



Watermouth Yacht Club
Berrynarbor, Ilfracombe, North Devon, EX34 9SJ
51° 13' N 004° 05' W



AHOY

Newsletter March 2014

Commodore's Column

Spring 2014 and we are all hoping for a repeat of last years' wonderful summer weather. If for no other reason than to dry us out!

The extreme winds and rain in February combined with the tides resulted in conditions which are fortunately very rare but which caused significant damage. The debris created and moved around was surprising at times - to say the least! Blocks of masonry were thrown up onto the slip and paving bricks were lifted. Keith watched one night as the doors of the Harbour workshop were lifted from the runners and deposited way back inside the building. Keith and others were there at each high tide of each day, before during and afterwards to keep a look out on the boats, particularly those left on their moorings. The weather created huge swells inside the harbour which were amazing to see and caused all of the boats to strain back on their forward moorings and then surge forwards and strain on their aft moorings. Even though all of the boats had double moorings lines, one or other and sometimes both of the heavy lifeboats needed chains and/or ropes and/or shackles replacing on a daily basis. For those of you who wish to see an example, there is a very short clip on 'youtube', taken and posted by Ken Smith. www.youtube.com/watch?v=jqhGhvkubxE Alternatively, a search on 'youtube' for Watermouth will bring it up.

My favourite bit was seeing a mullet deposited on the footpath bridge by a wave. The fish was saved because Lizzie was so surprised to see a snack presented right in front of her she hesitated, but I didn't! The fish lived to see another day!!

However, Watermouth was certainly fortunate as we missed the worst effects of the weather by far. The prevailing winds were all from the East through South to Westerly directions and not the dreaded North West!

A.G.M. Easter Saturday April 19th – may I use this column to invite members to put themselves forward for Committee. Similarly if you wish to suggest any changes to our constitution, proposals are needed please to allow for consideration before and for voting to take place at the A.G.M.

Dave Rule – it is with great personal sadness I report the death of Dave Rule. Dave was Commodore in 1994 and with his wife Julie were cornerstone committee members and members of WYC for many, many years.

*"No matter how important a man at sea may consider himself,
unless he is fundamentally worthy the sea will someday find him out."*

Felix Riesenberg (1879 - 1939)

Moira

Dave Rule



It is with great sadness that I have to announce the death of my dear husband Dave. He passed away on Saturday 15th February at Heanton Nursing Home, Braunton. Aged 69, Dave had suffered from Alzheimer's for 10 years. I cared for him for 9 years but in the end, for his own safety and mine, it was with regret he had to go into care. He caught Pneumonia during the last week and didn't recover.

Dave joined WYC in 1979 when we moved to Devon from Buckinghamshire. He had built a 24ft Robert Tucker design yacht in the front garden and when we moved to Devon he towed it down to Watermouth. He sold it soon after to buy a bigger yacht from Wales called 'Poppacatta Petal'. Thinking this would be too much of a mouthful to call up the coastguard, he renamed her 'Sea Hawk'. We had some good fun in the time Dave had it. But later, he wanted a bigger boat. The best we had was a Neptune long keeled yacht called 'Fair Rosamund' – she was a beauty.

We sailed for 25 years together having holidays in Wales and weekends on Lundy. We won 2 trophies in 1982 for the Copperas Race and the Trinity House Triangle in 'Bianca'. Dave loved his sailing and coming down to Watermouth tinkering about on his boats and chatting to people.

We had been together since we were 15 years old – 54 years and married for 49. I am sure everyone who knew him will remember Dave for his cheerful smiling face and personality.

From his loving wife, *Julie*

Dave Rule

It is always a sorrow to learn of the loss of a friend, and in Dave this Club and its many members both past and present, have lost a genuine friend indeed.

Dave was an active member of this Club for many years and rose to the rank of Commodore in 199X. Throughout those years, Dave and his wife Julie would seldom miss the opportunity to support the Club at social functions, and often just for the banter on a Friday or Saturday night.

Dave was also a practical man and turned his many talents to the upkeep and improvement of the Clubhouse. Hidden from view are many of his works but our inclined path and door to the patio are lasting reminders to us all, reminders that catch just a little of the summer sun that Dave always brought with him to his cherished Watermouth.

Many members will have special memories befitting the special friend that Dave was. But for now, our thoughts will be with Julie and her family as they mourn a husband, a father and so much more.

Steve

Treasurer's Column

Another year starts and before long the tools and polishing rags will be out in abundance. Yes, and if it's of any comfort when you think about your own maintenance schedule, I'm well behind too!

Club finances carried forward to this financial year were better than expected, particularly so since all debts were cleared from our balance sheet last year. I am also pleased to say that our energy prices and insurance have been pegged for another year. Early year liabilities are beginning to arrive which will be covered by the cash reserve brought forward. However, the Club is still to return to the financial comfort zone it once enjoyed and I remain conscious that much hard work still lies ahead.

I'm sure that with support similar to that enjoyed by the Club last year, we can build a firm financial foundation going forward.

Account activity at this time of the year is minimal but headline figures at the time of writing are:

Cash brought forward	£4,132.50
Insurance premium	£1,189.73
Utilities and other sundry costs	£ 188.72
HMRC Gift Aid payment	£ 26.38
Cash at bank	£2,780.43

I wish all members and their families a safe and enjoyable season, and look forward to seeing you all soon.

Steve Barron

Club Maintenance

There is nothing much to report on the maintenance front apart from the routine winter jobs. Building control have been out and inspected the improvements and we are now in possession of a completion certificate.

We experienced quite a few problems last year with items being left tucked through the railings surrounding the club and also left on the handrails. Please can you avoid doing this as it tends to make the club look untidy and in some cases has blocked the fire exit and is also a trip hazard.

The club dinghy rack seems to be full of dinghies some of which may have been abandoned. Please if you have a dinghy in the rack could you make sure that it has a name clearly on it as we would like to remove unused ones to make more room for boats in regular use.

Sue and I were very saddened by the death of Dave Rule, he was such a cheerful and friendly character and did a lot for the club as did Julie.

I look forward to seeing everyone soon and wish you all a good boating season.

Simon

Coming Events & News

Saturday 19 April **Light Lunch** at 13.00 in the clubhouse
Boat Race after lunch, prizes for 1st to finish line and for best boat
WYC AGM at 20.00 please do attend

Sunday 20 April **Carvery** at the clubhouse.

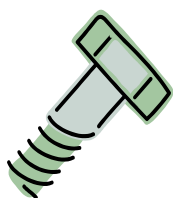
Saturday 26 April **John & Wendy Culley** will show photos and tell us about their first year as 'liveaboards' in the Ionian last year and there will be a supper beforehand

Sunday 4 May **Carvery** at the clubhouse

Watch out for more events on notice board & email.

Club licensing hours are being extended to midnight on Friday's & Saturdays.

Wanted – books to sell from the clubhouse.
Preferably paper backs & please can they be in good condition.



New for 2014

Chandlery at the Harbour

See Keith 01271 865422 / 865001

Copperas Challenge

Who wants to join in a race around Copperas Buoy and back ?

Just a bit of fun, only takes an hour or so, usual rules ie best of three races to count

Date	HW	Height
24 May	1526	7.9
21 June	1343	7.7
19 July	1205	8.0
09 Aug	1745	8.9
06 Sept	1632	8.3
20 Sept	1640	7.7

Club Cruises

Here are some possible dates for Club Cruises this year, we need early starts to get back onto moorings at a sensible time in the evening on the next day, but it all depends where we go.

Date	HW	Height
17 May	0827	9.2
31 May	0824	8.6
14 June	0729	9.2
28 June	0730	8.5
27 Sept	0826	9.0

Obviously these dates are weather dependant and destination(s) to be mutually agreed.

If you are interested, why not let me know which dates you can make and your preferred destination and I will keep everyone posted in advance as to who wants to go where and when.

Let's see if we can get a good turn out on a few of these dates.

My contact details are Tel 01271 864100 Mob 07807 496210
email geofpierce@tiscali.co.uk

Stolen Dinghy

We had been wondering if the three of us we would ever be able to get three days off together so that we could go sailing. As we were all in different jobs it was a giant juggling act touched with a bit of luck, before we would manage to get the time off together; and so it was in the middle of June 1976 that we all finally set sail from Watermouth in my 22ft Rowan, Tarka. We were bound for Oxwich Bay in The Gower Peninsula. The weather was fine and dry with a gentle westerly breeze of around force 3 to 4. As the passage usually took about four hours we sailed on a northerly course, allowing the last two hours of the flood tide to be offset by the first two hours of the ebb tide.

At a prearranged signal a vote was taken for one of us to be galley slave for the period and poor Andrew being the youngest on board got the short straw. We graciously agreed that we would try him out for one day and if he excelled himself he could keep the job for the duration.

At high water we had sailed slightly more than half way and were within sight of both coasts and about five miles east of Oxwich Bay. Unfortunately as soon as the tide changed direction the wind petered out and it was necessary to switch on the engine so that we wouldn't be swept down channel with the ebb. 'What's the plan skipper,' asked Andrew, when we get to Oxwich Bay?' 'Well,' I said, 'we'll anchor near the old wreck and then I thought we should all go for a walk ashore. We can leave the dinghy on the rocks and clamber up to the coast path. There's a good walk to Port Eynon and on the return we can try to get a meal at the hotel cum restaurant, mind you I've never found it open yet so master cook, you might need something in reserve.' Sounds good to me,' said John, 'I reckon we shall be in need of a walk when we get there.' 'Blimey,' I said, 'a good job we're not on a twelve hour passage then, as you would want us to go on a hike!' 'No what I meant,' said John, 'Is that we would need a walk to work up an appetite for a meal or is it a bag of crisps, Master Cook?' Andrew thought that was a good idea and he said, 'I'll give you all a bar of chocolate for your pudding.' 'I don't think much of this cook.' said John, 'Careful.' I said, 'you might get the job yourself if you complain too much.' And so we all settled down again and did a bit of sunbathing before that too petered out.

Just before our allotted four hours we came into the east end of Oxwich Bay and we motored round and had a look at Three cliffs Bay. There was no need to go in there as the anchorage at Oxwich would be very sheltered in a westerly wind, even if it did blow up later on. With the pressure remaining high and steady it was likely that any wind would come from the North West in any case. So we motored across the bay and

dropped anchor about one hundred yards inshore and slightly east of the old wreck. Once we had stowed everything and tidied up we put on our walking boots and each carrying an old sweater, unhitched the red rubber duck from the stern and we all piled in. We slowly rowed ashore and selected a large flat rock to land on which was a reasonable distance from the beach and from where we could get to the coastal path. We pulled our dinghy ashore and after removing our lifejackets we stowed them and the oars within the dinghy and turned it upside down on the flat rock. 'Better tie it onto something, just in case.' I said, and we tied it to a smaller rock that was wedged in a crack. Then carrying our sweaters we clambered up to the footpath.

We didn't get as far as Port Eynon before we all decided that we weren't as fit as we thought we were and as we had to retrace our steps in any case, we should return and seek out the hotel/restaurant. After about two hours we found the hotel. All the ground floor was boarded up with a large FOR SALE sign displayed across the entrance. 'Well Andrew,' said John, 'It looks like its plan B. What have you got lined up for us when we get aboard?' 'Well its wait and see for starters, followed by something and chocolate for afters,' said Andrew. 'I can't wait' I said, and we all trudged off towards the dinghy.

John said, 'Are you sure that this is the rock we left it on?' Yes I'm pretty sure but it must be somewhere like it as it's clearly not here.' I said. We split up and clambered all over the rocks for a hundred yards either side of where we thought we had left it to no avail. 'We'll it isn't here so I reckon somebody has pinched it.' Andrew said. 'Well it's possible I suppose but unlikely as there's quite a few people about. Let's go and ask that group over there.' We asked lots of people but nobody saw anyone taking a dinghy away and a red one at that. It was all very weird as it clearly wasn't there anymore. And then we struck lucky. Andrew said that he had been talking to a young lady (typical) who had seen a man row a red dinghy ashore and load it onto the roof of an old Landrover that was parked on the beach. Unfortunately he didn't get her name and she had now left, but it was a lead. All we had to do now was find the Landrover. We searched through all the camping fraternity and back along the road towards Swansea but found nothing. We couldn't even find a telephone box that worked. The one we did find didn't even have a phone; the whole thing had been nicked. So it was back to the boat.

The big problem now was how do we get back on the boat? 'Don't look at me,' said Andrew, 'I can't swim.' 'Well I guess I've got the short straw this time as I've got to get to the boat and somehow bring her in so that you can clamber aboard.' So with that I took off my walking boots and was about to remove my sweater and heavy clothing when I saw another yachtsman rowing ashore in his dinghy. 'Phew, what a bit of luck, we can get a lift after all!' I said. As soon as our friend came into shallow water I paddled out to him and told him our sorry story. I don't think he believed me at first but he gallantly offered to row all three of us out to our boat. We thanked him profusely for his offer but insisted that he let our master oarsman, Andrew, row us all as it would be a long haul in a rubber dinghy. To this he eagerly agreed and moved forward to allow Andrew, complete with sullen look, to settle into the rowing position. After catching more crabs than ever seen on the Gower coast, Andrew finally got us all alongside Tarka and we all three clambered out and thanked our friend for the use of his dinghy.

'Well master cook, as a treat I will do the washing up so that you can rest until you serve the coffee.' 'Thanks very much John,' said Andrew, 'that's very generous of you, especially as we had crisps for the first course and chocolate for the second, there isn't any washing up. But as you make fantastic coffee, far better than I could ever hope to do, I will stand aside and let the expert demonstrate his skill.' 'John I think you asked for that. If you'd like to pass me that tin I think there is a large fruit cake inside that I have been keeping for just such an occasion. That will go down well with our cups of coffee.' While you're cutting that into large chunks I will report the theft to Swansea Coastguards and ask them to pass it on to the police. Once we had satisfied our hunger on the fruit cake and had consumed not one but several cups of coffee we settled down to a convivial evening below decks away from any biting midges if there were any about.

'As I've had enough excitement for one day, I think I'll turn in.' 'That's a very good idea John,' I said, 'If you and Andrew sleep for'ard, I'll sleep here near the radio. Please don't get alarmed if you hear some rumbling noises in the night, it's only the anchor chain rolling over the hard sand as the current changes direction.'

'Right ho! Skipper. What time shall I make the tea in the morning chaps?' asked Andrew. 'I would think about 7.30am would be a good time Andrew,' I said, 'as I reckon we will have a busy day tomorrow.' 'Yes that sounds good to me.' said John. 'You're really settling well into this cooking caper Andrew, I think we should take him on for the duration, what say you skipper?' 'Good idea,' I replied, 'How about it Andrew?' 'Yeah OK but don't blame me if you all get sick.' 'If that happens' said John, 'we'll chuck the cook overboard.' And so, after much grumbling, we all went to sleep.

We'd barely had our early morning cup of tea when, the radio blared, 'Yacht Tarka, Yacht Tarka, This is Swansea Coastguard, do you read on channel one six. Over.' 'I replied, 'Swansea coastguard, Swansea coastguard, this is Tarka, I am receiving you loud and clear on one six. Over.' they replied, 'Yacht Tarka, yacht Tarka this is Swansea Coastguard, go channel six seven and standby. Over.' I replied, 'this is yacht Tarka going up six seven and standing by.'

'Now what?' said John? 'Yacht Tarka, this is Swansea coastguard, we've had a request from Swansea Police, ere' could you meet the local area Policeman on the beach at 9am. Did you receive that? Over.' I replied, 'Yes, all received, but I'm not quite sure how I'm going to get there. But I will try and be there. Over.' They replied, 'Yes, we understand your predicament but we'll tell them you'll try and get there. Thanks for that, Swansea out.'

We had a quick breakfast and then I set about finding a way to get ashore. Unfortunately there were no other moored craft in the bay, so I couldn't borrow a dinghy so I decided to give John and Andrew a quick course in anchoring. If I couldn't get ashore I would have to take the boat ashore. 'Right, this is what we'll do' I said. 'Fortunately there is not much swell in the bay so we'll take this boat as close to the beach as we can, and then I'll go over the side and wade ashore. So John if you can man the echo sounder and continually call out the depths when it reads below four foot. The draught of this boat is about two foot nine, so if we can take her in until she is just smelling the bottom, we'll anchor there. Now Andrew, If you can lower the lunch hook over the stern, I'll tell you when, and pay out the line until I tell you to stop. Then if you will tie it off onto one of those cleats that will stop our forward travel. Now before we start we'll lash the boarding ladder to the top and bottom of that stanchion to stop it going under the boat when I'm coming up or going down. But before we do that we'll tie two short lines to the bottom of the ladder and tie the other ends to somewhere fore and aft. That will keep the ladder vertical in the water. Right now let's get things ready.' Firstly we fixed the ladder to the stanchion so that it was rigid in all respects. Then we made up the lunch hook which is a small 10 lb CQR anchor attached to three meters of heavy chain and that is spliced to fifty metres of nylon multiplait line. Finally John and I went forward and detached the main anchor from its chain and then attached it to another three metres of heavy chain which was spliced to another fifty metres of multiplait line. 'John,' I said, 'When I go over the side can you pass me the anchor and chain and pay out the line until I dig the anchor in the sand. That will be some way off but I don't want to carry all that line. When I've dug it in you can pull the line in until it's tight and then take it through that fairlead and sheet it off around that cleat. That will hold the boat fore and aft in the position we want her in. Is that all clear?' 'Yes I've got that, and now I understand what we're about.' 'Good and now,' I said, 'All we have to do is wait for our man to arrive on the beach, as there's no point in doing all this if he doesn't come.'

The Police arrived at 9.15am in a large blue Landrover and we crept inshore making sure that our stern was at right angles to the very slight swell and so avoiding if possible any yawing that might take place. We stopped with about an inch under the keel and she was touching now and then but as the neap tide was coming in, that didn't matter. Putting my flip flops and my swimming trunks on I gingerly lowered myself into the water, which was very cold. I carried the anchor ashore and buried it in the wet sand and as John pulled the line in so it dug deeper into the ground.

I went to the police vehicle and met the local policeman. I told him all that we had done the previous afternoon and that we couldn't find the Landrover. He said that it was a very good lead and he knew a local fellow who had an old Landrover and he would pay him a visit. He said it was a pity that my friend hadn't got the address of the lady who saw the dinghy being stolen as that could be very important evidence. I said that it was very unusual as he usually gets not only their address but also their telephone numbers. He laughed

and said that he now had all the information that he required and if I was wanted again he would contact me through the Coastguards. I thanked him and he went on his way. I then waded back through the icy water and climbed up the ladder to be met with a towel and a hot cup of coffee. I said, 'My that is very welcome. That water is bitterly cold even for June.' I related all that had occurred and told them that we would stay where we were because if he did manage to get our dinghy back, it may be quite soon so we could use the same arrangement to get ashore again. Even if we had to move in closer, all we have to do is let out the stern line and haul in the bow line. When dry I got dressed and I soon felt warm again. For some reason I felt a lot happier about our situation and I persuaded the cook to make some more coffee for all of us and break out the creamy biscuits to celebrate our first contact with the Welsh Police. Any excuse would have done but that seemed to fit our predicament well.

It was about an hour later that a slight swell seemed to spring up from nowhere and Tarka started yawing from side to side. I decided to turn her round so that the bows faced the swell and that way her long keel would stabilise her and she would lay better to the swell. I said, 'I think we'll turn her round so that she faces this swell and then she'll lay a little quieter. So John if you would take the bow line and let out about four metres of line and then holding the coil pass it outside the stays as you walk aft down the port side. Andrew could you do likewise with the stern line but walk forward along the starboard deck.' Slowly the boat turned round in her own length and when facing out to sea the lines were taken in fore and aft and so completing the manoeuvre. That made a big difference as she now faced the sea, and her keel took control. There wasn't much swell but there was some caused by the tide coming up to high water.

Suddenly our attention was drawn to someone calling to us from the rocks. There was a young boy who was pointing to someone on the beach. I looked towards the beach and saw our local policeman waving his hat. I said, 'I think he wants me to go ashore again. Just my luck when I was getting nice and warm. Now John can you pull her in a little while I check the depth, and Andrew could you let that line out as we go sternwards.' After we had moved quite a long way and Andrew was getting short of line I called out, stop there.' John said, 'I think the anchor has come out.' No matter' I said, 'I'll put it in again when I go ashore in just a minute.' So I quickly got into my trunks and went down the ladder. It was just as cold as earlier. I dug the anchor in the sand again and asked John to pull in all the spare line and I went to speak to the Policeman again. He said, 'Sorry to drag you over again but I thought you would want to know what I've been doing.' That's kind of you I thought as he relayed his story. He had visited the chap he thought maybe responsible but he didn't think he had taken it. Meanwhile another Officer had seen a red inflatable on someone's lawn but there was no one in the house to speak to about it. So our friend was going back in the afternoon and if there was no one there he would just wait until someone appeared. I thanked him for the progress they had made and I stressed that the recovery was really important to us as the dinghy was really our lifeboat and the life jackets were the only ones that we possessed.

I got back onboard a little more hopeful than I was when I went ashore. I relayed all that had happened, to John and Andrew and was once again presented with a dry towel and a cuppa. 'Andrew,' I said, 'do you think you could pull in your bow line a little and John could you let yours out as he does so. We seem to have too much line out one end and not enough the other.' I said, 'Right that's OK, tie her off there.' Meanwhile I continued to rub my goose pimply legs to get some circulation back in them.

We consumed a very good lunch of beef steak pie, peas and potatoes, followed by pears and custard. 'Well Andrew that was really great, thank you very much. John and I will clear away and make the coffee, while you have a rest in the cockpit. Shortly I think we will have to move out a bit as the tide is going out and we don't want to dry out here.' So after we'd had our coffee I tied another line on Andrew's bow line and asked him to let it out as John pulled his in. I said to them, 'We've got to get both anchors up on deck and then we'll motor out a little further. Now Andrew you've got a small anchor and we don't want that to come out just yet. John can you ease the main anchor out as Andrew lets out more line? Now then John can you lift that anchor aboard but don't let it or the chain touch the gel coat as it will mark it. Right OK, now Andrew pull yours in gently whilst I start the engine, and don't let any of your line go in the water.' After a few more minutes Andrew had the kedgie out and I motored forward for about a hundred yards. 'Now then John', I

said, 'Can you carry your anchor without chain and line up to the bows, please and Andrew, can you do likewise with your anchor and take it back to the stern. When you get there attach the anchors to the chain and line with the shackle.' I waited a few minutes and then after making sure that the shackle was tight, asked John to lower his anchor to the sea bed and let out the line as I reversed Tarka. After about 25 metres John tied it off whilst I dug the anchor in. When the boat stopped John let out more line whilst I reversed Tarka. When far enough he tied off. We won't put the kedge in yet, so that Tarka can wander around on her main anchor.

We had a lazy afternoon in the sun and were beginning to wonder what had happened when I was called by Swansea coastguards. They told me that the Police had recovered our dinghy and were going to row it out to us but asked whether I would return him to the beach afterwards. I was overjoyed and told them that of course I would and asked them to relay my sincere thanks. 'Great news,' I said, 'they've got our dinghy back and are going to row it out to us any moment.' Shortly afterwards our friendly Policeman brought the dinghy back and I invited him aboard and to tell us what had happened. He came aboard and asked me to sign his book for the receipt of one red dinghy, three Crewsaver lifejackets and two wooden oars, which I gladly did. Then sitting in the cockpit with a suitable aperitif in one hand and a slab of fruit cake in the other, he told us his story.

He said that he went to the house but there was no one there so he had a good look at the red dinghy that was on a lawn at the side of the house. 'It was definitely yours from the description you had given me. The three lifejackets were under the dinghy with the oars that had Tarka burnt on each of them as you described, so I went further along the road and waited. It wasn't long afterwards that a man drove a Landrover into the drive and went into the house. I knocked on the door and told him that I was making enquiries regarding a stolen red dinghy. He immediately said that he had owned the one on the lawn for several months. So we went out to look at the boat. I told him that the one I was looking for had two wooden oars with the word Tarka burnt on them. I removed one of the oars and our friend went white. I arrested him and took him to the station where he was charged with theft. He originally said that he had found it on the beach at Oxwich and thought it had been washed up by the tide. However he admitted the theft when I told him he had been seen rowing it in to the beach. The lads have already searched his house and recovered loads of stolen gear. Now some of that is very valuable, so bearing in mind that you wanted your dinghy back before you sail home, we can charge him with the valuable stolen goods and have yours taken into consideration if you're willing to have it dealt with that way as you see we would normally retain the goods as evidence at his court appearance.' 'Yes I understand that,' I said, 'if that's OK with you?' 'Yes well that would seem to tie all the ends together. If we need a statement from you we can always get that later but normally that wouldn't be required. This fellow was unknown to us so we've got a lot of our crime solved because he stole a red dinghy of yours. We've also passed on the information to the Coastguards as their boys will want to see him as he's broken several maritime laws as well.'

I told him that I thought he had done really well and I asked him for his name so that I could send a letter of thanks to his Chief Superintendent. 'That's very kind of you,' he said, 'my name is 996 Ian Sewell.' I told him that the plus side of all this is that I don't have to keep taking my trousers off. After much laughter, I topped up his glass and later rowed him ashore.

Our return sail back to Watermouth the next day seemed so dull by comparison with our recent activities. As we loaded all our gear back into my car Andrew said, 'I hadn't realised that sailing was so much fun. I haven't had so much excitement for years, when can I come again?'

Brian Jones