Watson and Paul Ellis.

22nd overall: Pippa Wilson and Lauren Morrison.

Catherine Putt

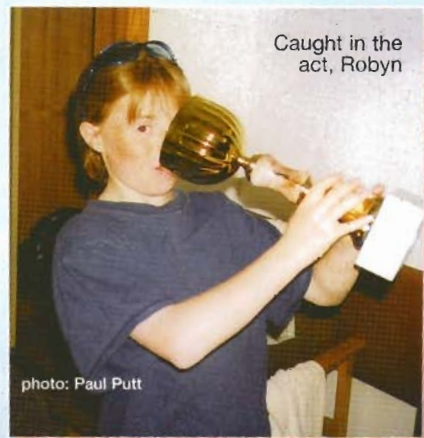
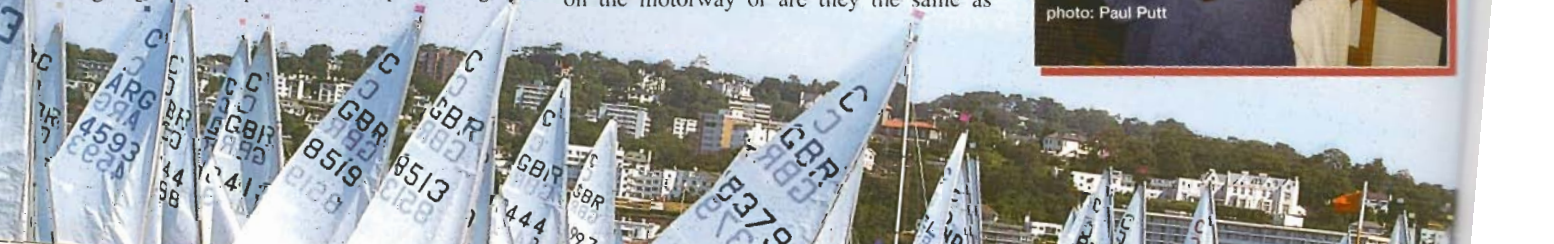


photo: Paul Putt



MY CADET NATIONALS 99

I went up to Torquay knowing that it was possible for me to do very well. I had done a lot of sailing before the event in various boats and so I think this helped to give me a broader outlook. I had also spent the couple of weeks before the Nationals with my crew Richard Bye and his dad, first of all filling in all the minuscule dents and cracks on my Cadet (8436) and then sanding and polishing them so that my hull was completely smooth (although covered in white patches). My crew's dad also did a splendid job on my foils for me so after all this preparation I was set. The advantage of this preparation is probably psychological as much as anything but it all helps to calm the nerves and make you know that you are as fast as anyone else. I also knew that I needed the right winds for this to happen.

The practice race for me was a bit of a sham. Having only read the sailing instructions briefly I became a little confused at the start. The pin end marker boat was not flying an orange flag (as it should have been). There was however an orange dan buoy on the windward side of the committee boat so I decided, along with Richard and about 30 other boats, that this must be the pin end. I would've had a good start if it had been the pin end but it wasn't. Therefore I was fifth from last across the start line. I did however manage to pull back up to 17th place before the finish!

The next day the racing was for real. I had spent the night before reading the sailing instructions carefully until I knew everything. I was not too pleased when the winds in the morning were very light indeed. I didn't do too badly finishing 12th. The B and C fleets failed to get a race in due to lack of wind.

The next day I woke up in much better spirits, it was windy! 15-20 knots and nice big waves, just what us Lymington sailors like! I had a good start and knew that I would have to tack as little as possible which meant going either left or right. I decided to head out to sea (right) as there would be hopefully more wind and less shifts. However Nick Williamson went in left and came out a good 100-200 metres ahead of me with him in first and me in second. I really wanted to beat Nick as we are old rivals and he had been beating me too much so I worked really hard. By the end of the race I just beat him on the line by about half a second, neither of us knew who had won until a rescue boat told us.

The next race had the same conditions, I found myself in 2nd or 3rd around the windward mark with the favourite for the championship, 8855, in front. I could not believe it therefore when he went to the wrong mark on the trapezoidal course, handing me that race on a plate!

Race four saw a new contender up front; he banged right and made it work very well, I started to go left and found it wasn't paying so tacked off right before it was too late. I managed to catch back up to second to finish off a marvellous day! 1st, 1st, 2nd. That night my crew and I celebrated and everyone congratulated us. It was great!

Day three and still the winds were ablowing! this time up to 25 knots and with waves up to 4 metres! (excellent). However I did not get away to a brilliant start and finished up in sixth, which still wasn't bad. I set my sights on doing well in the next race.

This had a good committee boat bias on the line but what everyone had failed to notice was that the wind, tide and waves were all pushing people down the line and this was apparent with about two minutes to go. Therefore I went up above the committee boat and then came screaming down on a broad reach and slammed into the line on the gun right below the committee boat. There were just two other boats within ten metres of me! One of those boats went left whilst I went right. I was about a foot behind the other boat at the windward mark so the beat must have been fairly even! The guy in front was too fast and I never caught him, meaning he took his second win of the day and I came second.

On the next and final day I had it all to do. I had to get at least a fourth result or two sixths and the wind was dropping! I had a good start but didn't quite play the beat right. This meant that I was in seventh place round the windward mark. I knew because of my current mast rake I was quick down wind so I went right, as this was the side that had paid up the beat. Everyone ahead had gone left. I gybed very late and came screaming into the mark to find myself in 3rd place. I managed to hold this to take the title and become the Cadet Class National Champion. I made a major mistake in the last race, finishing 32nd. This was one of my discards!

The Lymington Cadets did very well both at the Nationals, with David Putt and Nick Williamson both doing very well, and at the Europeans with half of the team coming from Lymington! The Cadets are great fun and they certainly teach you to sail well. Not coming from a sailing family I could hardly sail a course before becoming a Cadet crew. Everyone is very friendly and there is a great social scene with everyone getting on



photo: Paul Putt

really well. The boats are fun and relatively easy to maintain yourself.

I would advise anyone between the ages of 8-15 not knowing what to sail to sail a Cadet as they will teach you everything that you need to know and provide top competition.

Daniel Allin

The results at Torbay were very good for Lymington boats: **FLEET A** 1st Daniel Allin & Richard Bye 8th Nick Williamson & Oren Richards 48th Joanna Ryley & Lucy Harris **FLEET B** 4th David Putt & Joanna Weguelin 16th Neale Canning & Alex Ryley 17th Tom Corfield & James Berry **FLEET C** 12th Adam Richards & Gillian Reynolds 13th Charles Hamilton & Poppy Husband

TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL LYMINGTON YACHT CLUB

I am writing to you all to thank you for all your help and support in aiding Robyn Stock and myself to go to Hungary for the European Cadet Championships.

The experience was one in a million as it opened my eyes to how many good sailors there are in the world.

It was a tough competition with over sixty Cadets competing. Robyn and I were very successful in achieving a high placing - in the overall competition we came eighth. An added bonus for us was the fact that we finished Best Female Team.

Once again I would like to thank you as I could not have achieved these results without the support and help from you all.

Catherine S Putt

Lymington cadets at Rutland water



photo: Paul Putt





ETCHELLS ETCHELLS ETCHELLS

with Paul Woodman eighth, Andrew Roberts tenth and Simon Collyer twelfth overall. Congratulations to Lucy Chaplin, nee Proudlove, the only lady helm, who achieved a very creditable thirteenth overall in 32 entries.

AT COWES

Seven Lymington Etchells were in the fleet of 42. Paul Woodman, Christopher Proudlove and Malcolm Ford in *Fuzzy Duck III* finished second overall, a very pleasing result. Last year's winners, Barry Dunning and Mark Keeping in *Simple*, didn't show the same cracking form and was the next best placed Lymington boat, finishing nineteenth.

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

Only two boats from Lymington made the trip to Douarnenez in south-west Brittany. It was very picturesque with fabulous racing in the bay where there is almost no tidal influence - maximum flow even at springs only half a knot! The competition was particularly fierce, eventually won by ex World Champion and double Olympic gold medal winner Poul-Ricard Hoj-Jensen from Burnham. The current National champion, Tim Law, took second, and Robert Bell from the USA finished third (he had on board the current World champion, calling the shots). Messrs Woodman, Proudlove and Ford in *Fuzzy Duck* were tenth and *Oblivious*, sailed by Ray Mitchell, Andrew Austin and Oliver James were eighteenth.



John Bertrand in *Blue Jeans*



WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS 2001

The World Championships in 2001 will be hosted by the Lymington Etchells fleet and run by the RLymYC. This may well be the most prestigious and competitive event the Club has ever held. The entry list of over a hundred Etchells at last year's World Championships in Marblehead, USA, looked like a Who's Who of all time yachting greats, with countless World champions, Olympic medal winners and America's Cup veterans. Entry to this event is strictly by qualification on a fleet-by-fleet basis, so if anyone wants to have the opportunity to race in a fleet containing some of the most talented yachtsmen in the World, there is still time! Lymington will probably have five or six places to be contested for, and it is envisaged that the Qualification Series won't start until Autumn next year, and will continue into early 2001. So, if you are interested why not buy an Etchells over this winter and see how you fare in this thoroughbred one-design racing yacht sailing against some of the best yachtsmen in the World.

Paul Woodman
Fuzzy Duck III

All pictures in the Etchells feature by courtesy of MAX



NEW EDITOR FOR POTTERSHIP



Pottership will have a new Editor for its next issue in March 2000. My thanks to Jo Mooring Aldridge for persuading Trish to volunteer for the job; she already has a number of ideas for changes - about time, as I have been doing the job quite long enough!

Here is her C.V.

Marilyn Holmes

- Emsworth Mill Pond - in a small home-made pram dinghy as a small child pushed off to learn sailing from trial and error.
- Langstone Harbour - nautical upbringing as a Junior Member of the Locks Sailing Club with parents involved as Treasurer, Secretary and Commodore.
- Portsmouth Harbour and the Solent - sailing as a family in *Korsar*, a German windfall yacht
- Alabore - dinghy racing A 415 - has anyone seen her lately?
- Poole Harbour - our Sadler 29 moored in Shell Bay and Middle Sands, we survived rough and tidal sailing over the seasons. During those years a member of the RMYC.
- Lymington - now living in Brockenhurst enjoying the Club's Monday evening racing with my Scow *Korsar* - a somewhat different size to the previous 50 sq.m. yacht of that name! Also now cruising our Catalina with husband Mike, grown-up family and friends.



Seriously, this is a typical female C.V. - all change to suit the family! - which includes teaching many subjects to secondary level at different schools, School Governor, Citizen's Advice Bureau adviser etc. While living in Sherborne was a director of the County magazine *Dorset Life* and also working for that company in the west of the County.

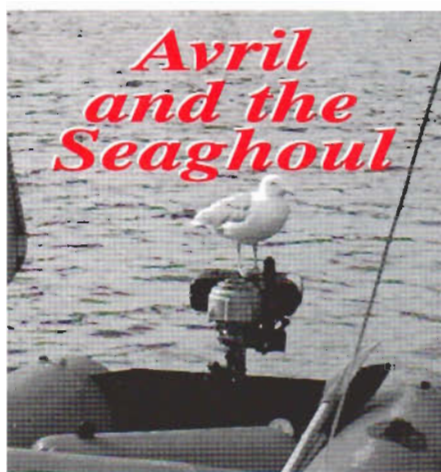
Hopefully, having read this you won't throw your hands up in horror! This is a challenge I look forward to with interest and enthusiasm. It is indeed a privilege to take over the editorship of *Pottership* from Marilyn and I wish her well on her travels.

Trish Saunders

In my early days of sailing the mention of a Seagull filled me with trepidation. We are not talking about the feathered variety, soaring high and screeching for scraps of bread or fish before returning safely to shore. This Seagull was an outboard motor whose function was to transport us in our dinghy to our yacht on the mooring and return us safely to the shore again. In the last issue of *Pottership* I shared my first sailing experiences with you. A Tiller, at the Tiller. Everyone who sails a yacht needs the support of a reliable outboard motor and dinghy. The skill of getting in and out of the dinghy has to be mastered before learning to sail. Just get in, I'd be told! I would put my foot carefully into the dinghy and it would launch itself away from the pontoon leaving me with legs astride slowly doing the splits. It was more by luck than judgement that I ever landed in the dinghy and not in the water.

Once settled in the little craft and surrounded by bags, sailing equipment, spare oars (just in case!) and of course the wine, the next part of the entertainment would begin. My sailing partner would try to start the Seagull. How I used to envy those Club Members who arrived with their smart outboard motors, fix them to their dinghies, a couple of pulls of the starter motor and off they'd go. Not like me, hanging on to the pontoon rail and being told in no uncertain terms NOT TO LET GO.

The routine was always the same. A short piece of cord was wound several times around the neck of the Seagull, various fuel levers would be adjusted (I'd hold my breath and pray), one, two, three, ready, go. My sailing partner would pull the cord with all the force he had. I would duck to avoid the cord hitting my face whilst of course still NOT LETTING GO OF THE RAIL. Silence.



This performance would be repeated several times. All I heard was the language that became as blue as the sky overhead, if muffled. My heart would sink and I just hoped the dinghy wouldn't too, because it had a slow puncture. Eventually I would hear the magic sound of the Seagull starting and off we'd go chugging up the river, making a beeline for the yacht before the Seagull died or the dinghy sank.

My experiences include having to row against the tide from the shore at Yarmouth only to receive a round of applause from the crews of the other yachts moored offshore when we eventually reached our boat, exhausted and half submerged. I've done seaweed watch at Salcombe sitting at the bow of the dinghy feeling like Kate Winslett on the Titanic playing The Golden Shot. Left a bit, right a bit, FIRE. The Seagull had stopped once again, this time choked by seaweed. The ritual of starting it would be repeated whilst we were being swept down the river towards the open sea.

What a relief when my skipper decided to invest in a new dinghy. The big day came when it was delivered to the house. It was unpacked on the lawn and blown up. Finally the label was removed with a Stanley knife. Need I say more! We stared in silence as the new acquisition deflated before our very eyes. However, not to be beaten, it was repaired and put into service.

A visit to the Boat Show in January this year changed everything. We are now the proud owners of a Suzuki outboard motor. At last we can hold our heads up high. We have a reliable dinghy and an outboard motor that starts first time (sometimes second!)

Finally, on a lovely summer's day in June we made our way to *Baloo* in the dinghy. On reaching the yacht I grabbed the stern. The dinghy was being swept down the river by the tide. DON'T LET GO, I was told once again. *Baloo* and the dinghy parted company as I slipped gently into the water. But I DIDN'T LET GO.

The Seagull is waiting in the wings in case it's ever needed again; just like Jonathan Livingstone Seagull, it never gives up!

PS This is a light-hearted account of dinghy transportation, but as I'm sure you are all aware more accidents happen in rubber dinghies than in yachts, so please take care.

Avril Owton



I slipped gently into the water...BUT I DIDN'T LET GO!



Ever since the first race was held in 1975 I had always hoped the opportunity would arise to participate in the Azores And Back race. This takes place at four-yearly intervals and can be sailed single handed or two up.

Last year fellow Club Member Andrew Wilkes mentioned that he would like to take part in the race, and would I like to crew. We spent some Thursday evenings racing in the Solent, just for practice. At the end of May we sailed *Viking*, a Halberg Rassey 31, to Falmouth where we met up with the rest of the fleet at the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club and spent a week preparing the boat. We left with 38 other boats on 5th June in a westerly force 6 - 7 under a cloudy sky; there was some close racing.

Nine uneventful days later we arrived at Ponta Delgada on the island of Sao Miguel under spinnaker at about 2 am. We were 7th out of twenty in Class 1.

After a week sightseeing it was time to set off on the return leg, leaving on 22nd June with light/variable winds.

There had been much debate amongst the competitors as to which side one should pass the island. Most of the yachts that sailed to the west side gained considerably

but experienced a gale. We decided to stick to the rhumb line and pass to the east, and spent two very frustrating days becalmed with four other yachts. Eventually a constant wind set in and we reached back to Falmouth in ten days. After sailing 2500 miles we finished ninth overall out of twenty.

Jo Mooring Aldridge

Flushed

Many years ago I sailed on the East Coast, at Burnham. In an effort to improve the performance of my boat I removed everything not bolted down including the saloon table, doors etc.

I had a new girlfriend, she was a blond local girl (ie from Essex) and as we sailed off one morning I said to her 'I hope it's not a problem, but I'm afraid there's no door on the loo'. I could see a puzzled look come over her face and she replied 'How do I get in then?'

Bob Bell
Four Bells

Canal du Midi - Hopes and Expectations



The original version of this article was sent as an e-mail from Peter Arblaster to his son Stephen. Other Members please note - news penned for another purpose might make a very good contribution to Pottership

We thought about a fourth visit to the Med and this time looked at the short route via the Canal du Midi. Questions exposed us to the jolly sailor syndrome: it's marvellous, stupendous, wonderful, easy, safe, picturesque etc. Was that cocktail eulogy? We leave you to judge. Here are a few things that may be of use to future intrepids.

The canals of the Garonne and the Midi are marvels of engineering which only a Frenchman could have conceived and built. They are picturesque, safe, have outstanding aqueducts with wonderful vistas - and you cannot lose your way.

Preparation was straightforward: minimum needs are easy; get some old car tyres (for both sides of the boat), lengthen the warps, buy a mallet and stakes, an up-to-date Navicarte, maybe a French/English aid and a spare impeller or two.

The route south was splendid. For the first time we took courage and the 176⁰ transit to enter L'Aberwvrac'h by the Chenal de la Malouine. Audierne was en route, the entry is shallow, it is good shelter with limited space. Pornichet and Bourgenay were new to us but looked good for passage making and they were both excellent. Royan starts the Garonne and was a good staging post with

efficient staff, waterside fruits de mer and a railway station.

The access to Royan is shallow and tricky so wait until two hours after low water. The approach is surrounded by sandbanks, sandy water and the buoys are sparse but critical. The river runs fast.

flotsam and small islands abound and shallow banks restrict options for stopping.

At Bordeaux a convenient stop is the massive suspension bridge, Pont d'Aquitaine. The recommended Point du Jour club is now closed and visitors are directed to the right bank, where there is electricity and water. Further on there is an excellent supermarket at Le Tourne Langoiran. Here one can wait for the flood and stock up with wine, sun cream, mosquito spray etc.

The distance from Bordeaux to the canal at Castets-en-Dorthe is 72 km. The passage is the most tantalising in the world. One passes the homes of Margaux, Mouton Rothchild, Latour, St Emilion, Entre-deux-Mer and others, all classic. Stops were not sensible so we reached Castets at dusk. The lock keeper was friendly and helpful; he took us into the basin, filled the lock and suggested we stay there for an idyllic night by the weir.

What next? Weather glorious, expectation high, boat pristine, crew fit and ready. It was fun learning to operate the automatic locks - most now are; we now know that there is complete tv surveillance of each lock.

Day two became day three, and then four. We were going uphill so all locks were accessed empty. They seemed to get deeper, and throwing the warps up became tiresome - this after the somewhat worrying task of dropping (releasing) crew to the stone access steps, all after negotiating swirls from the side sluices

and the emptying locks.

At Toulouse it was the 53rd lock. There we met the big one, with a depth of 6.2 m. We could not hear what the lock keeper was saying and we failed to reach him with our heavy warps - in the end everything was resolved as we found floating bollards inset in the rock walls. We were outside the station, exhausted and frustrated, so took relief, bought an English newspaper and took a rest alongside the leafy walks of Toulouse.

We were now in the Canal du Midi. First sights were depressing for we passed many old and decrepit working barges, dinosaurs of a different age. Later that day we reached our planned stop at Port Sud Ramonville. It was clean, spacious and had agreeable staff - the first stop with restaurants, bars, an English-spoken mini store and a nearby travel agent.

Boredom had struck! It was about day five in the canals and 66 locks had been engaged (fought), scars to the boat and scars to the mind. Slime and mud, frayed fenders, weed blocked filters and mosquito bites. Four weeks and 812M and the crew, God bless them, had refused to pump ship. Civilisation seemed to call.

Peter Cumberlidge in a MBY *August* hits the nail on the head: old country locks, the inflow from sluices is powerful - careful turns around bollards - boat sheers about - fuelling berths rare - extremely rural - stopping miles from villages - carry stocks of engine oil, gear box oil, coolant and plenty of spare water pump impellers (we changed two and one Vetus expansion box). Finally, the good news is that I was not required to take the Aptitude test (law 91 Jul 23 1991) and despite Canal Regulations managed with unshown English documentation. For information send a sae to the French Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AL.

The surroundings were beautiful but compared with salt water boating it is hard work, repetitive and best left to a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

Peter Arblaster
Decision



HOT STUFF AT THE SUMMER MEET

Very warm, was the consensus - and that wasn't just the weather. The Royal Southern Yacht Club extended an exceptionally warm welcome to the 19 boats and 47 Members who went to the Hamble for July's Summer Meet. Not only did that club arrange for all RLymYC boats to be on their moorings, but we could also use their large pier and all the club's facilities to produce an excellent, and not too hot, three course Indian meal. This was cooked on the boats and served on the pier by John Bailey, with work and support from several helpers, shoppers and Tesco's! The evening ended with a communal sing-song of sea shanties with music, orchestration and enthusiasm provided by my wife Norrie. As a motor boat man I was disappointed that only one other motor boat attended and mixed in. The Meets are open and welcoming to all types of boat.

Julian Crader *Simonetta II*



Much to my surprise I was asked to become Captain of Racing, a three year term of office starting at the Annual General Meeting last

February. The Captain of Racing chairs the Racing Sub Committee, made up from representatives from all the different racing sections within the Club, meeting once a month apart from July and August. There will be thirty meetings within my period of tenure; I have attended six, with twenty-four to go!

The job as I see it is to make sure that regattas and Club racing are organised with enough helpers, race officers, RIB drivers etc to ensure that they run smoothly. Notice of Race and the Sailing Instructions for each event need to be written and then thoroughly checked to make sure there are no mistakes.

The sailing programme this year has been extremely busy, starting with the Spring Series and the Easter Regatta. All the staff in the office and the boatmen have done a great job and I could not have managed without them. The Laser 4000 weekend had its moments. Thirty boats were expected, but fifty-five turned up. Apologies had to be made to the Harbour Master when the boats blocked access, first to his office and then the launching slipway. The RIB drivers had a few problems - a rope around a propeller, eight attempts to lay an inner distance mark and running out of fuel. The competitors did not notice and apparently wish to come again!

Next year's programme is now being worked out. The Contessa 32s and the Lymington River Scows will come to the Club for their National Championships, and planning has started for the Etchells World Championships to be held in 2001.

With so many open and Club regattas, Monday and Thursday evening racing, help is always needed, to be a race officer, count boats, fly flags, man a rescue boat, lay marks and work out results. Do come and give a hand; it's great fun.

Jane Pitt-Pitts
Captain of Racing



"OK! OK! Cynthia! So yours is more topical"

NEW CLASS CAPTAIN

Geoff Stock, after two years as head of Optimists at the Club, has stepped down. I have now taken on that role, and on behalf of my fellow Oppie parents would like to offer my thanks to Geoff for all his hard work.

The Optimist National Team Racing championships were held at the Spinnaker Lake, with 27 teams. Lymington had high hopes of retaining the trophy for a second year. There were the Lymington Layabouts: Nick Thompson, Jonathan Clegg, Richard Mason; Lymington Lemmings: Melanie Clegg, Emily Dudley, Sophie Weguelin; Salterns Musketeers: Rupert Stock, Ben Paton, Chris Sanders; Lymington C-Monsters: Bethan Carden, Chris Carden, Robbie Claridge. The day started with heavy rain but enough breeze to run the first round league with only minor delays. All sailed well, with the Lymington Layabouts qualifying for the final, finishing

first equal but dropping to second place on the tie break. The final, a round robin of the top eight, started in light winds, with the Layabouts winning their first two races. The wind died and it was decided to bin the six races already completed and rerun the final with only the four league winners taking part. The wind came back immediately! Hayling Hotshots won, having lost only one race all day (to the Layabouts). Our team was very sorry to have been beaten by circumstance rather than by the opposition.

Martin Clegg Head of Optimists

MY FIRST OPEN MEETING

It was the Inland Championships at Rutland. We left home at 4 am and arrived at 8 am. It was really windy. The first race was in a Force 6 and I capsized three times

OPPI'S



Drawing: Jo Mooring Aldridge

and had to retire. The second day was just as windy but I managed to complete the races. Unfortunately I was black flagged and disqualified on the last race. I didn't know what the black flag meant - I do now!

It was great fun and I couldn't wait for the Nationals at Pwllheli? - Wales.

Christopher Sanders

MY FIRST NATIONALS

This year was my first National championships for the Optimist, held in Pwllheli, North Wales. As well as sharing a caravan with another family, I was constantly nagged by my urchin brother,

who, if he was not totally submerged in the thumb twiddling art of Game Boy then he was lying on the beach soaking up the sun. This weather, however, was not very good as far as sailing is concerned. All sun and no wind is fine if you like

drifting, but we were there to race and we didn't, well, not for the first three days. These consisted of sitting on the beach listening to the hourly broadcast of wind speed which was usually 0.00 knots. When the day did come when there was actually wind, we were ready to take advantage of it. The racing was not as exiting as the more powerful dinghies, but it was to some extent very testing. The courses seemed to be very long and slow but the racing was tight and I found starts quite nerve racking. After racing we were kept amused by various activities, including five-a-side football, sand castle building competitions and much more. I think it was very unfortunate that we didn't get more races in, but that's the way life works. Anyway I enjoyed it thoroughly and can't wait for my next Nationals.

Richard Mason



Lymington Optimist sailors at Rutland

Photo: Geoff Stock

Radials spread outwards

The RLymYC Laser Radial fleet, unknown in 1998, has grown from strength to strength in 1999 thanks to the fleet organiser, Miles Butler, the back-up and facilities offered by the RLymYC, and last but not least Simon Wergan, excellent coach, motivator and generally cool dude, who offers a well balanced mixture of fun, commitment, dedication and the goal just to get better and better. Although our location can be challenging, especially if you have heavy winds, wind against tide, have not reached the recommended minimum weight of ten stone and struggle to right the damn thing after

the eighth capsize, good sportsmanship guides us through and we all learn every time we go out. My personal best is having been selected to take part in the Scott Bader UK Laser Club Championship at Rutland Water in September, which I am really thrilled about. Those involved are Luke Cross, Dominic Hutton, Jonathan Clegg and myself.

Moritz Burmester



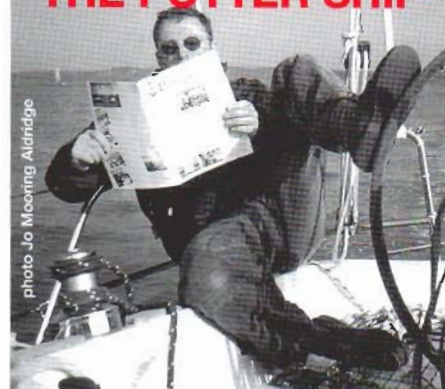
Luke Cross, 5th Radial in the Scott Bader Championships at Rutland Water

STOP PRESS - RESULTS

On Saturday 25th September the Scott Bader championships took place on Rutland Water. There was almost no wind the first day - only one race held - with three races back to back in a little more wind on the Sunday. The Standard rigs and the Radials all had to start in the same fleet, which made the races unfair to Radials. Also all age groups had to compete in one fleet without any handicaps, which also raised a few eyebrows.

The club championship was won by the Oxford Sailing Club. The first Lymington boat was Dominic Hutton, 2nd Radial, 55th place overall; Jonathan Clegg, 4th Radial, 72nd overall; Luke Cross, 5th Radial, 74th overall; Moritz Burmester, 8th Radial, 89th overall.

HOW TO WIN THE POTTER SHIP



Nothing like a good read to improve your handicap! Andrew Wilkes, above, sailing his HR31 Viking, won Class 1. Class 2 was captured by Chris Wragg in *Cestrian* and Class 3, the Duncan Hall trophy, went to X boat *Zest* helmed by Robert Young.

Trip for visitors to be discontinued

For some years the Club has on two afternoons a year organised sailing on Member's cruising boats for locally based disabled people. In more recent years, the weather has forced this event to be cancelled at the last moment, and it has become difficult to encourage enough owners to take part, in part because they and their crews feel that they have insufficient experience to deal with the range of disabilities presented by the visitors. Readers will know of the efforts made to recruit helpers and lifters through Pottership. Finally, and not insignificantly, the impact of legislation and insurance requirements has made the provision of the experience itself increasingly difficult.

For all these reasons the Club has decided not to continue this activity. Over the winter the Cruising sub-committee, which has organised the event, will try to find an acceptable and useful way of giving local people an enjoyable experience linked in some way to the sea and sailing.

John Bailey
Captain of Cruising

Scows for Cowes?

Perhaps not quite yet

Monday evening dinghy racing still offers the Scow Division its best opportunity to go racing. There are regularly fifteen to seventeen Scows starting, usually from the Club line then through the lakes or round marks in the near Solent. It is an increasingly competitive fleet with places changing all the time, often right up to the finishes, which can be nail bitingly close.

To all those who fondly watch us from the balcony or from under their boom as we dart round Jack-in-the-Basket and can imagine themselves leading the fleet - I say come and join us and WELCOME. Anyone who would like to race, in a friendly, close fleet, without the expense of a keel boat or the maintenance nightmare of an X boat: don't turn up in a Solo or a 505 because you were 'good in your day' and be the only one; race a Scow. We are an enthusiastic and friendly group who always extend a warm welcome to newcomers. For information on these and other opportunities to race your Scow, please contact me on 622807.

Jayne Burchell Scow Class Captain



Beyond the harbour limits - an alternative approach

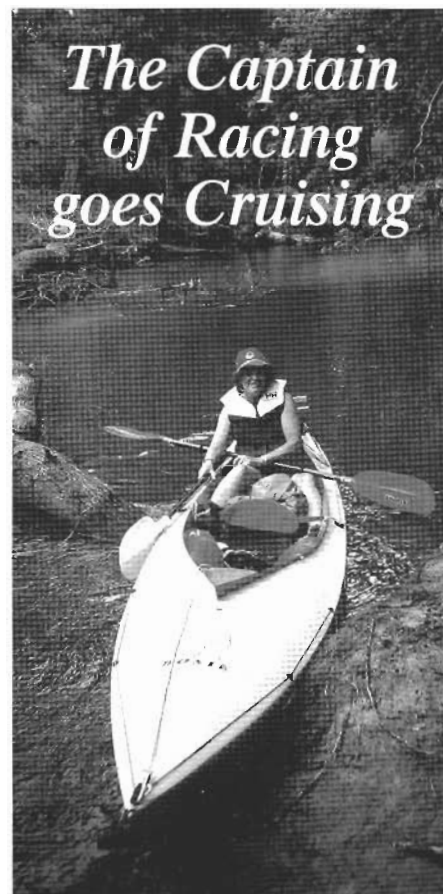
Synonymous with successful racing is a sound knowledge of water movement, tide, current, flow. Where better to test one's skills than in a small, relatively slow moving boat without mechanical assistance, the Lymington River Scow being a good example. Jane Pitt-Pitts, a fine Scow sailor and a friend of some years, agreed to join me in *Rosie* for an alternative approach to the Bay of Arcachon on the Biscay coast of South West France. Arcachon has been known for its yacht and boatmen's trousers - Arcachon pink. John Claridge's Scow and some of his other boats have also been pink. It was fitting that *Rosie* is also pink as he helped me to build her and the voyage was to end in Arcachon. My other boat is a Tiki 26 cruising catamaran, sometimes described by its designer, James Wharram, as a double canoe. *Rosie* is a stable, three-quarter decked, 5 metre, two person cruising kayak of ply-epoxy construction with a glass fibre sheathed bottom. Half a proper boat really!

Jane and I arrived at our training campsite in the late afternoon from St Malo some 400 miles to the north. The plan was to day trip first to achieve both paddling co-ordination and muscle tone for the multiday trip ahead. Training started with a fourteen miles walk stopping for a warm swim, in the sea, in a SW gale with driving rain and sand. All good training stuff! The next day's lake paddling was rewarding as we rapidly became a team, saw turtles, and birds of prey fishing.

Our arrival at the wonderful campsite at the Mexico Base at Commensacq, although pre-arranged by phone, was greeted with friendly amazement. We were thought to be the first English to paddle the Grande Leyre, two pensioners in a pink kayak, totally self contained with two tents, sleeping bags and mats, plus food and water for three days and no support vehicle. Although Jane had not done this sort of thing before, her boatmanship and water awareness were more than adequate; my own British kayak qualifications and membership of the French national body and its associated insurance facility were ample to quell any small concerns.

The following morning we launched into the unknown, described variously as the cleanest river in France, a little Amazon - a shallow gentle river passing through miles of the Landes wilderness between camp sites and the odd road bridge. Bathing was generally safe from the sandy beaches but the water was a fresh 16°C. We were not completely alone as we launched half-an-hour after a strong Belgian club team, about twelve people in six boats, and before a group of youngsters on a day trip in plastic hired canoes. The river was indeed slow moving and shallow with a white sandy bottom. There were however a number of small rapids, and innumerable fallen tree trunks and foliage to negotiate. The Damsel flies with their iridescent blue wings loved the

pink boat; we were constantly escorted by wagtails throughout the trip and saw kingfishers at nearly every bend. The shock came on a clear stretch with sun shining through to the sandy river bed: a viper decided to cross on a collision course. Both Jane and I were unhappy as we stopped paddling and glided towards a potential collision, me with a paddle at the ready to swat or whatever. At about four feet abeam of Jane in the rear seat the snake decided that might was right, raised its head in curiosity, and stopped. Its black and yellow zig-zag marking was vivid, but not welcome close to a boat with a 2 inch freeboard!



Fifteen miles (25 km) and five hours paddling time from the start, the kind lady at the riverside camp site at Pissos let us pitch our tents in a quiet spot in deference to our age, having pointed out a woodland track up which we could wheel the laden kayak for the night. Having pitched camp we repaired two miles up the road to a Logis de France restaurant for a day one celebratory meal.

We had a latish start to day two having struck camp after breakfast and got the boat to the river. I thought it a good idea to inspect a rapid some 200 yards downstream. Good thinking. A large rock in the middle was all right for plastic boats but not for *Rosie*. Refitting the trolley wheels, negotiating the hillside and then relaunching downstream from the rapid was a bit like locking in and out - time consuming, but part of the joys of boating. We covered twelve miles this day, the river was running well with a few small rapids and many logs to negotiate. Some of the latter we approached at high speed to bump over, some we ground on, so one had to

get out and shove. Many fallen trees were at chest level - 'duck' was the cry. I am less flexible than Jane, and marginally taller, but being well brought up I did enquire if all was well behind! Once I was very glad of my buoyancy aid as my duck came too late and my chest became a temporary mooring post. The evening camp site at Sagnac was very basic, less so when Jane discovered the disabled loos and a hot shower in a nearby site. It was however about a mile uphill and inland from the river, with no shop and we had not stowed any wine. This was rectified the following day with four bottles, plus two fillet steaks, four vegetables, garlic and four puddings. This evening however was a cowboys' supper - home-made soup, Waitrose Country Supper (excellent) with corned beef added and washed down with coffee. Breakfast bars and coffee in the morning in the absence of a boulangerie. Recipe for home-made soup: half a chicken stock cube, half a vegetable stock cube, lots of garlic and tomato paste, water to taste and steaming hot - it turned cold at night.

During day three the river widened but was no less complex in obstructions. Logs became crocodiles or hippos and overhanging branches in the face 'a brush with nature'. The latter statement discontinued after a day as travelling companions can get really annoying repeating platitudes - I stopped before being prompted by Jane!

We were very proud of the fact that as well as cutting through some of the day trippers in their hire boats we caught up with the Belgians, who were travelling light as they had support vehicles. Those of their group canoeing usually left an hour ahead of us, leaving the others to strike camp. They were a very jolly lot, led by a River Schelt he Salles camp site we addressed our own luxuries. Wine, fillet steaks, mushrooms in red wine and garlic, three vegetables and four puddings (two each). All cooked in two pans on one burner and eaten hot!

Day four went well with a stop for lunch as usual, but today in the company of the Belgians, who we had caught up at a riverside mobile cafe just short of Mios. The river widened and after an ecstatic rapid in which Jane found green water in her lap, we entered the tidal waters of the river estuary to the Basin D'Arcachon some 60 miles downstream. Later in the afternoon we were lucky to spot the 130° left hand turn into a narrow creek leading us through the tall reed beds to our ultimate destination at Le Teich on the Arcachon basin. That evening, having been transported back to the base at Commensacq, and the following evening after a rest and washing day, we dined at the Auberge at Lue, 7 km from Labouheyre - highly recommended.

After wending our way back north via suitable sources of Bordeaux and Cognac we camped in St Malo so that we could meet up with fellow RLYMC Members John and Carol Hudson-Davies, who hosted a superb meal at their local restaurant.

Dick Thorn

It started at 7pm on Saturday 7th of August, but for the crew of Zarafa the race for the Fastnet had started at 13:30 on the previous Tuesday during Cowes week when we were dismantled. All our hard work in training races and the year's preparations had been with the 1999 Fastnet RORC Race in mind; now it appeared a tall order just to get the yacht back to Cowes marina.

Nevertheless we arrived at Cowes but, where do we find a new rig? Peter Scholfield, 'Scho', knew that the last available rig at the boat builders had been put into the newest yacht in the fleet - perhaps we could borrow their boat for the race or even their rig? The crew was adamant that we would only do the race in Zarafa, so a new rig had to be found. Scho remembered that the Rig Shop in Poole had a length of mast that they could possibly sort out by Saturday.

The following morning the insurance assessor came to see the forlorn Zarafa in order to assess the damage and effectively give us the go ahead. By Wednesday lunch time the yacht was off to Yachting Solutions in Port Solent for repairs to the hull and deck, whilst Scho organised the new

fleet was ahead of us and generally to the left of the course where they seemed to have slight breeze. Back in the centre of the Solent we were lifted up to the front of classes 2 & 3 off Yarmouth. There we caught the vital puff of wind and slipped out of the Solent ahead of all but the One Design Maxis and multi hulls, sailing into a building South Easterly. Zarafa was off leaving the rest of the fleet trailing in her wake.

After a number of well timed and successful gybes, we had a straight line course to steer past both Anvil Point and Portland Bill, so at about 2300 we split into three watches of three. The first watch went off to get three hours of sleep whilst two watches stayed on deck, one on standby the other working the boat.

Once past the Bill the breeze was well up and Zarafa was flying. In 20+ knots of breeze there was always the danger of broaching so the two watches on deck were in full racing mode ready to control the boat if the gusts got up too much. It was a cloudy night but the moon was large enough to give enough light on deck and we managed to preserve all the kit and maintain a good direction and boat speed. Looking around on that first night it seemed that we were almost alone out there. Could it be true that after our momentous week we had managed to pull away from the fleet on the first night?

All Sunday we made good progress in the

As we rounded the Rock we put up our half ounce spinnaker and decided to stay to the left of the course to round the Pantaneus buoy seven miles away; we could see other yachts floundering in the lighter airs to the south and west. Night fell before we rounded the buoy; next was the Bishop Rock, to the south-west of the Scilly Isles.

We were only able to make slow speeds in the light airs, working the boat hard for every wind shift and every yard towards the finish. We knew the wind would turn to the south west, but not whether it would back or veer so we kept to our strategy of going for the maximum velocity made good to the next mark.

By this stage crew morale was getting even better. Everyone had been able to get some sleep on their standby watches as well as their off watches so we were all well rested. In fact comments were heard that 'I haven't ever had so much sleep on an offshore race before'. It seemed we were all enjoying ourselves rather too much. Our food was plentiful, with sandwiches for breakfast and lunch, and hot shepherds pie or similar for supper.

The wind filled in from the south, so we were in luck (again!) and we started to beat into a steadily building breeze, which brought with it cloud and some rain.

We could see the loom of the Bishop Rock lighthouse for what seemed like an age before we actually could see the rocks the following morning in the gloom of the drizzle. We tacked up to the rocks passing to the south as close as Scho would dare in the conditions. The crew on the rail reckoned that they could almost have scratched their initials on the most outlying of the rocks. Then all hands were needed on deck for the rest of the race, to beat all the way to the finish.

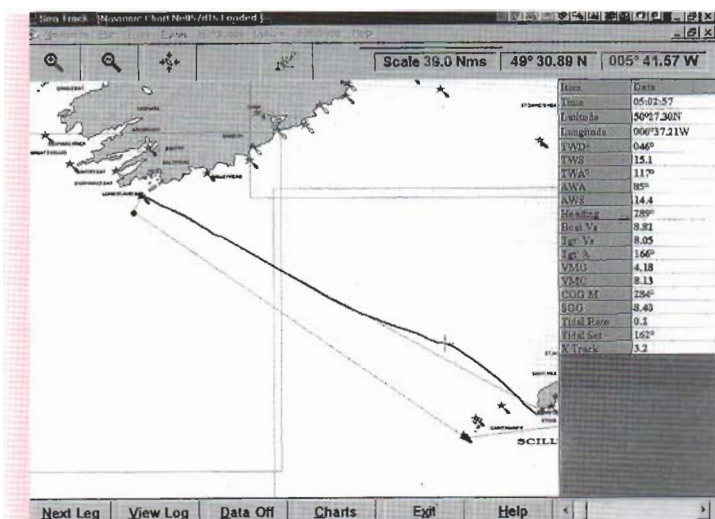
The eclipse occurred as we were half way between Land's End and the Lizard. From ten miles out to sea we could see the land under a dark cloud, spoiling the total eclipse for the tourists that had travelled so far for a moment in time. The moment came, it was eerie the way that it got dark over the land and us whilst remaining light far out to sea. A cry came up to look at the land, which sparkled like a thousand jewels as the tourists took their flash photographs.

At this stage mobile telephones started to work again so we found out that we were first on corrected time past the Fastnet Rock - amazing! The whole crew was galvanised to even greater motivation. Then the breeze changed to the south west and we had the half-ounce spinnaker up and were on our way to the finish, less than 100 miles to go.

As we approached Rame Head the wind was becoming lighter and the tide was going to change shortly, which would make getting into Plymouth Sound very difficult. We managed, with bated breath, to squeeze past the outer channel marker into Plymouth Sound and headed for the breakwater, where we received a cannon shot. For all of us this marked a great achievement in reaching the end, in reaching the start, and in being first across the line in class 2.

The whole race was topped off for us by the fireworks display as we entered Plymouth Sound; it was a fantastic end to a great season's racing for Zarafa and all her crew.

Peter Scholfield



mast and rigging By Friday afternoon Zarafa was ready to be driven to Port Hamble for the new rig to be stepped. The mast was finally in place by dusk and we just managed to get to Cowes for the fireworks and an early night - after a few celebratory beers.

At 0530 we left the dock for the start of the Fastnet 1999. The winds were light and from the South West as we set the storm sails for the sail past the start committee boat. Hopefully we were never going to have to use the orange devils in anger.

The spinnaker was hoisted as soon as we had crossed the start line and the race was on, made possible by the gargantuan effort from Scho, Simon Oatley and the rest of the crew.

We carved our way towards the front of the class 2 fleet by holding to the North in the stronger tide, the class 3

lighter breeze and by dusk we had reached the Lizard and were heading for Land's End. There were about a dozen yachts in sight and they were all considerably larger, which was very encouraging; but at Land's End there were a few more and it appeared that the fleet had compressed somewhat.

As we headed for Land's End the breeze started to build again and we had to drop the asymmetric and hoist the number 3. It was the first time we had had the crew on the rail with full oilskins and the boat was going really well with very few yachts around us. But all good things have to come to an end and the breeze started to fade. It was heavy number one time, then the medium, to be followed by the asymmetric. As the breeze came and went we made reasonable progress to the rock and eventually rounded at 2119 in close company with the Swan 57 *Yellow Drama* and a Prima 38 with only three boats from class one in front and us leading class two. At this stage we were leading the fleet on handicap.

..AND MORE CLUB SUCCESS

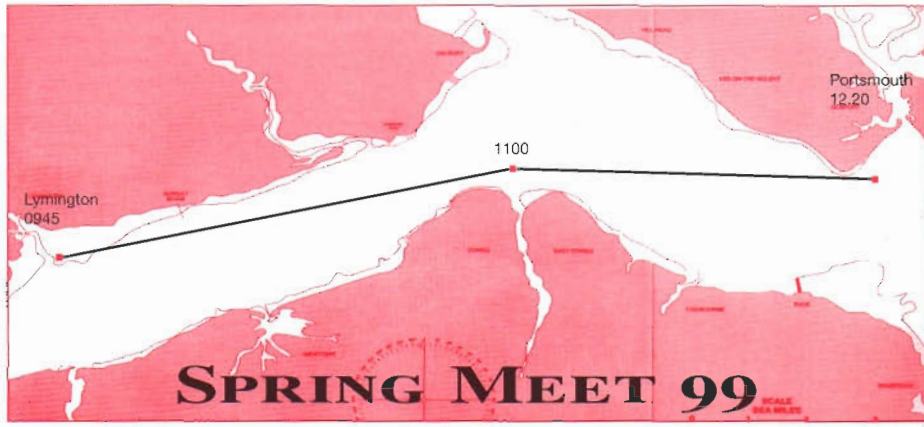
Jo Burchell, who has sailed at the Club since childhood, made Fastnet history when she and Lorna Graham became the first two-handed crew, male or female, to receive permission from the RORC to compete in the Fastnet race. Competing against boats with crews of up to nine, they were both exhausted on their arrival in Plymouth; they had kept awake by drinking coffee and concentrating - they forgot to take their Pro-Plus tablets with them! Their boat, named *Care Chartering* after Lorna's company, is a 35 ft Rob Humphreys design. The ladies were thirteenth out of 55 in class 2, 48th overall.

Stuart Jardine, crewed by brother Adrian and son Mark, won the J24 class in *Stouche* at the Spi Ouest Regatta at La Trinite over Easter. Their three wins and a second place put them 29.5 points ahead of the second boat. Their prizes included 1000 oysters and two dozen bottles of wine! In a borrowed J24 at the Bermuda International Race Week Stuart also shone. In winds varying between 5 and 25 knots there were two races most days. After tying on the first day with top US entrant Frank Keesling Stuart held a small lead through the week until Keesling had two bad results leaving Stuart with a 9 point win over Bermudan Jon Corless with Keesling third.

Club Members Peter Barton and Amanda Barron were selected as members of the Wessex Exiles team (former Southampton University students) to represent the UK at the World Team Racing Championships at the Royal St George Yacht Club in Ireland in July. The other UK team was from the Spinnaker Sailing Club.

In the Optimist class, maximum age 15, two Club sailors were selected for the British teams. Jonathan Marshall and Nick Thompson sailed at the selection events in Weymouth in April and Falmouth in May to achieve overall placings of 1st and 7th respectively. Jonathan was selected to sail in the World Championships in Martinique in July, where he came 14th in a fleet of 220, the third best British result ever. He went on to become UK National Champion. Nick sailed for the British team at the European Championships in Greece, which he won to become European Champion. He was the first Britain ever to win an International Optimist Championship (as opposed to regatta); he was first in the Flanders Youth Regatta and first in the Irish National Championships. Richard Mason, in his first National championship, came eighth in the Junior fleet.

As a result of their performance at the 420 Youth National Championships in April Jemima Marshall of the RLymYC and her helm Nicky Barnes from Restranguet Sailing Club were selected to represent Great Britain later in the year. At the Nationals, seventeen 'girl' boats in an overall fleet of 45 competed for the only girl place for the 420 Youth Worlds. Close sailing early on culminated in a dominating 16 point lead. The 420 Youth World Championships for 1999 were held in Finland in July; Nicky and Jemima came 7th.



Vessel:	<i>Canasta</i> (ship shape and Bristol fashion)	1048	Uneventful voyage; no sightings of whale, penguin or polar bears
Skipper:	John Mills (dark, satanic)		
First mate:	Pam Pam Mills (not quite an emergency)		Junior crew takes helm and engages in series of unintentional downwind tacks
Crew:			Avoided stationary dredger which sailed across our bow
Senior:	Noreen Truscott (weather and controller & chief worrier)	1049	Skipper leaves deck to go to telegraph
Junior:	Tony Truscott (chief drinks sampler & geriatric)	1050	Skipper returns because he can't do the crossword
8th May 1999		1100	Chart says 'Large vessels turning', but they all seem to be the right way up
0946	Skipper instructs: Cast off	1135	Sharp turn to starboard to avoid high speed catamaran
	First Mate promptly puts down her knitting, complaining that it needs to be kept on the needles.	1136	Sharp turn to port to avoid another high speed catamaran
	Skipper: We're not going that way	1137	Squeeze between the two, both sounding off at us
0947	Skipper: Push the boat out	1138	Hovercraft approaches, but much more polite
	Junior crew, jumping back on board: Thank you, mine's a gin & tonic	1200	HSC refused to answer our call
0948	First mate: Pick up the buoy	1220	Ramming of <i>Cygnat</i> avoided by deft use of warps
	Senior crew: Not till it's a man	1221	Iceberg spotted in gin & tonic
0950	Skipper spies Jack in the Basket	1221.03	Skipper off duty
	First mate requests chips with hers		
1002	Lifeboat rushes past us despite our not having requested it		

John Mills

A New Boatman

The Club is pleased to welcome Austin Honeysett back to the Club as Assistant Boatman. Many Members will remember him from his previous part time service in the bar and as a boatman, since when he has served in the Royal Engineers. Austin's appointment will enable us to further improve waterfront service to Members. He is very welcome.

Ian Gawn Secretary

Almost Round the Island

Bob Baker's *Spellbinder* spent an embarrassing four to five hours with his crew waving to 1500 passing yachts as she lay high and dry on Ryde Sands after hitting the bank hard on a falling tide. The Dehler 33 was re-floated by the lifeboat completely undamaged. In the same event the lifeboats were also involved in setting free *Feeling Frisky* and *Green Pepper*, caught in lobster pot lines close to the Needles.

David Kirsch

PAT FOR THE POSTMEN... YOUR CLUB NEEDS YOU!

More of you than usual may have noticed that your last Club mailing came by post instead of by hand, representing some cost to the Club. This was due to the absence of several of our regular deliverers on holiday. This appeal is directed to those faithful helpers who have delivered to the same areas for several years. Because they have delivered so regularly we have no record of any possible substitutes. If you are a regular deliverer and are going to be away for any mailing, please would you try to find a replacement for your area and tell Jock Given - 672661.

For some time now we have been unable to recruit deliverers for Burley and the area around Marsh Lane, Lymington Meadows and Lower Buckland. If anyone can take these on, please contact Jock.

The next mailing will be on Thursday 20th January. The poster asking for volunteers will go up a couple of weeks' before; please look out for it.

Jock Given

Well, what a season that was! Lots of exciting racing at all levels locally, and many successes at away matches as well. We all offer very many congratulations to winners of all ages.

Behind the wall between the fun side and the business side (but we try to make that fun as well), quite a lot has been going on. I wrote in the previous edition about how, without spoiling Members' fun in any way, the Flag Officers, General Committee and staff have to make sure that the Club is managed as efficiently as possible to ensure that maximum enjoyment is extracted for every £ of subscription.

Many Members, however, do not appreciate (and really, why should they?) that to the legislators and enforcers we are like any other business or employer. In Lymington terms we come well up the league for size of business and number of staff; we have to comply with the whole range of employment and health and safety legislation that besets any business. We also run substantial bar and catering operations, so all the food safety legislation applies just as it does to a high street hotel or restaurant.



Photo: Jo Newing All Rights Reserved

FROM THE QUARTERDECK

Most of the time the effects of legislation are well hidden behind the scenes; the ducks just paddle a little more quickly under the surface to keep up. However, in some areas there is a direct effect on Members, and one such case in point is the crane and associated pressure washing of boats. Last year legislation imposed stringent new requirements on the operation of the crane and the provision of safety zones round it. The pressure washer also has a requirement for a substantial safety zone. With the co-operation of the boatmen and boat owners these have been introduced

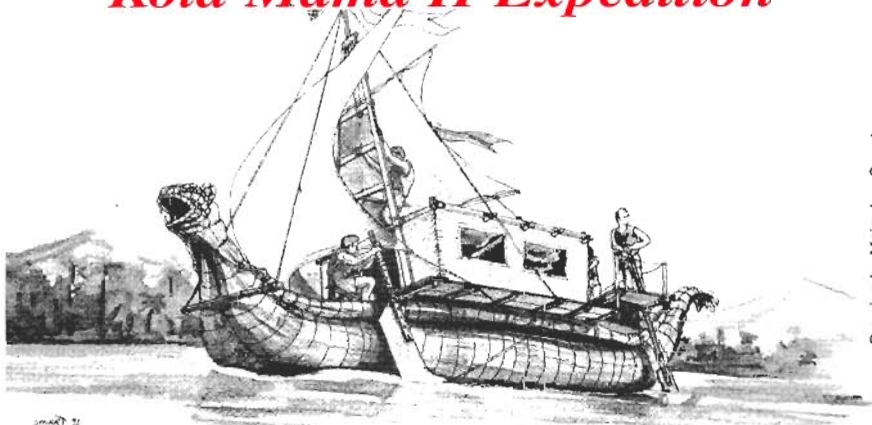
and are working effectively. The down-side is that access to the forecourt from the car park is very restricted whilst boats are being lifted or pressure washed. Clearly this causes obstruction and delay for those wanting to take outboard motors and other gear to boats or red dinghies on the pontoon. On those occasions when you are delayed, please bear with us, and with the boatmen. They are carrying out their duties as required by legislation, in a manner approved by the General Committee. In particular, please do not ignore the barriers and warning notices, or plead special cases as to why the rules should not apply to you. They are there to ensure the safety of everyone. Members and staff alike.

During the winter we shall be looking at ways of further reducing the length of time during each lift when access has to be denied, and at alternative access, perhaps with a narrower marina cart through the gate at the other end of the pontoon.

In the meantime we can all look forward to the special sailing events round Christmas and the New Year, the Family Brunch on New Year's Day, and fair winds for next season.

Ian Gawn Secretary

Kota Mama II Expedition



Drawing by Major Lee Smart

Member Mary Stewart has been nominated as the Community task co-ordinator and photographer for the Kota Mama II Expedition. One of her duties will be to accompany a team of British Royal Engineers to Chipaya, Bolivia, who will examine the problem of flooding that affects the town periodically and the design of an Irish bridge.

While there, Mary's job will include providing medical assistance and health education, complicated by having to communicate in Spanish and Guarini, a local Indian language. She will have to take photographs and record the activities of the expedition.

The event, in three phases, used traditional reed boats made by the Aymara Indians on Lake Titicaca. Kota Mama means Mother of the Lake.

Phase one took place in 1998, sailing the boats from Lake Titicaca 250 miles along the Desaguadera River to Lake Poopo in the Bolivian altiplano. Phase two, from July to October this year, moves the boats on from Bolivia through Brazil and Paraguay to Buenos Aires, travelling along the Rivers Paraguay and Parana for 1800 miles down to the Atlantic. During this trip Mary will visit villages along the route, together with a team of archaeologists, anthropologists, ornithologists and biologists.

The third stage will be from Montevideo to Cape Town in 2000.

The three expeditions are under the leadership of the explorer Colonel John Blashford-Snell. One of its many aims is to investigate the theory that there was a trans Atlantic trade route as far back as 1200 B.C. This has been suggested based on evidence of cocaine and nicotine in Egyptian mummies, similarities of language, and the similar design of step pyramids in Mexico and Egypt.

Mary Stewart

CLASSIC YACHT SHARING

An opportunity may be available for a syndicate, or a number of individual Members, to join a Service yacht club in the operation of one of the 100 square metre windfall yachts transferred to the British forces in 1945.

Anyone interested is invited to make his or her interest known to the Secretary, who will pass the names forward to the club concerned.



They said my Mummy's gone out with a VAMPIRE!



'S GO RACIN' A CRUISER

Everyone has heard of Antigua Sailing Week, and perhaps of the St. Maarten Heineken Regatta; Grenada hosts a fun Sailing Festival at the end of the high season in January each year which is mild on cost with the accent on enjoyable club-type racing with as many or more parties than races.

Club Members Hugh and Angela Farrant, on a three-year extended cruise to New Zealand, arranged for *Spring Gold II*, a Starlight 39, to be in Grenada for the festival - a good excuse for a pleasant winter break with the chance to race and cruise in the Caribbean, and for a boat to represent the RLymYC.

Four Club Members joined the Farrants for a few days' light-hearted blue water racing. The boat was entered in the CSA (Caribbean Sailing Association) Non-Spinnaker Cruising class as the crew reckoned that, with an average age of 64, they would have their hands full managing the normal sails let alone a spinnaker. For those over 60 the foredeck is normally out of bounds anyway! *Spring Gold II* was in full cruising mode with four anchors, two outboards, liferaft and dinghy, and stocked up for world cruising.

Over 30 yachts were entered in the various classes which include a main spinnaker racing class, a class for charter yachts, a multihull section and a fun racing class for smaller cruisers. On the Friday evening a skippers' briefing is followed by the first of the beach parties where rum and Heineken flow in equal quantities as crews tender the first of their free vouchers. Racing for cruisers is on four days with Sunday a layday given over to workboat racing run by Buddy Melges and his aides with starts and finishes, Le Mans style, from the beach. These boats are crewed 5-up with additional ballast of a large 'prized' rock and sails made from old cut down Star class cloth. The winner of each race is the first skipper to get ashore and down a glass of rum!

Our regatta started off with some serious measuring for a handicap which was expensive but, we reckoned, very favourable considering our rather loaded state! An early start from Prickly Bay on the SW corner of the island to the start at St. Georges gave us the opportunity to suss out sea and wind conditions on the course. Winds average 18 to 20 knots at this time of year and the seas can be quite rough, especially on the windward side and between the islands. Being on the



For the over 60's the foredeck is normally out of bounds

lee side, the bay at St Georges, surrounded by high hills, has gusty and very shifty winds making course setting difficult.

We finished our first race in 4th place out of seven starters, though the final sausage leg was thrown into confusion when the last windward mark was seen drifting past the finish line. We were ordered to round a GPS position that was more than 100 metres in doubt due to datum and S.A. errors. In sympathy with the race organisers, our class accepted the situation and made for the Prickly Bay anchorage where *Valshedra's* huge mast over-shadowed the moorings. The day finished with a Mount Gay Red Cap party with many competitors scrambling for the much sought-after Mount Gay hats.

Sunday's layday saw us resting and swimming on Grand Anse Beach being entertained by the antics of the workboats and their American race officials; we also watched *Valshedra* go aground with the Island's prime minister aboard!

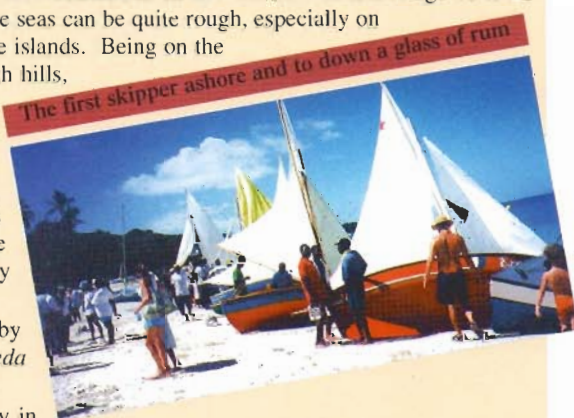
On Monday the course was two sausage legs and a finishing triangle off Prickly Bay in moderate seas and 18 or so knots with a windward mark called Hog! Another 3rd place showed we were consistent and getting to know our opposition. We just couldn't touch that J120 which always sped off into the blue yonder! The True Blue Inn was the venue for the evening's regatta party; Angela is organising an OCC Millennium Meet party there on 31st December.

Committee boat anchoring problems caused delays to our next start: Prickly Bay and back to St. Georges via a series of zigzags finishing close to the Grenada Yacht Club. Another 3rd on handicap was nearly prejudiced by our over enthusiastic foredeck hand. He caught his feet in some spaghetti on the deck, unbalanced and ended head first, trapped over the starboard bow while attending to the spinnaker pole. A rapid rescue by the rest of the crew ensured that wounded pride and a bloody nose were the sole casualties. The evening's entertainment took place on the Carenage, the main waterfront in St. Georges, where steel bands, dancers and other performers had a very popular street festival.

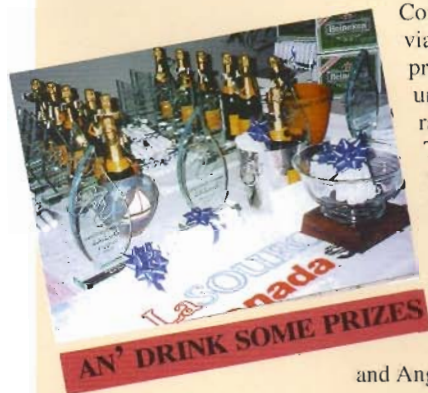
The final day had two short inshore courses off Grand Anse Beach. The race officer's idea of short was considered rather too long by most competitors, many of whom, including ourselves, were rather tired by the end of the first race. We decided one was enough, especially as we had achieved another 3rd place and our overall position could not change. At the final party at the Rex Grenadian Hotel *Spring Gold II's* performance was rewarded with prizes of packets of cigars and a voucher for the owners for two free nights at the Moorings Hotel, this September, for being the oldest crew taking part! Hugh and Angela being farmers, and harvest in its final throws then, this prize had to be exchanged.

The Grenada Sailing Festival is a magical experience with fun racing in smallish fleets at one of the prettiest islands in the Caribbean. Charter boats from the Moorings are available for the regatta with cruising afterwards. To know more about GSF please contact me; details of the 2000 event should be in the Club office shortly

Nigel Thomas



The first skipper ashore and to down a glass of rum



AN' DRINK SOME PRIZES



Yacht Stability and Buoyancy

Last April the Marine Accident Investigation Branch (MAIB) published its report on the capsizing of the yacht *Ocean Madam* on the 8th October 1997 in the Bay of Biscay, resulting in the tragic loss of a crew member. The report makes four recommendations, all directed to the Royal Yachting Association; the last almost paraphrases the essence of last February's RLymYC Cruising lecture entitled *Stability, Buoyancy and Related Ramblings*.

The recommendation requests the RYA to:

Alert yachtsmen to the fundamentals of yacht stability so that owners and skippers are better informed to make judgements regarding the suitability of their craft for given weather and sea conditions.

Members attending the February lecture were each asked to complete a short questionnaire concerning stability and buoyancy aspects of their own boat or the last boat they had sailed. Of the 30 or so completed, only four suggested knowledge of the term Angle of Vanishing Stability (AVS) and only two ventured an estimate of what this angle might be. This sobering statistic tends to confirm the need for the MAIB's recommendation.

As a direct response to the MAIB recommendation, the RYA is soon to include consideration of yacht stability and buoyancy in the Yachtmaster syllabus. A new RYA book covering much the same ground as the February lecture is being prepared for publication this October. One notable omission from the new book will be the lecture slide which stated that stability did not form part of the RYA Yachtmaster syllabus. In future it will be.

The new RYA book will deal with what the yachtsman needs to know. Although it will cover all types of recreational craft including rowing boats, sailing dinghies, dayboats, powerboats and PWCs, the major part will concentrate on the stability and buoyancy of sailing yachts and will detail the principal hazards and suggest features will generally improve ultimate stability.

Principal Hazards

- Immersion of openings at large heel angles resulting in loose water inside the boat
- Knockdown by a gust, leading to SWAMPING
- Resonant rolling, leading to BROACHING
- Breaking waves leading to KNOCKDOWN or INVERSION
- BROACHING in following seas
- Reduction of stability due to extra top weight e.g. radar, roller furling sails

Features which will generally improve stability

- Increased physical length
- Heavy displacement for size
- High ballast ratio (upwards of 35%)
- High angle of vanishing stability
- High ratio of positive to negative areas under righting moment curve
- Good righting moment at 90° heel
- Modest beam in relation to length
- Good but not excessive freeboard
- Minimal topside flare
- Absence of large, nearly flat, areas of deck
- Large heel angle before down-flooding occurs
- Increased keel profile area
- Absence of bulwarks

More details of these and other stability and buoyancy factors are included in the new RYA book, as well as Do's and Don'ts before putting to sea.

It is nice to know that the RLymYC was once again ahead of the rest and that the subject of one of its lectures is now to be promoted on a national basis.

Ken Kershaw



X boats

Blessed with better weather and fewer cancellations, our race officers have settled into the second half of the '99 season with excellent courses and improved start lines. We are grateful to them, but still concerned by the risks they take with the platform's ladder!



The Race Officers' Race (in its second year) was a great success and forty people enjoyed what is conventionally described as a convivial evening. **The Invitation Race** was cancelled on a windless sunny August evening, but the Club's twenty-four guests seemed to appreciate their wining and dining and the Vice Commodore's remarks.

Team racing has once again been successful here against Yarmouth and at Itchenor, where their innovation of two boat teams in two flights, scored so that last place lost the match, stimulated greater interest and fun. We used the same formula for our postponed match with Parkstone on 24th September.

Cowes Week is our annual season's highlight and de facto national championship. Uniquely, Lymington boats filled the first three places. We had fourteen in the first thirty of the 76 boat fleet. This 91-year-old Class still produces the biggest fleet at Cowes and is arguably the toughest to win. Peter Baines (new to our fleet from the Hamble) had an impressive four firsts, but this still placed him second to Stuart Jardine whose brother, Adrian, was third overall. Consistency is the key.

I am proud to record our successes, which included the Ladies Bowl going to Fenella Lees; Veteran's Cups II and IV to *Jewel* and *Xanthus*; the Phillipson Shield returned by an overwhelming margin (this hangs on a pillar in our Club bar and is almost a fixture there, going to the club with the best score of its top four boats every day); the Old Masters Trophy going to Stuart Jardine for the first time, as well as his overall win for the third time. His evergreen 1999 performance has also included international competitions. We hope that the competition in our local X fleet keeps him sharp. Both he and twin brother Adrian raise the game for all of us; high turnouts confirm the health of our Class and the concept of a one-design keel boat.

David Markby
Captain of XOD

Vintage birthdays

Last Spring four well known Club Members had a combined birthday party to celebrate their seventieth birthdays. Kate Richards, one of the quartet, wrote a poem about herself, Ed Vogelzang and Christopher Buckley; here is her poem for John Groom - March 9th (Pisces) - and a few pictures of the occasion

This birthdate tells a fishy tale,
No wonder John went up the scale;
As R. E. Major-General, he
Rose to the top in Germany.
Water continued to appeal,
Life member at the club at Kiel;
A dashing ocean racer, who
Filled in his days with derring do.
And now, continuing this theme,
And following its watery scheme,
Worshipful plumbers, when it rains.
Never attend to unblock drains;
White tie and tails in City Halls
Is what they wear when duty calls.
Want a Companion in your Bath?
Order him up the garden path.
Watcher of birds - the feathered sort;
(As if he'd give the others thought!)
Of vintage cars a great restorer,
Whose purchase made him all the poorer;
He has a good seat on a horse,

Temptation here to add of course,
That, feeling Groom upon its back,
His mount could never be a hack.
Artistic engineer, in oils
And tasteful watercolour toils.
John used to thrill with treble tone,
Until he dropped to baritone;
He was a brilliant Choral Scholar,
But then outgrew his frilly collar.
Celebrities that we all know
Are listed for you here below;
Sharing in John's auspicious date,
The daring, gifted and the great.
Yuri Gagarin, man courageous,
And Vita Sackville-West, outrageous,
With Molotov, wily contriver,
Through Soviet purges a survivor;
Isobel Baillie, the first choice
For Handel, with her golden voice.
This Is Your Life, dear John, in short,
We hope we've mentioned all we ought.

Kate Richards



Staff (left) and party goers dressed for the vintage occasion

NOTES FROM THE HOUSE

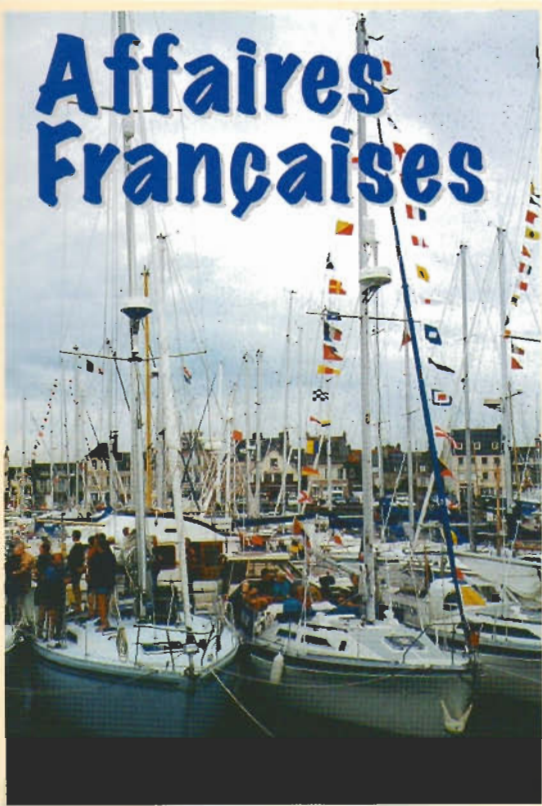
The summer months have been busy for the catering and bar staff as the Club has played host to a number of Regattas. Now with the nights pulling in and the main sailing season coming to a close we hope to keep the Thursday Evening spirit alive during the winter months, continuing the relaxed dress code on Thursday nights. We hope that this, combined with Happy Hour and Michael's special Thursday Evening menus, will persuade you to venture forth.

The Annual Dinner is on the 13th November when Jim Saltonstall from the RYA will be our guest speaker. Jim is well known to many of you and is an interesting and amusing speaker. He will be giving us an update on British Yachting and sharing with us his thoughts for its future. It is customary for the seating plan for the Annual Dinner to be prepared by the Club - with a membership of over 3,000 people it is impossible to know everyone. Apart from having an enjoyable evening, it is hoped that you will also meet Members outside your usual circle of friends and that unaccompanied Members will be encouraged to come.

There will be no New Year's Eve Party this year but there will be a 'hair of the dog' brunch on New Year's Day. Michael will be putting on a buffet brunch and John will be mixing some mean Bloody Marys and Bucks Fizz. This will be a family occasion, so bring along your children and grandchildren. Leading up to Christmas there are a number of social events, so do check your programme and keep an eye on the notice board to find out what is going on. If you have any ideas for future social events please let me or another Member of the House Committee know.

Jenny Collyer
Rear Commodore House

Affaires Françaises



When the CNH yacht club from St Vaast made their annual visit to Lymington this August we expected to welcome five yachts with twenty-five crew; six boats arrived with some forty people! Our French neighbours are



relaxed and friendly people - they must be, one yacht had ten people on board!

This year we were even more determined to wrest the sailing cup back from French hands after recent defeats. Our gallant Juniors Neil Canning, Miles Otway, Pippa and Frances Wilson stormed to victory by a large margin in the Scows kindly loaned by Members, even though boats were exchanged at the half way stage to ensure fairness - naturellement. There followed a wonderful supper cooked by Pauline Scott and the Captain of Cruising John Bailey at Pauline's house in Lymington. Many of the French were of the opinion that, at the ticket price, M. Bailey was selling himself too cheaply. It was a perfect summer's evening in a beautiful setting and much effort was made to mix our languages. After speaking halting French for some while to my neighbour I finally realised that not only was he English but that he was a Club Member of some years' standing.

The following day 43 of us, after a New Forest lunch, visited the National Motor Museum at Beaulieu. The afternoon was punctuated by cries of 'I had one of those'

and 'I remember the back seats were very uncomfortable'. Nostalgia isn't what it used to be. The Cruising Captain was seen to become very flushed and excitable in the vehicle simulator. Heaven knows what would happen to him in a B747 simulator!

The rain, which started to fall as we arrived back at the Club, failed to dampen our spirits as we enjoyed the champagne, Buck's fizz and kirs royales served by the CNH yachtsmen to conclude another memorable visit by our amis français. Vive l'entente cordiale!

Within 24 hours some of us were making our way across the Channel to St Vaast to try to grab an early place for the 'event of the year', the ECLIPSE MEET. Everything to do with the eclipse had been accompanied by dire warnings - the harbour would be full, we would all have to anchor outside in the rough seas which invariably occur during eclipses, all the restaurants would be fully booked and we would all burn our eyeballs out to be blinded for

ever!

Twenty-four yachts with seventy crew members aboard ignored all this hype and took a chance. For some it was to be their first trip across the Channel and for some their first attendance at a Club Meet. They were not to be disappointed.



Oh yes! The harbour was full but we all got a berth of a sort and no-one was turned away. The harbour officials, as always, were completely laid back and let us all sort ourselves out. The restaurants and the little town itself were very busy but few people appeared to starve and we all enjoyed the carnival atmosphere amongst the hundreds of visitors. As usual the welcoming punch served by the CNH was of a mind-numbing strength and served to jolly things along.

On the 11th, eclipse day, parties were organised on various yachts, which had been dressed overall for the occasion, to view the

last full eclipse of this century. It had been cloudy but ten minutes before totality the clouds cleared and the full spectacle could be clearly seen. The eerie twilight turned to complete darkness for a couple of minutes. It was a spectacular, moving and unforgettable occasion. All agreed that this event alone was worth the journey with all its attendant uncertainties.

That evening at the Hotel des Fuschias we enjoyed, once again, a formal dinner served to the highest standards. Some short amusing speeches by both the Commodores and by the Cruising Captain, with an excellent translation by the wife of a CNH member, made this a very friendly and enjoyable occasion.

A wonderful French buffet lunch was served the next day in the grounds of the Manoir de Durecu, owned by a CNH member and near to the marina. This event, held in warm summer sunshine, was a fitting way to close another memorable visit to our friends of the CNH.

When the next total eclipse arrives towards the end of the next century St Vaast will probably remain a most agreeable place from which to watch it!

Phil Batten
Pyewacket



The eerie twilight turned to complete darkness for a couple of minutes. It was a spectacular, moving and unforgettable occasion.



Pottership

Edited by Marilyn Holmes
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