



# Pottership

The Newspaper of the Royal Lymington Yacht Club

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## YEAR OF SUCCESS FOR CLUB MEMBERS

### CADET GIRLS' NATIONALS & BRITISH WOMEN'S DOUBLEHANDER DINGHY CHAMPIONS

Pippa Wilson (aged 12, helming) and Lauren Morrison (13) won both the Cadet Girls' National Championship and the overall British Women's Doublehander Dinghy National Championships at the RYA Women's National Championships. This is in addition to the many wins which earned them their place in the Cadet National Training Squad, amongst the youngest ever to achieve this. At home, they were first in their class in the RLymYC Junior Regatta, winning every race.



Photo: Keith Wilton



Robert was presented with his award by Mayor Cyril Bennett at the local Sports Council's presentation ceremony

### YOUNG SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR FOR HAMPSHIRE AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT

Robert Watson, aged 16, this year crowned a number of sailing successes by being acclaimed Young Sportsman of the Year for Hampshire and the Isle of Wight. He has won a number of other local and national sporting awards, was fifth in the Cadet World championships in Bombay in 1996, second in the National championships, and has won first place in many Open sailing events. He is now sailing 470s. His younger brother Iain has recently become British National Junior champion in Cadets, sailing with Neale Canning as crew.

### J24 WORLDS

Stuart Jardine won the J24 class at the US Sailing World (NOOD) regatta last February by a clear 6 points, with three firsts and two seconds. Stuart had an all American crew and competed in light to moderate breezes in a twenty boat fleet. Full story on page 13



Photo: Max

### ROYAL LYMINGTON CUP 1998

Chris Law, currently ranked number two in the World Match Racing Rankings, celebrating his successful retention of the Royal Lymington Cup in June. He beat previous world champion Bertrand Pace (then ranked third) 4-0 in a thrilling final sailed off Hurst Beach

### 1998 TWO HANDED ROUND BRITAIN RACE

At 0320 on the morning of 26 June, FPC Greenaway sailed by new Member Richard Tolkien and Robert Wingate emerged from a black night and driving rain at the finish line in Plymouth to win the 1998 Two Handed Round Britain Race.

First raced in 1966, this event is held every four years; previous winners included Robin Knox-Johnston, Chay Blythe, Tony Ballance, Nigel Irwin and Sam Foxall.

FPC Greenaway won the 1998 race by a mere 37 minutes from the favourite Spirit of England, which had led the fleet from the Scilly Isles until finally passed by FPC Greenaway in a hard beat across Lyme Bay. The crimson FPC Greenaway can be seen (sometimes) anchored in the Lymington River.

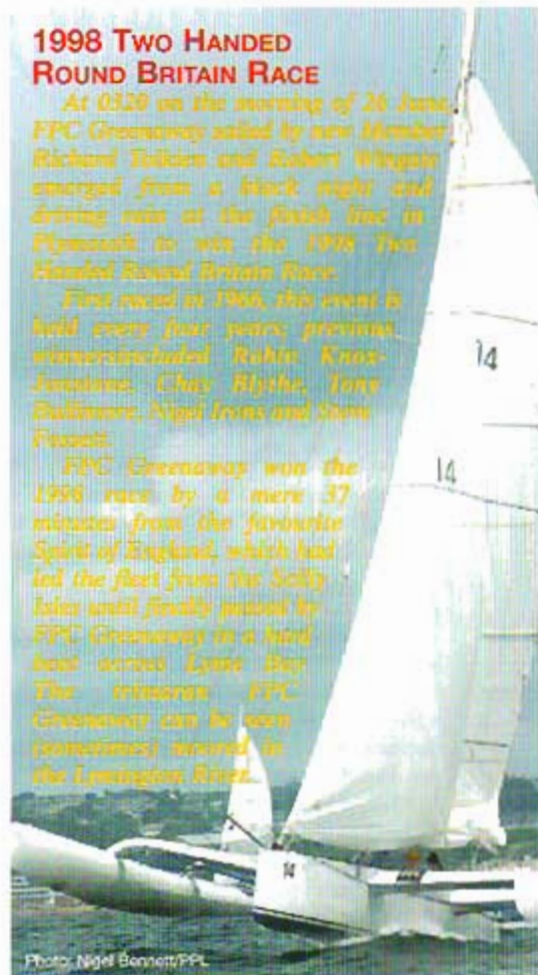


Photo: Nigel Bennett/FPL





# The A3 project

.....we had young Simon Rogers, son of the famous Jeremy, fired up with the idea of a 'flying gaffer'. The A3 Project was born.

Many of you will be familiar with the little 23 ft gaff cutter *Alice*, twice winner of the Potter Ship trophy, belonging to Jonathan Rogers, Stephen Akester and Tom McEwen. Her correct name is *Alice II*, as she was rebuilt before we got hold of her.

One or two moments of truth in *The Trap*, at the Needles, rounding Portland Bill and so on brings one to realise that a small 'Itchen Ferry' designed (or rather, evolved) for fishing in the Western Solent is not best suited to deeper waters.

It is ever the sailors' lot to dream, and we are no exception. But dreaming is dangerous within a mile of anyone called Rogers, and in no time we had young Simon Rogers, son of the famous Jeremy, fired up with the idea of a 'flying gaffer'. The A3 Project was born.



Sam & Jo Akester and Nick Rogers coating the mainmast carbon fibre core prior to wrapping a wood skin

By this we mean a yacht, of 38 ft, with all the characteristic delights of the traditional gaff ketch but lightly constructed in wood and epoxy, and with the sort of underwater shape that carried Simon to glory in *Sticky Fingers* in the Round Britain race – any man who can design, build and sail his boat to victory seems like a sound proposition as a designer.

'Aha', cry the knowledgeable, 'You won't go through Pylewell Creek in this one, then'. What price a fin-and-bulb keel which can be retracted up into its casing, reducing the draught from 7 ft to 3 ft? The hull design is such that she is still more stable keel up than many modern cruisers. Pylewell Creek for picnics after all!

What about all that messy gaff rig? Well, our pleasant experiences with *Alice II* have converted us. It is phenomenally fast off the wind, unstressed, easily handled if the spars and gear are correct, and looks 'like it oughter'. We had no compunction in tackling a 44 ft composite mast for the 'A3' (as she is currently known), but a Bermudan mast would have been another matter.

Who you know helps! Bill Green and Ian King (of Green Marine) have provided us with tremendous support, expertise and sound advice. Their oven 'cooked' the carbon/epoxy core of the mast and topmast, and their advice has kept us on the rails. I'm sure we amuse them with this scheme.

The keelbox and keel are galvanised steel. This could have been composite, but steel has impact strength lacking in composites, and we are feeling our way with the structure, which makes steel a

sensible choice. It can all be removed if necessary! Shane Manning (Lymington Forge) has crafted it. The shell/deck structure was constructed for the consortium (now including Philip and Helen Osmond) by two brilliant wood boat constructors – Tony Farrow and John Chambers, in Cleethorpes. They use 'Speedstrip' cedar (which they invented and perfected years ago) with two diagonal layers of hardwood forming an outer skin. The deck and bulkheads are integral, giving a 38 ft hull under 2 tonne – that Colin Chapman might have admired.

Stephen Akester's experience as skipper of *Hosht* and as mate on *Provident* provides the necessary gaff rig knowledge to perfect the rig. Her long bowsprit will pivot upwards in the bits on mooring, rather than trying to ship it over (or into) the deckhouse.

A huge internal and external fit-out is in the capable hands of Jonathan Rogers. His first achievement was to buy the demolished greenhouses of the Exbury Estate. This awful-looking heap transformed into the loveliest teak on passing through the planing machine. She already has a double curvature forehatch and main saloon skylight in varnished teak, which drew a 'very good, Jonathan' from Jeremy Rogers on one of his consultant visits recently. Praise indeed from the master builder!

A folding Maxprop and shaft (and useful blocks) arrived from 'One Foot Under' Foot, of local diving and salvage fame. These had lain around unsold for years after he salvaged the French racing yacht *Xeryus* after she sank in Scrotchells Bay after hitting the wreck off the Needles in the Round-the-Island race.

There is still a lot to do, as you may imagine, but a team can solve problems (and have more fun) than a man alone. It also quarters the cost...

The next generation, trained at the RLymYC in Oppies and Cadets, is now contributing too. Years of education have produced engineering input to the composite structures, keel and rig to quiet some of our anxieties.

If all goes according to plan (and there is one!), another year should see this flying machine nearing completion. One day you may see a gaffer in full sail planing down the Western Solent, her barbecue smoking merrily in the fishwell aft. The stuff dreams are made of, but why not? First the Potter Ship, then the Fastnet.

What Fun!

Tom McEwen *Alice II*

## THE DUNCAN HALL TROPHY

This has been presented to the Club by staff working in local branches of Boots the Chemist in memory of Duncan Hall, who worked for the organisation. Tragically Duncan died last February, aged 29, whilst on holiday in China shortly before he was due to be married. Duncan had been a Member of the Club since 1992, and was prominent as a member of the race officer team for many events. For several years he was associated with the Potter Ship Race, as race officer or competitor. Because of this, the Trophy has been allocated to the winner of the third class in the annual Potter Ship race; the overall winner receives the Potter Ship, the winner of the second class the Hong Kong Junk. The first winner of the Duncan Hall Trophy was Robin Berwick in Kisti.

Ian Gawn Secretary





## Lymington River Scow Nationals

held for the second time in Lymington

Robby Claridge helmed *Panther* (with John as crew) to win the second Lymington River Scow National Championships - held on August Bank Holiday Saturday - and superbly hosted by the LTSC. Depending on how you count people who are members of more than one club, there were either 16 RLymYC member entries and 5 LTSC entries, or 12 and 7 with 2 from the Salterns SC.

Gordon Stredwick in *Marian* took second place with Jane Pitt-Pitts running up in *Daffy Duck*. Prizes were won further down the fleet with various boats collecting over-sized bailers for capsize skills and other examples of Scow seamanship. For next year, the Lymington River Scow Class Association hopes to have achieved RYA recognition for its newly developed class rules, which should add national standing to a successful Lymington inspired and developed boat in which our Club has played a leading role.

Geoff Holmes Lymington River Scow Association



Scow race officers, having secured a decent committee boat, the *Matthew*, had a commanding view of their start line one Monday in August.



Now, come on Geoff,  
it's only a little boat  
with one sail!



### Royal Lymington Cup 1998

This year's entry was restricted to twelve top ranked skippers in order to give maximum time on the water before anyone was eliminated. There were sixteen skippers last year which meant that half were sent home after only seven races, and with four competitors from Australasia this time our aim was to help them give the event their best shot. The first three racing days were long and tough in mainly fresh to strong winds, but no-one left the event without racing fourteen times. Chris Law won from Bertrand Pace (see page 1).

Match racing is a sport of changing fortunes: America's Cup winning tactician Murray Jones from New Zealand lost all six of his matches on day one but remained undefeated for the next two days. Fellow kiwi Gavin Brady, fresh from the Whitbread Round the World Race, was the star of the early rounds but eventually yielded to Law's pressure and finished in third spot. In total, we ran 127 races in five days, in near perfect sailing conditions with very little damage to the race boats or spectators.

Next year the Royal Lymington Cup will be 25 years old, and we hope that the many volunteers ashore and afloat, without whom the event would not be possible, will be able to join us for the second week of June.

Regrettably Hoya Lens UK, who have been the title sponsors for the last two years, will not be with us owing to the economic downturn in their home country. So if any Club Member would like a unique corporate entertaining opportunity with lots of TV and World press coverage, now could not be a better time!

Tony Blachford  
Rear Commodore Sailing



## National Blind Sailing Regatta

Over the weekend of 12th-13th September the Club hosted the third National Blind Sailing Regatta on behalf of RYA Sailability.

During the week preceding the event the weather was at its most unkind with strong to gale force south-westerlies threatening to make the delivery of the yachts impossible.

Six Sonar Class 23 ft keelboats, designed by Bruce Kirby of Laser fame, were loaned by the Andy Cassell Foundation and generous private owners; they were eventually towed from Cowes in two runs early on Friday evening. Four First Class Eights, identical to the Match Race Fleet, were chartered from Warsash and scheduled to arrive at lunchtime Thursday. The weather conditions were such that the intrepid band, comprising mainly Club staff and Members, arrived in convoy and good spirits late on Friday afternoon.

The emphasis of the weekend was on fun and maximum sailing time, so the Race Committee divided the twenty-four visually impaired sailors into ten teams of roughly equal ability, each assisted by a sighted tactician and crew. Everyone had a chance to steer at least two races, and to ensure fair competition each race had to have a helmsman of the same category of sight. Races three and six for example were steered by totally blind helmsmen.

The wind conditions for the weekend were on the limit for any type of racing, with 20-30 knot northerlies, but race officer Gary Barnett, making his keelboat debut, managed six good races from the deck of the committee boat *Mainframe*. (A quotation from the late Les Hills: 'The only time *Blue Ranger* didn't get bashed as a committee boat was when the competitors were all blind!')

There was a lot of racing and lots of smiling faces. The regatta was a great success, made possible by the generosity of Club Members who offered the South's most efficient hotel and taxi service to a grateful group of sailors who are less fortunate than most of us, and to the sighted crews, who I'm sure covered their eyes from time to time.

Tony Blachford  
Rear Commodore Sailing





**T**his is a must if you are a Francophile and if you like to see land on both sides. Having done the trip ten years ago we repeated the experience this summer, and loved it all over again.

Once over the arduous bit of getting the boat to Le Havre (or you could start from Deauville or Honfleur) you're off with the tide into the Seine estuary. The quartermaster needs to stock up for grazing en route, unless you are not in a rush. Le Shopping for us had to wait until Gay Paree.

We motored all day for three days and ate ashore each night. Take the red Michelin Guide. Next time we shall take longer and explore more backwaters and restaurants.

Paperwork necessary before you set off are your boat's papers, a VNF (Voies Navigables de France) licence and International Certificate of Competence, Paris by Boat, by David Jefferson published by Adlard Coles Nautical, was our Bible; it tells you all about this. You pay the French Customs for a 16, 30 day, or one year's licence. Our 30 day one cost about £14, paid at Le Havre in advance. Or you can apply by post to the French Government Tourist Office in London.

Masts can be lifted in Le Havre. Not having one, we only had to lower our aerials later!

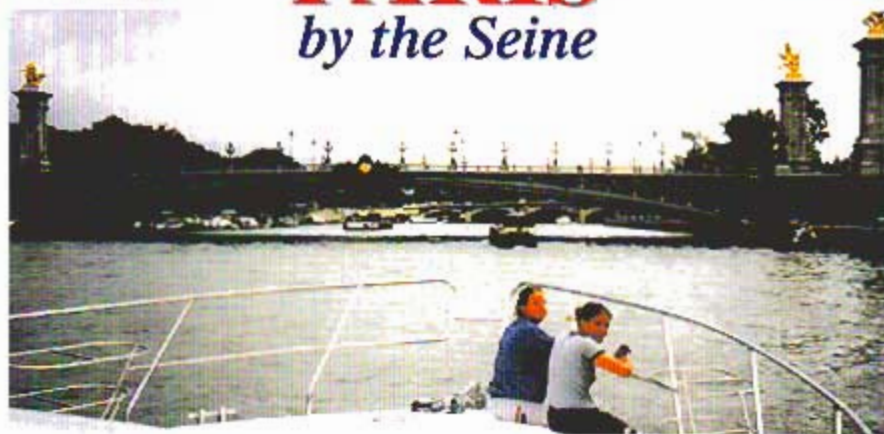
The Seine is tidal up to Rouen. It can be a mite lumpy in the estuary due to ferry activity and tides, but only for twenty minutes or so until you enter the Seine Channel. Once in it there is very little river traffic at all, just the odd barge.

Speed restrictions vary on the way, so we took six hours at 9.7 kt to reach Rouen, passing under the magnificent new Pont de Normandie and then the old Tancarville bridge and the ever-changing scenery. Navicarte's La Seine Aval du Havre a Paris (from any good chandler) gives full information on speeds and everything else. Sometimes it is easier to read it upside down! So you chug along not disturbing the banks, to preserve your paintwork take a plank to hang outside your fenders, and fender socks – the Seine is green. Refuel boat and crew at Rouen, see the place where Joan of Arc was burned, the Place du Vieux Marche and the cathedral.

Starting at 0900 you can reach Amfreville

lock by noon. Each lock has its own radio channel; call the lock keeper on approach and call, for example, 'Ecluse Amfreville'. Repeat, 'Ici bateau moteur Hullabaloo montent. J'arrive en cinq minutes'. Or just 'j'attend'. Traffic lights indicate which chamber to enter; we would hover outside – and then hover inside. No-one is there to help with ropes any more. But ropes are effective as power thrusters! Wave thanks to the lock keeper in his tower as you go. On average we were in a lock for about fifteen minutes. Waiting times were usually about ten minutes. If you are not in a hurry stop off at Les Anderlys where the chalk cliffs, forests and ruins are exquisite and eat at La Chain

## PARIS by the Seine



D'Or. If the skipper loses the plot after lunch, signposts with distances and arrows reorientate helpfully.

In places you are required to change sides and have to fly a blue flag when on the left hand side of the river, normally for an absent audience but occasionally for a barge carrying cars or a cruising vedette. People wave.

After Limay there are four locks to Paris, the first being Notre-Dame-de-la-Garenne, where you can divert to Vernon's yacht club and visit the beautiful Giverny, and Monet's house and gardens.

There are only three locks between Rouen and Mantes la Jolie, which we reached by about 1900, mooring at Limay, Halte de Plaisance. There is no charge at this riverbank mooring, just weeping willows, ducks, moorhens and fish.

You can speed up a bit in two or three 'bassins de vitesse', designated water ski stretches.

Passing Meulan (or stop at the posh Halte de Plaisance there) you see the lavish houses, each with a private mooring at the bottom of its beautiful garden, flanked symmetrically

by two willows, two copper beeches and two blue or green conifers. This is a Parisian playground, only 40 km by road from Paris (100 km by Seine).

Then in contrast, just before Andresy lock, there is a boat graveyard of dead tugs and vedettes. Incidentally, this was the only lock we shared with another Brit motorboat.

Approaching the amazingly surreal La Defense through the banlieues, or suburbs, you see graffiti and dereliction. Cars are bumper to bumper above on the numerous bridges above the twisting Seine (snake). Next come many occupied houseboats, all with the statutory geraniums.

And then, rounding a bend, you see it – the Eiffel Tower! The next stretch you will choose to take as slowly as possible to savour all the visual delights of Paris from the luxury

of your own boat. We felt very privileged. Pont Alexandre III, the Louvre, Ile de la Cité, Notre Dame – all of it. Negotiate the Bateaux Mouches up the one way system to the entrance lock into the Port de Plaisance du Paris Arsenal. Telephone the Capitainerie, 01 43 41 39 32, and either hold your position or tie up at the waiting pontoon till the light turns green.

Mind the sharp edged wall on the starboard side in this last, and narrowest, lock. Ropes essential.

Then enjoy your holiday in the heart of Paris, for about £20 a night with all services, next to the Place de la Bastille. Spoilt for restaurants, your own Metro station, taxis, bars, gardens, market, the Opera Theatre. Try a fascinating cruise on a bateau panoramique through Les Egouts (sewers!). Cycle or rollerblade along the banks of the Seine on Sundays, no cars allowed. Philosophise at the Café du Phare. Shop. Sightsee. Five minutes from your boat, in the Rue Lappe, eat French food at its best, ambience included, at Chez Paul.

Bon voyage et bonne vacances.



Ro Otten  
Chief wine taster and bottle washer  
Hullabaloo of Lymington

**LOOK OUT - THE TREASURER'S ABOUT** The owner and crew member of Pamela May had given serious consideration as to how they could celebrate the fact that their third crew member, for a cross channel meet, was none other than the Hon Tres' himself Malcolm Raiser. Following a few glasses of Peter Hawkes's Garage Red it was decided to design a burgee without Malcolm's knowledge to be raised on entry into St Vaast le Hougue, at the August meet. The design was first produced as a water colour painting by Peter Hawkes, (an artist of known repute) and later made from nylon cloth in three colours. It consisted of a white background with a sun shaped perimeter on which was superimposed a pound Stirling sign with a bloodshot eye in its upper part. The sunshine reflected the radiant and colourful personality and the all seeing eye kept watch over anyone concerned with extracting money from the Club's money chest. Malcolm was laughing so much on entry to the marina it was a wonder he could steer a straight course.

Hadyn Meredith



After logging over 20,000 miles under sail in 24 years there began for me a conflict between a sincere love and fascination with the sea, its power, its moods, its unpredictability, and my ageing bone joints and failing stamina, a reluctant wife and sometimes crew and friends who refused to suffer willingly on arduous passages. So to try to solve this problem, preserve my joints, have my crew, enhance my skills and still go to sea and travel, I decided to buy and use a motorboat - but a real boat, not of course a plastic caravan. I did wonder whether I would be spurned by my macho sailing club friends, but so far they have not done so.

## To sail a motor boat

The result of my decision to finally purchase a boat with an engine has, for me, exchanged a pleasurable challenging sport to an even more enjoyable leisure activity and, after all, many are not hard professional sailors now but active people at leisure. Apart from a very few, the former died out with the last clippers.

I recall the story about the fictitious boat show where, for the first time, side by side for the novice buyer, two fibreglass shapes: the first one, narrow, cramped, slow, and very complicated to operate (normally wet and on its side). The second wider, roomier, designed for its purpose, fast, comfortable (upright and dry). Which would sell? The hull fitted with a reliable motor or two, simple to operate, or the other with a stick, a multitude of ropes and acres of Terylene, and difficult to handle.

The purpose for exposing these thoughts to the Club is to find Members with similar views and 'real' boats with an engine (an accurate description) who would like to share together the fun and excitement and voyages that the yotties have on their Meets and travels.

PS. I still hanker after a bit of winching - occasionally!

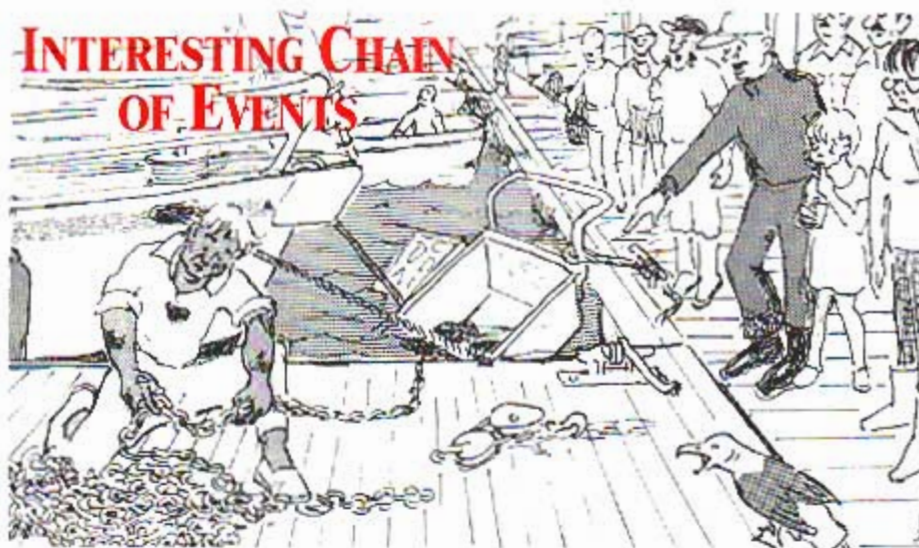
Julian Crader Simonetta II

## SAFETY FIRST

I hope that all drivers of RIBs (Club and private) will have seen the article in the RYA Journal about an accident which was related, amongst other things, to the lack of use of a RIB's kill-cord. As well as the injury and embarrassment, the club concerned was taken to court under Health and Safety legislation and fined £2000 with costs of £5500. The message is clear: use the kill-cord at all times, unless there are good and substantial reasons for not doing so for short periods and at low speed.

Ian Gawn Secretary

## INTERESTING CHAIN OF EVENTS



It was a fine Sunday morning in March. The 15th, as it happened. I'd crept into the Yacht Haven late the previous evening, bringing my new pride and joy, a 45 ft steel ketch, back to Lymington after an extensive refit. On the aft deck was one of those red plastic crates which the major bakeries very kindly provide for boatyards to store things in. It was bulging with 200 feet of old, rusty 3/8" chain and the same again of heavy nylon warp.

My intention was to take this insanitary heap home, with a view to getting the chain regalvanised. The first problem was to get it off the boat, as the crate was far too heavy to lift. Obvious solution - wheel a marina trolley along the finger berth to the stern and lift the chain across the three-foot gap.

It began well. First the warp, then the chain, carefully, hand over hand. At some point, however, I was momentarily distracted by an interesting specimen of nautical bird life in its Spring-series plumage, and missed my grip. Instantly, the remaining 30 metres in the crate roared out over the toe rail, effortlessly removing a large quantity of brand new paint, and plumbed the murky depths. I just had the presence of mind to stamp on the tail-end of the other half, which was now fast feeding itself out of the trolley, before it, too, disappeared in a cloud of rust, wood-smoke and profanity. I set to work and in no time at all - well, all right, about half-an-hour - I had the chain up again and in the trolley, and my trousers, shoes, sweater, hands and face liberally coated in thick, black, sticky, marina mud. When I'd got my breath back, I cleaned off chain and self with a nearby fresh water hose.

With the chain, warp, and crate on top, I wheeled the trolley to the main pontoon, near the bow of the boat, ready to take it to the car. As I did so I noticed that the crate had left a lattice of dried mud on the aft deck, so I thought I'd just wash it off before I left. Casting-off half a dozen coils from the stand-pipe, I trudged back down the finger berth, dragging the hose behind me. At one point it seemed to stick, but a strong pull and a kind word of encouragement freed it, and I washed off the deck to my entire satisfaction.

Returning to coil up the hose, I slowly realised that something was missing. Not to put too fine a point on it, the complete trolley was missing. 'Aha', I thought, 'some jester is having a little game.' I looked about: saw no obvious miscreant. Then I noticed the crate, floating, waterlogged, just below the surface...

You can guess the rest. Subterranean visibility nil. Subsequent lengthy fishing expedition with line and grapple, miles of slimy warp and chain caught, lost, caught again, trolley too heavy to lift, complicated purchase involving numerous blocks, tackles, and finally the anchor winch, much helpful, witty advice from growing, knowledgeable audience, and, ultimately, trolley, chain, warp and crate all dragged up. All covered in mud. Your correspondent ditto. Again.

I did get the whole lot home eventually. Of course the crate was far too heavy to lift out of the car, and anyway my arms were beginning to ache a bit by this time, so I just levered the whole thing out of the back. The chain never did get to the galvanisers. Matter of fact, it's still on the garage floor now, just where it fell.

Anthony Cook Charlotte



The Penguin Trophy was presented to the Club in 1939 by H J Tyrer and won in the same year by Rear Admiral J Farie. But, we don't know why Admiral Farie (a member of the General Committee) won the Trophy. It was put away for safe keeping during the war, surfaced this year during a house clearance, and returned to the Club through the kindness of Sir Bayley Laurie Bt. If you know any of the history of the trophy, especially the wishes of the donor as to its use, please contact the Secretary





## A WINDY DAY

Jenny Bates, aged 12

On January 3rd 1998 we travelled to Papercourt SC. We knew it would be windy - but not how windy. When we arrived it was blowing a force 6 but I decided to sail anyway. In the first race I did not get very far as I capsized and scared myself to death. I decided to attempt the second race. Unfortunately the race was abandoned when the wind reached the top end of storm force 10, just before the race was due to start. I was going faster than I had ever been before. No one had any real control of his or her boat. This was because when we were hove-to the boats went sideways faster than at normal running speed! I had to be rescued as I had shredded my kicker and was no longer able to sail. The surviving boats raced two more short but fast races. I have learned that it is possible to sail in very windy conditions. After that experience I go out in almost all weather conditions. Only two Lymington Optimists, Rupert Stock and myself, turned up at the Open meeting, as the others (or more likely their parents) had been put off by the weather forecast. Despite the wind it was great fun and I really enjoyed it.

## OPTIMIST SUMMER CRUISE

Sophie Weguelin, aged 9

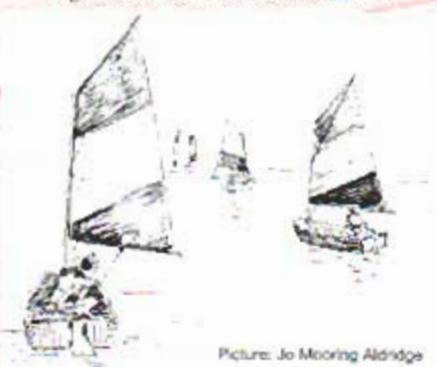
At the end of June I had my first sail on the Solent when we went on the Oppie outing to Yarmouth. We first sailed to the beach where we played football (the girls won) and ate lunch - then we were all towed through the harbour under the bridge and up the river to the Sheldon's house. Our Oppies were put in a field with the Sheldon's helicopter (which we weren't allowed to touch) and we put up our tents. Then we all swam in the pool and played water polo (the girls won) and had a brilliant BBQ by the landing stage. Later we all went to bed in the tents. I shared with Jo Weguelin, Robyn Stock, Charlotte

and Olivia Dunne and we had loads of sweets. The boys kept letting down our tent. In the morning we swam again and had a sail up the river. When we got out of the harbour it was blowing too hard to sail, so we were towed home by the RIBs and mother ships. It was a great weekend (I think the adults had a good party too) and best of all Mr Sheldon has asked us to go back next year - I'm going.

## CARANTEC OPTIMIST INTERNATIONALE

Rupert Stock, aged 12

For this article I was asked to write about my favourite event of the year. I decided what to write on pretty quickly - Carantec. This is an annual event held in the small town of Carantec (near Roscoff) in Brittany. Land of sun, sea and... and all things French. This was my favourite event for several reasons. One; the entertainment was excellent. They had a band performing every evening, in the afternoons they had a prize draw where they gave away sails and other expensive items as if it were Christmas. On the first evening there was spit roast chicken, and potatoes boiled in chicken fat - which looked revolting but actually tasted quite good. The second reason was the campsite; it had a pool with 3 flumes, table tennis, a football pitch and a Jacuzzi. The flumes were mad, and my sister broke the world record for being in a Jacuzzi: four and a half hours! The third and most important point was the sailing. It was well organised and great fun, even when it rained. I came 74th out of 101 boats. I would like to thank my Mum and Dad for taking me, and everyone who organised it. It was EXCELLENT!



## JUNIOR REGATTA

Richard Mason, aged 10

The regatta was great fun, apart from the lack of wind; it was a very well organised event. Probably my favourite part was the passage race to Sowley. I enjoyed the picnic (apart from the real SANDwiches). Our Race Officer Stuart Jardine did a lot more races than scheduled and he worked us very hard - and as he promised when the week was over we were all better sailors. Overall the week was a big thumbs up.

## OPTIMIST NATIONALS - REGATTA FLEET

Robyn Stock, aged 10

Sailing in the regatta fleet was brilliant fun, apart from the weather. I made lots of friends - my best friend was Emily (M&Ms). She came all the way from Vancouver in Canada. On Monday 2nd August we were welcomed by a big friendly man called Chris Houchin in a big wet suit. We were split into groups of six and met our group leader (ours was Alex Cherry). He was really kind and checked our boats for gear failure. The sand was great fun as well as the sailing. I would recommend this for any young sailor joining Oppies.

## TEAM RACING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Nick Thompson, aged 12

The most enjoyable event that I have done all year has to be Spinnaker team-racing. I really enjoyed it because it had a great atmosphere and all my mates were there. I have always enjoyed team racing and I always will, it is a great sport! The only bad thing about it was that there was not much wind. To finish off the event they put on a great tea which was ready for us as soon as we got in.

## TEAM RACING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Jonny Marshall, aged 14

Twenty-four teams turned up for the Optimist National Team Racing Championships on Spinnaker lake in Ringwood. The four teams from Lymington consisted of Jonathan Marshall, Nick Thompson and Dominic Hutton as the Lymington Layabouts, Richard Mason and Chris and Bethan Carden as the Lymington Lions, Matthew Bailey and Melanie and Jonathan Clegg in the Lymington Landlubbers, and there was Rupert Stock, Joanna Corfield and Charlotte Dunne in the Salters Stowaways.

It was a beautiful, hot, early Autumn day with no wind. The sailing started later than posted because of the lack of wind but we were assured that the wind would fill in. The Lymington teams had good first rounds especially the Layabouts who qualified for the semi-finals. They later on went on to win the competition. It was a great day out not just for the sailors but the whole family could come and watch.



## Extract from the ship's log.

16th July 1998

St Peter Port

It all started in the small hours of the morning when we were woken by a loud cry and resonant splash at very short range. A woman's voice was calling 'Help, somebody help me, please'.

Diagnosis: a large and elderly gentleman from a small yacht on our finger had taken a tumble into the water at the junction of the pontoon and the finger and was hemmed in by his boat's bow. A well-endowed lady in a nightie was wringing her hands in helpless horror. We remembered the folding ladder in our cockpit locker and attached it to their hull to give him purchase for his feet. All three of us tugged and hauled at the slippery and protesting casualty until he emerged with glugs and gurgles, all soaking wet and sheepish.

Those readers who have also indulged in inadvertent marina bathing from time to time will recognise the difficulty of getting out unaided and with dignity (and this includes two Flag Officers last Winter). It is worth remarking that, in spite of all the noise, no other boat so much as put a light on.

The dawn brought better acquaintance with Richard, 73, the casualty and his so-nearly-bereaved wife Edna. Indeed, with fast developing friendship Kate was inspired to apologise for not having consulted Edna about her wishes over the saving of Richard - or not.

Edna handed us a copy of the following poem, written some time before with apologies to John Masefield, which is reproduced here with her permission.

### SEA SORE

Must I go down to the sea again?  
The yachtsman's mate oft cries,  
As she stands in the shower on a far flung shore  
Counting bruises on her thighs,  
Her nose has peeled, her hair's like string,  
And she's broken all her nails,  
While the skipper stands in the yacht club bar  
Drinking gin, and swapping tales.  
'She goes to windward like a dream,  
It was a fantastic trip,  
The old girl averaged seven knots.'  
Were they sailing the same ship?

It had lurched through the sea with  
frightening speed,  
With waves breaking over the bow;  
A silent prayer from the mate went up:  
'Please God, don't make it NOW;  
'The dog's in kennels, the kid's at school,  
'The jam making season is nigh,  
'Just let me survive this 'orrible trip,  
'For I'm really too young to die.'  
He'd smiled at her as she cooked the lunch,  
Trying to hid her fear  
'I'm lucky to have you with me, you know;  
'Where shall we go next year?'

Edna MacVickers, Liskeard

### Kate was inspired to add a little Envoi:

Must I fall into the sea again?  
It was horribly cold before  
As the waters closed about my head  
Making my poor ears roar,  
Your past life flashes before you  
As you go down and down;  
If your's didn't, I must reassure you,  
You weren't really meant to drown.

Kate Richards Touchstone

## JUNIOR CHANGES

What a lot of mixed emotions I have as I finally hand over the baton of Junior sailing. I have had three years that have been fun, challenging and exhausting but most of all it has been a tremendous honour being involved with so many incredibly knowledgeable, dedicated, enthusiastic people. With my limited knowledge of sailing I relied heavily on the three people who headed the different divisions and of course on the Rear Commodore Sailing. My thanks go to these and all the people in this Club, including Club staff, that make Junior Sailing possible.



Roger Wilson, the new Captain of Juniors

All our sailors have had success in their various ways - the championship winners as well as the children who have competed in their first regattas and Open meetings. I hope that such participation will sow the seeds of sailing in the future. Congratulations to all the Junior Sailors in the Club for their endeavour and achievement.

Roger Wilson will be handing Wednesday sailing over to his wife Jenny so that he can take over from me. I am sure he will guide the Juniors successfully through the next three years. All things in life are fluid and it is important that this is so, if they are to develop. There will be many new decisions facing the new Junior committee and I wish them well in their deliberations.

Thank you all for your support.

Carol Canning  
Captain of Juniors (Retired)

## AROUND THE CLUB

Following Pam Simpson's departure in the Spring, the distribution of work in the office was rearranged. Stephen Carden-Noad became Deputy Secretary, June Gifford's post was retitled Accounts Secretary, and Karen Brown, right, became Membership Secretary. Melanie Farlow, left, joined us in June as Sailing and Administration

Secretary (working Thursday to Monday inclusive) and Julia Clare took on the job of part-time office support, working on weekdays rather than at weekends.

At present we are trying to think of an appropriate title (which does not complicate the issue) for Kevin Smith's wider responsibilities for the waterfront and on-the-water services.

He will be increasingly responsible for operating standards and certification (with the Principal of the RYA Recognised Teaching Establishment) of drivers and crews of Club owned and operated power-boats. You will soon see Kevin's photograph in a new series of RNLI fund raising advertisements in the press.

Ian Gawn Secretary

Some Members may not be aware that the Club now has lockable personal effects boxes available for their use. These are located in the foyer. They are operated by inserting a £1 coin in the slot, enabling the key to be removed and the box locked. The £1 is returned when the box is reopened. This installation is part of a continuing drive on the Club's part to improve security for its Members and their property; more are to follow.

Stephen Carden-Noad Deputy Secretary

## KEN SWANN NAVIGATOR EXTRAORDINAIRE

The Spring issue of Pottership included an article by Ken Swann entitled Hurricane 83. Regrettably, Ken's death shortly before its publication was not acknowledged.

A life-long aviator, Ken retained a deep interest in navigation and weather forecasting. It was not unusual for him to be phoned by Club friends, holed up in a Normandy or Brittany haven, to ask for a weather window forecast for the passage back to Lymington. The answer would include a detailed passage plan with tidal stream information, waypoints and boltholes! During his later, less active, sailing period, it gave him much pleasure to cruise by proxy in this way.

Editor



# NEW GENERAL COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Last February it was necessary to appoint nine new Members of the General Committee to make up the required number of twelve ordinary Members.

This was partly due to the election of Gordon Simpson to Commodore, Jenny Collyer to Rear Commodore House and Malcolm Raiser to Treasurer.

They are shown below, together with the nine newly elected Members.



Gordon Simpson



Jenny Collyer



Malcolm Raiser



Phil Batten



Carol Canning



John Day



Marilyn Holmes



Peter Kilgour



Nick Ryley



Dick Thorn



Andrew Tyrrell



Jean Whipp-Goode

**"I would recommend Cadets to anybody between the ages of 9 and 17. You learn loads and it is great fun."**



Photo: Carol Canning

Cadet sailing has always got its ups and downs like any other sport. Recently I had a great weekend at Harwich, but I went with a lot of awful memories from last time, when it was extremely windy and I didn't finish one race.

This time however was different. We were more confident and Robyn and I had gained a lot of experience.

On the first day the conditions were quite windy and I knew we had to work hard to get the results we wanted. At the end of the first day we were lying 17th overall. I wasn't very happy.

The next day I made sure that we ate lots of bananas and plenty of sweets to boost our

energy levels. I looked outside to find that there wasn't much wind, which is great for us as we sail better in lighter conditions. When we got on the water we were both relaxed and feeling good. In the second race I chose to start at the port end of the line as I thought this would give us more advantage. As it came closer to the start of the race I started to get nervous - this was where Robyn came in handy. She talked to me and we pretended we were at a Club race. The gun went, great! We had a lot of boat speed. I thought that we could have been third, but you never can tell.

When I am racing I try to keep as calm as possible. I knew that I needed to concentrate so I blocked out everyone around me. Before we knew it, we had gone into first place. The boat behind was quite close and I was aware that he sailed faster upwind. Robyn and I really worked as a team and extended our lead on the other boats. It was nice to look behind and see 42 boats behind us. The real buzz for me was to get a gun when we finished.

I would like to say Thank you to Robyn Stock my crew who has really worked hard over the last year, and especially in this race. From that weekend I learnt a very valuable lesson, that to be successful it is important to work as a team (and to eat lots of yummy sweets!!!).

I would recommend Cadets to anybody between the ages of 9 and 17. You learn loads and it is great fun.

**Catherine Putt (aged 15)**

The hardies, all thirty-four of them, signed up for the first cruising meet of the year and in spite of cold, wet and wind 27 boats made it to Portsmouth for the weekend. We were guests of Hornet Sailing Club and the warmth of their welcome more than made up for the vagaries of the weather. The following log composed by Terry Gerald and the crew of *Triculette* won the log competition and seems to say it all.

**SPRING MEET 98**

Friday 17th April 1998

We had all thought that Spring was here  
With gentle winds and skies all clear,  
But then there came a bitter blow -  
A bloody great Atlantic low!  
This put all our plans aside,  
A really wet and bumpy ride  
Did not appeal to *Triculette*,  
So, in Berthon we all ate.  
Deferred our sail to Saturday  
In hope the skies would be less grey.  
Tomorrow's forecast is not great  
But foreseen to ameliorate.  
With north-west wind abaft our beam,  
Perhaps so cold it would not seem.

Saturday 18th April 1998

Come Saturday, forecast held true,  
We all awoke to skies of blue,  
Our crew of six did all agree  
This was the day to put to sea.  
We soon cast off from our short jetty,  
The lines made loose by Howard Letty  
And coiled on foredeck very neatly  
By our old salt named Martin Wheatley.  
We soon passed by the next marina  
Awaiting Groom's boat till we'd seen her.  
And then we sailed to Basket, Jack,  
'Fear not, we promise we'll be back'

We set full sail about nine-thirty  
(They're clean, so do not look so dirty).  
At half past ten we pass East Lepe,  
The water there is fairly deep.  
Soon after that, we pass West Cowes  
With water rushing past our bows,  
And then Ryde Church bears one one five,  
Gosh it's great to be alive!

St. Jude's the leading mark's enveloped  
By buildings recently developed.  
The war memorial is fine  
If kept on bearing oh four nine.  
Turn left, the wind is now ahead,  
And we can put all sails to bed,  
Proceed towards the naval base  
With engine going at quite a pace.  
We look out for the submarine  
To show us where we'll soon have been.  
We thus saw Hilary indicate  
(Despite our being one day late)  
The spot to which to tie our boat  
Alongside Hornet's pontoon afloat.  
There Hilary kindly caught our strings  
And quickly made them into springs.  
All before you've time to think,  
So now it's time to have a drink.

A lovely sail, could not be better  
(Tomorrow's likely to be wetter!).

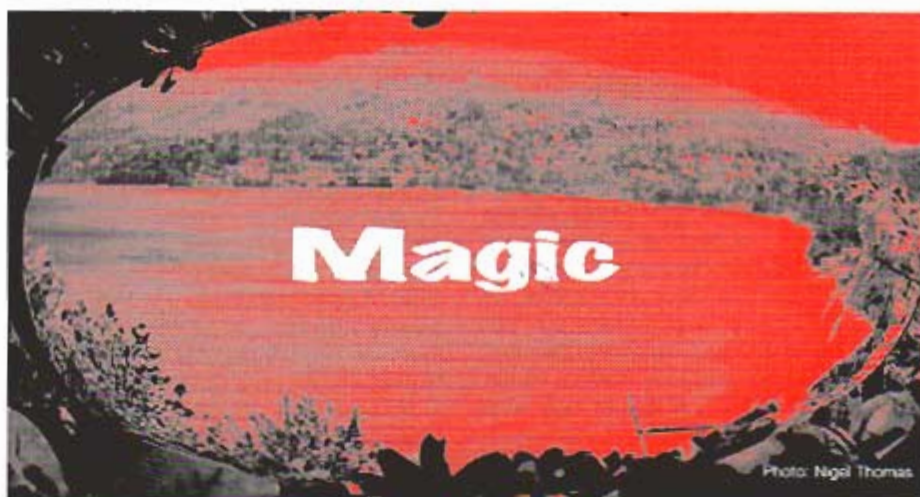


*Magic Wednesday of Lymington is sailed in the Caribbean for six months a year by Club Members Brian and Penny Builder. This is by one of their crew.*

It was late November when we sailed from Puerto Morgan on Grand Canary across to Prickly Bay on Grenada. Twenty days is a long time to go without a walk ashore, but I made up for it when we arrived. The rest of the winter was spent exploring Venezuelan islands and I spent hours chasing lizards - never managed to catch one. Around mid April 'They' left me. They said they would be back soon and something about quarantine and that I wouldn't understand. Their friend was kind and looked after me well and managed to let me go ashore from time to time, but things were not the same without 'them'. It was a long, hot and very wet summer and I longed for more freedom. When would they come back? One evening in September they were suddenly there, and I thought I would go crazy. I ran about in circles for at least an hour. The three of us moved back aboard our own boat. It was cleaned, painted, and a new thing called a generator fitted. Eventually we 'splashed' and sailed north. We all needed a holiday, so what next? There was talk of a family party in the BVI. As we headed north Grenada, Carriacou and the French islands were happy to have me when they saw my passport and vaccination certificates, but most islands did not want me.

November 22nd saw us moored up in Village Cay Marina in Tortola. I was flabbergasted to see stacks of the family, most of whom I had not seen since we lived in Mallorca three years ago. They all turned up together, so maybe the planned party was imminent. The next morning all twenty-two of us set off to an island called Necker. Nobody said I was not invited so I tagged along. When we arrived at the island there was another dog who was not happy that I had come. Her name was Sushi and apparently she lived there all the time. Mark and Joanne, who welcomed the family, said they would keep her indoors while I was there, which made me feel quite important. Little Majorean ratcatcher mongrels like me do not often receive treatment like that.

Necker is a small private island that belongs to Richard Branson. It is run as a resort taking a maximum of twenty-four guests. The family was given a fantastically warm welcome in the great house where there was a bar. Everybody seemed very pleased that the on-tap house drinks were Veuve Clicquot yellow label, Pouilly Fume white and Mouton Rothschild red. All I wanted was some water. It seemed that boxes of the Veuve Clicquot stuff were drunk before we climbed into a funny little car with no lid and drove off to our own little house. It was out on a headland all by itself. Downstairs was a lounge and kitchen with no walls - the Atlantic breeze blew through. The 'old man' mentioned to the manager that he occasionally liked a Bloody Mary. Within five minutes a bottle of Russian vodka, ten cans of tomato juice, Worcestershire sauce, pepper, salt and a basket of fresh limes

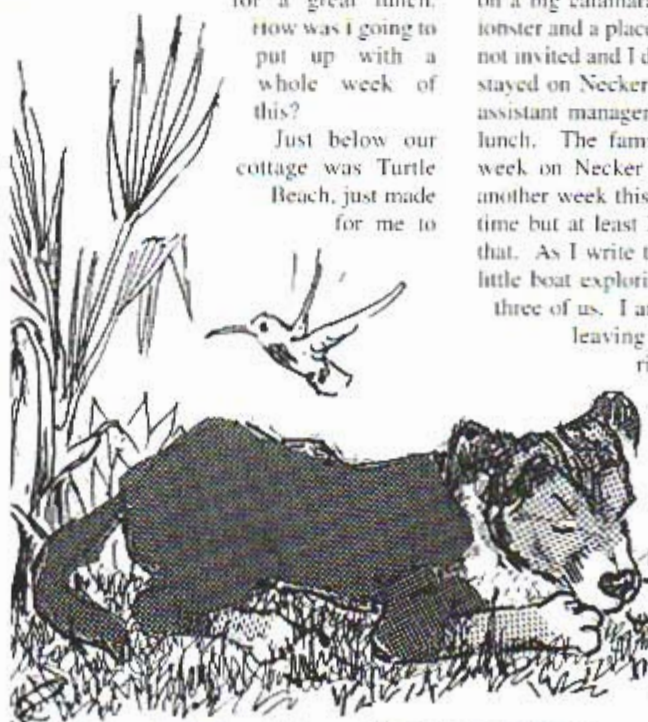


appeared. It was never like this back at the bar at IMS in Trinidad! The bedroom was upstairs and as I always sleep on 'their' bedroom floor I was excited. However, the steps were too steep for me and I had to be carried up. Above the bedroom was a small snug with amazing views of the Virgin Islands and the Atlantic. At night from the bedroom we could see the lights of Anegada. 'She' complained about the bathroom, which was down stone steps set into the cliff side. The first time she went there she saw a snake: I kept away.

When we drove back to the main house for lunch the man in the kitchen was very friendly. He had been working at a very famous sounding restaurant in England. I have never been to England but it sounded smart. He asked them if I would eat fillet steak. I almost trembled at the thought that they might say no, that it would be too rich for me. However, it was my holiday as well and they said yes. Lunch was served at a long table on the terrace of the great house and two waitresses kept filling up everybody's glasses. By this time they had placed an enormous bowl of water for me near the bar. This and the fillet steak made

for a great lunch. How was I going to put up with a whole week of this?

Just below our cottage was Turtle Beach, just made for me to



*I was not invited and I do not like lobster anyway*

run on. When we were half way along the beach I noticed a gap in the bushes and ran in to explore. What a surprise when I found a clearing containing a large sunshade, ten beach loungers, shower, toilet, rack of masks, snorkels and flippers, a large basket of clean beach towels and, perhaps most important of all, a well equipped help yourself bar. Some of the family were already there looking very relaxed with glasses of the bubbly stuff. Others were dozing on the loungers. They gave me a bowl of cold water. Everybody was enjoying the holiday. Stacks of sport, exercise and good food.

On the other side of the island was a longer beach and another bar but by this beach were two tennis courts and a store to keep windsurfers, dinghies and Hobie cats. The week went by very quickly and they took me on stacks of walks all over the island. One day they had to work very hard. Their granddaughter, who was only three, was left with us for a day while everybody else went away for a trip to explore other islands. She cried a lot and wanted her mummy. They could not have their usual siesta. Oh, the pleasure of being grandparents.

On the Thursday all the family sailed off on a big catamaran to Anegada island to eat lobster and a place called Loblolly Bay. I was not invited and I do not like lobster anyway. I stayed on Necker and was very spoilt by the assistant manager, Rosalind. Fillet steak for lunch. The family was so happy with the week on Necker that they have booked for another week this year. I am not invited this time but at least I have been there and done that. As I write this we are back aboard our little boat exploring the Caribbean. Just the three of us. I am very happy. They are not

leaving me this summer. The ridiculously outdated quarantine laws in England are in the process of being scrapped but if they have not gone by May we are going to spend the summer in France, where the bubbly stuff comes from. Magic

*Magic Wednesday of Lymington*



September's first week, when this is being written, is too early to summarise our summer season, but we have already lost more races than usual with excess wind. To compensate, Cowes Week's racing was the best for several years, with only the final Saturday lost - through lack of wind. Of the remaining seven races sailed, six were won by Lymington boats. We also claimed three out of four Veteran Boats cups, the Ladies' bowl, the Old Masters trophy, and had convincing wins in the inter-port team racing and in the Phillopson Shield, where aggregated daily scores for the top four boats define the top club's position. Over half our regular fleet went to Cowes and the only major trophy missed was the Captains Cup for the overall winner. Stuart Jardine won three races and had a very clear lead on the windiest day before losing his mast. Such mastery in the 74-boat fleet would still not

have beaten the remarkable consistency of *Relaxation*, who discarded a fifth place to take the top prize back to Itchenor for the first time in many years. The X class remains the biggest at Cowes and reputedly the most difficult to win overall.

Such success is a particular pleasure to report to Club Members as we celebrated our 50th Jubilee of regular fleet racing at Lymington with a cocktail party for 62 on 22nd August organised by Nick Dover. Terence Gossage, one of the original 1948 owners, was there, as was William Westmacott, whose grandfather designed the X boat in 1908. William and his brother Richard still race X56, *Xanthus*, the last X boat that grandfather Alfred built in Bembridge in 1935. The Commodore presented mementos to six previous Divisional captains and their wives, as a thank you for the last twenty years' enjoyment that their combined efforts have given for so many Members.

The Club's Invitation race in August attracted sixteen entries and does much to foster friendships with those to whom the Club is indebted. Brian Down, *Lymington Times*, sailed with Bill Dunsdon and made a



"When I say he's out with his 'X' - I mean his out IN his 'X' - NITWIT"

generous report in the paper, spreading the reputation of the Club and class to a wider audience.

Five new owners have joined the Division, but we will miss Anne Cardwell and Norman Woodwell, who have both sold their boats to Yarmouth, after thirty or more seasons each. Sadly, Anne is in a New Milton nursing-home; we hope Norman will keep a close eye on our continuing activity. As we enter our sixth decade (and the boats' tenth) it is a pleasure to report continuing support for the class by both new and old Members.

David Markby Captain of XOD

## A Sarnian Saga

protection, it has all the gloomy charm of a prison exercise yard.

Each morning the ritual perusal of the forecast was punctuated by 'I don't think so', or 'Not today'. 'Looks to be better on Wednesday. What are your plans?' Everyone seemed to be watching what other people might do. One brave soul ventured out, bound for Lezardrieux. He re-appeared a couple of hours later mentioning 'big seas and incipient crew mutiny'. The big French dinghy-yachts with their monster crews were conspicuous by their absence - things were obviously bad out there!

Ship's business continued as usual: broken aerials were replaced, one boat had a new lavatory fitted, the Cruising Captain burned out his mobile telephone and we bought a television to enable us to appreciate the nuances of the evening weather forecast. We had forgotten how often the BBC neglects any mention of wind strength preferring, seemingly, the more politically correct details

Stranded in St Helier



I don't know whether I believe in El Nino or not, but I am sure of one thing: the 1998 sailing season in the English Channel has been the year of the Big Blow. I cannot remember a cruising season which has been so dominated by a succession of Atlantic lows, with their strong winds and heavy showers. I know that those who ventured south into Biscay enjoyed warm and sunny weather under the influence of the Azores High; we less adventurous cruising people had very few opportunities to experience the 'Lazy Hazy Days of Summer'.

We were six Club boats who had arrived at St Helier marina via Guernsey, having attended the excellent Club meet at Cherbourg. Most of us had plans to continue cruising in Brittany, but strong west and south-west winds had forced us to take a quick dash to Guernsey, and then another to Jersey, hoping for more favourable weather to enable us to make progress westwards. We were going to be out of luck. St Helier harbour is one of the few places left which still hoists storm cones on its signal masts. They appeared soon after our arrival and stayed for some time.

We all kept busy: cars were hired, friends visited, breezy scenic walks were taken and golf was played swayingly in the wind. From the golf course high above St Ouen's Bay I watched a small commuter passenger aircraft lose height on take-off into the stiff westerly wind and execute a forced landing on the beach. Clearly it was not only yachtsmen having troubles.

A walk to the new marina, built for local boats, did little to raise the spirits. Although beautifully constructed and offering good

of pollution indexes. The weather was often sunny, but wind strength seemed to hover around force 6 to 7 and 8 for most of the time. As each low disappeared towards Scandinavia a fresh one arrived from Nova Scotia, pushed towards us by the high pressure hovering over Spain and western France.

We thought of reasons to be cheerful - Jersey has many advantages: cheap car hire, good restaurants, excellent marina facilities, beautiful scenery. All agreed that if one had to be harbour bound this was a good place to be. Good ships' parties and convivial dinners notwithstanding, everyone was, by now, impatient to move on. Finally, after a record eleven days, a 'window' arrived and we left in a west-south-west force 5 to make a quick dash back to Cherbourg.

Going westwards past Corbière lighthouse, pondering the insouciance of the French ferry which had attempted unsuccessfully to make passage inshore of the reef a few years ago, I stared at the heavy thumping seas and wondered whether retirement was such a good idea after all.

A shout came from below: 'There's a man on the telephone offering you a job. He says he needs a pilot.' Peering through the low visibility caused by the spray as yet another wave broke green over the foredeck, drenching the spray hood and streaming into the cockpit, I replied 'Don't we all!'

As I write this, in September, the remains of hurricane Debbie have arrived in the Solent. The wind has been force 6 plus for about a week and at the moment it is gusting to force 10.

Truly this has been the year of the Big Blow!

Phil Batten Pyewacket



'Duncan'

'Yes Doug'

'Shall we go to our club at Cowes this week?'

'OK, Saturday's good'

That was how it all began.

The Saturday came, it was a glorious day, blazing hot sunshine and a gentle south-easterly breeze. The visuals all stowed we left the dock at about 1000, gently motoring *Ada*, Doug Baverstock's boat, down the Lymington River, stowing the fenders along the way.

The two of us were in no rush, the day was all ours. Approaching the mouth of the River, just rounding the Starting Platform, I started hauling up the sails, not too many, just the main, jib and staysail, while Doug took the helm. The ropes were all tidied away (if you have ever sailed on *Ada* you will realise just how much rope there is) and I was in need of a beer (don't worry, Mum, it was after 1030). Doug at the helm and myself on a deck-chair drifting along the Solent drinking beer. All was going well.

Crash, bang, ouch!

The seat had given way, I was flat on my back, now wearing my beer, and Doug was in hysterics. The chair was a write-off.

By now we were just off the entrance to the Beaulieu River and heading across to the Island shore using the tide to push us up towards Cowes. Approaching the Island shore it was chaos, motor boats everywhere and what little wind there was, was being shaken from the sails by their wash. *Ada* was going nowhere fast. It was time for the iron topsail!

Battery on, a few revs, pushed the starter button and - nothing. Pushed it again, nothing: checked the battery was on, pushed the button and nothing.

Off with the engine cover, off with the engine box, banged the solenoid. Back on with the engine box, back on with the cover, pushed the button and nothing!

A decision had to be made - *Ada* was just drifting aimlessly off Cowes, going nowhere. 'OK, let's head back for Lymington'. Nothing needed to be said, we just did it.

Some time later, after much shoving and pushing the tiller from side to side *Ada* was pointing in the right direction but we were still moving towards Portsmouth. The tide hadn't turned yet. The tide tables were produced and after much discussion as to whether it was GMT, UTC, BST, or if we should calculate and allow for secondary port differences, the conclusion was that 30 minutes of unfavourable tide was left to run. Not too bad. We thought of anchoring, but decided that it would be better to float free - if there was a collision we would have a better chance of survival.

Looking behind us, there was a small container ship on the horizon. 'Don't worry', I said to Doug, 'That will turn and go up Southampton Water well to the north of us'. Toot! Toot! Glancing round, we saw the Southampton ABP Harbour Master's launch, now alongside us. One of the crew appeared and said 'You will have to move'. 'We have no engine' hailed Doug. 'You will have to get out of the way'. 'We have no engine', Doug replied again. The crewman disappeared into the cabin and spoke to a second man who was at the helm.

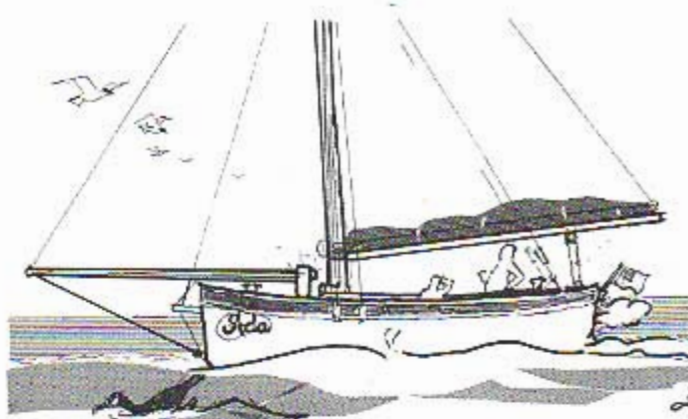
Reappearing, the crewman shouted 'Head north, head north, the ship will pass to the south of you', and he pointed the way. This small container ship was now the biggest ship I had ever seen, and it was about 50 meters away from us, alongside Gurnard Ledge buoy. Looking up we could see all the ship's crew looking down at us.

The ship passed *Ada* without event, albeit a little close, turned to starboard, crossed our bow and headed towards Southampton Water. Panic over, but *Ada* hardly stemmed the tide and was gradually drifting across the Solent towards Calshot. Passing the West Bramble Bank buoy, *Ada* was now finally making way towards Lymington. Eventually, out of the way of all shipping, it was time to up spinnaker and a very late lunch.

By mid afternoon the wind was beginning to freshen but *Ada* was still not moving fast. Checking on the foredeck revealed the problem: the jib had fallen in the water and was acting as a very efficient sea anchor. Jib retrieved, speed was achieved. *Ada* was now off the entrance to the Beaulieu River and the sea breeze was starting to kick in.

Now we were steaming along, confidence and enthusiasm were with us again. Tacking back towards Hurst *Ada* had just reached the mouth of the River when the breeze started to shut off. A quick call to Chris de Veuille arranged for Graham Webb from the Yacht Haven to come alongside and power us up the last bit to the mooring.

Time for another beer!



Duncan Hall

## LIMERICK COMPETITION

Carol Tinley has suggested that Pottership should have a limerick competition, highlighting the idiosyncrasies of prominent Members (with their permission, of course). To start it off, she has produced the following about Club staff. Carol and the Editor will be happy to giggle over more contributions, publish a few, and give a small prize.

There once was a fellow called Gawn  
Who declared he was 'Glad to be born.  
'It's a pleasure for me  
to work close to the sea.  
Much better than mowing my lawn'.

Then there is our barman Mark,  
Who's handsome and tall and quite dark  
But with one streak of white  
that shows up in the light -  
I think he paints on for a lark.

Chief steward is our Scotsman John,  
The one with the cute dimples on.  
His accent's quite fierce,  
though he's lived here for years.  
Do you think that he's putting it on?

We have a young barman called Steve  
Who lifts barrels aloft with one heave.  
He works day and night  
to get everything right  
And polishes glass on his sleeve.

Our culinary expert is Mike  
(Who's sometimes seen riding a bike).  
He churns out with ease  
great plaice, chips and peas  
And gooey rich puddings we like.

And Donna we mustn't forget,  
Nor Christian, who's really a pet.  
But I don't have time  
for any more rhyme  
And YOU can do better, I'll bet.

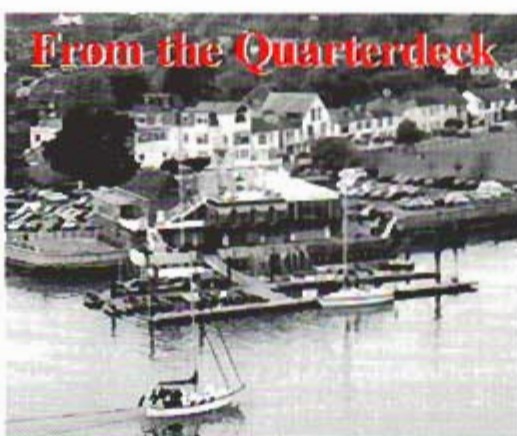


I wrote my contribution to the previous edition of *Pottership* shortly before I assumed the Secretary's mantle from Jonathan Hutchinson.

Six months on, I am now almost through my first sailing season as Secretary, and I would like to acknowledge the support and assistance from all Members and staff, especially when we were somewhat short-handed. All the staff have pulled together magnificently, and Members have been most understanding when things have not gone quite to plan. Thank you.

Cruising sailors have travelled far and wide (but can I claim the 'close to home' record for a week in which *Natural Child* went no further east than Cowes nor further north than Hamble?).

Racing at national and international level has seen some notable successes, not least amongst the Cadet and Optimist fleets. We held our first Laser 4000 weekend with some 30 boats and we had some very successful Open meetings, with 80 Optimist sailors braving the elements on a very wet and windy weekend. We hosted the Hoya Royal Lymington Cup and the National Blind Sailing Championships, and Wednesday Junior Sailing has continued to introduce local youngsters to the joys of our sport. The cruisers have enjoyed some stirring racing on Thursday evenings and on Saturdays, when from late August they joined the XODs and



Etchells. Shortly the Autumn Series, run by the LTSC, will be with us.

Keelboat racing has been enhanced by substantial improvement to the starting platform, for which we acknowledge the support of Blakes Paints and Yachtmail of Lymington. We replaced three racing buoys and secured new sponsorship for two of them, from MacAlister Elliott and Accounting Answers. Monday night dinghy racing has been benefited from the superb course board manufactured by the Stock family with (I believe) the help of some of the young Optimist sailors. In the middle of all this activity the Scows have raced with the other dinghies and amongst themselves, and have cruised when the weather has co-

operated.

All this activity depends on the tremendous support of a huge number of Members, who give their time not only on the day, but also for training to the requisite National standard. Nevertheless, at times we still find ourselves ringing round for help at the last minute and we are always on the look-out for volunteers for the myriad of tasks that go with running a yacht club with such a wide range of activities. We know that some Members have in the past volunteered and received no acknowledgement, let alone the opportunity to help. We are reviewing the ways in which Members are offered the chance to become more involved in Club activities, and there will be more news on this in the January mailing. In the meantime, a note of your name and area of interest will always be welcome in the Office.

As we approach the turn of the year we are enjoying an active social programme and the excellent series of lectures organised by the Cruising section.

And, finally, the good news - the forecourt will be available for the storage and maintenance of Club RIBs and dinghies ALL Winter, although the crane will be out of use for a week or two (probably in January) for annual servicing. We shall complete work on the outer face of the sea wall this winter.

Ian Gawn Secretary

## JARDINE WINS J24 WORLDS

Stuart Jardine won the J24 class at the US Sailing World (NOOD) regatta last February by a clear 6 points, with three firsts and two seconds.

Stuart had an all American crew consisting of the owner Ken Carpenter and two of his crew and Lewis Conger from Louisiana (who crewed for Stuart at the San Francisco Masters) in a twenty boat fleet, mainly in light to moderate breezes.

Stuart, using his latest suit of Hyde sails, was consistently faster than his rivals to windward in all conditions. It took the first day's racing for the crew to settle down together, finishing second in both races. Having met three of his crew only the

previous day, this was very satisfactory; even better was winning the next three races.

In the 36 years since Stuart was previously at the St Peterburgh Yacht Club in Florida, for the Flying Dutchman World championships, it has been completely rebuilt and must now be one of the biggest in the world.

Alongside is the City-owned sailing centre, catering for all the dry sailing anyone could wish for, with yachts up to 30 ft being moved by their owners and launched from two simple, self operated cranes. We have a great deal to learn about dry sailing and craning: a conservative estimate is that these two cranes launch over 100 boats in less than eight hours - a boat launched every 4.5 minutes!

Stuart Jardine

## Not just plain sailing

The Scow Division, under the enthusiastic command of Jayne Burchell, not only enjoys a steely-eyed racing programme but has a series of mini cruises in the lakes, rivers and general waters of the Solent for which these little boats are ideally suited. Undeterred by gale force winds for the July trip to Freshwater, at the head of the River Yar, Members and friends of the

Scow Division made the trip by ferry and foot for an excellent lunch at the Red Lion in Freshwater village. Many of those who often join the Scows in other boats went along too:

Doug Baverstock (who often goes in *Ada*), Janet and Julie, the RIB crew, me and my catamaran and on this special occasion - the ferry!

Dick Thorn Skinny Dipper



## RIGHT, SAID FRED, UP A BIT



Sailing for the disabled has become a regular Club event, one looked forward to not only by the visitors and the yacht owners, but also by the organisers who coax the volunteers into teams to ensure the event is efficiently run and a special occasion for all concerned. One such team is the 'Mr Shifters', the unsung heroes who quietly and safely transfer our disabled visitors from the pontoon on to and off the boats.

Members will appreciate that boarding a



It was 4th July and on *Wandering Moon* we had spent a very quiet night, anchored off the beach at Islas Cies at the mouth of the Ria de Vigo, Spain. Imagine our surprise when we woke to see a dismasted yacht nearby. Imagine our even greater surprise to see that it was *Rainbow*, a Hallberg Rassy 29 owned by Peregrine Bruce. After breakfast I went over and heard the account of his remarkable experience with his daughter, Anna, as crew. Later my wife Sally and Anne Watson went over and heard more. With this and a subsequent sight of their log, I can give a brief account. They left Lymington on 14th June to sail to the Azores to join the RCC Meet due to start on 15th July. They had the customary beat down Channel to Falmouth with Anna, who had not done much sailing, let alone ocean cruising, having doubts about her decision to join her father on such a voyage. They left Falmouth on 20th June, beating into south-west force 5, where the wind stayed for the best part of a week, so progress was slow towards their intended destination 1200 miles away. The wind at last changed to north-east and dropped, allowing more comfortable progress. They were 600 miles from Falmouth with 960 miles logged because of the tacking.

At 0625 on Sunday 28th June, while Anna was on watch reading a book, she was alerted by people shouting. She looked up and to her horror saw a large trawler just 10 metres away. Because the steering had been set up tightly she had no chance to alter course in time and hit at right angles. The pulpit was demolished and the mast came down, but the hull was not seriously damaged. A Pan Pan call alerted a French tug/fisheries protection vessel, which arrived on the scene soon after. Peregrine and Anna were invited to leave *Rainbow* and go aboard to speak to the captain and discuss the options, which included immediate rescue and the probability of scuttling *Rainbow*. Peregrine declined to leave his boat and Anna went on her own, and was able to pass the news of their situation to her sister. She came back with presents of wine, bread, a highlighted Met fax and a good will message. In addition there were some cans of diesel. A lieutenant and two ratings came over to help lift the mast on board and tidy up. *Rainbow* then set off on the long way back to Falmouth.

They managed to set up a Ham radio aerial and later

a jury rig; they were advised that because they had so little diesel they should head for the nearest land: Cape Finisterre, in Spain.

On 1st July, as they approached the shipping lanes, they suffered a force 9 gale. Their jury rig had too much sail, both self steering systems broke and they had to lie ahull with drogues set. The following day the wind abated and they got to Finisterre to go ashore for diesel, then on to Vigo, 50 miles south, where they planned to get the yacht repaired.

So it was that we saw her, having entered the anchorage at 0200, looking as neat and tidy as she could in the circumstances, with the burgee flying proudly from the top of the jury rig.

From reading the log we realised how very tired they both were after sailing six days 380 miles under jury rig. I am sure their regular contact over the Ham radio kept up their spirits. Altogether a remarkable performance after the initial mistake which, let's face it, we all dread might happen to us one day.

The insurance company was excellent - a surveyor flew to Vigo and agreed to pay to bring the boat back by road to Lymington for repair.

Christopher Buckley *Wandering Moon*



## ATLANTIC ADVENTURE

yacht can be in itself a taxing manoeuvre. To climb up with a 12 stone disabled person in one's arms can be frightening to say the least, especially as some of the Mr Shifters are well into the bus pass division themselves. It was with this in mind that Captain of Cruising Ed Vogelzang asked some of his committee members to study the problem with a view to finding a simple, safe and speedy solution to transferring disabled people to yachts between 24 and 48 feet overall.

The first thought was to contact the professionals - the then Southampton Technical College. A senior lecturer in mechanical engineering and three students visited the Club to study the problem at first hand at the sailing event for disabled people in April 1996. Under the guidance of their lecturer, the students produced drawings of three ingenious solutions, all very

impressive, but using mechanical leverage systems which were too time consuming for us to operate efficiently.

Concurrently, a Member with some experience in patient handling had designed a simple 'sedan chair lift'. Drawings were submitted to three local companies, Berthon Boat Co, Saunders Sail & Tent, and John Claridge Boat Builders, who kindly donated the three main components: tie bars, seat and lifting poles. This simple system has been used for three years and proved to be reliable and safe.

The photographs show the device in use - a six man team can carry out a lift in about two minutes, with a maximum of a quarter of the weight of the patient taken by each Shifter. This chair has been so popular that a second model has been constructed, making it even easier to give our visitors a

memorable afternoon on the water, with the now famous Club tea and buns afterwards.

Gillian Marris, who coordinates this event, would welcome extra helpers, particularly those willing and able to act as Mr Shifters.

Hadyn Meredith Pamela May





Cruising in the area of Guernsey and Îles Chaumey there is a wave of relief as one identifies either NW or NE Minquiers buoys, but with it there is a hint of apprehension as one imagines the hazards within the 25 sq miles of rocks that the British won from France in 1953. I have carried Robson's classic Channel Islands Pilot since 1978 and the Minquiers had become an unrequited dream as, one has to say, Robson's Pilot has been something of a deterrent.

Let me quote: 'from Jete des Fontaines turn of SSW towards a miserable little beacon - if sailing, lower sails, take accurate transits - don't wander more than 5 metres either side - have an anchor handy - course 164 takes you within a metre or so of drying sandbank - leads over a 1.2 m shoal - refuge hut 2 m square with ladder access to emergency food - visibility must be more than 1.5 miles - now comes the tricky bit, there isn't a view but it is the reciprocal of line 326 - must be held accurately for at least 3 miles' ...and so on.

On 10th August 1998 at St Helier Bob Allen and I woke up to sun, calm sea, light wind and a favourable high water at 0754 with half ebb at approximately 1100. This looked good so it was now or never!

The bouche of the Minquiers is Demie de Vascelin exactly 9 miles on 162° from the Demie de Pas south of St Helier. The visibility slowly deteriorated but two fishing boats near Vascelin provided the opportunity, using radar, to estimate it as approximately half-a-mile. Astern of us popped up the *Duke of Normandy* wearing the defaced Union flag at the jackmast. What a todo - it had to be the Governor!

He was steaming at 12 - 15 knots, too fast for us, but we passed Vascelin in company towards Jete de Fontaines 1.4 miles ahead. It is a red and white buoy, the best in the area and where I had planned to alter course to 200° towards Robson's 'miserable' Grun Tar. It could not be identified so I took station astern of *Duke of Normandy* who had stayed on 161° towards Maitresse Ile, which could now be seen dimly in silhouette. This was not the sailing plan. I did not like it! Took fright and after about 5 cables retraced our course to Jete des Fontaines. Once again, but with unspoken thoughts of abandoning, we

## TO MINQUIERS OR NOT TO MINQUIERS A MATTER FOR DECISION OF WIGHT



searched for Grun Tar. It was there of course, at 200° bearing where it should be - but what a very miserable pole and what an apology for a horizontal bar on top. Of course the French had, quite reasonably, whipped away their original magnificent buoys and marks after the 1953 rapprochement.

After that it was easy - 200° for 2 cables then to 165° ('not deviating more than 5 metres either side'), we passed Maitresse Ile



about 3 cables to port, advanced to the string pole Demie, turned on to 045° over a 1.2 m shoal to enter the bay south of the old fishermen's houses.

With surprise we saw ten or more boats, mostly French, small and fast, surrounding the elegant, pussershipshape *Duke of Normandy* anchored in splendour, having despatched by dinghy ashore H.E. the Lieutenant Governor General Sir Michael Wilkes KCB, CBE, and the Bailiff, Sir Philip Bailhache, Kt, to make the annual pilgrimage to confirm the Queen's suzerainty over this putative bastion of the Realm.

The overall sensation was utter silence - the water flat like a fast-running stream, yet at the beacon posts disturbed and ruffled by 4 - 5 knots. It was strange, remote, secret, as though in a dream. It was unreal, like an opera with extraordinary lighting and elaborate stage setting.

We didn't dally for long and neither did the Governor who exited, surprisingly, to the east. We took the anonymous south route with an aft transit that had to be held for 3 miles. After that it was safe to turn for St Malo and start concentrating on the narrow Chenal des Petits towards the welcoming Fort du Petit Bey and, when almost there, the Roches aux Anglais, a reminder perhaps of past British mishaps.

These notes will, I hope, encourage others as I was encouraged by Leonard Wesson. Some locals actually use the channel as the preferred route to St Malo. Perhaps by elaboration Robson had wanted to keep the Minquiers as a personal secret.

If you have Admiralty chart 3656, can identify beacons, adhere to transit lines, estimate distances, have visibility of at least a mile and settled weather, then the reward will outweigh the anxieties. There is a reliable buoy with three anchoring stays for overnight.

One last thought, it's a classic visual exercise and greatly exciting: use a big chart and try it without GPS. Remember the Pilot's admonition: don't wander - but if there is a Patagonian flag on the pole, take it down and radio the police in Jersey (see report in *The Times*, 2nd September 1998).

Peter Arblaster *Decision of Wight*



Members of the Royal Lymington and St Vaast yacht clubs after an alfresco lunch near Corfe Castle in August. The following week 16 RLymYC yachts went to St Vaast to continue the jollities. Notable amongst the participants was Leonard Wesson, sailing single handed. Feeling drowsy and with very little wind in mid-Channel, he heve-to and caught up on some sleep. *Wayfarer of Emsworth* must have a very comfortable berth - later, when Leonard was waiting for the St Vaast lock to open, he dozed off again and nearly missed the tidal window,



**This letter was received by  
Amanda Dingwall, for many years  
co-ordinator of the Club's annual  
Junior Regatta.**

Dear Amanda,

As it is about thirty years since I last took part in a Junior Regatta, I uncharacteristically feel compelled to put a few thoughts on paper.

I must first of all say that when I offered to help out I envisaged driving around in a RIB, keeping an eye on our fledgling sailors from the Salterns, and maybe offering a word of encouragement here and there.

Arriving on the Monday I was not really prepared to find getting on for a hundred boats and over 180 children aged between eight and eighteen entered and excitedly waiting for the briefing. My contribution was to be in a rather, in my opinion, below par Wayfarer with four eleven-year-old girls whose sailing experience turned out to be extremely limited. My first thought was to borrow a better boat, but having had a quick look over the others being used I decided that, with the exception of the superb new Junior Sailing boat, they were all much the same.

Here you see my first error. I was looking on the Regatta as a series of races which one tried to win, whereas I suspect that my crew considered it to be just something different to do during the summer holidays.

Well, after my first day afloat my admiration for all the instructors and helpers from Junior Sailing, who cope with similar problems every week, knew no bounds, and whilst my feelings on how the day had gone were, shall we say, mixed, 'my girls' all appeared to have had a great time, as had my own children, who were more than enthusiastic about their day.

## A forty-year-old's Junior regatta



Photo: Amanda Dingwall

My nine-year-old son had been racing his Optimist in the group organised by Stuart Jardine, whose ability to motivate, control, instruct and inspire is amazing, and I'm sure that the juniors of today will look back with similar good memories of Stuart as I know the competitors of my age do of his father, Colonel Jardine, who ran the RLymYC regattas throughout my youth.

Up to this point my seven-year-old daughter had shown little interest in racing, but even she enthusiastically explained how she, as the crew of a Scow, had contributed to ensure their success in three of the races. The other high point of the day seemed to be the number of fivepenny chews one could purchase with the pocket money her mother had given her for lunch!

The next day I was determined to improve things, and after a few words of advice from Roger and Jenny Wilson I certainly had a much better time of it despite, or perhaps because, in one of the races I started on my own as the whole of my crew had gone off in a RIB to use the facilities of a Mother ship.

Throughout the week we continued to improve to such a degree that by the last race 'my girls' were working as a team, not singing, arguing or fighting as on day one.

In fact racing talk was almost totally confined to how we could win that race, and I must say I found myself feeling surprisingly proud of their performance.

Regrettably I was not able to take part in the long distance race to Thames beach, but this by all accounts was a stunning success.

To get all those boats and crews there and back, without any tears or tantrums, in conditions that many must have found very challenging, appeared to require organisation rivaling that of the D-Day landings, and it was for most the high spot of the week.

To sum up, I best remember the week as a happy time with lots of smiling children. Most of them I'm sure won't go on to international stardom in the sailing world, but they at least had a week of healthy activity which could well grow into the same joy of being afloat shared by most of our Members, and in a society where there are so many pressures on the young, I feel the whole Club should be proud to continue running such an event.

To everyone involved I believe you did a fantastic job, and I would recommend any Member to make the time to take part next year.

Yours sincerely,

John Claridge



Photo: Amanda Dingwall



Photo: Stuart Jardine



# The Grenada Sailing Festival



*How does a spot of Caribbean sailing, warm sunshine and sparkling seas in late January and early February next year appeal to you?*

The Spice island of Grenada is hosting the sixth La Source Sailing Festival and the organisers are inviting a party or parties from selected UK yacht clubs, of which our Club is one, to compete in the regatta in chartered Moorings yachts or in their own yacht if they have crossed the Pond on their own keel.

The event aims to be light-hearted and fun with five races and even more parties. In 1998 there were 35 racer/cruiser participants and some 20 or more local workboats from Grenada and neighbouring islands. The workboats literally race off the beach over the week-end; racing for the cruisers takes place off Grand Anse Beach with round-the-buoy courses. Two passage races round the south-west corner of the island to and from Prickly Bay, with an ocean triangle race off True Blue Bay make up the five races. Racing is not in

the Antigua Week or Heineken Regatta category and is intended to appeal to club sailors who enjoy racing but don't take it too seriously.

Club parties will be able to charter Moorings yachts from 40 to 50 ft for either one week to take part in the Festival or for a fortnight to race and then cruise. During the regatta crews may live aboard or, at additional cost, reside ashore. Family members who might not wish to race but enjoy the Festival's other attractions and explore Grenada can also be accommodated ashore, and, if desired, go cruising after the regatta.

This 6th regatta is a precursor to a Millennium event which will be held from the 3rd to 8th December 1999, for which Clubs from Great Britain and Ireland are invited to send teams to compete with Clubs from the USA for an International Challenge Cup.

Full details including the Festival programme, Notice of Race, entry forms, costs, accommodation etc. are available in the office or from myself.

Nigel Thomas



Seen this summer: Liz Bate, Helen Tew and Gill Lloyd, owner of La Snook, a Fraeward 25 in which these three Grannies cruise extensively. Their huge cruising experience - and average age of 80 - was written up in the October issue of *Yachting Monthly*.



I was recently reminded of a cartoon I saw in *New Yorker* depicting a fisherman seated on a bucket beside an upturned clinker dinghy, painstakingly painting the last letter of the name on the dinghy. There was no caption but T. T. Sea Wite could be clearly read. The source of this recollection was the Newtown Cruising Meet which my wife Sue and I attended in our relatively new to us Westerley Seahawk. Sunday dawned bright and sunny and Sue and I decided to take our brand new latest technology inflatable tender (A lot of tender for the money there sir, said the salesman) and a new Honda 4-stroke outboard (no oil mix) for a run. At which point there was a discussion about lifejackets. Sue insisted on wearing one despite my macho jibes about being able to stand in the harbour with platform shoes on etc. More accidents in dinghies etc etc, she said. The exploration passed uneventfully apart from the discovery that although the motor did not require oil it did need petrol, necessitating a long, silent paddle back to the boat from a distant creek.

## A TENDER TALE

The real trouble started with the hoisting of a gin pennant on *Sandrine Michelle*. This may of course be a standard statement. A convivial late morning's hospitality merged seamlessly into early afternoon and time to return. Cheery farewells and into the dingy we climb, Sue, lifejacket and me. The precise sequence of events thereafter has not yet been accurately determined, despite a long debate which has signally failed to reach agreement. Suffice it to say that we were unquestionably both on the same side of the tender as I deposited my weight on the side tube and that, as the salesman said, is much more tender than we expected. As we floated beside the upturned tender three thoughts occurred: • I had not intended to be the entertainment • the lifejacket's automatic inflation actually works • my wallet, cash and credit cards were in a shopping bag in the bottom of the boat, which is fine if it is upright but... In the end there was very little damage, apart from the ego; we righted the tender with some help, the motor incredibly restarted, I even caught my wallet as it lazily weaved its way bottomwards, and the water wasn't even cold. We lost some letters from the T.T. *Silver Dawn*, which now resembles a footballer's smile. When I redo them the sense of the *New Yorker* cartoon is evident - they are more use upside down. Alternatively we could rename it after the American fried egg *Easy Over*.

The moral of this tale is clear - don't make smart comments to the wife.

Rod Perry *Silver Dawn*

## Pottership

Edited by Marilyn Holmes  
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