

AUTUMN 2015

The Channel Sailing Club Magazine

WAVELENGTH

**BASTILLE
BASHING**

**CHALLENGING
SPRINTS**

**WINTER
TALKS**

Farewell Janet **WE MISS YOU**



www.channelsailingclub.org

EDITOR'S NOTE

Without repeating our commodore's remarks on the opposite page, the tragic death of Janet Sainsbury was a shock to everyone. I have tried to reflect the impact she made on the club in this issue and there will be a celebration of her life on October 21 at the club house. But Janet would have wanted the club to continue to thrive and Wavelength must also record that. So I hope you enjoy a range of articles from members on club events, family holidays and recollections.

Simon

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Wavelength The Channel Sailing Club magazine

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PLEASE SEND ANY LETTERS AND
PICTURES TO
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CLUB NIGHT
Channel Sailing Club meets every
Wednesday at The Old Freeman's
Clubhouse, City of London
Freemen's School, Ashted Park,
Epsom, Surrey KT21 1ET. Doors
open at 8pm. Prospective
members welcome.

THE CLUB SENDS OUT EMAILS
on a regular basis to remind
members of upcoming events.
Don't forget that if your personal
information changes you can go
into your personal account on
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Check out the club's website for
news and information about events
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A WORD FROM THE COMMODORE

'We have lost our friend'

Janet was one of the nicest people one could ever wish to meet. She had a big heart and was a great personal friend.

This 'Commodore's Cabin' is the saddest and the most difficult piece I hope I will ever have to write. Janet Sainsbury's untimely death has cast a huge shadow leaving all who knew her shocked and stunned. It is even more unbelievable as the tragedy didn't happen miles away in some foreign sea, but on her own 'doorstep' at the end of the pontoon at Hardway Sailing Club.

I really don't know where to begin as the tributes which have been pouring in to my inbox seem to have used up all the superlatives; 'wonderful', 'generous', 'outstanding', 'irreplaceable' and so on. To me, Janet was all of these and one of the nicest people one could ever wish to meet. She had a big heart and was a great personal friend.

'Yes', she could be as stubborn as the proverbial 'mule'; 'Yes', she sometimes appeared as dotty as a fruit-cake, eccentric even; 'Yes' her dress sense could be a bit quirky and colourful, but, and it is a big but, she was a woman who enjoyed life to the full and was never happier than when she was on the water either on her own or in the company of friends. Hardly a club event went by that Janet didn't take part in.

With thousands upon thousands of sea miles under her belt, Janet's seafaring exploits and expertise are legendary: whether it be her last big race to the Azores and back; a couple of

Round Britains or, one of the seven Fastnets she achieved, and a lot more, Janet knew no fear – at times you would think she was just stepping out for a sail around the Solent instead of hurling herself into unknown and heavy seas miles away from shore.

Every time I told her I thought she was mad, she proved me wrong. So dying in the way she did, in a couple of metres of water in her home port trying, given the known facts, to rescue her dinghy, makes no sense to me; I simply can't get my head around it!

Janet, Oh! Janet what are we going to do without you? Who now do I share my wine with? How am I going to get used to you not calling me almost daily with your filing and computer problems? Will I ever get used to you not being just around the corner? I don't think so. For me and all the club regulars you will always be at our side.

Sleep well fair lady.

Good sailing

Trevor Barker

A celebration of Janet's life will be held on October 21 at the club house, so please bring your pictures, anecdotes and memories to share.

Obituary

JANET SAINSBURY

SAILOR WHO ONCE GAVE SIR BEN AINSLIE A RUN FOR HIS MONEY

Janet Sainsbury, who has tragically died in a boating accident aged 71, was, arguably, the most experienced sailor in the Channel Sailing Club. Her nautical exploits are stuff of legend. Janet has, not only, been involved in more club seaborne events than any other member but, in her time, she has either skippered herself or crewed with Keith Gibbs in 7 Fastnets, 2 AZABs

(Azores and Back), countless JOG and RORC races and with her friend, Carol Sunter, Round Great Britain and N. Ireland, twice.

A nurse by profession, Janet was a no-nonsense, hands-on woman who knew no limits but at the same time, was the most caring, generous and honest of people who loved dancing and keeping fit - daily spending an hour in a gym.

Horse racing was another little known love of Janet's life. She became a 'stable lad' to a local racing stable and, at one time, she owned five horses which, over the years, won her many trophies. But, this soon gave way to sailing when she purchased 'Gengis Kan't', a GK24 before going up-market to 'Knights Challenge' a Sigma 33.

John Fitcher recalls an example of her wily nature: "We

were racing against Sir Ben Ainslie, among others, going round the Isle of Wight when we spotted Ben a lot closer to the shore than us and decided he must be using a back eddy. Being on the wheel, Janet told me to follow him but with a clear instruction that if she should shout 'tack' I should do so without hesitation. After following him for a while, he stopped and Janet shouted 'tack'. I tacked and with swift action by the crew we sped away. Ben managed to get himself off but not in time to beat us."

With her ever-willing nature to help people less fortunate than herself, Janet also became involved with the Gemini Sailing Project, a non-profit making organisation, where with others, she would help take adults with severe learning disabilities sail training. She had a big heart.

On the lighter side, Janet was a terrific hoarder. She prided herself on her filing system - any spare bit of space on the, table, chairs and especially the floor of her period house in Epsom would

Janet was a much loved member of CSC and will be missed by all

do! Her computer wasn't much different, hundreds of files, all over the place. I think it's fair to say that Janet was a more practical person than an administrator.

Life can be so cruel, none more so than in the tragic event which led to Janet's death, not in foul weather on the high seas but in calm,

shallow water near her mooring at Hardway. Janet was unique and cannot be replaced. A grand-mother, she is survived by her son, Alan, and daughter, Caroline.

Trevor Barker

**Janet Sainsbury,
born 17 November 1943,
died 2 August 2015**



PICTURES: DAVID SURMAN/MARION TEMPEST

Holiday

ABOARD ON THE BROADS

Lukas Port salutes inland boating



Not all sailing trips have to take you to sea. Inland canal boating may be an ideal way to introduce small children and seasick-prone family members to life onboard. The Norfolk Broads are a unique network of waterways that take you through spectacular wetlands and abounding wildlife.

With friends, we chartered a lovely riverboat from the rather touristy Richardson's Boatyard in Stalham. There are other possibilities for

more traditional sailors, as other companies offer beautiful wooden river sailboats, which we often saw sailing past peacefully. Another option is the large Norfolk wherries, 100-year-old traditional river barges that are spectacular to watch navigating, using only sails and poles.

Bolero

The beautiful countryside and relaxed inland boating may also be a good option for aspiring or new skippers, as boating on the broads is easy

We loved the peace and stayed away from stag party boats

and no qualifications are needed. You can still practise boat handling, crew management and light tidal flows.

Despite initial concerns for our small children we set off on a river motor yacht called Bolero, featuring two showers and heating, a luxury unknown to most sea faring sailors. With a crew of two dads, two mums and two tots aged one and two, we set

off on a favourable tide and sailed all afternoon, through real English countryside with iconic windmills, riverside villages all the way towards Wroxham.

We spent the night just before Wroxham, tied to a mooring buoy in a quiet spot on the wide Wroxham Broad. The next day we woke to bright sunshine reflecting from the windy water surface and continued in the direction of Great Yarmouth, visiting most of the little broads, making us feel like we were in the Amazon rainforest, exploring hidden corners in our inflatable kayak.

Spectacular sunset

Next morning we sailed into another arm of the northern broads, through another tight passage, which proved stressful for the helmsman. We explored another secluded passage by Ludham village, called Womack Water. After lunch and some more water filling, we returned to Barton Broad just below Stalham and offered a tow to a rather desperate crew on a sailing dinghy, paddling their way with no wind.

Once in the broad, we tied to poles on a large mid-stream pontoon belonging to a local sailing club. After putting the children to bed, we opened the last bottle of wine, sipping each mouthful during a spectacular sunset.

With the children waking us every day before six, we often found ourselves moving before everyone else, but still saw only a small part of the vast area. We loved the peace and stayed away from stag party boats. Although the Broads are technically tidal, there was little real tide, only noticeable near Ackle and towards Great Yarmouth.

We were stunned by the views, wet marches, tall grass, historical windmills, picturesque villages and nature that felt at arm's length. The trip was very different to a sail at sea and a marina stay, though similar to spending some time at anchor in Newtown Creek or Beaulieu River.

It was an experience to recommend, even if not the obvious choice for thrill-seeking sailors. Although the Broads were not so busy in June we heard it loses some of its appealing calm and turns into a massive holiday-maker motorway in July and August.



Club event

With five boats signed up, a week of exploring the Solent on the club's spring cruise looked promising.

First stop on Saturday night was the Folly Inn at Cowes, where Jabberwocky and Matambu arrived after a good sail from Portsmouth. We went ashore for a meal and had front row seats when the dancing started on the tables!

On Monday Richard Brodie and I sailed up Southampton Water where we saw the new cruise ship with its glass pod that swings passengers out over the side. What fun!

We planned to overnight at Southampton town quay but with Force 8/9 winds forecast we went up the Hamble to Swanwick marina. There we received messages from other club boats who said the strong wind stopped them coming out to play!



SOLENT POTTERING A SUCCESS

But Ron Hunt appeals for more to join events

We reckoned the 23-metre cruiser we were berthed behind would be a good wind break, but we still burst two fenders during the overnight battering.

By Wednesday the wind

eased so we blew up the dinghy and motored three-miles upriver to the Horse & Jockey pub for a splendid lunch.

After two nights at Swanwick we headed back to our home berth at Royal Clarence

in Portsmouth ready to sail to Bembridge the next day for a BBQ. The gods were with us and we enjoyed a good sail in warm sunshine. Orcella arrived as we approached Bembridge, followed by Margaret Andrews and Andrew Coleman on Firecrest. After drinks and nibbles onboard we all went ashore for a BBQ in the warm evening sun, then finished with a nightcap on Orcella.

Friday was our last day and we left for Portsmouth very pleased that we achieved most of what we set out to do.

This was the first cruise I have organised and I might do another one, but with nearly 200 members why are these events not better supported? We need more boats and a lot more people crewing. That is what the club is all about, so look up the next event and sign up.

LISTEN UP!

Winter talk dates for your diary

A fascinating variety of speakers have been booked to keep club members warm-hearted on chilly Wednesday nights over the coming months. They range from the work of the sea scouts, tidal advice and weather to knots and ropes and round the world sailing.

Organiser Simon Davey is confident there is something for everyone to enjoy.

If you have an idea for a speaker or a subject that would be interesting to members, speak to Simon Davey or send him an email.

Arranged talks (tbc):

7 October Mike Tozer of the Jubilee Sailing Trust will talk about their work and plans.

28 October Richard Hunt from the 1st Cuddington (Warspite) Sea Scouts will talk on the activities of this youth group.

4 November John Barry of Whitsea Services will present a talk entitled 'How and Why of Tides'. Maths optional!

18 November An evening with Richard Nicolson, whose talk will draw on his vast experience of Whitbread Round the World racing, the north-west passage and much more.

16 December Ian Currie of Frosted Earth will present a guide to cloud watching - their meanings, relevance to sailing, etc.

13 January Chris McDonald will talk on his experience as senior coxswain for the Queen's Harbour Master volunteer patrol at Portsmouth. He has 10 years of experience in the dockyard, port and harbour.

27 January Rachel Greening will give a talk on her experiences of walking with lions in Zimbabwe.

10 February Club member Nigel Barraclough gives us the latest lowdown on ropes and knots.



Bastille Day cruise

THE LONGEST DAY

Norman Bowden recalls an eventful passage

As I drove to Port Solent on a sunny Saturday afternoon in June I was unprepared for what was to come over the coming days of the Bastille Day cruise.

After unpacking, we had a discussion about the weather forecast – there were four versions and the only thing they agreed on was wind direction.

Orcella's skipper Clive Hall discovered that some boats were setting off later, some had tried and were returning and others were not going.

Sea sickness tablets

We eventually decided to go, but postpone our departure for 24 hours. On Sunday evening we left the marina and picked up a buoy in Portsmouth harbour. Before leaving Clive gave us a talk on sea sickness and advised us to take tablets. I felt this was aimed at me as I do not generally take them.

We left Portsmouth at 0200 Monday morning and soon started sailing towards Bembridge.

Four hours into our journey the unexpected happened. Clive went down with a very bad attack of sea sickness (so much for the tablets!). That left Martin and I to control the boat. We decided in the rough conditions to helm for an hour each.

Heavy weather

It was so rough that we could not prepare any food down below and using the heads was certainly an ordeal dressed in our heavy weather gear. So we survived on water and chocolate bars.

The wind was picking up F5/6, we had two reefs in the main and mizzen and half a number 2 genoa. Thanks to AIS on the steering column we had no problem avoiding shipping even though visibility was very poor.

The wind picked up to 35kts over the deck and we had to reduce even more sail as we were heeling too much. Down below everything was flying about. The gimbed cooker got stuck at a wrong angle, spilling the insides

on to the floor. Clive could not help, but suggested we drop the main. Great idea I thought, then I realised that with Martin helming, it was down to me.

Just when I thought things could not get worse, the chart plotter packed up

I threw the main halyard down the stairwell, making certain it would run free, let the clutch off, hooked on and carefully made my way to the mast, battered by waves coming over the bow. I began to ease the main down, but it became jammed half way. After fighting my way back to the cockpit I discovered the halyard had tangled itself in the spilled oven rack and was wedged in the companionway.

Just when I thought things could not get worse, the chart plotter packed up. So I had to go below to plot our position and course on a paper chart and do the log.



Left: Knight's Challenge crosses laundry line

Below left: Owen and out - Martin snoozes

Below: Ron Hunt relaxes

Below right: Pontoon pals - Clive Hall and Norman Bowden



We got to within 25 miles duntide of St Vaast, so Martin and I decided to motor. It was OK for a while, but we were soon reduced to one knot SOG as the tide picked up against us.

Then out of his sickbed

rose Clive, still being ill, who plotted a new course that took us to outside St Vaast harbour where we dropped anchor and fell into bed at 0200. It had taken 24 hours to do 100 miles. For me it was the longest day.



Club event

CHALLENGING SPRINT TO THE FINISH

So who believes in weather forecasts? The Met Office and other weather gurus were forecasting WSW winds of eight knots, gusting to 16kts, in the Solent for the club's sprint races on Saturday, July 11.

In the event the wind for the first race didn't drop below 20kts and in the second was over 30 knots. At least they got the direction right!

Six club boats gathered at the Hamble Yacht Services buoy with the first race scheduled to start at 1210. On the start line were Caressa, Celestine, Knights Challenge, Matambu, Myst and Papillon (the committee boat).

And they're off

The course was simple: a beat to Quinnell (near Lepe) of about 3.5 miles and a run of about four miles back to Fastnet Insurance near Lee Point.

Papillon laid the gate start line and all boats seemed to make a reasonable start. Celestine charged off at great speed on port tack just north of the North channel toward Calshot, (the aim being to stay in shallow water as the tide was



foul till Calshot, then go with the tide down onto Quinnell) with all boats following apart from Caressa. The Caressas had also studied their book of winning tides and made a different interpretation. They immediately tacked off south and soon disappeared towards East Cowes in order to pick up the west-going tide south of the Bramble Bank.

Papillon soon lost interest in this race as our first tack resulted in a spreader finding its way through the leech of the genoa. By the time we had changed headsails the fleet was a mile ahead of us. But we thought, as the committee

boat, it was a most gentlemanly gesture!

The run back to the east was exhilarating however - Papillon logged over 10kts SOG at times.

Line honours went to Celestine with Matambu and Caressa in 2nd and 3rd. On (provisional) corrected times, Matambu was first, Caressa second, Celestine third, with Myst 4th and Knights Challenge 5th.

With all boats putting in reefs as the wind touched Force 7, we decided to shorten the second race to a triangle or two involving Fastnet Insurance, Hamble Yacht Services

and Artemis before finishing at Flying Fish. We planned to start at 1430, but Knights Challenge had to sort out some lines so we delayed by 15 minutes.

Papillon laid the line to the south-west from Fastnet Insurance and there was some confusion as to whether all boats actually crossed the line or an imaginary one extending north east from Fastnet Insurance. But hey, such detail is picky when the race is on and

The Caressas had also studied their book of winning tides and made a different interpretation

the bar is waiting!

Again Celestine showed remarkable speed and was quick into the lead, followed by Caressa who as always revelled in the challenging conditions. The tide was by now flooding to the east, making the course all the more challenging.

Line honours again went to Celestine who was followed home by Caressa and Papillon.

All boats made it safely back to Cowes Yacht Haven and post race banter. By 1830 we were all assembled on the terrace at the Island Sailing Club where we sat down to a splendid supper.

Simon Davey

Obituary

PETER HORAT

Mike Pelling remembers a friend and shipmate

I came to know Peter through his frequent and always welcome presence as a member of my crew on Pell Mell.

He was one of the old school, in the best sense of the words, always ready to lend a hand to whatever needed to be done. He was one of the best companions to have on board.

Peter, who has died aged 80, usually stayed in the forepeak - which he called the sharp end - and was more often than not, the first up in the morning, when he would make a first cuppa for himself and anybody else who was up.

He could always be relied to stand his turn on watch and his long sailing experience and knowledge of normal ship's routine made him an ideal shipmate.

Peter was a born raconteur and often entertained the crew with amusing and insightful stories. I remember one on-going saga concerning the rebuilding of his old sports car - and the difficulty in finding suitable spare parts.

On another occasion he gave an illustrated talk at the club about his experience on a trip to the Arctic.

Peter had a sharp mind, an impish sense of humour and he was skilled when confronted by any practical problem.

His later years were clouded by what he, for a long time, thought were migraines, although this did not stop him from sailing. It was only later that further investigation revealed a tumour.

Peter was a good friend of the club and I and his many friends will sadly miss his cheerful company.



Peter Horat, born July 5, 1935, died July 29, 2015



It was not an auspicious start. As we left Royal Clarence at midnight, heading for St Peter Port, it started to rain. Then the rain got heavier, the wind increased and the sea state got rougher.

After one of the worst Channel crossings ever, Richard Brodie, Ron Hunt and I put in to Cherbourg and continued to Guernsey the next day in glorious sunshine, but zero wind. This was rapidly turning into a motoring cruise.

The following day we set off for Lézardrieux as a widespread heatwave began. Charts for the Brittany coast show a mass of islets and rocks close to shore, but they also show bearings and transits of safe approaches to harbours so it's not as hair-raising as it would appear on paper. Lézardrieux, at the mouth of the Trieux river, was no exception and we tied up in a small marina, surrounded by yachts wearing ensigns of several different countries.

We originally planned to cruise past Ushant and as far as Brest. Lack of wind made this increasingly unrealistic, so



Cruising **THREE MEN IN ANOTHER BOAT**

John Horne recounts
Jabberwocky's Brittany
summer cruise

instead we turned inland. Seven miles up river is Pontrieux, our next destination. One mile up the river is the suspension bridge; one mile below Pontrieux is a lock, open at HW + or - 2. Much calculation was needed to pass under the bridge, but have enough water to get up to the lock. However confident you are about your calculations, you are absolutely certain, that you have made nonsense of it and will hit the bridge.

One man and his dog

The river is uncharted and meanders happily between heavily wooded banks. Nobody else was about and there was a Swallows and Amazons feel to it, with an imposing château dominating the river at one point.

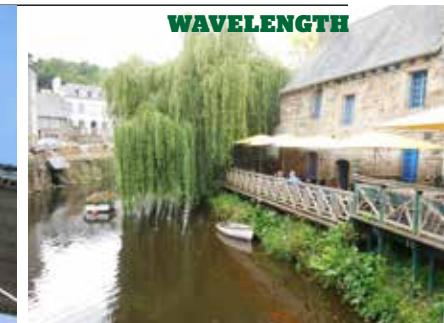
Red and green marks signalled the lock approach and

the river guide said keep four metres away from the green. Locals, we found out later, head straight for it, avoiding the mud bank on which we promptly went aground for 10 minutes. Above the lock, we were met by a dinghy bearing the entire port staff of Pontrieux – the young harbour master and his dog. Just above the quay there are a couple of good value bars or restaurants, and the town is about a 10 minute walk away.

It has seen better days. Many properties were to let or for sale but many buildings along the cobbled streets revealed prosperous commercial activity in the 19th century. There were several café/restaurants, all with customers sitting outside, but no shops. We eventually found the supermarket which caused their closure and stocked up.

After another night in Lézardrieux, we had enough wind to sail 25 miles to St Quay Portrieux. This was in an entirely different direction from our original destination of Brest, but if you want to sail you use the wind available. St Quay marina is huge and we got in before a steady stream of new arrivals. There were large and popular restaurants on the sea front, but we ducked up a side street to find an excellent small one for lunch.

It was a bit of a toss-up where we would go the following day – St Malo in one direction or St Helier in the other? As ever, the wind made the decision and off we set towards Jersey, sailing about 35 of the 47 miles before having to resort to the engine. St Helier was frankly a disappointment. We arrived after



WAVELENGTH

Nobody else was about and there was a Swallows and Amazons feel to it

the port staff had gone home, to find the marina almost full. Eventually we gave up looking and settled for a hammerhead berth near the entrance. Two of the harbour staff suddenly appeared and told us we needed to move. They then disappeared without showing us where we were allowed to berth. Eventually we got fed up with searching and simply rafted up.

Tax haven

The next morning we were woken at 8am to be told we were on the wrong visitors' pontoon and would have to move again. As the yacht in front had left early we simply walked the boat into the vacant slot. All the Breton officials had been helpful and friendly, but we were not impressed by Jersey islanders so far. St Helier, however, was interesting and clearly very prosperous – being a tax haven for so long has been a big advantage.

It was time to turn home and we decided to go via Diélette? The first half of this

40NM passage was overcast, with rain and a roughish sea; the second half brought sunny intervals, smooth sea, and enough wind to mostly sail. Approaching Diélette we saw a disturbing sight – a vast cloud of steam coming from the town's nuclear power station. It seemed to merge into (or possibly cause) low-lying thick fog. Visibility closed right down and it required careful use of all Jabberwocky's nav aids and human eyeball to get us near the entrance. We were pleased to find our nav had been spot on as the harbour wall loomed up just 30m ahead. However, as we neared we realised the mark was a green on our port side, forcing a quick side step to avoid solid concrete.

Diélette has changed. Where there used to be a shack selling moules et frites, a shower block and a chandlery, there is now a mass of construction work going on. We left at 6am the next day with a strong tide under us and enjoyed a long, but uneventful motor back to Portsmouth.



Club event

CLUB MEMBERS NAVIGATE TO HOUSE OF LORDS

Tony Sparling recalls a memorable evening

What a special evening members of the Channel Sailing Club enjoyed on Wednesday, June 24! Commodore Trevor Barker arranged what turned out to be a wonderful reception at no less than the House of Lords, held in the Cholmondeley Room and river terrace. The 'Chumlee' room is one of the most sought after locations in Westminster with its fabulous Thames-side terrace.

Our host was Baroness Dee Doocey who gave us a warm welcome to the historic venue. Trevor replied on behalf of club members and their guests on a wonderfully warm and sunny evening so close to

midsummer's day. It was all quite idyllic as the Thames - at just about high water - flowed past a few yards away.

Jeroboam

A total of 76 CSC members and guests attended the evening, enjoying a wide range of canapés and drinks while taking in the breathtaking London river views.

The weather could not have been better and most guests spent their time chatting in the sunshine on the terrace.

Vice Commodore Clive Hall kindly donated a jeroboam of champagne as first prize in a raffle and there were other prizes too. A big thank you to Diane Fox and Jane Povey for their very successful efforts in

selling raffle tickets.

The evening was further enhanced by the spectacle of a rowing race run by the Thames Traditional Rowing Association. The particular event was the Admiral of the Port Race which started at 7pm and proceeded upriver directly past our historic vantage point. Inside the canopied boats were four oarsmen, a coxswain and two passengers, all in full regalia.

The weather could not have been better and guests spent their time chatting in the sunshine

This event is raced from the Palace of Westminster to Westminster Boating Base, a distance of 1.3 miles. Watching the race was a happy coincidence for our yacht club's reception at this historic venue.

The whole evening was a great success and I suspect that everyone who attended will remember it for years to come.

Culinary delights

BECOME A LIMEY

From the 1700s sailors have taken lime juice to prevent scurvy



Scurvy was a huge problem for English sailors in the 1600s and 1700s until Dr James Lind discovered that a daily dose of lemon juice could cure the disease, after that the Royal Navy made sure that all sailors had lemon juice to drink when they were at sea for longer than one month. Thinking that lime juice would work better because it has more acid than lemon juice, lime juice was substituted for lemon juice and the sailors in the Navy were then known as limeys. So here are a couple of ways to get your vitamin C:

Key Lime pie

Serves 8

This no-bake recipe is simplicity itself and tastes delicious. I have seen a few recipes with more or less lime juice, and would say that this one is quite tangy, so if in doubt add 3 tablespoons of juice and taste before adding any more.

250g chocolate digestives, reduced to crumbs in a

food processor
100g melted butter
1 x 400g can sweetened condensed milk
6 tablespoons lime juice, bottled or freshly squeezed
300ml double cream

Make the base by mixing the crumbs and melted butter together and pressing into the base and sides of a lined 9inch round tart tin. Leave to cool. Whip the cream into soft peaks and mix together with the condensed milk, then add the lime juice and stir until it thickens. Pour into the tart case, smooth with a pallet knife and chill for at least 1-2 hours.

Margarita

A classic cocktail, serve shaken and not stirred! Serve in a stemmed glass with salt around the rim

Serves 1

25ml Tequila
25ml Cointreau
2 tablespoons lime juice

1 lime wedge
Handful of ice cubes

A margarita really needs to be shaken together. If you don't have a cocktail shaker use a clean jam jar with lid, pop in the ice, Tequila and Cointreau. Shake for half a minute, pour and top with the lime wedge.

Mojito

Serves 1

2 wedges of lime
1 tablespoon caster sugar
3 leaves mint
25ml white rum
Soda water
Crushed ice (bash a bag of ice with a rolling pin)

In a smallish tumbler, muddle lime wedges with sugar using the end of a rolling pin or something similar, to release as much lime juice as possible. Add the few mint leaves, meshing them against the side of the glass. Fill glass 2/3 with crushed ice and pour in the rum and top off with soda. and a couple more mint leaves

Marion Tempest

ODE TO JANET

The Jubilee Sailing Trust Race Route Des Moules
A tribute to Janet (The Wight Witch) Sainsbury
by John (The Decrepit Mariner) Futchner



'T was down the Channel Sailing
Club
That Janet said to me
"We're going to do the Route Des
Moules
Across to Alderney"

We'll sail across on Friday night
Then Saturday we'll sleep
There is a champagne reception
Appointment we must keep

Lots of food is promised
Mussel, crab and prawn
With pints of beer to wash it
down
And dancing 'til it's dawn

Hopefully there'll be some time
The island for to see
Then we'll sail back on Monday
Weighed down with duty free

We loaded up the car with sails
An anchor and some chain
Then drove off down to Hardway
The weather? Pouring rain

Stopping to fill the cans with fuel
We micro waved a pasty
The hot outside was wonderful
The cold inside was nasty

'Genghis Khan-T' was waiting
A GK24
With lots of room for two of us
As there were berths for four

While sailing round the Isle of
Wight
Came closer than we oughter
To some posts just sticking up
The end of a breakwater

We had a little problem
In visibility
That made the bloody starting

buoy
Impossible to see

We crossed the starting line at
last
Only ten minutes late
Two other yachts before us had
Just started from this gate

The outboard we had finished
with
When first the sails we'd set
But it was still stuck out the stern
We'd not brought it in yet

So while I worked the rudder
And struggled with the winch
Janet attached the topping lift
This challenge we'd not flinch

A plaintive cry from skipper
Said all was not at ease
Over the side beneath the engine
She swung on a trapeze

I hoisted them up quickly
'Cause I am no buffoon
Swung them through the open
hatch
Into the dark saloon

Now Janet said "The shackle's
gone
Lost as it doesn't float"
Moments earlier it kept her
And the engine on the boat

We rounded soon the Needles
light
And leaving it to port
With westerly cardinal on our
right
A course between we sought

Then setting sail for Alderney
With 205 the bearing
The yacht in front it's stern light

bright
We'd see when we were staring

The VHF kept crackling
From yachts that were in trouble
Saying they'd give up their race
Heading homeward at the
double

The petrol can had leaked some
fuel
Which in the bilge did swish
I smelt it when I went below
Fed my pasty to the fish

Janet went below to sleep
I clung grimly to the tiller
With breakers crashing over me
I was a gallant figure

Sliding down one wave
Then ploughing through the next
Soaking wet from head to foot
No time for feeling vexed

The nav light of the yacht in
front
By waves was hid from view
Then the lights of passing
tankers
Were obliterated too

Janet took the tiller from me
I lay down on my back
"A ship is coming! Get up here!
Were going to have to tack"

Having cleared the shipping
lanes
To sleep I got my chance
I woke and came on deck to see
The ruddy coast of France

The tide was now against us
And so we spent our day
Tacking back and forwards
But making no headway

The chimneys of Cap de la Hague
In same position caught
From us their bearing was the same
Each time we tacked to port

At last the tide was with us
And we crossed the line at Braye
It had taken twenty-four hours
From the start to make our way

Now the sharp radar reflector
Feeling like a laugh
Swung down from the spreader
And slit the jib in half

With our genoa in tatters
The tide took us like a toy
And despite all our best efforts
We missed the mooring buoy

That's how we ended up
Against the harbour wall
With crab pots round our rudder
Afraid we'd miss the ball

The radio at Jobourg
Heard Janet's plaintive cry
And called the inshore lifeboat
"They'll get you home and dry"

The RNLI were with us
In minutes about four
Said they hadn't saved a yacht
Inside the harbour walls before

The taxi boatman took us straight
To the event in a marquee
Everyone was pleased to see us
We'd come in fourth you see

Of all the yachts that started out
Of every shape and size
Only four of us had made it
And so we won a prize

The rain it was still lashing down
The wind outside did cry
Got my sports coat from my grab
bag
And put on my club tie

So we raised our champagne
glasses
Ate our moules & crab & prawn
Drank copious amounts of beer
And danced until the dawn

Book Review

THE LIGHTHOUSE STEVENSONS

by Bella Bathurst

This is not just a book about a family who for several generations built lighthouses. It is far more than that. Not quite all the family were successful engineers a notable exception being one of the sons Robert Louis Stevenson. The struggle of how he tried (and failed) and then used his grounding in engineering as inspiration for his writings is an interesting addition to the book.

This is a book about the origins of lighthouses and the pioneers who built them, it also about the politics and the social background of the time. It is hard to believe it, but some people did not want lighthouses built because they considered the plundering of shipwrecks to be a divine right. The book does go into the incredible difficulties of their construction and things you would not have thought of, for example: you would like a lighthouse on the rocks of Tiree? Then first build a harbour on another remote island so you can get there. Furthermore, where are you going to get your stone and your men from?

It is in no way a technical book - that sort of information is available elsewhere. What it is is a good and enjoyable read.

Perhaps I enjoyed it more because I read it while sailing in Scotland and went past some of the places mentioned in the book. All this did was to make me realise a bit more just how incredible the feats of engineering performed by generations of Stevensons were something that this book explains so well.

* The Lighthouse Stevensons is £9.98 in paperback or cheaper in Kindle version.

Nigel Barraclough

Caring for your lifejacket

As with all safety and emergency equipment, servicing your lifejacket is most important. Whatever type of lifejacket you use, it will need basic maintenance to keep it working properly.

General inspection and maintenance

At least every six months, all lifejackets should be inflated orally or by hand pump to avoid moisture build up inside the jacket, and left inflated for 24 hours to ensure they hold their pressure and to see if there are any leaks or damage. You can also check straps, Velcro enclosures and folded corners for wear and tear and check that the retro-reflective tape is firmly attached to the jacket surface. At three monthly intervals, check webbing and stitching, all buckles, zips and D-rings and ensure the whistle is securely fastened.

If the jacket is fitted with a light, check its operation and that the battery is in date – replace if necessary. Some lights are salt water activated and must be replaced after use.

The lifejacket should be repacked correctly, as per the manufacturers folding instructions. When not in use, lifejackets should be stored in a dry, well-aired area. Out of season the lifejacket should be opened up, partially inflated (to remove folds) and stored on a non metal coat hanger.



Call us for free sea safety advice and information on

0800 328 0600 United Kingdom

1800 789 589 Republic of Ireland



Lifeboats