



Pottership

The Newspaper of the Royal Lyminster Yacht Club

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Photo: Michael Atelski

THE CLUB AND THE JUBILEE SAILING TRUST

In November about forty Club Members went to Southampton to see the partly built wooden ship which will be the latest addition to the Jubilee Sailing Trust's fleet. None of us, as past or present boat owners or crew, need to have it spelt out to us that sailing is, rather pompously, 'character building'. With the exception of a lucky few, we have all gone through times when we wonder why we ever went sailing as we feel cold, wet, sick and frightened, and yet we still come back for more. The aim of the Trust is to give youngsters the opportunity to go through these same trials and tribulations and come out of them the better for it. It certainly seems to work and they, too, keep re-volunteering.

The Trust already has one well known tall ship, the Lord Nelson. It decided to build a new square rigged, three masted ship on traditional lines, with a displacement of 675 tons and a hull length of 50 metres (with bowsprit 65 metres), about two-thirds the length of the Cutty Sark. For those aficionados of the O'Brian books and his hero Jack Aubrey, she gauges about the same as HMS Surprise. She is built with timber frames and planking, but from this point her similarity with traditional building methods differs radically.

We were told that most of the old 'wooden walls' were finally broken up, not by enemy action, but by rot, due to water in the timbers partly due to the steaming process needed to shape and bend the solid frames and planking, and partly the later effects of the sea itself. To overcome this fundamental problem this ship is to be assembled using thin, dry pieces of wood which can each easily be bent into the required shape and then glued with epoxy resin. Sounds simple. In fact it is extremely complex.

The partially dried strips of timber come from Russia, then they go through a further drying process here and are packed in polythene to keep out any damp; they are not opened until just before use. On the floor of the shop there is a very large sheet of plywood on which the pieces are scribed by laser; the computer generated design controls the dimensions and shape of every element. These scribed lines are used to set up, on a steel bed, clamps which exactly replicate the shapes needed. The thin pieces of timber are bent round the steel clamps with epoxy resin between the timbers, and the whole is held in the clamps while the glue cures. The thin timber pieces vary from only a few millimetres to a few centimetres thick. These are built up to produce such structures as the stem, which at one point is some three feet across and twenty feet long, and the frames, which are all about one foot square in cross section. It was only at this point that we realised just what an enormous undertaking this is. Astonishingly, all this work is being done by a handful of craftsmen, most of the labour force being volunteers (who pay to work for the first week and, if found suitable, are recruited to continue to help).

So, it would seem that when the planking is finished some time this year, all that is needed is to launch the ship. Well it would be if it weren't, as you can see from the photograph, being built upside down! It is evidently easier to have a steel frame to support all the timber during building, and at the right time construct two enormous steel wheels to wrap around the whole hull and turn the ship the right way up. Rather like tossing a very large pancake. Howard Mackenzie Wilson, a Club Member and the Project Director for the Jubilee Trust, reckons on that being one of the simpler tasks. Turning a ship weighing several hundred tons

inside a shed just long enough to take it and with thousands of man-days of work all depending on it.....Now, that's character building!

All those who went on the visit were amazed at what has been achieved so far, and what is going to be the final result. We shall be looking forward to seeing her going down the Solent and appreciating more than most what lies under the planking.

Alistair McKinnon

Staff Notes

On 2nd January Stephen Carden-Noad joined the Club as Administration Manager to replace me. Stephen and his wife Chrissie have two young daughters, the elder a keen member of Wednesday Junior Sailing. We welcome Stephen to the staff and hope that he enjoys his new rôle with the Club.

At a party held on 1st February the staff presented **Jonathan Hutchinson** with a new bicycle as a farewell gift to mark his long service as Secretary.

Kevin Smith, the Club's Head Boatman and Senior Helm of Lyminster lifeboat, appeared twice on Radio Solent in the run up to Christmas, including an invitation to the 'on-air' Christmas Party on Christmas Eve. His appearances have been well received in Lyminster and by the RNLI management in Poole.

Ian Gawn, Secretary





Photo: Lymington Times

Another good tri for Lymington Sailability

Our local Lymington Sailability Group fleet is growing with the addition of a new Challenger trimaran, thanks to the generosity of Lymington Precision Engineering and the Sportsmatch Scheme, who have both contributed £3000 towards costs. A truly generous gift, and Group secretary Brian Palmer is understandably delighted. The boat will be delivered in April.

Help is needed for launching and pontoon duty, and perhaps some sail training for newcomers, throughout the season. Please give Brian a ring on 01425 612356.

Our photograph shows some happy members of Lymington Sailability on the day the cheque arrived. L to R: David Fenchelle (Hon Treasurer), Brian Palmer, Patsy Bennett, Steve Reynolds, Leon Crouch (Managing Director of Lymington Precision Engineering) and Graham Lemon, all well entangled with one of the Group's existing Challenger trimarans.

By the time this is in print the scaffolding round the kitchen will be down, the builder's compound gone and access to the crane restored. In return for the disruption of the winter period we now have remodelled toilet facilities for the ladies: the active sailors will find that they have better facilities for changing, although no less space will be available for those attending functions or otherwise using the Clubhouse. There is a wholly new disabled toilet and shower facility on the ground floor near the lift and the men's toilet facilities have been dragged into the latter half of the 20th century.

We hope that all Members will find the

remodelled facilities attractive and convenient.

The kitchen has slightly increased space, all the kitchen equipment has been deep serviced and there is a new combi oven and dishwasher. Finally we hope to have redecorated the Dining room balcony, and the Library roof is about to be stripped and retiled.

(This last job was first mooted as Jonathan Hutchinson arrived as the new Secretary, thirteen years ago. Any attempt to call it the 'Hutchinson Roof' will be strongly resisted.) The crane has also been deep serviced whilst the forecourt has been out of use.

Ian Gawn, Secretary

WINTER WORK

Prizewinning Oppie sailors write about their season

At the start of the season I joined the Bronze fleet, with my wooden Oppie.

The instructors were Tony Harris, Pete Sanders and John Claridge. The Bronze fleet is most Sundays, we get the boats rigged and launched ready for the briefing at 1030. The Bronze fleet is at the Salterns Sailing Club.

During the summer term I started to go to the Silver fleet training on the river. At the Junior Regatta I sailed one of the Club Oppies and I came first.

In September I sailed my wooden Oppie in the RLymYC Open Meeting. At the Boat Show I found out that I would be getting my brother's old GRP boat as he would be getting a new boat. I also went to a training session at Warsash. At the end of the year I got a dry suit for my birthday.

Melanie Clegg

Melanie was awarded the Cross Trophy for the 1997 season as 'the newcomer who has made the most progress during the year'.

For all those people who are thinking about going just that bit further in Optimists, here is a brief description of what it is like.

My first Open Meeting was at Spinnaker SC. It was held on a lake near Ringwood. I sailed

in the regatta fleet which was lots of fun, whilst the hot shots sailed in the main fleet for the main trophy.

The year after I started to compete on the National circuit and went to around twenty meetings. Three of the most important events were the Inland Championships, the National Championships and to wrap it all up the end-of-season event, upon which the National rankings were made. I got a ranking of tenth in the country which I am very pleased with. My favourite event was the Inlands because I made lots of friends which I have consistently been seeing since then.

Nick Thompson

Nick was 1997 winner of the Marshall Trophy, presented to the sailor with the most improved National ranking



Thoughts of a retiring treasurer

In March 1988 the Commodore, Michael King, asked me if I would be prepared to take over as Hon. Treasurer, and in April the then Executive Committee approved my appointment. My predecessor, Ian Turcan, had worked long and hard for many years to keep the Club's finances in good order but was handicapped by a hand-written accounting system that was rapidly becoming inadequate to handle the growing requirements of the Club.

In conjunction with the Secretary (who at that time wouldn't touch a computer!) we set about creating a table of accounts that would enable us to introduce a computerised form of book-keeping on October 1st 1988. Thanks largely to June's tolerance, patience and ingenuity, it worked and we really have not looked back from that time.

Under the previous system it had been difficult to identify which of the many activities, both sailing and social, produced a surplus or a deficit. The computer rapidly overcame that problem as it was quite happy to analyse down to the last penny, if required, and we were then able to budget for each activity to break even, and assess the outcome.

Over the nine years to September 1997 the Club spent over £440,000 on capital items and £215,000 refurbishing the clubhouse, the net worth of the Club increased from about £111,000 to nearly £750,000, and a full Member's subscription increased by an average of about £5 a year.

The improvement in the Club's financial position has been achieved by all those responsible for spending the Club's money ensuring that it was spent wisely, by the Steward and the Catering Manager operating as efficiently as possible, by a whole host of volunteers who have given so much time and effort to making sure that our various sailing and social activities are not only a success but also operate within the constraints of our budgets, and by the office staff who have so patiently (or tediously) put up with the Treasurer nit picking his way through the various facets of the Club's activities where money was involved.

I have very much enjoyed being Treasurer and would like to say a big Thank You for all the support that I have had from successive Commodores, Flag Officers and General Committee members and, I like to think, a large number of the Club Members. I am sure that my successor, Malcolm Raiser, will prove to be a most successful Treasurer and I hope he gets as much pleasure out of it as I have done.

*Gordon Simpson
Hon. Treasurer, retired*

US International Master's Regatta, October 1997



As Club Members Stuart and Adrian Jardine had expected, the USA had made a big effort to try to prevent a third successive win of this event by the UK team. Malin Burnham from San Diego was crewed by Vince Brun from the North Loft, the 1997 J24 World Champion, and he took the boat the Jardine twins used last year.

The weather as usual was excellent with the first two days producing 20 - 25 knot winds and 15 - 20 knots on the final day of this six race regatta (no discards).

The regatta started well for the twins with a first and a second, with Malin Burnham fifth and first; a previous two times winner of this event, John Scarborough, a local sailor, finished second and fourth. Day two saw the Jardines starting to get a grip of the Trophy when Burnham self-destructed with a twelfth in the third race; Scarborough maintained some pressure with a second and third against the Jardine's repeat first and second.

Day three saw Scarborough go down with an eighth in the first race with Burnham first and the Jardines third, their worst placing. This left the twins with a very safe 10 point lead for the last race. All that was required was a sound, trouble free race. This they did with a good second, finishing with 11 points, 10 points ahead of Malin Burnham with John Scarborough a further 3 points adrift.

This year the Jardines had managed to call on a very good local sailor, David Holscher, with his boat *Sockeye*, and three others from the States, Lewis Conger from Louisiana, who had crewed the previous two years, Greg Larson from Los Angeles who joined last year, and not least Rosie Larson who was coerced into joining the team when it was discovered the UK boat was 100 lbs lighter than their opposition!

Next year the intention is for Adrian to challenge for the International Master's Trophy in October 1998, whilst Stuart plans to compete in the J24 World Championships in San Francisco in July 1998.

Stuart Jardine

Left. The Jardines sailing *Sockeye* with their own Hyde sails.

Housework

We set off in the estate car with a trailer and armed with a map given us by the Forestry Commission. In past years the Forestry Commission had delivered Christmas trees to Lyndhurst for us to collect, having previously chosen them in their growing situation. This year we had to go to Homewood plantation near Somerley and meet someone from the Commission at the gate. Having found what we thought was the correct location, there was no sign of the gate or Forestry worker. However, after a while we spied a Landrover from the Commission and hailed him. When I explained who we were, 'Oh, we thought you were coming yesterday!' he said. 'Well, we have a tree that might suit you - follow me'. After driving for about a mile along rough roads and splashing through quite deep water, we finally came to a plantation of Christmas trees with a large tree lying alongside the road. 'Will this do?' our friend enquired. We decided it was far too big and prepared to leave, disappointed. 'Well, you wait here, I'll go and get a saw and you choose one from this lot', indicating the plantation. Eventually we chose one from the hundreds there and watched anxiously as he sawed it down. We loaded it on to the trailer with lots of padding and stripy plastic hanging from the end and brought it slowly back to the Club, hoping we didn't see any under-employed policemen on the way.

Just an example of the kind of antics the House Committee gets up to. Nearly every day one or other of the House Committee may be on a similar kind of mission. It might be researching somewhere to buy oasis for the flower decorating at a wholesale outlet, or looking for yellow gingham for tablecloths (every other colour but yellow!), and special decorations for a theme evening, interviewing suppliers of catering items or regalia, (this can entail visits to the Isle of Wight or Bournemouth), discussing menus with Michael Webb and wines with John McPhee and arranging rotas of help for Michael during a barbecue or to act as doormen for a visit by the Patron. If there is a major project in the pipeline, such as the new carpeting, there may be six or seven meetings with the manufacturer followed by three or four with the laying contractor. All this apart from the regular House Committee meetings with General Committee meetings and Flag Officers' meetings for the Rear Commodore.

The Club is lucky to have such a happy and energetic House Committee, but none of it would be possible without our enthusiastic staff, from the office girls (sorry about the jammed copier), the boatmen (always willing to help with a heavy job or to loan a screwdriver or hammer), the bar (great decorators and enjoyers of parties - who can forget our little leprechaun?), and, of course Michael Webb and all the kitchen staff turning out tasty food day after day, even without a kitchen this January, and on special occasions producing more than 150 perfectly cooked gourmet meals. How do they do it?

And so it goes on - most of the time good fun and Members most appreciative. The very best of luck to Jenny who will have started her three year haul when this appears. I hope that she will enjoy it all as much as I have.

And it was a super tree, wasn't it?

Mary Follett, Rear Commodore House, retired



WAITING FOR THE TIDE ... AND FROM THE CHART TABLE

- 1 How many metres in a nautical mile?
- 2 What is IALA?
- 3 On which side would you pass a north cardinal buoy?
- 4 Name two high clouds
- 5 What wind force is a fresh breeze, 17/21 knots?
- 6 You are anchoring in 6m of water; how much chain do you let out?
- 7 An approaching vessel has a flashing yellow light: what is it?
- 8 What does the signal flag A signify?
- 9 What is the meaning of this international code signal? ---
- 10 What vessel shows three black balls one above the other by day?
- 11 A buoy has red and white vertical stripes: what does it signify?
- 12 What is a bower?
- 13 Variation 8° W, deviation 3° E, what is the compass error?
- 14 Where will you find a Col?
- 15 How many knots is 11.5 miles per hour?

Answers on page 11

Mike Finch

Don't forget to send in any mind-stretching material you might have for insertion in Waiting for the Tide

Around of horn!

The fleet was milling around off the Club for the start of the John Merricks memorial race as we slowly eased the 30 ton bulk of *Siesta Key* down river for a late season dash to Yarmouth.

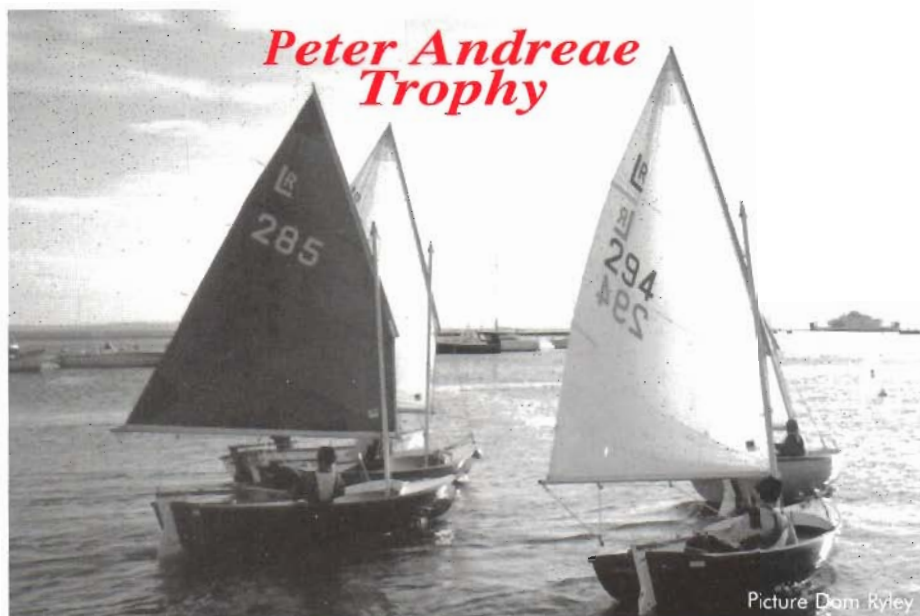
In front of us the really keen boats were jostling for their start, mixing it with the Optimists and other dinghies sorting out their pre race tactics. I was a little worried because there appeared to be many more dinghies in the river than usual and one or two seemed more concerned with the correct set of their crew to notice 20 metres of schooner slipping quietly down river towards them. A small dinghy can easily become obscured under our dolphin striker. References to supertankers are not allowed!

With our engine at idle, we glided slowly towards the tense fleet primed and ready for their start, and scarcely made a sound or ripple. Just then a small Oppie sailed under my bow and did not seem to notice our coming. There was nowhere to go; he had not seen me and the pre race jostling and tension was reaching its climax. Without space a collision was imminent, so I gave a long blast on my foghorn to alert them to my presence. Class 2 got off to a flying start!

Martin Wheatley's comments are unprintable. I tender my fulsome apologies to the race committee.

Siesta Key will be sailing the Solent this summer with her skipper's finger near, but not on, the button.

Steve Mehlmann



Saturday December 27th:

Seventeen junior sailors, under twenty-one on the day, competed for the Trophy and the not insubstantial prize money available annually for this event. The weather was ideal this year, with a moderate north-westerly wind and a high morning tide giving the race committee ample room for good courses. Once again we were kindly lent six Scows for the competitors to use, making for very even and close racing. The competitors were split into three age groups, with the top two boats from each fleet moving forward to the final. In these heats two races were held for each fleet with the results:

Junior fleet (9 - 11 years)

- | | |
|-------------|-------------------------------|
| 1st (equal) | Rupert Stock
Nick Thompson |
| 2nd | Pippa Wilson |
| 3rd | Mathew Bailey |
| 5th | Richard Mason |
| 6th | Robyn Stock |

Middle fleet (12 - 14.5 years)

- | | |
|-----|----------------|
| 1st | Jo Ryley |
| 2nd | Dominic Hutton |
| 3rd | James Thompson |
| 4th | David Putt |
| 5th | Mark Etheridge |

Senior fleet (14.5 - 19)

- | | |
|-------------|-----------------------------|
| 1st | Nick Phillips |
| 2nd | Daniel Allin |
| 3rd | Christian Sutherland |
| 4th | Catherine Putt |
| 5th (equal) | Pippa Hutton
Vita Bayley |

Praise at this stage should go to the two youngest competitors, Robyn Stock and Richard Mason. Both only nine years old, they were determined to sail their Scows single-handed despite never having raced a Scow before.

The final, again run over two races, was very closely and keenly fought out. In the first race, right up to the last ten metres, it looked as if we might have a win from the youngest finalist; unfortunately Nick Thompson misjudged his final tack to the line and was caught on port, Nick Phillips coming through to win with Dominic Hutton second and Jo Ryley third. In the second race Nick and Dominic were again first and second with Rupert Stock third

The Final

The result of the final was a clear win for Nick Phillips (senior fleet) with two wins, and Dominic Hutton (middle fleet) second with two second places.

The remaining positions were:

- | | | |
|-----|------------------------------|-----------|
| 3rd | Jo Ryley (middle fleet) | 7 points |
| 4th | Rupert Stock (junior fleet) | 8 points |
| 5th | Daniel Allin (senior fleet) | 10 points |
| 6th | Nick Thompson (junior fleet) | 11 points |

As has become customary the youngest sailors were able to give their seniors a serious run for their money, as can be seen from the split of the age groups in the final. All this says a great deal for our junior sailing and their trainers.

Once again we would like to thank all our volunteer helpers, who I know enjoyed the event as much as the juniors, for a very successful morning's racing.

Stuart Jardine

Summer swaps with Autumn

The Summer Meet has been held in the Beaulieu River for many years and the Autumn meet has gone to Poole, often coming in for some bad weather, not untypical of the season and, by similar triangles, it seems a shame for the Summer Meet to go 'just round the corner' in fair weather. You will see in the mailing and on the notice board in due course that the events have swapped venues; so, for your diary the

Summer Meet is in Poole Harbour 18th and 19th of July and the Autumn Meet is at Bucklers Hard 19th and 20th of September

We may get a look at Brownsea's Nature Reserve in a different season.

Geoff Holmes

A late January evening found me attaching a messenger to the last of two side-by-side masthead halyards. Giving the bowline a good tug to check all was well, I hauled away and felt the messenger speed up as the 12 mm line cleared the sheave. Without warning, some 30 feet of topping lift descended on my head. Puzzled, I looked up to see about 20 feet of line winding itself around the adjacent mainsheet messenger.

'My bowlines do not come undone' I rehearsed to myself as I secured 'my' end of the messenger. Inspection of the topping lift revealed that the loop of whipping twine, to which the messenger had been bent on, had failed. With the wind winding the two messengers ever tighter together, I comforted myself with the thought that at least the unsecured end would be held tight enough not to slip back through the sheave, leaving me with a fitting out 'mouse job'. The following Saturday the 'phone rang. 'Your adjacent berth holder wants to go sailing' the dock warden said, 'and his boat is attached to yours by a halyard!'

The two boats were indeed attached; strong winds had freed the end of the messenger, causing the entanglement to travel right up to the sheaves, whilst the loose end had strung itself out horizontally, taking a couple of turns around my neighbour's Windex (which it had broken), finally twisting itself around the adjacent aerial.

It was clearly a bosun's chair job, but his main halyard was only 8 mm, 15 years old and rather tired looking. How could the messenger be safely freed, and how should the knitting be unravelled on *Downstream* with its jammed masthead halyard messengers and its three-quarter rig?

The adjacent boat also had an (old) 8 mm genoa halyard. The furling genoa was handed and I climbed the mast with both main and genoa halyards as safety lines. Once aloft I secured myself with a length of 12 mm line for the long task of replacing a rusted-on Windex and retrieving the messenger.

As to my problem with *Downstream*, after fitting out I re-reeved the spinnaker halyard and went aloft to unravel the recalcitrant topping lift messenger. It was then an extended boat-hook job to loop it back over the sheave, for Murphy's Law dictated that by now it was beside it.

Roly Stafford

Catering for events outside the Club

Because of the increasingly onerous requirements of food safety legislation, the General Committee has decided, with regret, that from the date of the AGM it will not be possible for food to be delivered to Member's homes, nor for Club staff to be involved in the further preparation or serving of such food. It will still be possible to arrange to have parties at the Club as previously, and for Members themselves to collect dishes or cocktail snacks from the Caterer.

View from the top

I am writing this during the festive season and consequently my thoughts are directed mainly towards the New Year. After February there will be many changes at the Club; not before time, you might say. There will be two new Flag Officers; a new Honorary Treasurer after nearly ten years; nine new Members of the General Committee out of twelve; a new Secretary after over twelve years; a new Administration Manager. One gets a feeling perhaps of a New People's Club!

However, any changes are unlikely to make the earth move.

Happily the Club has a firm momentum of its own based on the Rules and Regulations and the Policies and Practices handed down from earlier times, which are difficult and time consuming to change. The operation of the Club is unlikely to deviate too suddenly from the ways we have come to know and possibly like.

Although it must be said that Members would soon notice and comment if the direction of affairs was to become less to their liking.

Much has happened in recent years to the clubhouse both internally and externally, and these are plain for all to see. As I write some alterations are in progress both to the clubhouse and the starting platform, and more plans are in the pipeline. And due to the professionalism of the House Committee the interior of the Club has been transformed, becoming closer to the condition expected of a Club of our standing. Above all else the Club's sailing programme, under expert direction, has continued to gather momentum not only with an ever increasing number of Club events and invitation regattas, and with plans for more in 1998, but also with greater opportunities for Members to race and sail on a regular basis.

Inevitably one asks oneself if one has been able to live up to these high standards. However, throughout my career it has been my experience that it is not possible to tell how well or badly one is doing in any posting while still in harness. It is a bit like going to the loo. You really cannot tell how well you have done until you have finished and look back.

As usual, Shakespeare had a word for it: '...a poor player who struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more'.

Desmond Dewhurst
Commodore (retd)

From the Follyto the Fall

A few years ago the Spring Meet took place on the Folly pontoon, coinciding with the early May bank holiday weekend. It was felt that the Monday was an appropriate day for the Club chaplain to bless the Club boats and hopefully give grace, guidance and succour to the rest of the sailing season.

Moon Haze had attended the Meet along with many other Club boats. We had a wonderful weekend visiting the RNLI depot in Cowes and dining splendidly at the Folly Inn, as well as visiting other boats, savouring other Members' hospitality and making the acquaintance of people who before had only been boat names.

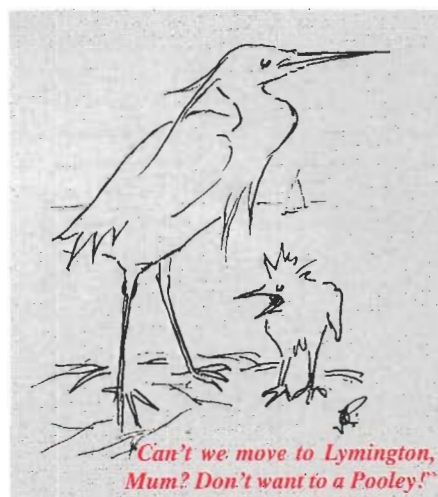
Following such a wonderful weekend, in which the god Bacchus might have been deemed to have had a hand, it seemed a good idea to us to go before the chaplain and ask him to mediate with the real One in absolving our sins and allowing us to go sparkling and unblemished into the new season.

On our return to Lymington River we were smartened up, put in the correct order, inspected for stray hairs on collars and unpolished shoes, then allowed to motor slowly up the River in orderly fashion to the ferry berth, go about and proceed down the River past the Club. We followed the line ahead, smartly turned eyes right at the pontoon and with dignity and sobriety were

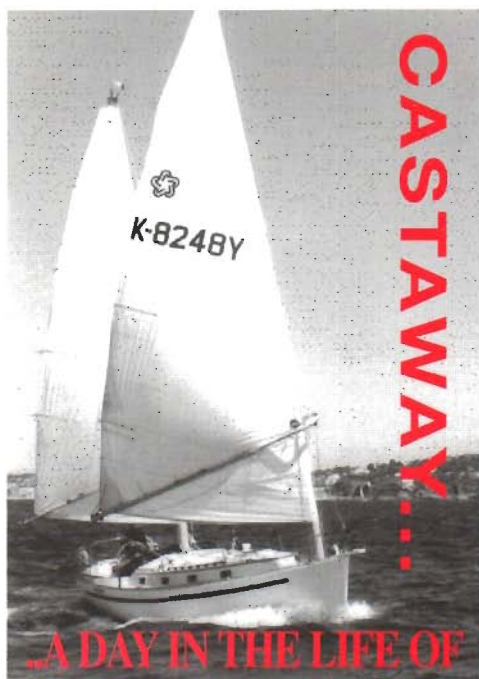
blessed. Full of absolution, we proceeded past the pontoon and were about to turn to port when we suddenly came to a halt and heeled over at an angle at which we stayed for what seemed like eternity. Which only goes to prove that 'tide goes before a fall'.

PS Since that weekend the blessing of the boats has never again occurred on a bank holiday Monday, which leads us to think that the Club only dare bless those most worthy of it and not those of us who still need to work to support our sailing needs, and consequently have not yet achieved a state of grace.

Moon Haze



'Can't we move to Lymington, Mum? Don't want to a Pooley!'



One of the most frequently asked questions by the uninitiated about Atlantic crossings is, 'Don't you get bored'?! I suppose in fairness when trying to think what one does all day for several weeks on end the answers are often woolly.

This thought made me think to log a typical day on *Castaway*, our Freedom 35, as she made her fifth Atlantic crossing down the trade wind route.

The day is starting. I am roused at 0600 hrs with a welcome cup of Rosie Lea by Andy who has just done his two hour stint and is now looking forward to another hour or two's kip. 'Time to go to work, George', he mutters quietly, but when was work so pleasant? I think. After four hours of rest, mostly in a sleep punctuated with vivid dreams, I am refreshed. These dreams seem to be the norm for all our crew and appear to be brought on by the on-board noises, the creaking and tapping, plus the gentle rolling and swishing on our downhill course.

Anyway, another day is starting as I put on shorts and tee-shirt to emerge into a warm pre-dawn darkness.

You will have all heard of BST, GMT and UTC and the like, so now try and imagine our new system. It is called CLT, or Castaway Loony Time. It is a common sense regulatory system and started a few days out from the Canaries, when having changed the clock two hours to get on the correct time for our zone we discovered that with our happy hour at 1800 and supper to follow we were eating in the dark. So having already put the clocks back twice, we now moved them forwards to a point where dusk came at 2000 hrs and the evening meal could be enjoyed and cleared in daylight ready for the first night watch. CLT remained in force with suitable adjustments until arrival in the Caribbean, after which the general rum haze softened any difficulty in adapting to local time. Needless to say the

ship's clock remained, as it always does, on GMT.

So back to the day, and by 0700 the sky is growing lighter in the east and as the sun gradually creeps over the horizon the little fluffy trade wind clouds turn from their night time grey, first to pink, then to white. Today I am in luck and as the sun is doing its stuff in the east the moon is setting at the end of a silver path in the west - a magical sight that seems to happen at least once in all our crossings. When I have had my fill of this, it is time for another cup of tea and to check out the night's progress. On *Castaway* one usually gets chatty log book entries from the crew during the night so I add my own lyrical bit about the sunrise. Now it is back to set the fishing line up for the day and it is getting warmer. Time to strip off the shirt for some early morning sun before it gets too fierce. I debate whether to get some breakfast, which on *Castaway* is a movable feast that one gets

for oneself when convenient. Today I decide that as it is now 0730 and I will be calling Tony for his watch in 20 minutes I'm going to opt to top up on sleep and lie in till around 1000 hrs before brekka. Time to make a cuppa now for Tony and pass on wind strengths, rig, course and prospects and then dive into my comfy pit for my top up kip. In fact after an hour I awake to hear the gentle murmur of Andy and Tony discussing various ways to put the world to rights and so after a luxurious stretch I pick up a novel and read in bunk for a spell while *Castaway* rolls peacefully on her way.

1000 hrs and up again, prepare grapefruit, toast, boiled eggs and coffee and repair to the cockpit to soak up sun again and have a chatty breakfast.

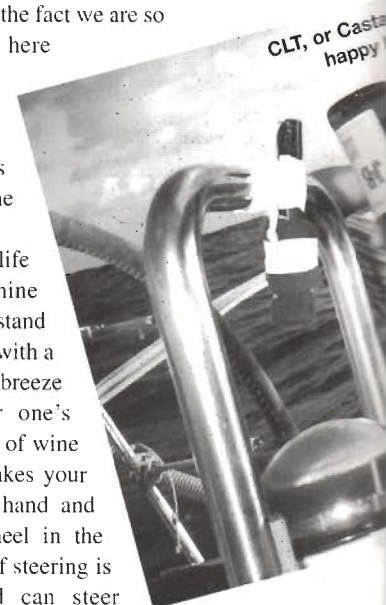
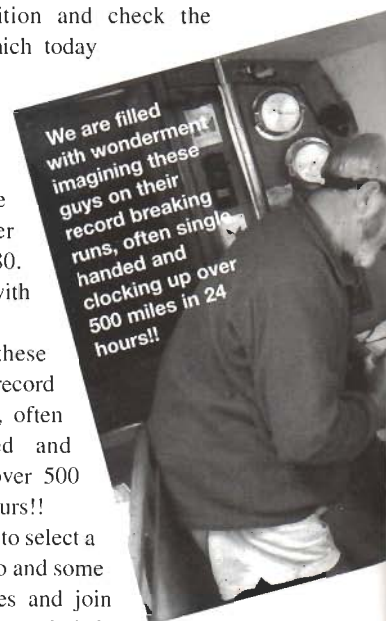
Today is a washday!! We do not belong to the great unwashed but for all that we might miss a day or two if the going is brisk and rolly because the hanging on is uncomfortable compared to lying in your bunk with a good book!! Anyway, today is twenty knots of wind from the North East (of course) and this being an account of a typical day the washing event needs describing!!

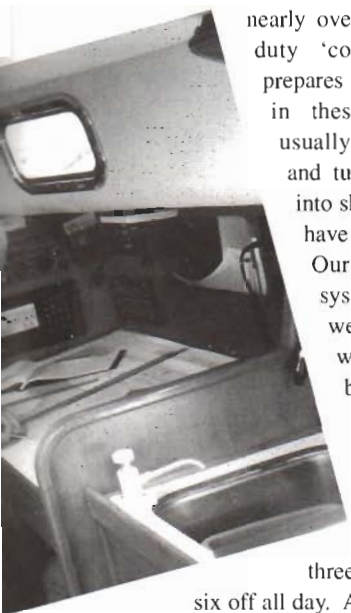
A large pan of salt water (plenty of that around) is warmed on the stove and used to fill a basin in the heads. With the aid of some splendid salt water liquid soap a nice head to toe wash follows while a pan of fresh water warms ready. Having got some soapy salty water and finished washing yourself you can wash out any clothing (there is never much anyway) and follow by rinsing it in clean salt water. Then rinse off one's body in fresh water before using the remains of the fresh to rinse that washing, ready to hang on the guard rail. Finally, another cup of fresh water is allowed for the teeth, (that is those of us who still have them), while the daily brushing of hair has ceased to be a problem, most of it having gone missing!!

I look at the time and blow me, it's midday and round to happy hour again. First log the noonday position and check the day's run, which today is 157 miles.

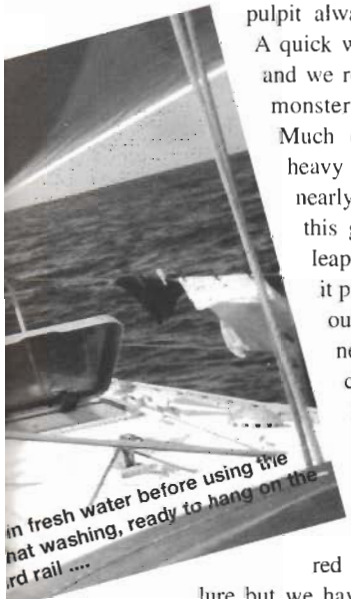
We rarely do less than 150 and while cruising we have never exceeded 180. We are filled with wonderment imagining these guys on their record breaking runs, often single handed and clocking up over 500 miles in 24 hours!!

Now it is time to select a box of red vino and some suitable nibbles and join the watch in the cockpit for the midday meet and discuss the beauty of the sailing, the weather, bless the fact we are so lucky to be here and wonder what other folk find to do all day!! It is one of the greatest pleasures in life (well mine anyway!!) to stand in the hot sun with a good warm breeze blowing over one's torso. A glass of wine or whatever takes your fancy in one hand and the boat's wheel in the other. Our self steering is excellent and can steer *Castaway* all the time but occasionally one realises that actually one came to sail one's boat and so you unlatch and enjoy steering to the gentle swooping ride that the trade wind route usually gives you. One can always latch the steering back in and take a break but it is fun to try and do it better than the machine - although this is easy for short periods only. Maybe the wine takes away the concentration. When happy hour is





Loony Time ensures
r falls at the right time



in fresh water before using the
that washing, ready to hang on the
rd rail

nearly over the lunchtime duty 'cook' goes and prepares the meal, which in these latitudes is usually very simple, and tucking ourselves into shady corners we have a sociable meal. Our watchkeeping system, by the way, we think is a winner, designed by Dominic, my youngest son, on our first long passage. With three crew we do three hours on and six off all day. At 2000 hrs until 0800 hrs it reverts to two on and four off and in this way it rotates the times so we all get that magic sunrise watch in turn, as well as variations to the times of the night watches. Thus we all get two four hour periods off at night, which generally is sufficient to leave us alert for the day. Back then to this typical day. I work it out that I came on at 0600, and at 0800 went for extra kip and a read. So now lunch is over I am on from 1400 to 1700 and I can settle down in the cockpit with a good book. But wait!! Was the fishing rod strapped to the pulpit always that shape? A quick wind on the reel and we realise there is a monster on the line. Much excitement and heavy winding. It is nearly in, you can see this great silver fish leaping around, then it pulls half the line out again. Back in nearly and then catastrophe, the line parts and gloom falls on the crew. It was goodbye to our last red plastic octopus lure but we have another hook and wire trace and Tony wraps a bit of old blue canvas around it and streams it.

Immediate luck. It is a good sized Barracuda, which apparently hunt in packs, hence the quick new catch. This time we got him home and with our gaff, which is made on to the other end of the boathook, he was brought into our cockpit - which suddenly seemed to become much smaller!! As this lovely looking but rather lethal fish lay knashing its many teeth on the slatted floor, I called for the gin bottle and while being admonished by the crew for wasting precious supplies I poured a small tot down its gills. Immediate death. Total success as I had been told would happen, but it really is rather dramatic. Makes one wonder about all those gin and tonics!! Now, as you can imagine, the cockpit became an abattoir as we carved succulent steaks out of its flanks before unfortunately having to consign the rest to the deep as we have no fridge and the weather is scorchingly hot. To anyone thinking this is wasteful and cruel I must point out that there are many beneficiaries of our policy waiting below to gobble up what we discard, including our poor guy's brothers and sisters no doubt!! Andy now sets to to make sauces and a super casserole and an excellent supper is assured. We have a slight worry over hearsay that Barracudas are poisonous. We read again the relevant books though, and it seems that deep water fish are fine and it is only inshore reef feeders that can cause severe food poisoning and in some cases death, which seems rather over the top!! Well I'm blown!! My watch is over and it is nearly happy hour again. We have a super cockpit washing session until little *Castaway* is her usual clean and tidy self and then Tony and I choose our brand of whisky for evening happy hour. Today it is to be Paddy's, which is Tony's favourite. We had the sense to buy five different litres of whisky so we could enjoy trying to decide the best!! Whatever spirit one does fancy needs to be drinkable with water to save carrying loads of mixers. Whisky and water at room temperature (no ice available!!) is fine and when the midday wine stocks ran out we found that gin and pink grew on us to the extent that we thought we might even carry on with it when we got home. The evening pre-dinner period is magic. It is getting cooler but still that warm wind plays over the body. Supper is brewing and smelling good. It has been a long day of sunshine, blue seas, convivial cockpit meetings, quiet reading, excitement of hauling fish, and now the evening is setting in. Supper comes up to be eaten in the cockpit this evening as the little white fluffies revert back to pink, and thence to their night time grey, then suddenly it is dark and we see that it is to be a clear starlit night. This means that Tony will enjoy an hour or two identifying constellations from our crib book. For me, I am replete. A quick calculation tells me that I am on at 2200 for a couple of hours

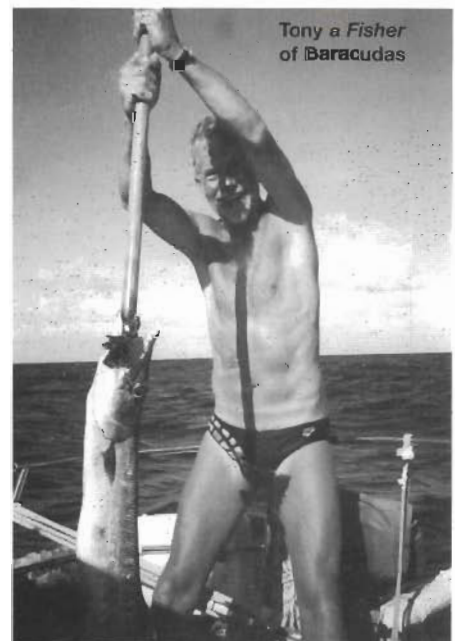
so I depart to my bunk and read until I fall asleep. This sleep is a bonus because I shall have from midnight to 0400 hrs in my pit, before a short two hours on watch and turning back in again at 0600 hrs. And that is the start of another day. What a life!! Of course it is not quite always like this. Occasionally we have to reef, and when really keen set extra sail between the masts. We don't catch fish every day either but then that gives more time for reading, does it not? A few statistics for the record. We carry fifty gallons of water and used some 30 gallons for three of us in eighteen days. We used bottled water for the whisky. The engine runs for half an hour twice daily, and was used for six hours of propulsion only. Grand Canaria to St Lucia took eighteen days this year. Bimbo bread bought in the Canaries lasted the whole passage but take advice on which sort of Bimbo to buy!! Oranges were still fresh after nearly four weeks. Bananas went off very quickly. Tinned butter is magic for those without fridges.

George Tinley

George at breakfast, perhaps in need of a foredeck hand to eat it with



Tony a Fisher of Barracudas





I started sailing with Dr Jonathan Rogers in 1988 and enjoyed every session thoroughly. When I was about twelve I became a helper, not just for the doughnut and sailing practice, but I felt it was only correct for me to give back something in return. I am now an instructor and look forward to every Wednesday sailing session. I enjoy it so much that the day after I was discharged from hospital after having an operation, I was down on the pontoon instructing children for Wednesday sailing.

Last year, as always, was very successful for the Wednesday sailing juniors. The Optimist fleet was increased so that more beginners were able to get on to the water at the same time. The Cadets were put to good use and were out nearly every week; I am sure that 264 Squadron will soon be seeing some budding new crews to strengthen their fleet. Last year saw an increase in the number of helpers (not to give the impression we have too many - any help is always gratefully received), particularly younger Members of the Club, all ex-Wednesday sailors, who are coming along to 'put something back in'. It is hoped that these younger helpers will pass out as assistant instructors this Spring.

We look to the future with confidence. The Firefly should be maintained before the sailing season starts to give juniors experience in a wider range of dinghies; I would like to see some form of elementary race training for the Wednesday sailors some time this year to give them a head start in the cruel world of sail racing. Wednesday Junior Sailing continues to flourish.

Finally I would like to thank the 'Boss', Roger Wilson. As he normally writes this column he seldom receives official commendation, so Thank You, Roger, from everybody at Wednesday Junior Sailing.

Nicholas Phillips

CONGRATULATIONS - OPPIES -

Congratulations to our Optimist sailors for the following achievements:

Draycote Water end-of-season regatta
Third (out of 160) **Jonathan Marshall.**

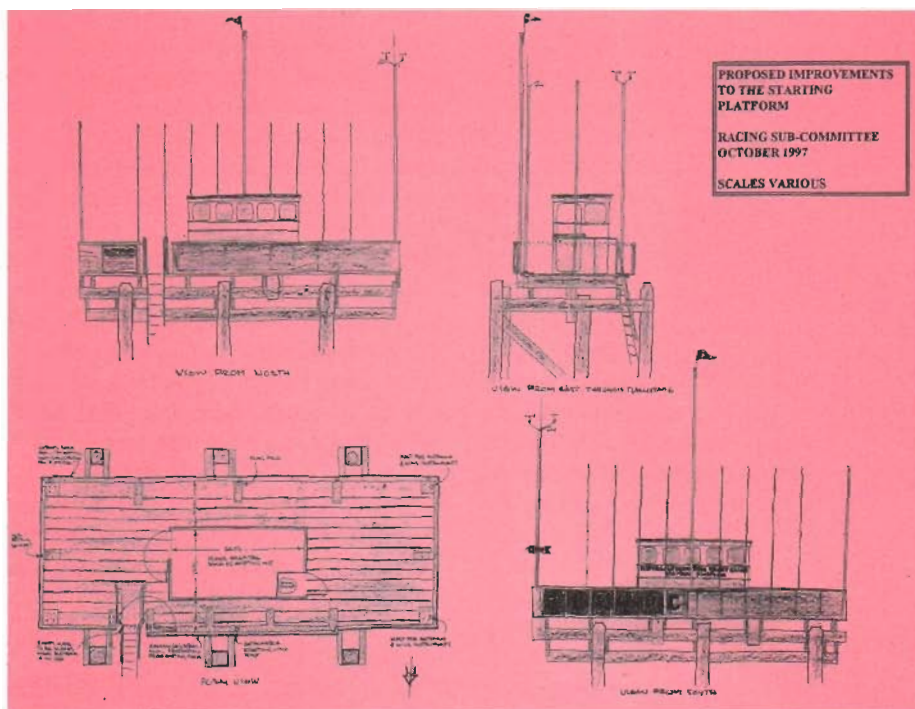
Yachts & Yachting Inter-club challenge
First - individual - **Nick Thompson.**

Spinnaker open meeting
First - overall - **Jonathan Marshall.**

Moore's of Wroxham National Optimist team racing championship
Second, Lymington First Team comprising **Jonathan Marshall, Dominic Hutton, Nick Thompson.**

Places in the National Squad for 1998
Nick Thompson, Dominic Hutton.

THE STARTING PLATFORM We all know what the Club's starting platform looks like, but I expect most of us only remember it as an old wooden shed on legs with some flag poles sticking up out of the top. Some people I've spoken to have said it reminds them of an ancient allotment shed with a rusty corrugated iron privy holding up one end - the sort of thing you can see from a carriage window on the way up to London. I have to say I agree with them.



The RLymYC's starting platform is the first non-floating piece of Lymington a yachtsman passes when visiting our river. The fact that it is marked on most charts, and people know that it belongs to us, has led the Sailing Committee to think that it's time to smarten it up.

In fact there are also some more pressing reasons for giving it urgent attention. The first is to keep the race officers happy - vital, because without these difficult-to-find stalwarts there would be no racing. The second reason is one of safety, so that we don't have to replace them if they fall through the handrail and we can't find them, or they skewer themselves on the rusty pieces of metal and bleed to death before we can get them back to the bar!

For the above reasons Kevin, Barry, Philip and even some masochistic Members are prepared to suffer the ridicule of being thought completely mad and work out at sea in the icy winds this winter, all so we end up with something that looks like the sketch above.

Peter Burchell Captain of Racing

Seven years an Optimist

I moved to Lymington when aged seven and I was first introduced to sailing when a school friend suggested I join Wednesday afternoon sailing at the RLymYC.

I thoroughly enjoyed the activities and I was fortunate to be invited to join the Optimist river fleet. I have received some excellent coaching and encouragement from Doug Hassell, Geoff Stock and David Thompson who organised the sailing on Saturdays and Sundays. The sailing was well organised, fully supervised with rescue boat cover and most of all great fun.

I have subsequently owned two Optimists, the latest of which was hand built by Neville Hutton locally; it is a very fast boat. I have attended Open Meetings, and RLymYC events. Last year I was awarded prizes for results, attendance and enthusiasm.

I am now approaching my fourteenth birthday and I have outgrown my Optimist. I am very keen to progress and I am extremely grateful to Carol Canning and Nick Ryley who have allowed me to borrow a Club Cadet DPH in order that I can assess whether this is the best boat to progress to. I love sailing with the



Photo Jo Mooring Aldridge

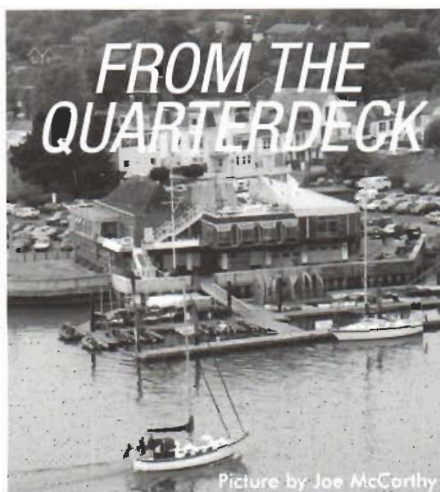
RLymYC. I have always felt welcome and encouraged to sail and I am very appreciative of the opportunity to use this Club boat so that I can keep sailing whilst I arrange the sale of my Optimist and decide the best way for me to progress. I am keen and hope one day to race yachts and 49ers, perhaps to undertake a marine sector career.

Luke Cross

In order to meet the printer's deadline I am writing my first contribution to Pottership as Secretary whilst Jonathan Hutchinson is still in post.

That at least prompts me to acknowledge the great generosity of spirit with which Jonathan has treated me, initially as Administration Manager and, latterly, as Secretary-designate. From my arrival I have been aware of the respect with which all Members view Jonathan, and I have no doubt whatever but that I have an astonishingly hard act to follow. For my part I hope that I will justify the faith of the Flag Officers and General Committee in inviting me to become Secretary. In my own defence I can only say that they have had every opportunity to see what they were getting! I am looking forward to the challenge of taking up the reins (or should it be 'sheets') and I wish Jonathan and Mary a long and happy retirement, and many sea miles of happy cruising in *Zia Maria*.

Some Members may find a very potted biography useful. I am yet another ex-crab (RAF to the uninitiated), firstly as a pilot and later, after some time in industry, local government and the TA, as what the RAF calls a 'Secretary' (Pusser in the Navy). During my service I qualified as a Chartered Management



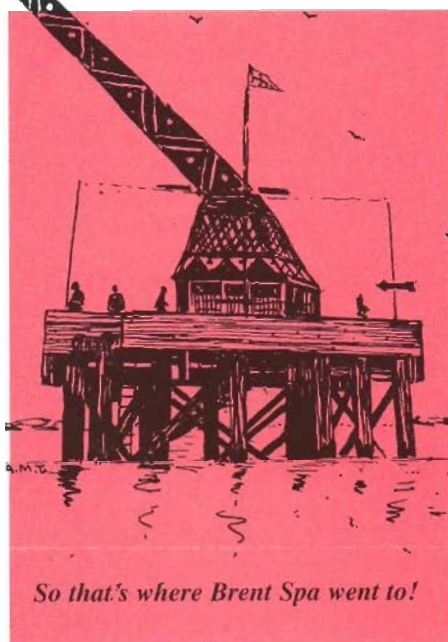
Accountant and was for three years Commodore of the RAF Sailing Centre at Grafham Water. From the RAF I spent two years advising service leavers on career change and came to the Club as Administration Manager in December 1995. I have been a keen recreational (and occasional racing) sailor since my first outing on the Welsh Harp in a Montague whaler in my teens. My wife Jane works in accountancy and computer training and

support, and helps with Wednesday Junior Sailing, whilst our son William is a keen Wednesday sailor and Cadet crew. Currently we also sail a Heron dinghy and a Jaguar 25, *Natural Child*.

The 75th Anniversary weekend was a graphic example of the enthusiastic partnership of Members and staff which makes this such a vibrant and happy Club. One cannot but be impressed by the enormous contribution of Members, as Flag Officers and Members of committees, as race officers and RIB drivers, helping with the Hoya Royal Lymington Cup and the other regattas (including that wonderful Member who cleans out the shower rooms every evening of the Junior Regatta), or handing out tea and doughnuts on Wednesday afternoons. Their efforts are supported by loyal and committed staff dedicated to the enjoyment of the Club by all Members, irrespective of their particular interest. There can be few organisations whose principal base is used, and staffed, for 14 hours a day or more, 363 days each year. I look forward to the challenge of becoming Secretary. I hope that in enjoying my work I will be able to contribute to your enjoyment of your membership of this busy and prestigious Club.

Ian Gawn, Secretary

Drawing Jo Mooring Aldridge



NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK

On the ten mile passage between Trebeurden and Primel in Brittany we towed our dinghy - a thing we rarely do. Lovely weather, few boats, fair wind - we soon arrived. 'Marlin, where's your dinghy?' came a shout from *Sika*, with whom we were in company. Although I had been keeping a look-out astern I hadn't noticed its disappearance! 'Who made her fast? I'm sure it was not me/you...' Red faces, consternation; a return trip under engine revealed nothing afloat.

A longish walk to the telephone followed, reporting the loss to the Coastguard together with fact-finding visits to every barman within reach.

Returning to Trebeurden later, as a sop to our insurers we hired a car and scoured the coastline, making enquiries in my fast-improving French! 'Oui, je l'ai vu; suivez-moi!' Imagine my surprise!

Follow that car!

Through winding lanes we arrived at Locquemeau, amazingly to find our Tinker nestling, unharmed, in a private courtyard - but no sign of her 'new owner'. Nonplussed, we repaired to the 'local' to treat our friendly Frenchman for thirst whilst composing a letter to the finder. There was now nothing to do but wait - over lunch - in the attractive village square overlooking the shallowly shelving harbour. Later we met our saviour, who didn't understand our French but spoke passable English.

He, courteously, readily and surprisingly, agreed to return our property without ado (although we left a package and a letter for him in the cafe where he was to play boules that evening). We then loaded the dinghy on to the undersized hire car, returning perilously but victoriously to Trebeurden!

Moral: If you must tow a dinghy, attach by two lines and check the knots.

*Anne and John Watson
Marlin*



This year the Hoya Royal Lymington Cup, arguably the UK's most prestigious match racing event, is moving from its usual slot in May to the first week in June. Registration will be on Monday June 1st, racing will take place from Tuesday to Friday with the finals on Saturday. As last year, the race course will be just inside Hurst Spit, so the shingle bank will provide wonderful grandstand viewing. A large number of Members support the event by making their boats and themselves available for the week, and the Club is extremely grateful. We are looking for two boats to act as mother ships for competitors as neither *Mainframe* nor *Joffer Marieke* are available this year; we also need a replacement for *Lilly of Down*, who has acted as mother ship for umpires. This presents a wonderful opportunity for other Members to play a major rôle in the event. Would anyone who is interested please contact the office.

Jayne Burchell, Royal Lymington Cup Committee





Picture by Patrick Roach Picture Agency

The speakers: from left to right, Nigel Irens, Tom Cunliffe, Bob Fisher (Chairman). Tony Castro and out of the picture Ed Dubois.

The Great Debate

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

What a turnout! What names! Over 200 Members plus invited guests came to debate the future design of cruising boats. In the chair was Bob Fisher, hot foot from South America. Tony Castro proposed the motion, supported by Ed Dubois; Tom Cunliffe, supported by Nigel Irens, batted for the opposition.

The debate - initiated and organised by the Club - was supported by *Yachting World* and will feature in its May issue.

Tony Castro made a convincing, powerfully argued case. Out of seven criteria by which you might want to score light versus heavy, light won five, lost one and drew another. He finished by saying that the light boat can do anything the heavy boat can, but that doesn't work the other way.

Tom Cunliffe gave a bravura performance citing *Hirta*, his Bristol Channel Pilot cutter and his new 40 foot, 20 ton *Westernman*. Do your own thing he said - suit yourself, but why anybody wouldn't want a decent classic boat in which you could leave the helm for hours if need be; a boat that would look after you when you couldn't look after her - was beyond him even if people did fling accusations (and beans) of being a 'mung bean eater'.

When Bob opened up the debate to the floor a wide range of opinions were heard. Andrew Bray spoke about his new, light H42; George Tinley recalled the yachts he's sailed - light and heavy - and firmly backed his heavy-ish Freedom *Castaway* in which he's sailed over 60,000 miles. Tony Marchaj, the author of *the* book on stability, spoke with great authority and with a wry smile; you couldn't, he said, optimise two independent variables in the same system. Ergo: a cruiser-racer is an impossibility. Rob Humphreys observed that some of our choices might soon be restricted through the ever tightening of safety directives.

On a cue from David Alan Williams, Rosemary Mudie reminded the house that it is important to bear in mind who you sail with as much as what you sail in!

The result? Well, it doesn't really matter but heavy won by a whisker, though there were naturally many abstentions from riders of 'horses for courses'. In his summing up, Nigel Irens put it rather well: the motion was perhaps too definitive; where the balance between light and heavy is to be drawn is a matter of choice based on requirements, so the motion was wrong. Against that, more people had changed their minds towards 'light' than were persuaded towards 'heavy', perhaps affected by Ed Dubois's thought that Tom Cunliffe had missed his vocation. He should, said Ed, have been a lightship keeper since he clearly preferred going to sea in something slow and heavy.

Overheard in the bar, more than once after the debate: 'Isn't it marvellous to be reminded just how much expertise and experience Members of the Club can bring out at events like this.'

Geoff Holmes

Sign up for the 17th

Whether you go to sea in a sleek racing machine or a trusty putt-putt we hope you will join the fun at the Cruising Section's Spring Meet 17th April. Venue: the heart of historic Portsmouth as guests of Hornet Sailing Club. We will be moored a few steps from the Royal Navy Submarine Museum and a short ferry ride from Henry VIII's *Mary Rose* and the 19th century warships *HMS Victory* and *HMS Warrior*. Navigators will have the chance of a prize for the most original log of the passage from Lymington; there is a challenge for the flag signalling experts and a full social programme. The tides are right, the welcome is guaranteed, sign up early. Details in the Chart Room.

Hillary Keatinge

WINTER SCOWS

Members of the Scow Class voted overwhelmingly at the last AGM in favour of a winter programme. Item No. 7 on the agenda read 'Sailing starvation - winter activities'.

Proposed by Martyn Hird, with the aim of keeping the class alive over the winter months, the idea was to hold a monthly talk or video,

followed by supper. This programme has been most enthusiastically supported and numbers have risen with each successive event. The old sail loft was brim full for a very informative talk on maintenance by John Claridge, and the talk on racing rules by John Doerr brought forward no fewer than 42, with a high degree of participation from the floor.

As excitement grows at the approach of the 1998 season, my hope for this, the fourth year of Scows racing on Monday evenings, is that irrespective of age and sailing ability, the aim is to enjoy the Solent, the racing and most of all the company of fellow competitors.

Jayne Burchell
Scow Class Captain

33 MILES FOR CHARITY

£1044.01 raised for RYA Sailability

Thirty-eight seven to sixteen year old Club sailors raised £1044.01 for RYA Sailability by swimming 2178 lengths of the Pennington pool. The money from this splendid effort will, together with the money the Club raises from its Charity Pursuit Race, pay for a very stable, specially built dinghy called an Access, enabling disabled youngsters to try sailing.

Tony Blachford, Rear Commodore Sailing

Ride a Hunter

Try a sail on a Hunter 707 OD. You have seen them, come and try one, they're really good!

Local 707 owners will be available at the RLymYC on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, 18th and 19th April, for demonstrations and trial sails for potential owners and crews. We now have nine local boats giving good One Design racing in an exciting boat to sail. But you have heard all the blurb - now is your chance to try one.

We shall have all the news of new boats and equipment, second-hand boats available (very few, if any!) and local facilities for dry sailing or berthing.

For a guaranteed sail 'phone Sue Hawkes (Day: 01590 677820 Evening: 01590 626641), or just turn up and hope for a space; several boats will be available.

Roger & Sue Hawkes



HURRICANE 1983

0500 Two recently retired men left Lymington by car for St Mawes as exchange crew to bring back a fin keeled Sadler 32, the crew on board having run out of holiday time.

0555 Shipping forecast mentioned deepening depression out to the west, otherwise winds SW 4, vis good, warm and sunny.

1000 Boat presently on visitors' mooring opposite Idle Rocks Hotel, about 100 yards off harbour entrance. Changed over with previous crew who reported no malfunctions, fuel and water tanks filled and ample food on board.

1100 Checked radio and gear. Departure planned for noon to motor round St Anthony's Head then sail on a run. Prepared a cold lunch.

1200 Engine starter motor inoperative. Eventually an electrician found.

1330 The electrical expert came on board hoping a new starter motor was not needed.

1355 Shipping forecast gave SW 4 with severe gales later. Cancelled departure today.

1430 Starter motor terminal wire found adrift. When reconnected it worked OK. Electrician also having heard the forecast advised us to move immediately on to a vacant mooring he knew of at the head of the Percuil River mooring area less than half a mile to the south. A friend of his on a cruising holiday abroad owned that mooring which was sheltered from a SW blow by St Anthony's Head.

1500 Rowed him ashore in dinghy, after which we moved on to that mooring, one of about fifty, locating its pick-up buoy which was attached by a length of soggy worn 'clothes line' to a chain and ground tackle. Lanes between moorings were parallel to the river banks with a space of some 15 metres between the stern of one boat and the prow of that astern of it. For security, hitched chain round starboard forward cleat as the attached rope looked weak.

1750 Shipping forecast gave warning of rapidly moving deepening depression in Western Approaches with SW storm Force 10 winds. Unhanked, bagged and stored the jib below and secured the mainsail under boom cover, making sure nothing loose above deck. When all snug aboard we sat down to a well deserved dinner. It had been a warm, clear, sunny day.

2000 Barometer fell rapidly, wind rose to Force 5-6. clouded over.

2359 (thereabouts) Awakened by whistling, gusty wind, hull slapping and motion. Another large barometer drop noted. Outside the anemometer dial above the hatch showed average of 40 knots, gusting higher.

0200 Awakened by violent gusts and banshee howls from wind, Nature's orchestra certainly in full swing. Boat motion uncomfortable with bow chain snatching noisily at the forward cleat. Sleep impossible; dressed, donned foul weather gear. From cockpit saw that Avon dinghy tied on astern had flipped with outboard under water. With a struggle dragged it aboard and secured on the cabin roof and the outboard in cockpit locker. Exhausting work.

0500 A gloomy dawn with wind howling and huge gusts with horizontal spray and rain splattering hull. Made cup of tea and realised that orchestra was percussively augmented by loosened sails on a couple of adjacent boats being flogged and shredded by the wind. Barometer bottomed off the clock. Anemometer also off the clock, over 55 knots, on the top-stop, direction anything betwixt S and W.

0555 Shipping forecast gave SW hurricane winds becoming W 7-8. The Pendennis Coastguard station just across the Fall Roads ordered vessels to observe 'Mayday Silence' on Channels 16 and 67. A vessel in trouble and mournfully silent!

0640 Watched a yacht leave our mooring area towards St Mawes harbour - must be mad - then realised there was not a soul on board; she had broken her mooring. Mesmerised as she drove on to sandy beach between two rocky patches just south of the Idle Rocks Hotel. Wind still over Force 8 when another 30 footer went on the same beach. Amazingly both vessels had threaded their unmanned way through moored boats without collision.

0730 A chance glance out and we found that we too had dragged. Dashed into cockpit and engine started first time in answer to our prayers. Full power got us slowly ahead through moored boats towards the sheltered beach on the east side of St Anthony's Head, all the time carrying from the bow cleat the chain and ground tackle (later found to be a huge block of concrete). It was impossible to release the chain due to the dangling weight. As we approached the beach the concrete block grounded, the chain slackened enough to be released and jettisoned from the cleat using a crowbar. Afterwards made our way with some difficulty to another vacant mooring we had passed and noted earlier.

0900 Wind felt almost calm between Force 6-8 and we were able to radiophone a friend in St Mawes who had been trying to get a boatman to come out to us - without any success. He had followed our manoeuvres through a telescope from his hillside home. An hour later a Dory passed us with a powerful outboard. The single sailor shouted in passing that he'd be back to pick us up in five minutes after attending a boat moored ahead whose jib had unfurled and was flogging away.

0930 Quickly packed our small overnight bags and shut everything down. Jumped safely into his Dory as he formatted alongside. We surfed down river and turned into a sheltered tree-lined cove where we leapt ashore for the road into St Mawes, walking past the sandy beach and stranded boats which by then included a large cabin cruiser, all guarded by police and coastguards. There were no pedestrians about as we walked up the town hill to the friend's house, where a bath, a good breakfast, a final peer at the mooring through his telescope and a lift to Truro station saw us home by rail to Lymington to await better weather. The local boatyard kept watch on the boat and dried out the Seagull!

Ken Swan

Under the auspices of the Royal Institute of Navigation a small party of Club Members had a demonstration of the Royal Navy's bridge simulator at *HMS Dryad*, Fareham. The simulator was developed by GEC-Marconi to reduce the cost of training Royal Navy navigators - with the cost of taking a Type 23 frigate to sea running at £155,000 per day, one can see why!

HMS Dryad

We experienced, with amazing visual reality (including the onset of seasickness!), what it must be like to leave Portsmouth Harbour at peak time with many other vessels crossing your path. The apparent speed of these vessels and of the passing scenery was precisely controlled by computer to match the vessel's speed, adding to the realism. Having been lulled into a sense of security by daylight sailing in smooth waters, we then experienced rough seas, fog and darkness, all guaranteed to sharpen our responses. Then, at the press of a button, we changed from a Type 23 frigate to a destroyer refuelling at sea, an aircraft carrier, and then we were 'flying' in a helicopter over the Needles. Literally a moving experience.

Jean Whipp-Goode

WAITING FOR THE TIDE - ANSWERS

1. 1853m. 2. International Association of Lighthouse Authorities. 3. The North. 4. Cirrus, Stratus. 5. Force 5. 6. Three times depth of water, ie, 18m. 7. A hovercraft. 8. I have a diver down, keep clear. 9. I am on fire and have a dangerous cargo on board, keep clear. 10. Vessel aground. 11. Safe water. 12. The main anchor on a vessel. 13. 5°W. 14. On a weather map. 15. 10 knots.

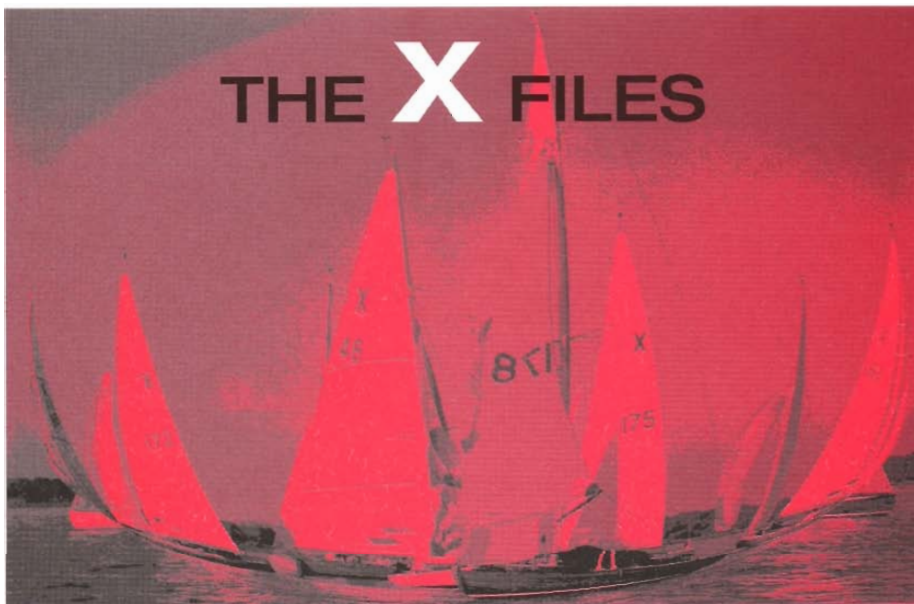


'Send me your copy and very good photos - did you hear very good photos- by the end of August or I will turn you all into toads and eat your children'

Picture by Character Assassinations of Lymington

Allegedly, the editor has it, this picture has been structurally modified by John Hines. Members needing, or should we say Members who have pictures needing, similar treatment should contact John!

THE X FILES



xit Andrew

David Markby was duly elected Divisional XOD captain at the 1997 AGM, and Paul Driscoll appointed to succeed him as vice captain.

David has sailed XODs regularly, probably as long as anyone else in the Division, having been a member of Parkstone for a number of years before joining Lymington. He has an enviable record both at Cowes, within the Division, and as a single handed sailor.

I very much appreciate the support he has given me during his vice captaincy, and wish him every success during his term of office

Andrew Tyrrell
Captain of XOD, retired



Picture Jo Mooring Aldridge

Enter David

Andrew's ten years in the Lymington X Division (so far) were crowned by a captaincy outstanding in both quality and style. The time and commitment he gave were matched by his wife Isabel, and they were both warmly thanked at our annual dinner. We hope his election to the General Committee will bring the benefits of his experience in this job, and from his earlier distinguished career in the Merchant Marine and Trinity House, to a wider membership.

Paul Driscoll has taken over as the Division's vice captain; he too has a professional marine background - as a Singapore pilot - and he too has the continuing support of his wife, Celia,

to whom we already owe many thanks for her work as Divisional secretary. For the last three years she has exhibited a matchless ability to forget nothing and achieve all that is required of her, and more.

The Division wished Jonathan and Mary Hutchinson a long and happy retirement - the Division is particularly grateful to both of them. For several years they have provided the committee boat at Cowes for the inter-port team racing at the start of the week, with a unique combination of efficiency and hospitality.

Joan Braithwaite, a past captain of both our Division and the XOD Association, broke her leg in a fall before Christmas and was in hospital, until early March. We hope that she, together with others whose health has threatened their enjoyment of Divisional activities, will soon be out and about again.

Our practice race is on April 25th, with our Spring supper and General Meeting on April 3rd and 5th respectively. As you don dungarees in dank, dark sheds, may I wish you well in your efforts with varnish and paintbrush. There is no doubt that the collective impression of our fleet, dressed overall and in sparkling trim for the Club's 75th anniversary, produced many appreciative remarks as they lined the seaward access to the Club.

David Markby Captain of XOD Division

Cowes confusion

Your editor is apparently not the only one to confuse the X Division Team Race Shield (for the pre Cowes Week team race) and the Phillipson Challenge Shield, awarded to the X boat Division that has done best in Cowes Week. Last year Lymington won the former, not the latter as mentioned in the previous *Pottership*. Apologies!

Editor

National Blind Regatta September 12/13th 1998

The Club is now one of the UK's most popular venues for blind sailing and the plan is to hold another National Blind Regatta in September this year.

Following the British Blind Sailing Team's success in the World Championship at Portland last summer, we need to keep on improving standards and skills in preparation for the next Worlds, to be held in Newport, USA, September 1999. A National Regatta will help to put some edge on existing players but perhaps as important, should attract more blind and sighted sailing talent to boost the UK squad. We aim to put twelve boats on the water. We are seeking Club Members courageous (and kind) enough to take up the challenge of being skippers/tacticians. Basically, you do the seeing and the talking but not the hard work for the blind crew and helm. Please contact the Club office. At the very least you will enjoy a great event, with parties on the Friday and Saturday evenings.

Richard Horton-Fawkes

What - feet first?

Yes, that is how, thanks to purpose-built stretchers, we carry some of our disabled guests on to Member's boats for an afternoon afloat. But, to make the event a success, we need a dozen strong crew to help on the Club pontoon, and twelve to fourteen owners to bring their boats, sail or power. If you could help us in either of these ways on the afternoons of Monday 18th May and/or Monday 7th September contact Gillian Marris (672612) or Geoff Holmes (670148).

Cruising places

Members who sail the Brittany coast will know L'Aberwrac'h. You can carry on to Paluden, a couple of miles upstream, much more sheltered, and moor two by two to dumbbell buoys, in plenty of water, 40 Fr per night. Take any unoccupied place, according to the Dutch assistant harbour master. Eat at the Relais des Abers, but book in August. No shops nearer than Lannilis, about two miles up-hill south-west or Plouguerneau, three miles and more up-hill to the north-east.

John & Maggie Hines

Brief encounters on VHF

Remember, keep in contact when cruising. Whether you are sailing or moored other Club Members may be close by. Be sociable, call on VHF Channel 72 at 1830 BST every day.

Pottership

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