



Chew Valley Lake Sailing Club

December 2016 newsletter

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Commodore's Blog

As we move swiftly towards the Christmas break don't forget that the winter sailing at the club is superb, if occasionally a little fresh and so try to keep coming down to the club and at the very least enjoy the setting.

The lease negotiations with Bristol Water are progressing well and the draft lease is now with the Solicitors and so we hope to meet the end of month deadline or if not then, shortly after which will give us the security of another 25 years sailing from what is our 50th anniversary year.

There remains much to be done over the coming months in improving facilities and the signing of the lease will be a milestone in prompting the completion of some of the projects that we have in mind such as the external upgrade, the bar improvements and the men's' changing rooms to name a few.

We have been hard at work in planning the 50th anniversary celebrations and there are a number



What's on

26 December	Tap Trophy
1 January	Resolution Trophy
8 January	Frostbite series starts
4 February	BUSA team trials
19 February	Class Race Day
15 March	End of wind-surfing
1 April	Ladies' Lake and cake
2 April	John Jarrett and Commodore's Cups
8 and 9 April	Laser Master Inlands
12 April	Wednesday series practice race
22 and 23 April	RYA training course start
1 May	Ladies' lake and cake
6 May	New members day
7 May	Class Race day
13 and 14 May	Flying Fifteen inlands
20 May	Push the Boat out

of events planned, the details of which will be announced in the coming weeks. We have a new brand for the club to celebrate the anniversary and to carry us into the future which includes a new website, signage, logos and clothing, all to be launched on 1 January 2017 and so keep an eye on things and let us know what you think.

We are developing our membership database and renewals procedures and are likely to adopt an industry standard package in order to streamline the process, improve payment methods and provide a more accurate record; so save an idle moment over the Christmas break to set up your membership record as I hope that we will be sending out instructions in the coming weeks.

I am, as ever grateful to all the members who have given up their time to help us develop these ideas and activities and are keen that the numbers involved continues to grow, so if there is an aspect of the club that you would like to support then please let me know. Have an amazing Christmas, ask Santa for the thermal under layer and come and sail at Chew in some of the best conditions of the year.

Regards

Rob

Robert Mitchell

Commodore

From the VC

I am writing this on December 1st and wondering whether to look back or forward or both... I reflected on much of the year in my report to the AGM in October. Since then we hosted two successful open meetings and Visitors Day and Top Club and in November we had the Annual Celebration Supper and Prize giving. The President's Plaque was awarded this year to Peter Barnes to recognise his continuing hard work as dinghy bo-



sun. All those club boats are checked and maintained by Peter on a rolling programme and if he is informed of a problem he sorts it out as quickly as he can. SO... if you use the club boats and find something missing or broken, please help him and everyone else by reporting it on the sheet on the back of the door of the wooden hut where all the kit is stored. The Fred Smith Endeavour trophy was awarded jointly to Laura Smith and Clare Jefferis and the John Smalley Junior Trophy to Mary Tilling.

With the exception of the hardy and ever enthusiastic Wednesday sailors, there is generally less recreational sailing in the winter. However the racing programme remains popular with some of the best sailing conditions through the late autumn and winter and there is a healthy Topper, Feva and 29er training programme organised by Julian Cooke, Ellie Cumpsty and

Nick Edmonds.

Don't forget the Tap Trophy and Resolution trophy races on Boxing Day and New Year's Day respectively. Always good fun and very sociable, we need volunteers for the race and safety team –

contact Toby Peacock, Sailing Secretary. sailing@chewvalleysailing.org.uk

The sailing calendar for 2017/18 will be available soon. Next year is Chew's 50th. Look out, early in the New Year, for details of some exciting events planned throughout the year.

Do you receive / get to read the weekly (almost) email newsletter. Maybe it is your partner, parent, offspring whose email address we have. Maybe they don't pass the newsletter on to you. If so why not join the mailing list, just send me your name and email address to [vice-](mailto:vice-commodore@chewvalleysailing.org.uk)

[commodore@chewvalleysailing.org.uk](mailto:vice-commodore@chewvalleysailing.org.uk)

Happy sailing and best wishes for a very jolly festive season J

Helen

Solo News

This has been the 60th Anniversary Year of Jack Holt's winning single hander design and if events at Chew are anything to go by the Class continues to go from strength to strength. After hosting both the Winter Championships and our usual Open Meeting earlier in the year our numbers racing have shown a steady increase and I have been delighted to welcome a number of new Solo sailors including Nicholas Glass, Chris Meredith, John Nurser and Dave Oakey to our growing fleet in recent weeks.

With a total of 16 combatants, the racing has been brilliant and with some very close finishes I have been pleased to report the finale of our venerable Autumn Series as follows:

Morning Series

With a fresh Northerly and Keith Harris as our Race Officer the build-up for today's racing was enough to make the coolest shiver with anticipation. The start line was biased to the committee boat end and after a bit of jostling in the approach, I just managed to get inside the long line of entrants including John Nurser, Dave Oakey, Steve Penfold, Tim Morgan and Nigel Appleton.

Tim stayed on Star-board as the rest of the fleet tacked off to Port and it looked as if he had gained advantage by the time he eventually tacked - only to be knocked by a thirty degree header and unceremoniously dumped to the back of the fleet. The lead changed another three times before we reached the first mark all pretty close



together but it was Nigel who made it round in first, quickly followed by Dave, and then Steve and then myself.

With the wind gusting up I thought Nigel would go on to stretch his lead but he misread the course and after going round the first of the leeward marks the wrong way he then inadvertently fouled me and needed to both unwind around the mark and then do a 720 before he was able to resume the challenge. Meanwhile Steve had seen his opportunity and claimed the lead which he was to hang onto until the end. Dave and I had a great ding dong for second but as the wind strengthened to gusting 20 Nigel steamed through on the final beat to take both the runner's up position in the race – and the Morning Series overall. Nigel has a particularly effective technique upwind in a blow: keeping his boat completely flat and playing his main, it often looks as if he is planing. Many congratulations.

Afternoon Series

The day started off with Dave Oakey in first place and Chris Meredith in second however after a brilliant display of racing technique in both the first and the second race, it looked as if Steve Penfold might succeed in winning both the day and the Afternoon Series overall. However, after some detailed maths it turned out that the very top of the winners board was unaffected and we were delighted to see two of our new entrants to the class confirmed in first and second place with Dave the winner and Chris runner up.

Alex Timms
Solo 4336

Flying Fifteen and Scorpion Open

Usually held in May and often with very strong winds this date later in the year provided very light wind for this event. Thanks to Simon Chapman and all the race team and Andy Harris for co-ordination on both days. Here are the reports:

Flying Fifteen Open – from Andy Bones

Ten boats turned out for the FF open last weekend – 8 from CVLSC and 2 visitors from Bewl and Falmouth respectively. Saturday looked very light and tweaky so a quick poll of the participants was carried out and a group decision was taken to call it a day and reduce it to a one- day event.



A good decision as it turned out – the Scorpions clung on and did manage one race in very light airs. We had a very convivial evening meal at Salt & Malt. Sunday presented much better conditions relative to Saturday and three races were sailed back to back in wind that just about held out and kept the kites filling. Doug and Gail showed us the way round in the first one with visitors, Glynn and Robert, showing the locals up in the second one. Ian and Ellie were convincing winners of the final race. Ian and Ellie came out on top as they had a better discard than Doug and Gail with Glynn taking third spot. It was a remarkably warm and pleasant day on the water and, thanks to judicious use of the black flag, we completed our races in good order and neither of the fleets disturbed each other too much. Many thanks to Simon and all the race team for putting on such a good day.

And the **scorpions** came too – from **David Bennett**

Saturday. With a light drizzle and insufficient wind to fly a flag it seemed unlikely any racing would be possible so there was time to fiddle with boats and chat about the merits of a Scorpion with two visitors from Corinthians both looking to buy one and take their families racing. At the briefing Simon tried to be up-beat but the Flying Fifteen fleet remained unconvinced

(needing a force 4 to sail efficiently) so we agreed not to can but postpone until 2.00 PM because as Pete Rose pointed out, many of the Scorpion souls had come from far afield and probably didn't have anywhere else to go. So I foolishly agreed to let my crew go off on the basis of



returning shortly whilst I sat down to one of Rob's fine lunches. The impressively extensive but rather bored CVLSC racing team noticed a light easterly breeze had materialised and it was agreed to start a race for the Scorpions at 2.30. A windward/leeward course with spacer marks at either end was adjusted and yes, watching from the shore, I observed 9 scorpions manage a one lap race before the draft died relieving the race officer of any decision to attempt a further race.

Sunday. Light easterly winds greeted the crews on Sunday with some leaving it a bit late having enjoyed end of season dinners and the fun of Bristol night life but 10 boats in each fleet made it to the start line. To start with the wind was very light and the biggest ripple was caused by quite a large fish that leapt out of the water in front of us. The Flying Fifteens failed to get away cleanly and were subject to a general recall so the Scorpions started first follow-

ing a similar rectangular course as the previous day. The race officer started the naughty flying fifteens under a black flag for the second race whilst the scorpion starts remained hassle free and so 3 races were completed with sufficient wind to sail the course without collapsing kites in improving conditions allowing 3 laps to be sailed in the final race. Well done to the winners Pete Gray and Rachael Rhodes from Staunton Harold and to Simon and the racing team in managing to get 4 races completed under very trying conditions. Despite the lack of wind this year I know the scorpion fleet enjoy the quality venue at CVLSC and I hope we continue to attract Scorpions from both far and near. A special mention for Peter Rose who is retiring to Pembrokeshire but I am sure he will be back next year classed as one from afar.

RS 200 Ugly Tour

The final event in the 2016 RS200 SW Ugly Tour, sponsored by 2ndhanddinghies.com took place at Chew Valley Lake SC on Saturday 22nd October. A very healthy 29 boats arrived at what promised to be an extremely competitive event in each of the Gold, Silver and Bronze fleets, with



potential for lots of place changing in each fleet. There were however two problems upon arrival, the first, was there actually any wind, and the second, if there was actually any wind, where was it, as the thick fog meant it was debatable whether we could actually see the water, let alone wind!

Thankfully rumours of wind sightings on various peoples journeys to Chew, plus a forecast for 8-10mph of wind proved correct, as the fog lifted

and wind began to fill in. Follow-

RS200 SW Ugly Tour at Chew Valley Lake - photo © Primrose Salt

ing bacon sandwiches, tea and a briefing, the fleet headed out into a light but promising breeze. With the first race under way, we had our first glimpse of who had sussed out the conditions, and it was the Parkstone team of Owain Hughes/Ian Mairs who led the fleet around the windward mark, followed by the Bristol Corinthian team of John Teague/Helen Summersgill and the Red Wharf Bay team of Matt Mee/Emma Norris. The rest of the fleet were hot on their heels and keen to make an impact, however it was Mee/Norris who took the initiative, gybing off early into pressure and leading by the first mark, followed by Teague/Summersgill and Hughes/Mairs. These three boats held their positions to the finish, with the fleet behind battling down the final run, with the Bristol Corinthian team of Chris Baker/Emily Forrester leading the charge and having a blistering first race in their first event.

Race 2 saw the breeze build a little, up to the forecasted 8-10mph, and the fleet once again head for the first windward mark. This time it was Teague/Summersgill who lead the way, with Mee/

Norris and the Parkstone team of Edd Whitehead/Claire Walsh hot on their heels. Teague/Summersgill held their lead to the finish, allowing them to witness the oh-so-close final leeward mark gybing battle, between Whitehead/Walsh who led into the mark and Mee/Norris who managed to sneak through to take second place. It



RS200 SW Ugly Tour at Chew Valley Lake - photo © Primrose Salt

was the turn of local Chew sailors James Williams/Vicky Counsell to have their best race of the day in fourth position, with Thornbury sailors John Harvey/Sally Harvey just behind. The third race was to be the decider, with the event between Mee/Norris and Teague/Summersgill, and the overall SW Ugly Tour series with Whitehead/Walsh as well. Some quick totting up of scores and mental arithmetic between boats and nobody was any wiser, basically it was a first over the line scenario. The fleet were rather enthusiastic to get away however, and a general recall with the contenders buried at the committee boat would prove an important event. So the fleet got away second time lucky on a black flag, and once again Mee/Norris had led Teague/Summersgill and Whitehead/Walsh into the windward mark and appeared to pull away. Mee/Norris gybed early and the battle behind saw some attacking sailing from Whitehead/Walsh, as they traded gybes with Teague/Summersgill in a battle to do all they could to overtake. The upshot of this was that they



RS200 SW Ugly Tour at Chew Valley Lake - photo © Primrose Salt

had both reeled in Mee/Norris and approached the leeward mark a couple of boat lengths off their transom, with Teague/Summersgill holding Whitehead/Walsh by a boat length. This was setting itself up for a big battle for the rest of the race, however that recall and black flag start came back to

haunt Mee/Norris who were the first to be pinged at the leeward gate, followed by Whitehead/Walsh, leaving Teague/Summersgill a comfortable lead. It turned out that one of the aforementioned boats had found themselves at the pin end, approaching a little early, and so decided as one should, to bail early and find a new lane. Text book. Unless of course you forget its a black flag and power on and gybe around the pin end... (sorry Edd!). So as the race ran its course, Royal Torbay's Andy Brierley/Larrissa Connabeer showed their favoured light wind pace to push hard and pull away from the fleet to take second place, followed by Chew Valleys John Spelman/Phil Brook and Reuben Woodbridge/Jo Woodbridge having their best races in third and fourth, along with Izzy Savage/Paul Williams from Bristol also putting in their best result and another Chew boat of Tim Houghton/Nick Marindale doing the same.

This left the event win to John Teague/Helen Summersgill from Bristol Corinthian, winning from Matt Mee/Emma Norris from Red Wharf bay on equal points. Third place went to the fast finishing team of Andy Brierley/Larrissa Connabeer from Royal Torbay. Silver fleet was won by a single point by Owain Hughes/Ian Mairs from Parkstone in 5th place, with John Spelman/Phil Brooks taking second place silver in 6th. The bronze fleet was won by Chris Baker/Emily Forrester from Bristol Corinthian in a fantastic 7th place at their first event, with Chew sailors James Williams/Vicky Counsell taking second bronze in 11th. The event had been exceptionally close throughout the fleet, shown especially by 5th to 11th place being separated by only 3 points!

But what impact did the day have on the overall SW Ugly Tour sponsored? The headlines



RS200 SW Ugly Tour at Chew Valley Lake - photo © Primrose Salt

are that Pete and Flea Haddrell from Burghfield put together a consistent counting series to take the Bronze fleet in 12th place overall from Victoria Upton/Jess Harding from Exe in 14th place. The Silver fleet was won by Hannah Smith and Nick Smith from Thornbury in

8th place, from their club rivals John and Sally Harvey in 10th place. The Gold fleet really did go down to the last race of the last event, with the top three all finishing on 5 points, the closest ever finish in the series, calling it a draw was suggested, but after some consulting of the rules, Matt Mee/Emma Norris from Red Wharf Bay/Burghfield took third place, Edd Whitehead/Claire Walsh/Kate Allam took second and John Teague/Helen Summersgill/Naomi Pound/Kerry Pinker took the title. Next years season already looks exciting, with battles and rivalries to continue, will you join us?

RS Aeros

On the back of successful UK Inland Championship and River Championship the weekend's prior, Chew was planned as a small open supporting the growing local fleet. However through the mist that shrouded the lake on our arrival it soon became apparent that, together with the RS200s with whom we were sharing, there were a significant number of RS Aeros pitching up from both local-



RS Aeros at Chew Valley Lake - photo © Primrose Salt

ly and further afield. Ultimately as the mist cleared, just in time for race one, 28 RS Aeros in total were rigged. Quite a few new faces had come out to play, plus several brand new boats including a couple busily roping up their new Aeros just in time to race!

Once the mist had gone and a nice light breeze had settled, sunshine showed Chew's scenic surrounds off to their best. It was almost so pleasant as to be a distraction from focusing on the racing!

Congratulations to John Warburton of host club Chew in winning the RS Aero 7s on his maiden voyage on 2147. Another new entry to the fleet, having chartered at our UK Nationals, was Chris Jones of Sutton Bingham who took 2nd ahead of Chew's home Aeros Mike Riley 3rd and Cathy Bartram 4th, split by tie break.

Top Youth, Andrew Frost of Sutton Bingham, won the RS Aero 5s in convincing style in his first open. Marion Lowe of Bradford-on-Avon won the tie break for 2nd from Hilary Ross of Chew. Alice Lucy of Rutland came in 4th at her first event, just a point off 2nd.

With the lightish breeze the large sailed RS Aero 9 fleet had swollen to 15 entries. Team Rolfe of Burghfield had their usual showdown and this time experience prevailed over youth with Nigel taking 3rd from Ben in 4th. Greg Bartlett had stolen his dad's RS Aero from Starcross to join the fleet and push hard in each race, reaping the rewards of his persistence in Race 3 to take the win on the final reaches. Peter Barton from Lymington took the win in the 9s after eking out leads in the first two races.



RS Aeros at Chew Valley Lake - photo © Primrose Salt

Thanks to Cathy Bartram for coordinating and Chew Valley LSC for hosting a great event for us with lots of sunshine and just enough breeze - and to the RS200 class for letting us share their event. Also thanks to Primrose Salt for her great pictures, a selection can be found at www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=oa.1005308102949108&type=3

Junior and Youth double handers

It's been a busy summer and autumn for the club's junior and youth sailors in both the Fevas and 29ers.

29ers

Two boats from the club attended the 29er World Championships in Medemblik, Netherlands in July. A total fleet of 228 boats represented just under 10% of all 29ers manufactured to date. An incredible accomplishment by the 29er class association. Michael Dennis and Louis Gibbs finished 56th in Emerald fleet, and Cristian Edmonds and Milo Gordon finished 40th also in Emerald.

The 29er National Championships were held at Royal Torbay YC with 76 boats and an impressive 18 race series across 2 flights over the week. Louis Gibbs teamed up in a new partnership with helm Ryan Bush from BCYC, and together finished a very creditable 4th in Silver fleet, including a 1st place finish in R3. Caitlin Webster who has recently joined the club, sailing with Emma Barnett, finished 20th in Silver fleet also with a hard earned bullet in R7.

The 29er Class run a national Grand Prix circuit that starts each year in September to coincide



with sailors moving into the 29er class from their junior classes. This year Alice Edmonds (ex-Feva) and Ben Sykes (ex-Topper), and Caitlin Webster (ex-Feva) and Louis Wright (ex-Feva from HISC) have teamed up in the 29ers and have joined the club regulars on the GP circuit. Most of the five events to date have been on the windy side, but with a good showing from the club boats.

Caitlin Webster, sailing with Louis Wright (HISC) – 21st at Poole GP

Alice Edmonds & Ben Sykes – Ranked 39th in the series, best result of a 36th at Poole GP

Ryan Bush (BCYC) & Louis Gibbs – Ranked 13th in the series, best result of a 9th at Poole GP

Jude & Eric McFarlane-Bond – 25th at Poole GP, 48th at Weymouth GP

Rory Dinwoodie & Sam Quick – 49th at Weymouth GP

29er sailing at the club has been ticking over, but has been impacted by a number of the regular sailors now in their final year of A levels; and the new group of sailors attending various coaching weekends around the country. However things are set to change, with 29er coaching days at Chew in December and the New Year, and a 29er Sprint event at the end of January. The Sprint event is a new event both for the club and the 29er Class



Association. The idea is to have a less formal, easy to run race series through the winter months. Boats will be limited to twelve (including visitors), black flag 3-2-1 starts from the club Dory on a short windward-leeward course, 2 laps, and a target race time of 12-14 minutes. With a plan to complete 7-10 races over the day, the winner goes through to a national final held in March.

RS Fevas

The RS Fevas travelled to Santander, Spain for their 2016 World Championships. Three boats from Chew made the journey to compete in the 155 boat fleet. There was the regular Alice/Issy pairing, Quinn trying out the Feva instead of his usual Optimist, supported by super (large) crew Dad, and new member Caitlin, moving from crewing to helming, and sailing with younger sister Amelia.



The wind was generally light and sea state choppy/sloppy. Heavier crews were challenged and the eventual podium was full of smaller crews. Alice & Issy had a frustrating week, leading the all-girls completion for the majority of the time, only to lose it on the last race of the championship with a BFD. Quinn and Nick had a mixed week, qualified in silver fleet and ended the week on a high by winning the final silver fleet race. Caitlin and Amelia had a similar week to Alice & Issy and were inside the Top 10 of the Silver fleet until a BFD in the last race pushed them down the results. Overall, a great part of Spain to visit along with some fine weather for the event.

Final Results from the RS Feva World Championships in Santander, Spain

Alice Edmonds & Issy Spurwary – 36th in Gold

Quinn & Nick Edmonds – 10th in Silver

Caitlin & Amelia Webster – 22nd in Silver

Following on from the World Championships, Issy has teamed up with Flo Peters from HISC as Alice has moved on to the 29er. Caitlin has continued to sail with her sister Amelia in the Feva, as well as helming a 29er. Ted Lane and Alfie Sheahan have

also started to travel to some of the RS Feva Grand Prix events. Issy and Flo finished 7th at the Exe SC Grand Prix event, and Caitlin & Amelia finished 14th at the same event. Ted and Alfie finished a very creditable 40th in their first ever major event. All the boats did well enough in their qualifying events to receive invitations to the RS Feva Winter training squads.

Back at the club there have been a number of training events. This year for the first time as part of August Antics we ran a race group with a day's coaching in single handers, another coaching day in Fevas and a final regatta day. It was a good mix of learning, racing and fun. Over the autumn and winter there is a schedule of 5 Feva race coaching days. We have been lucky enough to have Bex Partridge (Welsh National Feva Coach) and Phil Sparks (RYA Zone Coach and past 420 ISAF Youth World Champion) as visiting coaches. The first weekend in October nine boats took part ranging from squad sailors to those just learning to sail and race the Feva. Contact Nick Edmonds if you'd like to register for the remaining sessions – all are welcome.

Winter Training Squads

A number of the club's junior sailors were successful in receiving invitations to either RYA or Class Association winter training squads. Selection to the squad is a significant step for all the sailors, no matter where they are on their own sailing pathway.

Quinn Edmonds (RYA South-West Optimist Zone Squad)

Finlay Oliver (RYA South-West Optimist Zone Squad)

Noah Sheriff (RYA South-West Topper Zone Squad)

Giles Griffith (RYA South-West Topper Zone Squad)

Issy Spurway (RS Feva Class National Squad)

Caitlin & Amelia Webster (RS Feva Class National Squad)

Edward Lane and Alfie Sheahan (RYA South & South-West Feva Zone Squad)

Frances Fox (RYA Laser 4.7 National Squad)

Congratulations to them all.

And finally, well done to Mary Tilling who received the club's John Smalley Endeavour Prize for the most promising junior sailor. Mary has spent a number of years training and racing in Toppers and it was great to see her win both the Chew Topper Open and the Anniversary Cup in her Topper against some serious club competition.



CVLSC's own Peter Sherwin and Steve Smith joined 160 other competitors in Hvar, Croatia for the Laser Masters European Championships 2016.

Steve Smith recalls a few brief highlights from the trip.

An awkward, but rather funny, start! Our travel out started at 4am and turned into a 20 hour ordeal; full of delays and subsequently missed connections for flights and ferries. Upon arrival at the hotel at 11pm we were told by the night porter that we were not booked in to the hotel. Amusingly, we were, some time later, let into the wrong hotel room by the said fretful night porter; a room that was already occupied by a different guest!

The arrival of multi-stacker Laser trailers (see photo), particularly the Spanish contingent who transported 34 boats!

Getting through measurement and inspection! Yes! My funky and effective out-haul elastic system, courtesy of the kiwis at the Masters Worlds in Kingston (and showcased at the Chew training day!), got through without any issue. Made absolutely no difference in the breezes of Hvar; but could make all the difference on a Wednesday Chew drifter!

Superb sailing on perfect race courses! All 10 of the scheduled races sailed, on schedule, in wonderful sailing conditions in Croatia; ~20°C, sunshine and wind. What an event!

Experience and cunning counts! 8 Grand Masters in the top 11 of the Standard fleet! 78 year old Peter Seidenberg trouncing me in three out of the four first races in the Radial fleet! Mind you, he has got 32 masters' world championships and 12 masters'



2016 European Laser Master, Hvar, Croatia

Steve Smith Photography ©

world titles to his name...

Brilliant performances from the top British Sailors! Overall Laser Radial podium was entirely British. 6 Brits in the top 7 overall, Gold in all four of the age categories represented, silver in addition in two of them.

Being inspired by wonderful sailors from around Europe and the world! Finding myself in a ridiculous situation where the above mentioned Peter Seidenberg, true inspiration and legend, informed me that I was

his 'new sailing inspiration' at breakfast following my sailing performance on the previous (final) day. What a legend! I tried to tell him that the shifty and gusty conditions of that particular day were just like sailing on Chew Valley Lake; but I'm not sure that it really registered with him!

Peter Sherwin finishing 22nd overall Standard from 74 Standards. 14th Grand Master in a very competitive category. Best individual results include an 8th in R6 and a stunning 4th in the practice race.

Steve Smith finishing 3rd overall Radial from 88 Radials. 2nd (silver) Apprentice Master, with two professional sailors either side of him! Best re-

sults include two race wins on the final day and another in the practice race (Pete and I like to count the practise race if we sail well!).



EurILCA 2016 European Laser Master, Hvar, Croatia



EurILCA 2016 European Laser Master, Hvar, Croatia

Want to get involved?

If you are 33 or over, like an adventure, and enjoy meeting like-minded sailors from around the world then international masters sailing is probably for you! The Laser offers the best fleet racing circuit globally and is a simple boat to transport.

More locally, the UK masters circuit is thriving. Whilst the Laser is easy to sail, it is also challenging to sail well; offering

huge learning pathways and rewarding experience. With one design racing everyone is effectively racing the same boat; older boats can be just as fast as newer ones! If you are interested then there is a wealth of experience available to help to make this a reality for you. Please do feel free to get in contact with me, Peter Sherwin or the fleet captain Laura Smith.

Don't forget! Chew will be hosting the UK Laser Masters Inland Championships on 8th / 9th April 2017!

Wayfarers at Falmouth

On a busy Saturday twelve Wayfarer sailors towing four boats made the 165 mile journey down to Falmouth for their annual summer cruise. John Lethridge (Lefty), who sailed with Colin Shepherd to the Scillies last year, joined us with his own Mark 4.

Normally all boats are equipped with anchors, oars, paddles and most have an outboard engine. We do embark on some quite long day trips so safety is paramount throughout. On the first day the boats are rigged at the Falmouth "Park and Float" and motor



down to the floating pontoon belonging to our hosts the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club where they are moored for the week. Each morning there is a conference between the skippers/owners as to the destination for the day. This is dependent upon the weather and tide conditions. It is customary for the owner to stay with his boat with the rest of us, the crew, changing boats daily. Usually we sail with a total of three up changing duties round at regular intervals.

For the first four days this year we were confronted with wind of force 4 to 5 (16 to 24mph) and on Sunday morning it was a case of double reefs and no foresail and staying in the inner harbour, (the afternoon being spent supporting Andy Murray at Wim-





Me and my other boat

bledon!)).

It would be easy to detail each successive day however with a predominately North West wind and neap tides we were able to sail to many of our favourite locations. Notable journeys were the trips to the Pandora Inn, a beautiful thatched waterside inn at Restronguet at the top of the Carrick Roads with a pontoon where we moored up for lunch, Coverack (beyond the Manacles) by a brave few, St Anthony in Meneage beyond the Helford River, a lovely sheltered village with a beautiful small church almost at the waters edge and Pendower Beach on the far side of Gerrans Bay from Portscatho.

The neap tides meant that each day we had to combat the ebb tide flowing down the Carrick Roads and the somewhat daunting beat up the Penryn River through the crowded anchorage to the pontoon adjacent to the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club.

On the last day three boats ventured out into the Carrick Roads and slowly drifted out to sea against an incoming tide and a fickle wind knowing that the same flow would bring us back in again. As we cleared Pendennis Point the true wind having backed to a westerly hit us and we enjoyed a glorious beat in a force 4 up Falmouth Bay half way to the Helford River before turning and running back into St Mawes, on the opposite side of the Carrick Roads to Falmouth, for a well earned last Cornish Pasty for lunch before our last journey up the Penryn River, stopping at the pontoon to derig and start the outboards to motor up to the Park and Float to get the boats out and pack up ready for the journey back on Saturday.

Mention must be made of Colin Shepherd, Lefty and John Angus sailing to Mevagissey and back a distance of some 40 miles. They came back exhausted but triumphant with sticks of Mevagissey Rock as proof! Their GPS had their boat speed showing 12.7 knots at one point this must be near the maximum speed for a 16.0 foot dinghy.

The camaraderie among the group was exceptional and our faith in the versatility

and seagoing abilities of the Wayfarer was enhanced.

This narrative would not be complete without a huge vote of thanks to our hosts the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club who welcome us back year after year. This year for various reasons was something extra special. The food was up to Cordon Bleu standards. The friendliness of the staff, officials and staff was such that we all felt that we were permanent members of the club and not just visitors.

JOHN BELCHER (W5777)

Wayfarers to Dunkirk

“There was an Englishman, a Welshman, and a Scotsman!” So the story goes, and in this case the story was true as we set off late that Friday afternoon with Jokanda, our Wayfarer Mk2, swaying gently behind us. The cross channel trip, organised by the Wayfarer Association in conjunction with the Dover Water sports Centre, was timed to coincide with the “Little Ships” pilgrimage to Dunkirk on Saturday, to be ready for the service of remembrance the following day.

The Englishman John Reid, the Welshman, myself, (David Williams) and the Scotsman, Euan Page, together



with assorted camping gear, changes of clothing, Thermos flasks, sailing gear, compasses, charts (the list seemed endless) not forgetting the trailing Wayfarer drove up the M4 to the M25 and finally onto the M20 on the first stage of our voyage. For all three of us this was a special trip. For John it was a chance to visit the beaches where his father fought 50 years earlier. For me it was to be the longest trip Jokanda had taken, 38 sea miles compared with 22 last year. For Euan it would be his first cross-channel trip in a Wayfarer. The weather forecast that evening was a bit iffy with a low moving away to the north-east, leaving a strong northerly airflow in the channel that night. It seemed that we would probably be in for a rough ride in the morning. At Dover we headed for our rendezvous, the Royal Cinque Ports yacht club, where we found the rest of the party waiting for the Association organiser to give a pre-briefing for the morning. Then it was time to secure Jokanda for the night and find ourselves accommodation and food, in that order.

The next morning dawned bright and breezy with the French coast showing clearly on

the horizon to the south-east. After a good breakfast at a local café we got Jokanda ready for sea with various comments from local bystanders about the ability of our craft to float, let alone reach the coast of France, with the amount of gear packed inside! Launching was diffi-



cult since the slip seemed about a hundred yards long, inclined at an angle of about 30°, and made of lumps of granite. Nevertheless Jokanda was launched and to our relief floated reasonably high in the water.

The wait in the harbour while the rest of the party launched and gathered gave us an opportunity to sort ourselves out and pack away those odd bits of gear that seemed likely to get in the way once we were outside the harbour wall.

At last, after what seemed like an interminable wait, the signal that the West entrance was clear was given by the harbourmaster and we all charged out. Euan was delighted to recognise a couple of Wanderers among the Wayfarers and began talking about taking his own boat next time.

Once through the entrance we turned on the course of 110° magnetic which proved to be a close reach, the wind was a steady force 4 and the sea moderate. Jokanda was heavily laden with the space under the seats filled with the tent and poles wrapped in plastic bags to keep them dry, so she took some spray inboard and we opened the self bailer.

Nevertheless we made good progress and took turns at the helm which allowed each of us to have a rest. After about two and a half hours it became clear that the wind was increasing and soon it was blowing a good force five,



perhaps more. With our full main set, as well as the Genoa, we began to get uncomfortable, so the decision was made to put in a reef. Although we had practised on Chew Valley Lake, our home base, here the conditions were very different. To begin with, we were in the middle of the channel with a (by now) more than moderate sea running.

Wave height I guessed to be four and five feet and rising.

There was no point in putting it off, John went to the main halyard, I took the reefing strop, Euan was helm. We backed the Genoa, and put the helm down and held it. Jokanda came up just off the wind and stayed there. The boom was hauled in, the main dropped to the halyard mark, the kicker removed, the reefing strop put on, a pleat put in the clew, the sail rolled and hoisted again, the kicker secured and hauled in and the job was done. I guess it took us no more than three or four minutes, and all the time Jokanda lay hove-to as steady as if at anchor.

Away we went again, this time steadier and with much less effort, while the rest of the fleet made a grand sight, with every boat close hauled and all around us, as we made for Dunkirk roads.

Broad on the port beam we saw the tall mast and brown sail



of a Thames barge heading on a parallel course to us, revelling in the fresh breeze. We were able to keep to the windward of the fleet and were really enjoying the sailing. Jokanda was doing about six knots or more and the sea was making changing helm adventurous. I suppose we should have changed the Genoa for the jib but we were going so well. There was now quite a bit of spray blowing from the waves as we approached the shallower water, and then, through the mist about a mile away we saw the dim red tower of the Dunkirk Lanby buoy marking the entrance to Dunkirk roads. The rest of the fleet seemed a long way behind us, with the rescue boats fussing about one of the larger craft in the fleet and one detached itself and headed towards us, it was the fleet commander. "Head for Calais" he shouted. We argued! Here we were almost within sight of Dunkirk itself and being told to divert! To the south we could see the towers marking the entrance to Calais harbour. A boat had broken a rudder pintle and had to be taken in tow. The entire fleet was made to turn towards Calais. Reluctantly we turned away. From being close hauled we were now on a dead run. The waves picked us up and we surfed down their faces into the backs of the wave ahead. For the first time Jokanda buried her bow and green water poured over the splash guard into the cockpit. The three of us were on our toes keeping the boat balanced so that it was as well the self-bailer was already open and, going the speed she was, in no time at all the bottom was dry again.

Behind us we saw a dinghy capsize, but in seconds two rescue boats were alongside and we soon saw it upright again. "We're not going fast enough!" Said the mad Scott, so we shook out the reef and, riding the waves, raced over the sandbanks off Calais with water boiling around us, full of brown sand and bits of weed, into the shelter of the harbour wall. This meant crossing the entrance so we were keeping a good lookout for signs of ferry movement as we approached. Fortunately nothing stirred and 10 minutes later we anchored half a mile off the beach waiting for a tow. So ended our crossing. We were in France, but Calais not Dunkirk, and tomorrow was the anniversary celebration.



Shipping is not allowed under sail in Calais harbour, so we all formed lines of three or four boats with a safety boat towing. Inside half an hour we were secured in Basin Oest, along with a mass of other craft also come over for the celebration which was to take place on the Sunday. From where we

were moored, to the camp site, was only about 500 yards, even so carrying all our luggage and equipment was hard work. However the tent was soon up and we changed and after a wash set off into town for a meal. This was reasonably easy because both John and I knew our way around and in no time we three were seated in the Coq D'or eating a hearty meal. The plan was to have an early night and set off for Dunkirk with the rest. However, the organisers decided that it was each man for himself and so we decided to catch a bus or train. We were up by 6 AM next day and set off for the bus and train station. On the way we met up with another crew with the same idea and



the gang of us tumbled down the road to the station. When we arrived it was only to find that there were no trains or buses to Dunkirk that day! What were we to do? We held a quick meeting outside the station.

While we were talking someone noticed a taxi with the driver asleep parked up a side street. We all rushed over to him. He woke with a start, "No he can't take more than four." (there were six of us). We argued and eventually



he gave in. So we set off. If we saw any police two of us were to crouch down behind the front seats, out of sight.

The taxi driver dropped us at the coach park on the outskirts of Dunkirk, so we paid him and set off for the front. The streets were crowded and in the distance we could hear the noise of drums and pipes, as well as other military bands, all playing at once. As we got closer to the main streets we found ourselves pushing through crowds of excited people, some of whom caught us by the hand and shook our hands, clapped us on the shoulders and spoke rapid French, which we couldn't understand. Then we saw the flags and marching columns of British servicemen parading through the town.

Eventually we arrived on the front, a wide Esplanade with restaurants and tables filled with people enjoying the sunshine and with large glasses of amber liquid in front of them. We hurried to find a table and do the same. No sooner had we sat down when a waiter appeared carrying three large foaming glasses and placed them on our table. We looked at



him with amazement. "How much?" We asked. He shook his head and pointed to a table a few yards away with six or seven young people seated at it, all looking at us and smiling. We were delighted and thanked them as much as we could in broken French. We didn't have to pay for anything that day.

At the west end of the Esplanade was the Dunkirk Memorial. This impressive monument, surrounded by all the flags of the nations, was where John was aiming for. At the time we were sitting enjoying our free drinks a service was taking place at the Memorial, so John quickly finished his drink and set off to join it, while Euan and I sat at our table watching the crowds and waiting for the main ceremony which was to take place that afternoon just offshore.



Eventually we saw the line of vessels coming out of the harbour and forming a large circle on the horizon. We knew that the climax of the ceremony was the dropping of a wreath by one of the few remaining Hurricanes. The ser-

vice was being broadcast and many people had portable radios so we were able to hear the service taking place. It was a very windy day and many of the vessels had difficulty in maintaining station.

Consequently there was a rough sea and Euan and I were both glad we were not with them. Suddenly from the north-east we heard the sound of an approaching aeroplane, it was the Hurricane which flew about 200 feet over the centre of the circle of ships. It was too far away for us to see the wreath actually fall but the commentator on the radios described it for us.

All this time John was missing and it was not until quite late in the afternoon we met up again. He had been talking to bystanders and officials at the ceremony at the Memorial. He, like us, was going to make his way to the harbour entrance to see the return of the ships. Many of them were the original "Little Ships" and we took some photographs of the occasion. Among the shipping was our mother ship, the 40 foot cruiser that had accompanied us across from Dover. Euan was all for hitching a lift back to Calais on the cruiser, but there was no room for him. Just as well, because the cruiser did not return until the early hours of the following morning having had to motor the whole way. We were very fortunate in being able to find a taxi willing to take us back to Calais where a shower and a meal were at the top of our agenda.

Next morning we packed our tents and loaded up Jokanda for the trip back to Dover. But we weren't the only ones leaving Calais. The whole outer harbour was a mass of small shipping, all trying to make for the entrance. We were told to wait for the outer

harbour to clear before we set off in our lines of three or four Wayfarers under tow, out through the entrance. Once outside we gathered and waited for the mothership to lead us to C4. From there we were to set course for Dover. It was important that we all crossed the shipping lanes together, so we were kept waiting for the slower boats to catch up once we were ready to cross. However once across the shipping lanes it became a race to see who would reach Dover first.

The crossing was uneventful apart from the delay, on our arrival, for ferries leaving the entrance to Dover Harbour.

Once inside the harbour we were greeted by volunteers who helped us manhandle our Wayfarer up the slip to the roadside where we de-rigged and prepared the boat for the trip home.

After a visit to loos and showers, finally we were on our way.

We arrived in Bristol and home at 23:30 hrs.

The end of a trip never to be forgotten.

David Williams. No.95

Letters to my mother

Long time member and CLADS stalwart Chris Face is unfortunately laid up at the moment having recently had a replacement replacement hip operation (yes, it's his second one...). It has given him time to look through a few old papers and he's discovered some 80 to 90 letters he wrote to his mother between 1949 and 1953 when he was in the RAF and stationed at Seletar Flying Boat Squadron Singapore. He clearly enjoyed sailing, even then, and we thought you might enjoy reading a couple of them.

Dear Mum & Dad,

I have bought a new camera, a lot more modern than the box camera that you use.

It's been a wonderful month for fine weather, and I have made the most of it sailing King Crab. (King Crab was a damaged 10 ft boat that I had repaired, and turned into a sailing dinghy. It had had, a short tripod, with a built in light, and was used in a trot of two lines of other boats, to make a lighted runway, to land Sunderland Flying Boats, at night).

I have ventured further, than I thought I possibly could, in a ten foot boat. On the day that a friend and I sailed, it was extraordinarily breezy and the sun shone brightly, causing the tropical sea to sparkle, in such a way, as to stir the uttermost depths of ones soul.

We spent that day on Ubin Island, (in the Johore Straits of Malaysia), swimming and diving, and exploring the Island. We took some wonderful photographs (one of which I had enlarged and have in my album to this day).



King Crab on Ubin Island

The Sunday after, I went out in King Crab, again with the same pal. We set off for Ubin, little dreaming, how far we would get that afternoon. We carried right on past Changi Boom and into the open sea, turned and came back, after being tossed about, like a small cork, in the oceans waves. In a small 10 ft sailing dinghy, you cannot help but feel the enormous power of the deep waves.

We sailed approximately 24 miles and was on the water from 10-30am till six in the afternoon, (baring landing on a small island and having dinner), which is quite a long time in small boat. At one point, a Vampire pilot (who I know quite well, as I fly a lot with him, in a Harvard), flew over us wagging his wings, trying to warn us that we were heading into danger. That was when we tacked around and headed back to Base.

On August Bank holiday, week end: Seletar Sailing Club, (in agreement with the Sembawan Naval Base, Changi and Singapore Yacht club) decided to hold a Round the Island Race. A distance, of about, eighty miles.

Three Airbornes (Airborne Life Boats that were dropped by aircraft into the sea, to aid downed airmen who had to ditch their aircraft into the water, which we turned into sailing dinghies. They required a crew of five to handle. I skippered one once. Phew! Not to be forgotten). Plus two snipes, all from our Club, one of which I was crewing in. Unfortunately, her skipper let me down at the last moment.

I tried to get on one, an Airborne, but was too late, except for one, Athenie, another Airborne, but

for some reason, I turned down the offer. I am glad I did.

Saturday morning, they started off early. The wind was dead against them, all the way up the Johore Straits. It took them four hours to get to Changi. They were trying to make Singapore on the first day, but the swell was so great, and the wind so slack, they could scarcely make headway. Athenie was eventually taken pity on by a



minesweeper, which started giving them a tow into An 'Airborne'

Singapore. This was now six pm.

The minesweeper began by towing too fast, and Athenie turned over. In trying to right her, the mast snapped, (the mast was thirty feet tall). The hull flooded, and she was sinking rapidly.

Luckily, the lads were wearing lifejackets, but they managed to keep the boat afloat, until they were eventually towed into Singapore Harbour, at twelve o'clock at night.

Imogene, another Airborne, got caught in a storm. The waves were so high, that in the trough of one, she buried her nose, in the next oncoming wave she appeared bottom up. She was carrying full sail, which made it all the more dangerous when you turn over. The crew can so easily get trapped. She was eventually towed into Changi Yacht club.

Fulmar, the third Airborne, ran into a fish trap, and knocked a large hole in her bow.

She too, limped into Singapore, before she sank. So all in all, a happy time was had by all. I don't think.

As for me, I had a very quiet weekend, sailing and swimming. At first, I felt cheated off for it being too quiet, but when I heard about the terrible time that the Airbornes had, I thanked my lucky stars, that I hadn't gone with them.

The young Chris Face clearly enjoyed scaring his mother and didn't hold back in his letters home. Here's another one in which he casually mentions lucky escapes from sharks and barracudas.....

*Dear Mum and Dad,
I have a friend, who is
stationed at Hong Kong,
Japan and Seletar RAF
Stations, with the Sun-
derland Flying Boats.*

*Everybody swears he is
my twin, and we are
alike in many other
ways. We both enjoy
swimming, acrobatics,
gymnastics and diving.
So we make quite a
splash when we go to
the pool. Diving off the*

*16 foot board, and doing somersaults off the lower board, and generally mucking about. We own
different dinghies, so we have great fun, racing against each other.*

*We often go out, on an all day cruise of exploration to some of the islands, off the coast of Malaya.
We take a picnic, begged from the cookhouse, and have a feast on one of them. Sometimes, when
the wind gets up to gale force, we deliberately go out, just for the hell of it. We have to hike out a
long way, to keep the boat upright, and prevent a capsize. My hands are often blistered, from
hauling in the jib sheet. My word don't we enjoy it. Which brings me to the most exciting week-
end; I have ever had in my life.*



*It all started with the idea,
the Club had, of entering a
number of boats, for the
Royal Singapore Yacht
Clubs Regatta.*

*There were 9 snipes in the
Club, I crew in one of them,
and Dave helms another.
They had to be taken half
way round Singapore Island,
a distance, of 30 miles, and
taking eight hours, in which
to do it.
It was decided, that we*

could try towing all 9 boats, one behind the other.

We started off on Saturday morning at 9 a.m. All went well for the first two hours, but then a swell began to rise, and got rather big. I was the last helm in line, with one person helming in each boat. I was attached to the boat in front by a rope, tied round the mast, and then through a bow cleat to the boat in front. I believe, but I cannot be sure, a Destroyer happened to be passing, adding to the swell. This was enough, coupled with the fact, that I was retying the rope to the mast, to spring the rope out of the bow cleat, and place the pulling power, instead of from the bow cleat, to the mast. My boat immediately turned sideways and capsized.

You can guess what happened. With the speed of the tow, the boat turned over on top of me jamming me inside the cockpit. There I was, under water, with the boat on top of me, pinned against the mast, and the towing rope with the tow still moving.

It wasn't long, before the towing boat, realised what had happened, and stopped the tow. It was not before time. There were some large undefined shapes gathering beneath me. It is not unknown to meet with shark, barracuda, giant sting ray and a lot of other nasties, in those waters. (don't panic Mr Mannering....)

I forced my way to the surface, and surveyed the wreckage. I was in no immediate danger (except for the aforementioned) and waited patiently for help to arrive.

The towing pinnace turned up, and soon sorted me out, though my knots were a problem to untie and redo.

We set out once again, and after five gruelling hours, of struggling with the tillers, due to the swell, we finally arrived at the Singapore Yacht Club. We beached the boats, until we came down the following day, by road this time, for the Regatta.



What an exciting day that was. Hundreds, of gaily decorated boats, weaving in and out of warships, merchant vessels, and other craft, where we were to race.

Our race came up, a six mile strenuous race, packed with thrills, and we got off to a good start. What a sight!

There were boats all around us, everyone straining to reach the finish. We finally finished 14th out of a total of sixty boats. That wasn't too bad considering the opposition.

Clubs from all of the Islands were participating. Sumatra, Malaya, Bali, Indonesia. Yes! They were all there. In the afternoon, a strong wind sprang up, which wrecked any further chances we might have had, as a shroud snapped, and the mast went over the side. We were left drifting helplessly, in mid ocean. A warship, however, saw our plight, and sent out a picket boat, to tow us into shore.

Well! That was a smashing end to a dramatic weekend. I wouldn't have missed it for anything.



Pilgrim of Brixham and the Rona Trust

As well as pottering about at Chew, I have over the years done some yacht chartering, and I became a dinghy instructor a few years back. But with waning interest from two grown-ups in family sailing trips I thought I'd look and see what other opportunities I could find for sailing - and doing something useful. So here's a brief account of what

I've been doing as a volunteer crew member on two hugely different boats: Originally I'm from Devon and still visit regularly. So in a way it's fitting that I've become involved with *Pilgrim*, a 100 year old Brixham sailing trawler which runs trips for paying guests as far afield as



the Scillies and northern France. I was scheduled to go to the Channel Islands, but that trip was cancelled – so my contribution this year was (along with my partner Clare) to help on trips from Brixham to the Dartmouth regatta to see the fireworks and watch the fly-past by the Red Arrows (much curtailed since the Shoreham crash).

Pilgrim is a beautiful gaff rigged boat weighing 100 tons or so, with huge traditional red sails, all hoisted manually with the willing help of the crew. Originally Brixham trawlers were worked by two men and a boy, and it defies imagination to think how they could work such a big boat with so few crew. Even with half a dozen of us hoisting the huge



sails it is hard work - but very enjoyable. Once underway with a full set of sails – main, main top, mizzen and mizzen top, plus a jib, stay sail and flying jib – *Pilgrim* is majestic, not fast but very stable and of course attracts much attention from other boats and tourists alike. All eyes are

on the lookout for dolphins and it is a real treat when they surface nearby and race along next to us. And in Dartmouth we got the best view of the fireworks from the town jetty where we were joined by CVLSC members Sian and Muir who were in Dartmouth for the regatta.



By way of complete contrast I've sailed twice as a volunteer with the Rona Sailing Trust which is a sail training organisation taking young people on voyages of a week. As a new volunteer my first trip was as a "super-numerary" – a sort of assessment to see if they liked me.

I was on the 1979 built 75ft ketch *Donald Searle* with a crew of 15 teenagers, and 6 adult volunteers (skipper, mate, 2 watch officers, and 2 watch leaders, plus me). I was asked to muck in with the teenagers as part of one of two watch teams – quite literally to learn the ropes as I went along. These trips are real voyages, with overnight passages, and a four hour on, four hours off watch system. Our first night, anchored off Hurst Point in the Solent involved being on anchor watch from 2am, then weighing anchor and leaving for the Channel Islands at 3am. We visited Alderney, Guernsey, Sark and Cherbourg before heading back to Portsmouth and East Cowes. The teenagers were a mixture of novice sailors and some with previous experience – our job as crew is to guide, encourage, teach, and develop team work. The hands-on experience gives everyone a chance to helm which is quite something – *Donald Searle* can reach 12 knots and at 75ft is a thrilling boat to be in charge of. Through



the watch-system, night time sailing and early morning departures and arrivals, as well as working together in the galley, the Rona Sailing Trust gives the teenage crew a great experience through team building, and they can complete their Competent Crew during the week. I've since been invited to become a Watch Officer, and I've done a second trip this autumn. I'm looking forward to the 2017 season. (All Rona

crews are volunteers – if you are interested I can talk to you about it, but I think you need at least Day Skipper to become a Watch Officer).

<http://www.ronasailingproject.org.uk/>

And just to give you another contrast - some members at Chew have asked me what happened to the old Wanderer we had at the lake: well for the last few years it has been at Dittisham Sailing Club on the Dart and we try to go down now and again as the Dart is really a fantastic cruising ground – one of the trips that has become a highlight is to go upstream towards Totnes and camp at Ashprington Point – opposite Duncannon where coincidentally Ian Proctor, the designer of the Wayfarer and Wanderer, once lived.

This year's effort was somewhat dramatic. It was rather windy, so we set off with a reefed main, but as we rounded the rounded point to head upstream we could see that the wind coming downstream, funneled by the valley slopes, was rather stronger than anticipated, and the river was very turbulent. Nothing the Wanderer can't cope with I thought – but half way across the reach we almost lost the boat with water pouring over the starboard gunwale and swamping us completely. By letting fly the sheets I managed to avoid a capsize – just as well as a full boat with outboard, anchors and camping gear would probably be impossible to right. So we regained control, ran before the wind with the boat wallowing around with extra weight of the River

Dart aboard, and very anxiously gybed to get ourselves back onto the beach and out of the wind. Once we'd bailed out we resumed the upstream trip – this time with the outboard... and got to the campsite in time to pitch the tents on a rising tide.

We then headed up to Tuckenhay for supper at The Maltsters Arms - a

riverside pub which can be reached at high tide. An uneventful night followed the next morning by an early departure on the tide and a gentle sail all the way down to Dartmouth – the wind having dropped by then.

The campsite is bookable through <http://www.sharphamtrust.org/our-venue/camping-at-sharpham>

I'm happy to talk to anyone about either Pilgrim of Brixham, or the Rona Sailing Project if you are interested.

Jeremy Iles

