



Pottership

The Newspaper of the Royal Lyminster Yacht Club

Number 19 Autumn 1997

1997 was undoubtedly the year for anniversaries and for several of us it meant a tightly planned cruising summer so that we could fly the flags not only at our own 75th but also across in the Low Countries at the 150th of the Royal Netherlands Sailing and Rowing Club (KNZ & RV).

In December 1847 the 70 strong Amsterdam faction of the Netherlands YC (1841) launched their own club with the dual aims of pleasure sailing and rowing, and for the training of future professional tall ships' crews. Prince Hendrick, son of King William II, was much enthused and when the club opened its Sail Training Institute the following year it was at his behest that the club was granted its Royal status. Today the membership is close to 1000 and the aims remain the same; there are strong cruising and racing fleets, oarsmen who are a force to be reckoned with in wherries, whalers and skiffs and an ever-busy junior section - the club has just bought three J24s for the more senior of this group. Of the five cruisers from the RLymYC who had originally signed up for the Dutch party, three made it to Muiden for the special guests weekend. Our fleet was led by Captain of Cruising Ed Vogelzang and Ica in *Joffer Marieke III*; *Wandering Moon II*, with Christopher and Sally Buckley, Rear Commodore House Mary Follett and Anna and Carel Frank. These two boats had just three days after the festivities of the St Vaast



Ica & Ed Vogelzang & Mary Follett go Dutch. Photo H. Keatinge

ANNIVERSARIES

Meet to get themselves to Holland. In spite of fog and little wind they were on parade at the Happy Hour in Muiden at 2100 on the 22nd August. Our *Kilpatrick*, already some weeks in Dutch waters, with Bill and myself and Bill's brother Richard, made up the Lyminster group.

There were representatives from the Royal Yacht Club of Belgium, five boats from the Royal Yacht Squadron, and one each from the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk, Royal London and Royal Temple yacht clubs.

Having recovered from the Happy Hour (which could perhaps have been Happy Hours!) we were assembled at noon sharp the next day for a Koffietafel lunch - nothing to do with coffee but bread and cold meats and cheese. Culture was the order of the afternoon

and we were guided over the delightful Muider slot before being ferried to the tiny Pampus Island and a tour of the 19th century underground fortifications originally built to defend Amsterdam, but in fact never used in anger. Dinner and presentations and short speeches in the evening - well done our Rear Commodore!

A glorious Sunday morning and at 0850 most of us were allocated to traditional boats owned by members for a 13 nm sail/motor - what had been a zephyr dropped completely - to the picturesque fishing port of Marken; just time for coffee and a quick walk, then on to Volendam. We had typical Dutch pancakes for lunch (not many of the visitors dribbled their huge pancakes in the Dutch way with syrup...) and then the Big Surprise! 'This way please' and before we knew what was happening we were a group of sixty perfectly clad Volendam fishermen and women - yes, all of us. 'Smile, say Cheese, thank you very much' ... and we have the picture to prove it!

It was a great weekend for us, and we were made extremely welcome by so many members of the Dutch club. The KNZ & RV was nearing the end of a busy year of celebrations and the big finale was to be the following weekend with over a hundred yachts massing in squadrons to sail past their Patron, Queen Beatrix. We hear they had a great day.

Hilary Keatinge

RLymYC and GB succeed in Portland

The RLymYC race organising team went into action once again on behalf of sailing for people with disabilities, this time at the World Blind Sailing Championships held at Portland Harbour in June; the event was hosted by RYA Sailability. Under the direction of Tony Blachford an excellent week's sport was planned and executed for the nine countries and 21 participating teams. Weather conditions were near ideal, the racing keenly competitive and to the best standards yet seen in this World event - there have been two previous championships, in Auckland and Fremantle. The British team, sponsored by DBS Financial Services and trained by Graham Love, took Gold, Silver and Bronze medals within the three Blind Sailing categories, and also collected the Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron 'Squadron Cup' for the best overall performance. Tony's race organising and support team were quite stunningly efficient, but the biggest accolades should go to Sally Potter and Bugs Hughes who controlled the independent-minded (and ex Club) organising committee for this event over a period of two years! Sorry about the grey hairs, Sally! We got Tony Banks, Minister for Sport, to attend the Opening Ceremony and it has been voted the best Blind Sailing event ever, so perhaps that says it all.

Richard Horton-Fawkes

Photos: Ocean Images





The chateau at Nacqueville. Photo: Alistair McKinnon

ALTERNATIVE CROSS CHANNEL MEET

You may have heard that this Meet never took place. If so you have been sadly misinformed. With the ingenuity and flexibility which cruising folk have in abundance, perforce of circumstances, it was merely restructured!

On Tuesday 27th May our redoubtable Captain of Cruising led a fleet of six cruisers across the Channel to Cherbourg en route to St Peter Port. The weather forecast on the day was NE 4/5, possibly 6 later. The voyage started well with light winds and motors on. About a third of the way across engines were no longer required and sails were beginning to be shortened. Some three hours out from Cherbourg the wind had reached 33 knots on the wind speed indicator on *Sovereigns' Wake* and the sea was very disturbed - turns on the helm had been reduced to half-an-hour. The up side was that the fleet arrived safely in Cherbourg with the loss of only two hats overboard and record passage times recorded. With ever deteriorating weather forecasts for the rest of the week the decision was taken on Wednesday evening to cancel the Meet in St Peter Port and to restructure it for those who had reached Cherbourg. Numerous telephone calls had to be made to Guernsey and Lymington and then the 'entertainment committee' swung into action to devise a new programme for the fleet, now increased to seven boats by the arrival on Wednesday of

Anahita, who had experienced even worse conditions during an overnight crossing. (Rumour has it that *Sea Tonic* was sighted in Cherbourg on Thursday evening but she slipped out again early the next morning before this could be confirmed.)

In addition to the customary inter-yacht hospitality, we enjoyed the atmosphere generated by the Round Europe Race, scheduled to start on June 1st from Cherbourg. The large fleet included Tony Bullimore in one of the big trimarans. Due to appalling weather (white horses even around the boats in the marina) the start was postponed 24 hours.

Those attending the restructured Meet were advised of a feast of activities available ashore and on the Saturday seventeen people went on a hired coach to visit the charming gardens and chateau of Nacqueville. That evening twenty of us (by now the Keatings in *Kilpatrick* had arrived too) enjoyed a very convivial meal at the Grand Gousier restaurant.

By the following Tuesday calmer conditions prevailed and the fleet dispersed, some back to Lymington, others to resume their original plans to cruise in the Channel Islands and Brittany.

All in all, a triumph of ingenuity over adversity.

Jean Whipp-Goode

Skip this!



One day in St Peter Port harbour we were moored alongside a sleek, new, fast powerboat with a long foredeck on which was a little girl of about ten, skipping. She would do some three or four skips, stop, fiddle with her skirt, another three or four skips, stop, fiddle with her skirt, and so on.

Well it so happens that when I was eight I was packed off for six months to Drogheda, just north of Dublin, to stay with Aunt Hetty, who had a daughter Shelagh of about my age. Every Wednesday Aunt Hetty used to send us two children to dancing class where we men were segregated and taught to skip. Backwards, forwards, doubles, even triples, crossed arms, we were introduced to the lot. As a result of this early training I regarded myself as something of a skipping expert.

Armed with this background of expertise I said to the little girl on the next boat 'The trouble is, your skipping rope is too long. If you put some knots in the middle it would be shorter and heavier and it would be easier for you'. The little girl turned and gave me a long withering look and then in a sharp voice which only thinly disguised her contempt, she said 'No, the trouble is my knicker elastic is broken'.

Moral: never offer unsolicited advice to a lady!

Desmond Dewhurst
Commodore

Six months late - but never mind

The Club tries to provide an afternoon's sailing for local disabled people twice a year. Sadly the event had to be cancelled last May, but on September 1st, a lovely sunny day, the Club entertained 34 disabled visitors together with their eight carers. The number included seven from the local RYA Sailability group. Thanks to the generosity of twelve Members who made their boats available all the visitors went afloat and enjoyed a wonderful afternoon sail, returning to the forecourt for the renowned Club tea and doughnuts. With the reception team, wheelchair organisers, pontoon workers, boat owners and crews, around fifty Club Members were involved in a very rewarding afternoon which, weather permitting, will be repeated twice next year.

Gillian Marris



Like flowers falling from the dark sky,
Different colours,

Blue,
Yellow,
Red,
Orange,
Green.

BANG!

Goes the
Jack-in-the-box,
the weeping willow
and

the Roman candles.

Then the colours are gone,
SUDDENLY!

BANG!

The big ones go
BOOM!

They are like lots of flying
candles.

Which light up the night sky.

They soar through the sky,

Then

BANG!

Some whistle,
Some screech,
Some hiss,
Some just go

BANG!

By Michael Butler, age 9

Ed: The fireworks described so graphically here were of course the display celebrating the Club's 75th anniversary. A collection for the RNLI taken amongst the spectators outside the Club raised £120.



SCOW NEWS

Cruise to Yarmouth and Freshwater

Yes, we finally made it, after three years and four attempts.

In light airs the fleet, including 'Friend of the Scow Division' Jackie Wilson crewing for Anne Blacoe, headed for The Sconce, a course that saw us fetch up nicely to the east

of Yarmouth pier where, as arranged, Doug, with Friend Mary Follett aboard, had secured to a RSYC buoy.

At the request of the harbourmaster we were towed in by *We're here* and *Dragoon*, crewed by Julie Hodkin and Janet Smith, to await the bridge opening at 1100, but shortly after our arrival the Bridge Superintendent (one of Doug's many maritime friends) kindly opened it specially for us.

Sails were hoisted and as we ghosted up river on the flood the reward of at last arriving in this very special, tranquil National Trust area more than made up for the gentle rain that enveloped us.

Rounding the last bend of the Yar, the old stone bridge came into view and, on cue, like a promotional movie for the IoW Tourist Board, two well turned out riders crossed it before disappearing down the track towards Yarmouth.

After lunch at the Red Lion, Freshwater, we set off to take early advantage of the ebb, but the wind deserted us and a tow was needed to make the 1400 hrs bridge opening.

Once clear of the harbour the wind picked up and the fleet had a splendid sail back across the Solent to the Club.

It was voted an excellent expedition, long anticipated and much enjoyed.

Roly Stafford
Captain, Scow Class

Summer sailing has now passed, and the autumn and winter social programme will be in full swing by the time this is published. With the new season the style of clothing worn also changes.

Because of the nature of our sport, the many different types of garments worn in the clubhouse in the main sailing months tend to be very casual and suited to boating in its many forms. During the past three years the dress code has been relaxed to take into account the change in summer fashions. The code has been adjusted again, with the major

change this year relaxing the dress worn in the Dining Room during summer evenings. From the 1st of May until the 30th of September it is now acceptable to wear smart casual clothes when dining. At that time of year, most diners prefer to sit in the River Room, and those who are more formally dressed can usually find a less crowded table in the Dining Room.

From October until the end of April, the season when evening sailing is restricted, the dress code remains as it has been in previous years and is defined as:

After 1900 in the Dining Room, and when dining in the Library, Members are normally required to wear more formal dress, including for men a jacket, collar and tie. Soiled or outdoor garments are not acceptable at any time.

Winter Clothing

For those casually dressed the River Room is always available with exactly the same menu and service, and if this area is fully occupied an overflow into the Dining Room is acceptable.

The full dress regulation is displayed on the main notice board and in the bar, and I should welcome any constructive comments, bearing in mind that if a regulation has to be regularly enforced, then there may be a problem with that regulation.

Michael White
Vice Commodore

A She Sea Shanty

Oh! Never go up in a bo'sun's chair,
You'll find it's horrible right up there.

If your skipper weighs fourteen stone no doubt

There's a neat little argument all thought out,

'I'm too heavy for you, and even so, You know I'm insured and you might let go'.

Oh! Never go up in a bo'sun's chair,
You'll find it's terrible up in the air.

As you swing through space at a sickening angle,

Nothing to clasp, and your legs in a tangle,

You look below... yes she's still afloat,

And the kids are deliberately rocking the boat.

Oh! Never go up in a bo'sun's chair,
You must agree that it's most unfair.

When you've barked your shins, and bumped your knees,

And somehow rounded those wretched cross trees,

You hear from below a nasty cackle,

'You'll have to come down, you've forgotten your shackle'.

Oh! Never go up in a bo'sun's chair,
A cry from the deck when you're in mid air,

'I do feel giddy, don't know what's wrong, Must have been looking up too long.

So sorry dear, I'll have to sit, I think I'll go below for a bit'.

Oh! Never go up in a bo'sun's chair,
It's a perilous swing, only fit for a fair.

It's covered in splinters, it's as hard as blazes,

And gives you cramp in awkward places. The men invented these bloody slings

So let them jolly well sit in the things.

Alyne Macnamara



ENTER YOUR CRUISING LOG FOR THE COMPETITION

The entries in the Cruising Log book are already demonstrating impressively the extensive cruising grounds which Club Members covered in 1997. *And, I am sure, many of us have not recorded our cruises yet!*

Last year 16 Members submitted their logs for the competition - better than the five logs received in 1995.

However, let this year be a record!

Remember, it is the content that counts and is being judged - it is not necessary to excel in the format.

Entries to Ed Vogelzang, Captain of Cruising

Hoya Royal Lymington Cup

Hoya's first year of involvement with the Royal Lymington Cup was marked by another change: racing took place inside Hurst Spit, giving better racing conditions and allowing spectators to watch from the shore. At the helm (below) is Andy Green in a typically close battle; he qualified for the Hoya Royal Lymington Cup by being the winner of the RLymYC's Crebbin Cup at the National Match Races. 1998 will see the partnership with Hoya continue



Photos by Ocean Images

The annual visit of the Club Nautique La Houghe, from St Vaast, took place in August. There were sixteen visitors in five boats led by their President Edouard Tincelin, who claims to be soixante-seize, but we think 'il est jeune pour son age'. There must be something in the water where he comes from!

The President and CNH members were welcomed by the Commodore and Joanna, and long-standing friendships renewed.

Two hours after arriving, and in spite of wind and showers, nothing dampened the enthusiasm of the guests or the RLymYC's crews, who took part in the annual dinghy race for the Challenge Cup. A relay race was organised by Scow captain Roly Stafford, using two boats per team and employing batons mounted with appropriate flags which had to be passed over during the race. The visitors misunderstood the race officer's instructions and started on the earlier signal. The RLymYC crew realised the error and, not wishing to spoil the fun, hared off after the

THE FRENCH AGAIN IN LYMINGTON



CNH crews Florent Duloir & Hugh Cordeau, Arnaud Duquesne & Edouard Tiphaine; RLymYC crews Roly Stafford & Midori Claridge, John & Robi Claridge.

early birds, closing the gap to a nail biting finish, when the visitors failed to cross the finishing line. The RLymYC took the cup, and the race officer breathed a sigh of relief. Later in the evening a reception was held in the River Room followed by an excellent BBQ, well supported by Members. Short, amusing speeches were made by Ed Vogelzang, Captain of Cruising, and Edouard Tincelin.

Wednesday was a memorable occasion organised by Alistair McKinnon. All the French visitors plus twenty Club Members enjoyed a day at Portsmouth. The party visited HMS Dryad (don't ask how he arranged it!) to view the D-Day map wall at Southwick House, followed by lunch at the Royal Albert YC, where the staff made everyone most welcome. Finally, the afternoon was spent at the D-Day museum at Southsea, returning to Lymington in time for Happy Hour aboard the visitors' boats as guests of the CNH.

Hadyn Meredith

Baverstock



After nine years' service as a race platform for the RLymYC, the barge Baverstock has been given to the Keyhaven Yacht Club to perform the same function for its members. Baverstock began life as a ship's lifeboat on the Canberra; it was replaced as part of the refurbishment of the ship following the Falklands war in 1982. Our photograph shows Doug Baverstock, Barrie Smith, Philip Baker and Ian Gawn on 13th May as Baverstock leaves the Club for the last time, bound for Keyhaven.

Photo: Joe McCarthy

Bucklers Hard, July

At the time when Ted Hawkins was Captain of Cruising it was decided that a Meet should be organised to cater for families. As I am a family man it took no time at all for me to be detailed off to organise such an event.

The bench mark had to be:

Not too far

Able to go ashore

Somewhere to organise a treasure hunt

Cheap!

So, what do we call it? Family Meet, would you believe, at Bucklers Hard, pile moorings. After a reasonable amount of organisation, which usually goes with Meets, the weekend came and two boats arrived - the organiser and Leonard Wesson. There was no way I could get him motivated in a kiddies treasure hunt and rubber dinghy racing, but what did transpire in no mean form was one hell of a party! So, speaking from past experience, if anyone is looking for a Meet where only you and your best friend arrives, call it a Family Meet.

The following year I was asked to try again (a bit like my school 'could do better if tried harder'). So, here I was again, six boats on the list and what happens? The weekend arrives blowing a force 7-8 from the east. Two boats arrived (alright, so you're ahead of me now), the organiser and Leonard Wesson! Another party!

Year three - hang on a minute, let's think again. What brings people together? Food, drink and good company. Change the name to Summer Meet. Hay presto! Sixteen people



Safely moored up.....

all eating and drinking, but sadly not a junior in sight!

The last two years show that a bit of determination pays off, and 1997 has been a great success. Eight vessels arrived Friday and those sailing from the west enjoyed a wonderful broad reach in sunshine. Saturday brought light winds and unbroken sunshine (as ordered). During the day a further twelve boats arrived, bringing the total to 53 people to be greeted by Graham Clarke, allocating berths and taking pile lines. A sterling job well done and appreciated by all. After making fast it was not long before all were mixing well and enjoying the good weather.

The on-board catering proved a bit of a challenge, but with the help of Jane Clarke, Ica Vogelzang and Merle Youngman the evening meal was a perfect team effort. We

...but heeling to port a little



started with Parma ham with fanned melon and strawberries, followed by chicken Thai curry and rice, then Pavlova with

raspberries, blueberries and cream - all for 53 people! All was amply lubricated by Member's wines. Many, many thanks to all those who helped and supported this fabulous event.

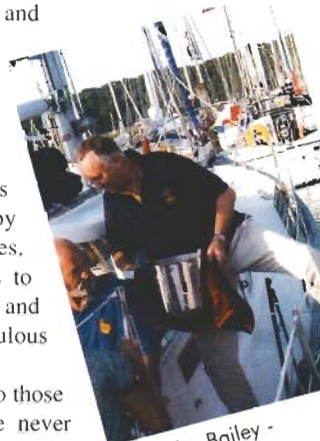
Last, but not least, to those Members who have never attended a Meet: whether you have a cruising or racing yacht, sailing or motoring, do come.

You will find it a welcoming experience. All you have to do is put your name on the list in the Chart Room, make yourself known to the Captain of Cruising or one of his committee members. If you see a drinks party in full swing step on board, introduce yourself - that's the way it works. You will find the hang of it, particularly when it is your turn!

Graham Clarke is taking over organising the Summer Meet starting in 1998, and I hope he will receive your support and enjoys the satisfaction that I have. Good luck, Graham!

John Bailey

All photos: Jean Whipp-Goode



John Bailey - curry for 53

COUNSAILING

Few could accuse May and June '97 of being good months for channel cruising. The journey to the Guernsey Meet at the end of May was as uncomfortable as one could wish to encounter, with a ten foot north-easterly swell, cross spring tides, and a force 6-8 south-easterly blowing. Guernsey was reached, via Cherbourg, two days late for dinner! From there to Tréguier things were hardly better, with hours spent seemingly bobbing up and down in the same hole in the sea. Brittany was then beset by a week of rain and cold winds. A rare calm took us back to Guernsey but the journey onward to Salcombe did its best to emulate the outward leg. Then for two days the sun appeared, encouraging a venture (in oilies) to Kingsbridge by dinghy for lunch. With at least one of those in the photograph resolved never to set foot in a yacht again, it was indeed a time for 'attitude readjustment', which the trip to Kingsbridge and a pleasant sail to Dartmouth the next day began to achieve. But to little avail, for the crossing of Lyme Bay, with unforecast squalls of 40 knots, undid all the good work. By the time we abandoned ship in Weymouth in pouring rain and half a gale it was not 'attitude readjustment' that was needed - a marriage guidance counsellor would have been more helpful!

The Hapless Groom Anahita III



I am walking back to the boat. I am wearing oilskins but my socks are wet, so are the ends of my trousers and one shirt sleeve; there is a damp patch on my pants. If it comes to that, most of the clothes I am wearing are a bit clammy. I am carrying a plastic bag containing even wetter clothes. You may think that this means I have been having a brisk sail, but no, I have been having a shower.

It's quite simple to understand. The floor of the shower compartment was, of course, awash when I arrived, despite the efforts of the janitor, gloomily pushing water up hill as the drain hole was some way from being at the lowest point of the floor. It was raining outside; hence the oilskins. I hung the bag containing my clean clothes on the only hook on the door. I had brought another bag, to take the clothes I was wearing, and hung this on too. I was nervous about this as the hook felt loose, probably because it had been overloaded by previous occupants also needing to hang up more than was fair on the flimsy screws. This did not leave much room for my towel and the importance of knowing where your towel is has already been well documented. So that went over the door on one side of the hook and my oilskins went on the other side. This left nowhere for the sponge bag so that was propped against the wall in the shallowest part of the pool. It is not easy for me to undress standing because I have a gammy leg but it had to be done, because there was no seat. My shoes were propped on their toes, with their heels against the wall next to the sponge bag. This was when I discovered that the water on the floor was quite cold, numbing my feet. I put the discarded garments carefully into their intended bags, leaving my glasses to the end so that I could see what I was doing.

This careful manoeuvring meant that I was already quite cold by the time I got into the shower compartment itself. Then the next problem arose. I had to read the symbols on the controls, and deduce whether the red arrow meant that the knob should be turned in that direction or that it should be turned the other way to align it with a mark on the wall. Furthermore, I had to do this without my glasses, because they were by now the top item on the hook on the door. In the end, it came down to experiment and there was a

SUMMER SHOWERS

50/50 chance of getting it right. Why is it, when I have these 50/50 chances, that I get it wrong 9 times out of 10 and get scalded or frozen with the first blast? This was the moment that I found that I had left the contents of my sponge bag behind. I groped back to it, dripping my own contribution to the water in the outer compartment, and knocking my carefully balanced shoes over because I confused one of the blurs down there with the other one. I got back into the shower compartment and would have liked to tuck the curtain my side of the partition separating it from the 'dry' part. This was impossible because the curtain was two inches too short and the curtain rail was half an inch outside the shower side of the partition - no wonder there was water out there.

When I had finished my shower, with its own set of horrors, I paddled through the now tepid puddle and groped for my towel. I slipped a little - not surprising as I was standing in an inch of soapy water - grabbed for support and ripped the sole coat hook from the door, dropping clean and dirty clothes alike into the flood. I grabbed them as quickly as possible, bearing in mind that my glasses were down there too and I could not see what I was doing until I had found them. I suppose I should be glad that my towel did not join the rest of the things. I tried to hang the bag of nominally dry clothes over the door handle. The trouble was that its weight tended to pull the handle down and drop everything into the puddle, unless I held the door handle up with one knee. There was no room for the other bag, so this was left to get soggy. Drying myself, while standing on one leg at a time, had me adopting postures like a Thai dancer, but without their beauty and elegance. It was not surprising that I dropped my pants in mid-flow as it were, nor that I could not prevent the bottom of one trouser leg from descending too far as I tried to get the other bit of trouser on to the leg whose knee was supporting the bag on the door handle. The towel made occasional

forays too low, dipping into the rapidly cooling water and reducing its value as a way of getting myself dry. My clean dry shirt had become my clean partly dry shirt when the coat hook gave way, and my shoes were so wet that they soaked my dry socks, quite apart from the problems of trying to dry a foot and put a sock on it when the attached knee was preoccupied.

It follows from this experience, like all too many which have preceded it, that I feel able to offer some ideas to Members of the Federal League Of Operators and Designers of Showers, whose motto must be 'Avec moi, les deluges'. Omitting suggestions that your Editor dare not publish, how about these:

At least two substantial coat hooks, one for discarded clothes, one for clean. A third hook for other articles, such as oilskins, should be provided far enough away to avoid overlap.

A towel rail, near to the wet part of the cubicle, but high enough that it will not get splashed or sprayed by the more energetic users.

A shower compartment whose level is several inches below that of the 'dry' section. It would not then need a 'bridge deck' to prevent water flowing out; indeed it would be better without one so that water carried out on the user's body would flow back. Water does flow downwards and it is perverse that so many designs have the floor of the wet part higher than that outside. It should ideally be separated from the outer part of the cubicle by doors folding into the wet part but, if not, by a curtain long enough to extend below the floor level of the outer compartment. The compartment should have somewhere to put soap and flannel.

Controls for water temperature and flow which are coded unambiguously, without the use of language and which can be read without glasses despite soap in the eyes.

A seat, big enough for those of us whose foundations are such as to be comfortable, even if not elegant.

A shelf, big enough to hold such things as sponge bag, comb, glasses and watch and also near the seat so that things can be seen without glasses.

A second shelf, below the first, for shoes, dry socks and other small impediments. It might even take shopping.

John Hines

Mainframe and the Juniors

The nine winners of the Club's Junior Quiz won a trip on Mainframe. Eight were able to come for a sail, each taking the helm for a while. Left to right in front of Geoff and Marilyn Holmes are Stephanie Macklin, Rachel Whitworth, Gillian Reynolds, Joe Hale, Richard Flook, Dirk Moseley, Tuan Brillet and Timothy Tonkins.



Cruising Places

Totnes

The new landlord of the *Steam Packet* at Totnes seems anxious to attract yachtsmen. A night alongside the wall plus two baths, the use of the launderette plus the water tap cost £5. The beer and food were good too. You must be prepared to take the ground, though.

St Germans

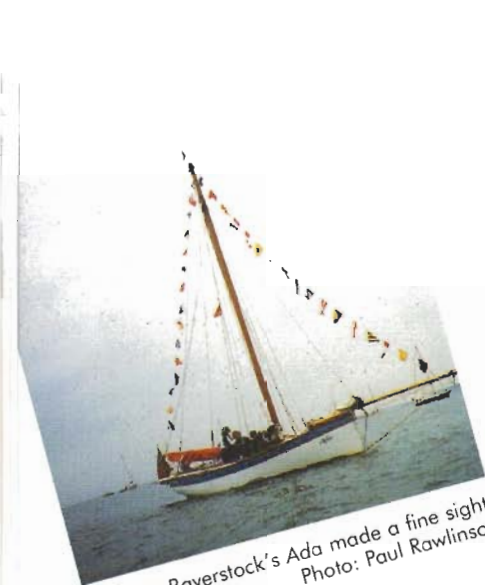
The 'everything shop' near the Eliot Arms in St Germans is very well stocked and sells excellent Cornish pasties.



Greenfly, a Lymington Pram built by Isaacs & Simmonds. She is now owned by Club boatman Kevin Smith, who has been restoring her since 1990.
Photo: Paul Rawlinson



X boats were dressed overall and moored in the River. This is X172, Lizz Whizz, owned by David Spencer-Phillips (left).
Photo: Paul Rawlinson



Doug Baverstock's Ada made a fine sight.
Photo: Paul Rawlinson



Another of the classic small boats on display at the pontoons. This is Caprice, Lymington Scow number 16, built about 1920.
Photo: Paul Rawlinson



The oyster and sandwich bar, provided by Monk & Son, did a fast trade as Members came off the water.
Photo: William Payne



It was cold anchored up for the review. David Gay (right) in Sarie Marais was accompanied by John Lanyon and a much younger friend.
Photo: William Payne

The founders of the Club would have been proud of the celebrations. No Member or visitor who took part in the way the entire event was conceived to benign weather which occurred only in an efficient way over 200 yachts (containing more than 1000 people) were in the mouth of the River; to the review of X boats and dinghies; to the review of jet aircraft before the review started; to the classic boat display; to the returning from the review; everything worked precisely to plan. A marvellous meal followed by one of the best displays of dancing in the marquee until the early hours. None of this was planned, including the provision of suitable accommodation for Members and visitors to and from their yacht, the organisation of all ticket holders could sit down to their meal, even down to the last detail - and so on. All this was organised by a small committee, most ably and generously supported by a host of volunteers. The work and long hours involved, without exception, like so many other affairs. As Commodore I later received a letter from our Guest of Honour, Fagan, congratulating the Club and all those involved with the event.
organised and
Desmond Dewhurst



X boats on both sides



Commodore Desmond Dewhurst with guest of honour the Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire Mrs Mary Fagan. Photo: William Payne



The frighteningly (to the Editor) low air display by Don Wood's Venoms and Vampires was hugely appreciated.
Photo: Nick Freeman

And then
Ray and Eric Williams for
and to Lymington Yacht Haven and Accommodation

...these festivities has anything but the highest praise for
 ...d executed. Nor need we dwell on the miraculous change
 ...rs before the sail-past was due. From the immaculate and
 ...n 1000 crew members) were moored in four lines near the
 ...in the River itself; to the fine air display by four historic
 ...ay on the pontoons; to the fish and oyster bars for those
 ...n. And then in the evening the feeding of the 600 with a
 ...works most people can remember, followed in turn by
 ...en touches the extraordinary detail with which this whole
 ...boats for the review flotilla, the ferrying of hundreds of
 ...n of three separate bands, the provision of extra chairs so
 ...the detailed lists of those to whom letters of thanks must be
 ...under the chairmanship of the Vice Commodore Michael
 ...ng helpers and by a dedicated staff who, despite the hard
 ...y others, claimed they had thoroughly enjoyed the whole
 ...t of Honour, the Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire Mrs Mary
 ...e celebrations on the magnificent way the event had been
 ...ried through.
 ...st Commodore



and much activity in the middle. Photo: Noel Hutchings



The Downton Village Band looked and sounded impressive on the pontoon in the late afternoon.
 Photo: William Payne



The principal reviewing boat was the Commodore's Letitia Jean.
 Photo: William Payne

anks to
 roviding the fireworks barge
 ating Answers for sponsoring the fireworks.



Lines of boats in the Solent made a grand show, even on a grey day.
 Photo: Paul Rawlinson



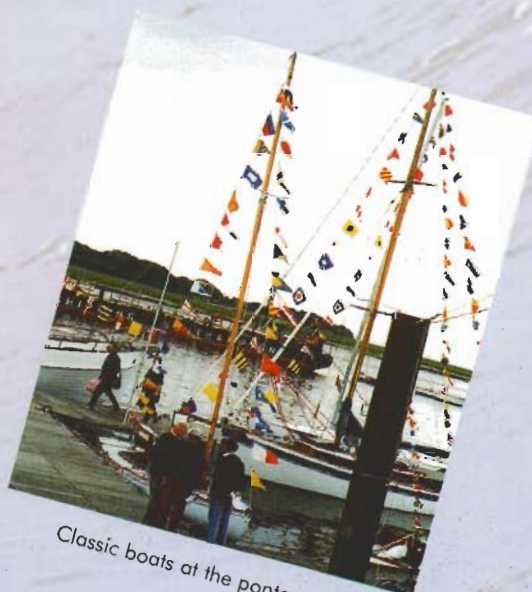
Even the very young joined in, but possibly didn't know what the fuss was about. This is Mike & Cathy Morgan and party in Aquayla.
 Photo: William Payne



High spirits and high hats aboard Coric.
 Photo: William Payne



Centrepiece for the entrance hall: the fascinating '75' sculpture designed and made by Jo Burchell.



Classic boats at the pontoons aroused great interest.
 Photo: Paul Rawlinson



The fireworks, made specially for the celebrations by Graham Butler, made a grand show, launched from Ray & Eric Williams' barge.
 Photo: William Payne

A seaman's eye for dress

River watching is something that we all do at some time or other and some of our observations are not unlike those of people in warmer climes who, in the evening Paseo, 'people' watch. 'Isn't she pretty', 'Lovely lines', 'See how she is dressed' etc. To a lifelong sailor all boats are she, and a seaman's eye spots correct dressing with satisfaction.

Much has been written on flag etiquette, including recent articles in the *Practical Boat Owner*. Some of the origins are obscure, and I am unable to explain in the space available why some yacht club defaced ensigns are red and others blue. I will, however, give those who are new to the seemingly black art of flag etiquette the essentials of that which is legal, correct, totally acceptable, and acceptable but sloppy!

ENSIGNS

White, Red or Blue; Defaced Red or Blue

There is a legal requirement under the Merchant Shipping Act of 1894 for all British Registered yachts, including those on the Small Ship's Register, to wear a British Ensign when entering or leaving harbour, or proceeding through foreign territorial waters. In all foreign harbours the ensign shall be worn between morning colours (normally 8 am; 9 am in winter, 1st November to 14th February) and sunset, at which time it is hauled down. All may wear a plain Red Ensign, and must carry one on board. For those owners who are in possession of a Warrant (pre 1 April 1985) or a Permit post that date, plain White, Blue, or defaced Red or Blue ensign, according to the grant, may be worn. Great detail accompanies both Permit and Warrant, and should be strictly observed as the Law of the Land, which may be enforced by an officer of the Customs, Police force or Commissioned Officers of HM Forces.

The ensign should always be worn from an ensign staff at the taffrail when within harbour limits. On a day of national mourning, or a period nominated by one's own club flag officers when alongside the club pontoon, the ensign should be worn at half mast. At sea, the ensign may be worn at the mizzen gaff, mizzen masthead, main gaff, in that order of preference for ketches and yawls; the aftermost or only gaff in schooners and powerboats; finally two thirds down the lee of the aftermost sail in Bermuda rigged boats and schooners.

As Members of the RLymYC may be entitled to a Permit to wear the Club's Defaced Red Ensign, it is appropriate to mention that the wearing of a privileged ensign must be accompanied by the wearing of the associated club burgee properly at the masthead. This can always be achieved with a little thought and effort, and perhaps minor cost. It is

permissible to wear the burgee at the starboard yard or spreader (port if a national courtesy flag is being worn in a foreign port) - but in my opinion, correct but sloppy! When in your home port, the burgee and associated ensign of your home port club should always be worn as a matter of courtesy. Should you wish to indicate to your friends that you belong to other clubs or associations, then it is permissible to wear membership flags, but not burgees, at an inferior hoist position to your principal club burgee - however, never sharing that burgee's halyard. The wearing of another club burgee in an inferior position does show discourtesy to that club, whereas a membership flag does not.

BURGEES

Numerous burgees for numerous clubs. Quite correctly, flag officer's broad pennants or flags are worn in lieu of the club burgee. Burgees are thought to have developed in a similar fashion to the commissioning pennant of one of Her Majesty's ships, and similarly may be worn continuously when the boat is 'in commission' ie manned and in use.

COURTESY ENSIGNS

When visiting a foreign port or passing through territorial waters en route to a foreign port, the national maritime ensign of that nation should be worn in the most superior position after one's own ensign and burgee. This will normally be the starboard outer yard, or crosstree on the mainmast.

FLAGS, VARIOUS

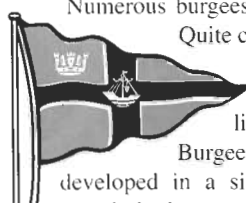
The flags of England, Northern Ireland, Scotland, Wales and the Union flag should not

be worn on yachts. It is illegal to wear a Union Flag. For foreign ships and yachts, the British courtesy ensign is the Red Ensign. To wear flags of areas contained within another nation, for example the Breton flag or that of Catalonia, shows unwelcome disrespect to the sovereign nation involved.

Wear racing flags by all means, and it is acceptable practice to strike the ensign when racing. Any flag or banner that advertises must never be flown when wearing a privileged ensign.

The best dressed yachts have a clean, undamaged ensign and burgee, tautly hoisted and proudly worn. When next river watching, or being watched, you will see that even an ugly duckling looks better when well dressed!

Dick Thorn



A seaman's eye spots correct dressing with satisfaction

It's proven at last - if you want to get on - get into an XOD!

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

The X-factor that makes girls sweeter than boys



Thank You By Invitation

It is a tradition of this Club that it says a warm 'thank you' to local people in the community by inviting them to join in a fun race, traditionally held in X boats, followed by a lunch hosted by the Commodore. On a wet and windy day this can be an odd 'thank you'!

Photo: Ian Gawn

This year, from amongst the many people who have helped the Club, there were teams consisting of the Keyhaven River warden, Wightlink, Lymington Yacht Haven, Lymington RNLI, Lymington Town Sailing Club, the Beaulieu River harbour master and the Lymington River harbour master, as well as Ian Gawn and Mark Fishwick from the Club's own staff. They sailed in six boats, with the owners, on a perfect, bright day in September. The winners of the Val Powell Cup, presented to the Club in 1975 by Mrs Powell in memory of Val Powell, a race officer for many years, were from the Lymington Yacht Haven, sailing in Derf Paton's *XL*; second were the RLymYC staff!

The picture shows the winners being presented with the Val Powell Cup by the Commodore's wife, Joanna Dewhurst. Left to right: Chris Tyrrell, Terry Littlewood, Joanna Dewhurst and Derf Paton.

Andrew Tyrrell Captain of *XOD*

Shield won back

Great news - the Phillipson Challenge Shield was regained in decisive form from Parkstone in the annual XOD team racing at Cowes.

Ever since the Club lost this trophy by a quarter of a point last year the Lymington XOD Division has been making plans to regain it in 1997. The team was dealt a very cruel blow in early July when Richard Smith, one of the class's real stalwarts, was smitten down; all our wishes are with him for a full recovery. We were very fortunate in being able to call in Eric Williams with *Diana* at a late hour.

This annual event is held on the Friday prior to the start of Cowes Week and managed by a team from the Club, including our Secretary, who kindly lends his yacht to be used as the committee boat. Our management team is supported by committee members from other Divisions. Selected to represent the Lymington Division were Michael White in *Silhouette*, Bill Dunsdon in *Jewel*, Eric Williams in *Diana* and Stuart Jardine in *Lone Star*.

We expected a strong challenge from Parkstone, particularly as we had heard that

David Bedford was in their team. However, the surprise for us all was the team from Hamble, which included Peter Baines and Ian Southworth. They will certainly be a force to contend with in the future.

On the water Eric Williams was in particularly good form helping our team win all our heats. The best team we met was undoubtedly Hamble - it was only our depth of experience in the class that saw us through. However it was Parkstone that we had to sail against in the final; they had only overcome Hamble in the protest room!

The final promised to be a close affair, but Eric Williams won the match for us from the start. Although hotly pursued by Bedford he kept cool and gave him a lesson in race winning. Behind this pair Bill Dursdon and Stuart Jardine maintained a blocking position in third and fourth whilst Chalky White ensured he had one Parkstone boat behind him. The resulting resounding win by 15 points to 22 points was very satisfactory. Even before the final was completed Richard Smith was ringing from his hospital bed to ask how we had done. We shall need you next year, Richard, as it is rumoured that Stuart Jardine will not be in the country for the 1998 event.

Stuart Jardine

Straight down the middle the answers

CHATHAM

Hope **C**ove

Scu**L**ling

Bow**L**ine

Sw**I**nge

Goo**S**eneck

Radiat**I**on

Dead reck**O**ning

The Ra**N**ce

No**R**th Head

Paint**E**r

Fla**G** Officer

Agro**U**nd

He**L**ford

St **M**arys

Pon**T**oon

Bem**br**idge

Nit**O**n

Ho**N**fleur

Ham**S**tad ledge

We arrived at St Helier with the heads well and truly blocked. On passage from Lymington we had found the system to be in distress, so on arrival made a quick trip to 'Norman's', who provided us with a flexible drain rod 3 m long. We probed from above and below (now that's another story) but the blockage was solid in the tube, situated in the dead space between the heads and the forcabin.

Call in the professionals! Dynorod arrived in under the hour. Two hours later, having pushed his rotating drain cleaner down the

You never know what's around the bend

tube he gave up, charged us £48, and off he went with words ringing in his ears to the effect that we were not impressed.

Next day Dynorod 20 stone boss-man arrived with two assistants. They brought 'Big Bertha', a 3/4 inch diameter rotating flexible rod that had never failed! In two minutes flat that was well and truly stuck half way through the pipe, and guess what? They couldn't get it free. So they rested on the pontoon while we surgically excised the whole tube from the skin fitting to the pan. Phew! Then we fed the blocked tube out to the outside world. Having retrieved their 'Big Bertha' we cut through the blockage area to find a solid block of salt crystals. Dynorod departed without further payment, promising never to visit the marina again. We fitted a new tube within half-an-hour. Hindsight is a wonderful thing!

PRF & HGM

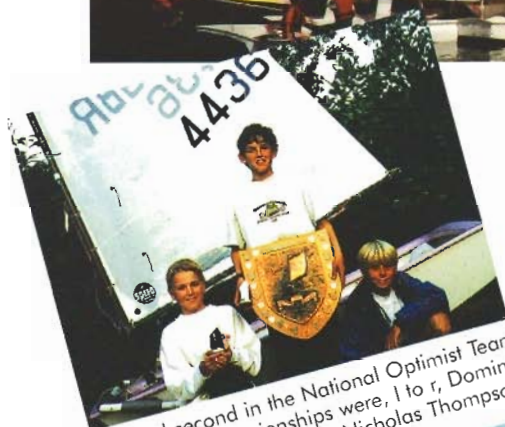
Worldwide recognition

Hugh and Cathie Marriott with Duncan and Diana MacAlister could not attend the Club's 75th celebrations in Lymington - they were in Fiji. But that didn't stop them joining in in spirit and in dress, posing in Leti Levu wearing the anniversary shirts.





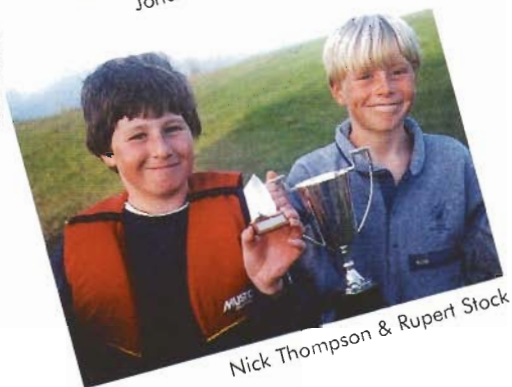
Photo: Jo Mooring-Aldridge



Placed second in the National Optimist Team Racing Championships were, l to r, Dominic Hutton, Jonathan Marshall & Nicholas Thompson.



Jonathan Marshall, centre right in front of class coach Peter Martin.



Nick Thompson & Rupert Stock

It's time to assess the season's successes and failures. We look at how many children have joined the fleet, and at how many have moved on to the Cadet fleet or some other class; how many travel to regattas and open meetings and how well they do. We worry about the level of safety we provide, and fret about the dangers of being too pushy. We agonise over the children who come along for a few weeks and then disappear. Are we getting it right? How many promising sailing careers have we ruined this year? Are we good enough at teaching? What have we missed....?

Nick Thompson and Rupert Stock (see photo) had just taken part in the *Yachts & Yachting* Inter-club Challenge. Pictures like this make all that worry worthwhile. Nick had won overall and together they had come fourth out of twelve teams. They were pretty pleased with themselves. I carried out an in-depth interview:

'Do you really enjoy Oppie sailing - you don't *have* to do it, you know?'

'Yeah, it's cool. What have you been doing all day?'

Point taken. They sail for fun - I drive rescue boats for fun - thank goodness someone has this thing in perspective. Assessment over.

I hope you all have a cool winter - I'm looking forward to another *cool* summer next year. Come and join us if you like.

Geoff Stock

Success at the Europeans

Jonathan Marshall (12) was selected, after completing two three-day trials, to sail in the British team at the 1997 European Optimist Championships in Slovenia. The Lombard Finance Selection Trials were held in Portland

and Falmouth and consisted of the top 65 Oppie sailors in Britain competing in sixteen races.

Jonathan flew to Slovenia on June 26th and sailed in a warm-up event prior to training and then the Championships themselves. The British team sailed so well in the pre-event they took the team prize and won a one-design Optimist!

Sailing in the Adriatic was certainly an experience: winds were consistently light and shifty with little tide. The Slovenian coastline is very small (15 miles) and the sailing area was in the bay of Trieste, with the Croatian coastline very close.

It was truly an international event, with 45 countries represented, including Japan, USA and Argentina in the Open event, with 190 in the boys' fleet and 105 in the girls'.

Jonathan had the best individual result of any British sailor, finishing fourth in the second race. The starts were very difficult with light airs and 95 boats but the winners sailed consistently and made very few errors. Only nine races were sailed, allowing only one discard. Jonathan was 26th in the Europeans and second British boat (five boys and three girls). Individual race results were 27, 4, 81, OCS, 7, 55, 5, 25, 14.

Although this event is a top championship in its own right it also acts as a training ground for future events in other classes (Laser Radial, 420 and Olympic). Jonathan certainly learned a lot from the event and showed he has got the pace amongst the best in the World. His aims are to continue training hard and be selected for the World team in 1998 (Portugal). His last year in the class is 1999, with selection for the Youth Olympics also a possibility.

Doug Hassell

Cross Channel Mini Meet

The news that the Cross Channel Meet had been cancelled due to bad weather in the Channel Islands came too late to stop several yachts from setting off on fast passages to Guernsey in a brisk easterly. Among them was Peter Stevenson, single handed on his lovely old *Virtue Andriillot*. It was only when the yachts reached St Peter Port that they heard from the harbour master that the Meet had been cancelled and that the Cruising Committee and several RLymYC yachts were holed up in Cherbourg. A Mini-Meet was hastily organised for the assembled fleet: *Andriillot*, *Carmania*, *Maverick*, *Sea Tonic*, *Tidecatcher* and *Unity*. On the Saturday evening we were joined by two more Club members, Stuart and Susie Carnegie, who live in St Peter Port and who had helped to entertain us so generously at the Guernsey Meet last year. The capacity of *Tidecatcher*'s cockpit was well and truly tested when we all met for a wind-swept drinks party. A toast was drunk to the Cruising Committee and other absent friends.

Roger Young



Nicholas Rogers, 20, and Katie Nurton, 22, are currently embarking on their campaigns for the 2000 Olympics in Sydney.

Both competed in the trials for the 1996 Olympic 470 team, and as a result were selected for the RYA's Development Squad 2000. Last autumn they finished third and fourth respectively at the National Championships, before returning to Lymington for winter training. Nick, World Youth Champion in 1995, has now teamed up with ex 420 World Champion Steve Irish, and the pair won the 470 class at the prestigious Tiger Trophy in February. Katie, with crew Camilla Mynors, is currently second in the National Ranking list.

This year's 470 calendar includes Eurolymp regattas in France, Holland and Spain, European championships in Belgium and World Championships in Israel (see below). International regattas are a vital part of any Olympic campaign, but unfortunately all these trips to far off countries are rather draining on the pocket. Both teams have secured a small amount of sponsorship: Nick and Steve have clothing sponsorship from Helly Hansen, while Katie and Camilla have been sponsored by Rimmel Cosmetics for the last few years (part of the deal involves testing their waterproof mascara!). However, both teams are still on the look-out for grant aid and other forms of sponsorship.

Katie Nurton

Tel Aviv

After many news reports of terrorism and shootings, our flight was really quite pleasant. The only alarming thing was the applause that the pilot got for landing; surely this is an integral part of the flight?



Blue skies,...and a heavy swell

After a three-hour wait for a taxi, and a solid power nap for a couple of hours, the day began. Israel greeted us with open arms, and with sailing conditions that you only see on postcards. The latter proved a thorough test of the crew's technique and boat handling. Every day the wind would start light, then build to a good 12 to 15 knots, always from approximately the same direction, but very patchy with some large shifts (20 degrees). However, the over-riding problem was an enormous chop on top of a big swell. As some of the competitors struggled to find boat speed in the strange conditions we grew

to love them and from the first day's training to the last race had exceptional boat speed. This was certainly helped by the new jib and spinnaker bought for the event with a kind anonymous donation.

After a six race qualifying series, splitting the fleet into gold and silver groups, the event began in earnest. The first day was lighter than usual with the wind taking longer to build. I had a typical day, two good results and one bad, a last! With the testing conditions this became a good day! The second day was the same, putting our backs to the wall as we had by now used both our discards, as had the rest of the fleet, but it didn't make life easy. We were lying eighth, with four points separating seventh to twelfth. The third day was not so good as we had two fair results and another bad result, dropping us to twelfth overall. However, with three races to go we felt we still had a good chance of making the top ten.

Unfortunately, that night crew Steve Irish badly injured his hand, leaving us struggling to retain a top twenty result. With three bad races we finished nineteenth overall. All said and done this had been our year's goal; it just seemed a pity to have been so close to a great result.

The Israelis had hosted an excellent event and laid on a spectacular closing ceremony. After a day trip round Jerusalem it was the end of a great expedition.



Nicholas Rogers



Offendered and Warped

A classic Nicholson 40 ketch makes confident advances to a trot of four boats in St Peter Port's outer harbour.

An authoritative, managerial, crackle-voiced lady of the 'troisieme age' demands our cooperation in mooring alongside, bossily giving precise instructions as to the positioning of warps (wet) and fenders.

We try to warn of the gull-grumble departure early next morning of the whole trot, with advice to seek an alternative berth. Suggestion ignored; she stays.

In the pearly dew of early dawn next day Crackle-voice is already up and dressed, with small inoffensive husband waiting on the heaving pontoon. Four boats prepare to leave, and the trot starts to disintegrate. Lines are thrown, missed, re-thrown (wet), and the Konfident Ketch, having exhausted the propinquitous possibilities of Popocatepetl, makes amorous advances to the small sleeping sloop (sss) astern, her mizzen boom flirting and fencing with sss's pulpit.

Our demi-drama unfolds.

Husband: 'Darling, put the engine on and go ahead'. No reply from Darling on deck. Husband, louder, but still tolerant as he has an audience. 'Darling, can you hear me? Put the engine on'.

C-V: 'I'm hearing you Steve'.

(All eyes averted as KK inflicts actual bodily harm on sss.)

Screech from the pontoon: 'Then turn on the bloody engine'.

Crackle-tones, now metamorphosed to a whinge-full whisper: 'I don't know how to turn the engine on'.

Meaner voyaging voyeurs call to them 'Have a nice day'.

Kate Richards

Abaft the desk



This is my last contribution to Pottership from my perch abaft the desk. I shall have completed twelve years in the job on 30th September, and I shall leave the field (perhaps 'paddle ashore' would be a more appropriate idiom) after my thirteenth Annual General Meeting, on 7th February 1998.

And so the unstoppable ratchet of time makes another audible click. I don't feel any older than I did in 1985, and it is tempting to think that nothing much has changed. But a glance over the shoulder shows that it has, even if only at glacial speed.

The Club today has 3,029 members, 1,345 of whom have joined since I did. I don't know exactly how many Members it had when I arrived, because at that time there was no coherent way of counting them; after several attempts, all of which led to different answers, the best guess was 'about 3,200'.

That, of course, is a metaphor for one of the main changes whose agent I have unavoidably but willingly been. The computer revolution had just begun in 1985; today we are on about our fourth generation of office machinery. Its speed and capability has increased by several orders of magnitude over that which we struggled to understand at the outset, and the revolution is still accelerating. Trying to maintain a human front to the advance of electronic administration has been a major preoccupation (and no doubt will continue to be so for my successor), but the actual and potential gains from understanding and adopting the best of the new methods are such that there can be no turning back. The problem is to negotiate the rapids of change without being swamped. In computers, more than in most things, one quickly learns that 'new' does not necessarily mean 'better', still less 'simpler'.

The hardest bit was the first plunge. Probably the best thing to happen to us in that context was the flood of 1989, when the whole of the Club's ground floor was submerged to a depth of 18 inches. I still recall with satisfaction the consignment to the skip of the soggy cardboard records (which until then nobody had dared to throw away lest they might, just, come in useful) and of the iron-age machine which struggled to turn them into blurred purple names and addresses on the outside of envelopes. Our last hold on Nurse was thus involuntarily broken, and we had no choice but to find out how to tell the computer to do

the job. It takes an effort of memory now to recall just how long was spent in those days on the simplest acts of routine administration. Now, more time is available for responding to the unceasing torrent of work which comes through the door every day.

This is just as well. Although the number of Members has declined slightly, the level of activity they bring collectively to the Club has increased substantially - though there is no objective way of demonstrating the comparison. I noted in this column as long ago as 1993 that the number of committee meetings had more than doubled from the 35 in my first year, and that the lecture programme had expanded to many times its 1985 size. The range and scope of support supplied by the Club for the main sailing activities has also grown substantially, particularly in the various dinghy classes. There are now at least eight distinct sailing activities which rely on, and sometimes compete for, support from the Club's resources of waterfront, boats, radios and administration (which includes the collection of statistics as well as the more familiar tasks). So much for the changes. Much, happily, remains the same. The XOD Division, although its fleet is larger than it was in 1985, continues to enjoy its own special brand of competitive sailing, and appears to derive no less enjoyment from stoutly resisting even the tiniest alteration to its lapidary rule-book as well as to its hallowed practices. When you have found Nirvana, why change? The same principle rules in other parts of the ship. No matter how carefully you brief them, speakers at AGMs still have difficulty with the microphones. The refuse disposal bins are always overflowing. The lunchtime snack menu remains unchanged. And the unsung heroines of the flower rota continue to weave their floral magic, week in, week out, providing pleasure for all without any visible disturbance of the calm surface of established routine.

I must have written several million words since I first sat down behind this desk - some 13,000 of them at the behest of the Editor of this journal. Tens of thousands more have been contained in letters to Members, covering the range of Club activity and human emotion from election to adieu. The art of communication is not easily mastered; there is always someone who will not receive the message, or having received it will construe it

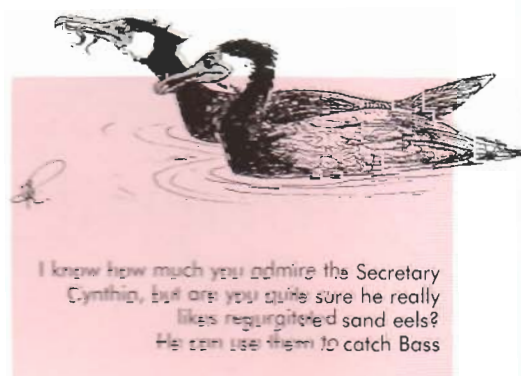
to mean something which it was not intended to convey. Trying to anticipate and bridge these concealed chasms, which can have unintended and occasionally ludicrous consequences, remains a tantalizing objective, but as remote as a rainbow's end. Nevertheless, the challenge remains undimmed.

And then there are the committee meetings. There have been at least 120 meetings of the erstwhile Executive, now General, Committee in my time, and I have missed only about four of them. Their average duration has been about an hour and a half, which makes this particular activity the equivalent of seven days and eight nights sitting at a table, sometimes listening, sometimes doodling, occasionally both. The record of all this talk, savagely paraphrased, fills six lever-arch files containing over 1,000 pages of typescript. Yet one universal oddity I have noted in half a lifetime of reading and writing minutes is that while the adherents of the contending views are insistent that what they think they said should be recorded verbatim as they prefer to recall that they said it; once the minutes have been filed nobody ever reads them again. Has all this labour been in vain?

Not quite. As I prepare to submit to the Committee a proposal to renew in 1998 the tiling of the pitched roof of the library, I am able to recall that my first committee meeting, in 1985, threw out much the same proposal (then, as now, graded 'urgent'). Perhaps it is time to go.

One last thing I owe to the loyal band who have worked with me down the years. Michael Webb, John McPhee and Kevin Smith in their several departments have been with me pretty well throughout, and I am proud to call them my friends as well as colleagues. In the office, I have been served better than I had any right to expect by a loyal team who have responded to triumph or disaster with modesty and good humour, and whom I am also glad to regard as friends. Nearly all of those who have served the Club from further down the totem pole have also been familiar faces for a long time. To all of them I offer my heartfelt thanks, and my best wishes for the future. To my successor, Ian Gawn, I wish all success. The job is as challenging and rewarding as it has ever been.

Jonathan Hutchinson



NEW CLUB OFFICERS

The names of the Club's Commodore, Vice Commodore and Rear Commodores often appear in Pottership as well as on various communications sent to Members by the Club. Other voluntary officers are perhaps less well known, although their pictures are permanently displayed on a special notice board on the pillar in the entrance hall. Each November, therefore, Pottership intends to include a brief note about these equally hard working volunteers, who will have been elected at the Annual General Meeting the previous February. Unfortunately the copy date, AGM and mailing dates are such that it is not possible to do this in the March Pottership. There were two vacancies for Trustees in 1997 (the Club is legally obliged to have not less than three). Sir Alan Boxer and Air

Vice Marshall Ted Hawkins were elected.

The official CVs, reprinted below, give the essentials about the three Members elected to the General Committee.

Jane Pitt-Pitts was born in 1938, has lived in Lymington since 1950 and joined the Club in 1951. Widowed, with two grown up children, she lives in Boldre and runs her own business from home. Jane has considerable experience in dinghy racing at club level having helmed and crewed successfully in several classes. She has raced XODs and quarter tonners at Cowes, won the Macnamara Bowl and has sailed in the Fastnet race. Jane has been a member of the race team for several major events and currently races her Scow on Monday evenings.



Rod Shawcross



Jane Pitt-Pitts



Malcolm Raiser



Dick Thorn RN CBE

Yachtmaster and Day Skipper courses at Brockenhurst College Adult Education Centre, and is an RYA approved ICC examiner for the Club. Rod has assisted on the committee boat at various Club regattas.

Commodore R M Thorn RN CBE was co-opted to the Committee under Rule 12(d) as its first act following the Annual General Meeting of 1997. This came about because the same AGM chose to elect Tony Blachford, until then an 'Ordinary' member of the Committee, to the post of Rear Commodore Sailing, thereby creating a vacancy in its ranks. This may at first sight seem a roundabout way of doing straightforward business which anybody could have anticipated, but the Committee is always mindful that any Member can propose any other Member for election to any post, and is unwilling to act in a way that might suggest, however indirectly, that this is being limited or pre-empted by its own actions. As a co-opted Committee Member,

Dick must stand down at the next AGM and will probably be proposed for election then.

Dick moved to Lymington in 1946, aged 12. He started sailing in Sharpies, graduating to the X class, then a small Hillyard, and cruising in *Fairlight*. Commencing a seafaring career in 1950, he returned to the River with a Drascombe in 1978 and currently owns a 26 ft Polynesian catamaran. Formerly commanding the Royal Fleet Auxiliary Service, Dick Thorn is a Master Mariner, a Younger Brother of Trinity House, a Fellow of the Nautical Institute and an FRGS. He has been a Member of the Club since 1978 and is a member of the RNSA, the Keyhaven Yacht Club and the Polynesian Catamaran Association.

Bob Fisher to chair yacht design debate

On 28th February the Club will debate an increasingly discussed but long standing issue. The motion will be

This house believes that the future of cruising yachts is fast, light displacement boats that are fun to sail and seaworthy.

Because the issue is of such importance the Club has asked leading yacht designers and sailors with a passionate interest and strong views to come to the Club. Yachting World will sponsor the debate, with editor and Club



Member Andrew Bray taking part to report later in the magazine.

The debate will be chaired by Bob Fisher, who will even handily will give each side the benefit of his own long experience in sailing. Bob agrees

with Uffa Fox about weight and steam rollers....

Putting the case for traditional heavy displacement will be Tom Cunliffe, opposed

by leading designers including Tony Castro, Ed Dubois, Rob Humphries and Nigel Irens. More information will be on the notice board nearer the time. This is the 'lecture' you don't want to miss!

Geoff Holmes
Cruising Sub Committee

Pottership

Edited by Marilyn Holmes
Designed by Andrew Salanson
Cartoons by John Ryley
Pottership C 1997 The Royal Lymington
Yacht Club Bath Road Lymington
Hampshire SO41 3SE

LOCAL SUPPORT FOR WEDNESDAY JUNIORS

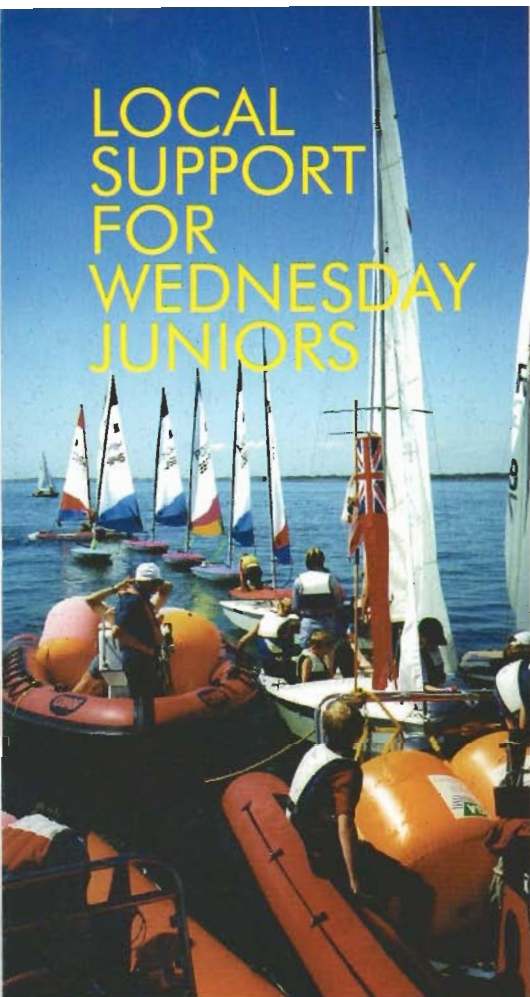


Photo: Jane Clegg

This year Wednesday Junior Sailing (WJS) has been able to completely replace the old fibreglass Oppies with new polythene ones, thanks to the generosity of certain Club Members and the following organisations: the VEC Acorn Trust, Esso/Exxon, Moore & Blatch, Coxlease School, NFDC, Lymington & Pennington Town Council, Hampshire Playing Fields Association and Hampshire County Council.

Without their support the training we offer would be much poorer and more limited; we would like to take this opportunity to thank them and bring their generosity to your attention. They helped with new boats, and met the unexpected costs of registration and inspection under the new adventure training licensing rules.

Yet more licenses

Because of these, this year we were not only inspected by the RYA but also by the new inspectorate set up by the last Government after the Lyme Bay disaster to license adventure activities. This inspection required the production of over fifty pages of risk assessments, safety policies and associated documents and culminated in an inspector spending half a day with us going through all our records and training procedures and even inspecting all the lifejackets, dinghies and support boats. As a parent I was impressed by



Typical Junior Regatta scene. Photo: Jenny Wilson.

the thoroughness of the inspection; as the Principal of WJS I was immensely proud of the WJS team when his only criticism was that we had no written record to show what happened to damaged lifejackets!

What he did say was that he felt that the training we provide was second to none in the country and that we should give the Juniors a government health warning to the effect that wherever they go and however much they pay they will never receive better or safer training!



Robyn Stock, taking a Junior Regatta prize.

Roger Wilson Principal, WJS

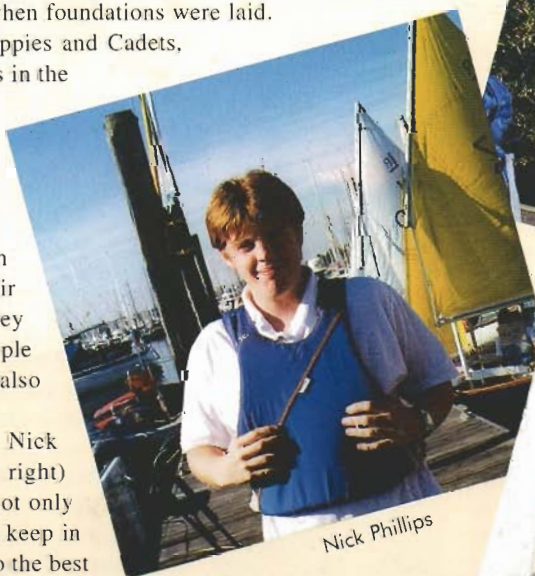
PROGRESS IN THREES

In the summer of 1989 three eight-year-olds queued up with their parents to join Wednesday Junior Sailing. One can only imagine their thoughts as Geoff Scott processed their forms, placed their discs round their neck and put a white spot on their forehead. They still tell stories about their first experiences on the water and how they were taught to sail by Roly Stafford, Annabel Nurton and Jonathan Rogers, all of whom are still involved in WJS. A time of fun mixed with memories of sudden excitements; a time when foundations were laid.

The three went on to join the Club and sail Oppies and Cadets, competing both locally and nationally as well as in the National Squads. All have collected their share of silverware, all have had fun, all have made friends throughout the country, friends that they know they will see time and time again over the years.

For the last two seasons the three have been Junior Helpers, coming down most weeks in their free time to pass on to new Juniors what they learned, as well as showing through their example not only what the Juniors can aspire to, but also what fun they can have on the water.

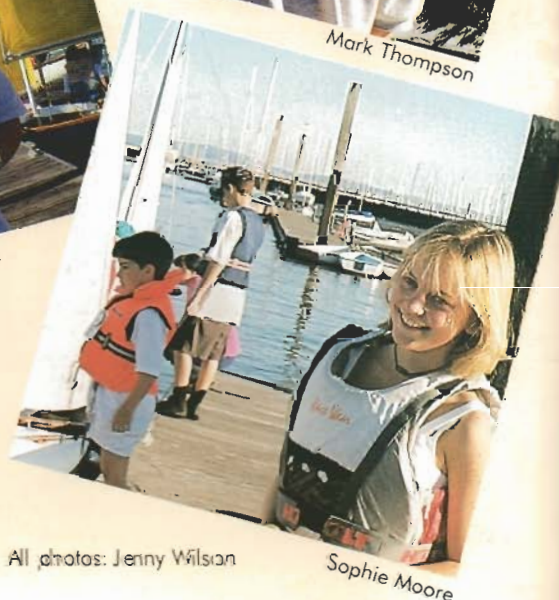
This season Sophie Moore (bottom right), Nick Phillips (centre) and Mark Thompson (top right) passed out as fully qualified RYA instructors, not only with a qualification which will earn them their keep in the holidays, as well as all expenses paid trips to the best sailing areas in the world, but also, as they say themselves, better equipped to make teaching sailing more fun and more successful. Mark is going to join the Merchant Navy; Sophie and Nick are going on to college; all will be back from time to time as life allows - we wish them well and are delighted to see the wheel turning full circle.



Nick Phillips



Mark Thompson



Sophie Moore

Roger Wilson Principal, WJS

All photos: Jenny Wilson