

## Editorial matters

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## Social Diary Dates

Sun	20 Sep		Breakfast List in Club—Alison Gall 274112
Sun	27 Sep		Dinghies to be removed from harbour
Mo	5 Oct	tba	Craning Ashore
Sat	10 Oct		Craning Ashore Supper List later

## Many Thanks

Many thanks to Isabelle & Brett Candy for organising a very successful French Breakfast & to Lorraine & John Croome, as well as Antonia, for helping out on the day & to Liz Wells for lending her cafetieres.

## The Chandis Cup

In fine weather seven yachts lined up for the club's premiere offshore race to Brixham. Don made the appropriate starting noises & a light wind wafted the boats towards Teignmouth. Alba 2, with cruising chute drawing well, aimed at Dawlish & lost touch. Jester got her spinnaker drawing – no mean feat single handed with no self steering. Unfortunately the spinnaker halliard clutch flipped open so all had to be retrieved from the sea. Might have been worse Sam – could have been the belt holding your trousers up!

Two hours later the leading boats were becalmed off Teignmouth. No need to look astern - a sniff of Martin's pipe confirmed that the fleet had bunched up. Sam was busy lowering/raising/ jibing/ wrapping/ unwrapping his spinnaker to catch what fickle breeze there was. We all admired his energy – wonderful for his age – with tiller free to do its own thing Jester was taking off in all directions with Sam mostly swathed & hidden in the spinnaker on the foredeck; a sort of colourful if unpredictable Mary Celeste. Meanwhile Alba 2 was somewhere off Dawlish with drooping chute. Free flying sails & domestic harmony do not go hand in hand, but they were too far away for us all to join in.

Consensus was reached to shorten course for an Orestone finish. The wind filled in from the SSE & at last the fleet made steady progress. Finish times were recorded & when the yachts reached Brixham they were greeted by the heavyweights Valkyrie & Lionesse.

After alcoholic birthday celebrations on the pontoon, eighteen sailors sat down to a noisy evening meal until Chris broke a tooth & retired hurt to Valkyrie to be nursed by the ever solicitous Judith. A walk to Brixham YC for a quiet pint confirmed that the centre of Brixham is a place to avoid on a Saturday night.

The Sunday afternoon sail home was a gentle run & Sam finally had a long spell with his spinnaker drawing well. Popeye lost her rudder (potentially more serious than losing the wife) but everyone eventually reached home safely. We were blessed with two dry days – quite something for this summer. Thank you Don for arranging an enjoyable weekend.

Roger H




# Lympstone Sailing Club

## September 2009 Newsletter

## More Golden-ness

Following our report of the Secretary & Daphne's Golden Wedding Anniversary excitement last month, we are delighted to report the same Anniversary for past Commodore Bill and Doreen last month.



## President's Cup / Commodore's Cup

Considering the unpredictable weather this season, Saturday 25<sup>th</sup> July dawned clear and bright so we looked forward to a good race. Unfortunately there was virtually no wind but eight cruisers with three day boats were afloat for the start – a good turn out!

We delayed the start for 10 minutes hoping that some wind would arrive but at 0940 the race started towards Buoy 33. Luckily the tide was making so we drifted over the line towards the first mark in a very sociable group. Wizard obviously sails backwards better so Chas decided to start in reverse, but Sam in Jesta was just way behind.

By 33 we had the faintest of winds and were able to sail to 25 and on to 18 in spite of the tide. Tactics came into play at 18 and the decision to tack early or to sail through the Star-cross moorings and tack later, to round the mark, was to affect the final positions.

By now, even though the wind has increased slightly, the thought of being late for Brunch precipitated a decision to shorten the course and we sailed back to 25 and then to the line. Line honours went to Ian Scholefield (Commodore's Cup) who was in front of Martin in White Lady (President's Cup) by just 6 seconds.

After handicaps were applied the final positions in the President's Cup were Wizard (who finished pointing in the correct direction), Helena, White Lady, Big Ben, Alba II, Popeye, Trisha Trick and Jesta, who never recovered from his late start.

In the Commodore's Cup the positions were Ian's Devon Yawl, John Bennett in Pula Chica and Mike Bourne in Miss Amy.

It's nice to see some new faces in these events – Tony Gratton in Big Ben, Alan Hoare in Popeye and Mike Bourne in Miss Amy. DG 29/07/09

## Dayboats - Tideway Association: Exe Meet

An Exe 'sail-day' for Tideway dinghies, arranged by Jim Vallis of SYC, took place under grey skies and light winds on 6 August (hardly the sunny summer day that was forecast!). Ten boats participated, including three visitors from south Wales and Reading who joined SYC Tideways and my Tideway 10, Pula Chica. Helen Dimond elected to crew for Jim in his Tideway 12 and Pula Chica sailed in company with 3 other Tideway 10s. One of the 10s sported the new gunter rig with a small jib and the other three were fitted with the new conventional centreboard. (The standard lugsail version with an unstayed mast and daggerboard still suits me best!)

After row-sailing Pula Chica across to SYC on the morning ebb tide with just the hint of a N to NE breeze (it was either row or end up at Starcross town) I joined the fleet. Following a briefing by Jim, all boats headed south, largely at the whim of the tide. A brief stop was made at Dawlish Warren before negotiating the tide race off the spit and then hugging the Exmouth shore down to the Beach Café for a lunch stop. Low water, and the wind miraculously came in from the south, F2-3, which allowed a more controlled and enjoyable sail back to SYC on the early flood tide. The grey skies still persisted and after manhandling the other boats back onshore through the Starcross mud, hot soup (in August, for heavens sake!) and pasties went down well. Pula Chica then crept back to Lymptone in the early evening as the tide allowed and the breeze weakened once again. An enjoyable day – and at least no need to row on the return!

*John Bennett*

*Correction:* Mike Bourne has a Dabber, not a Scaffie as reported last month. Apologies.

## EDITOR'S ENTRY

The plan was to publish this edition early as Anne & I were off to Japan to see our son John and his wife in Japan. This trip has had to be abandoned due to a re-infection of my cellulitis-bound leg and anaemia so I'm still writing this in hospital a week into September. So apologies for the delay and many thanks for the impromptu reports from contributors of the several events that have taken place recently.

My troubles started on the Monday following the Chandis Cup race (*write-up page 4*). However, as the fleet returned from Brixham on Sunday, Anne & I had had a pleasant trip to Beer in Curlew and on listening in to LSC VHF chat as we approached the estuary, found that we were tail-end Charlie to the returning fleet. We started thinking of salvage as we heard of Popeye's incident but they made it to the harbour by using the outboard for steering and propulsion. However Alan was very reticent about it all, which surely raises his profile as far as the Darling rock Trophy is concerned! If he didn't hit anything then surely something must have broken on the boat?

I am very grateful for the many good wishes from members and friends transmitted directly or via Anne — thank you. They certainly keep me in touch with Lymptone whilst incarcerated in the relentless routine of hospital life. Mind you, I'm in a jolly bay of a ward where we only allow staff in if they are smiling, else they are reminded of the rule which has invariably produced the desired results. The whole staff across the board are fantastic whilst the medical care and ward cleanliness seems to have moved to a higher plane since I was last in. However I gather it is an exceptional ward even for RD&E.

My one consolation whilst confined as a land-lubber is that the weather has not been brilliant by any means. Perchance we are yet to experience an Indian summer as consolation, but I'm not banking on it! If not, it will be a few snatched same-tide trips before craning ashore is upon us. What a summer! PS I'm now home again 10.9.09!

## MIKE'S MESSAGE

Here we are, the first week of September with only some three dinghy events before that all too visible sign of the season's end - craning ashore. There is an inevitable inclination to write some kind of review of the last months, to dwell on what might have been had the jet stream taken its predicted track and provided us all with the long awaited long hot summer we all wanted. Instead I'm inclined to acknowledge our newsletter editor who has prompted some copy for Mike's Message from his hospital bed and tell you about the welcome I received from the Royal Brunei Yacht Club.

Turning first to Richard. I am almost lost for the words to acknowledge his unstinting commitment to the Club. There is no doubt that a lesser man would have allowed August, the Club's summer recess, to pass without a Newsletter. Most members will be aware that Richard's summer has been somewhat spoilt by an untimely illness and hospitalisation but less aware that he has single-handedly drawn the various strands of the newsletter together. As with other organisational recesses, work has continued albeit at a slower pace and there has been a plethora of activities taking place in and around the Club while we have taken seasonal holidays. I'm sure you will all wish to share my message to him for a speedy recovery and a return to the water!

I took the opportunity this year to revisit Brunei, an unlikely holiday destination but one that welcomes visiting sailors even if they come by air and hire car. The Royal Brunei Yacht Club has some 400 members, mainly Commonwealth expats and Chinese Malays. It is unfortunately a 'dry club,' something to do with the Muslim aversion to alcohol, but they provide an outstanding welcome and excellent food - all day every day! If you ever manage to go that far east, don't miss the best steaks in South East Asia. In the meantime I'll try to pull together an evening to show the photographs of the pennant exchange.

In closing, a plea for all members to support the last sailing and social events of the season and for boat owners to check mooring chains. Flight of the 'Goose' will feature shortly.

Fair winds and following seas

*Mike*

## LSC VHF RADIO ETIQUETTE

I have spent many days recently as a shadow safety boat and have noticed a particular weakness in our members' VHF radio voice communication. As far as what you say when you press the transmit button, this is surely something each one of us can practice personally before we actually pick up a radio. My observations have identified that deviating from the norm confuses and leads to unnecessary radio traffic. Bear in mind, VHF radio is heard by anyone listening to that channel. So, think before you speak. Know the correct callsign of the Lymptone radio operators: *Dolphin Beach* (in effect the Officer of the Day), *Dolphin Safety One* and *Dolphin Safety Two* (corresponding to the lettering on the Safetyboat hulls), *Dolphin Pilot* (alludes to the fact that Curlew is a Plymouth Pilot) and any others. The word Dolphin is used to confuse other listeners who might otherwise blame LSC for our bad radio practices!

So on transmitting a message, repeat the callsign of the person/vessel you want to speak to clearly TWICE, followed by your callsign ONCE. The reason why you call twice, is that the first time, you may only just catch the attention of the receiver (especially on noisy motorboat). Don't expect an immediate response, the receiver may be in the middle of something else. If no reply within a minute, try again. Meanwhile please practice in your own time!