



Chelmarsh Sailing Club



Royal Yachting Association Affiliated Club
and Recognised Teaching Establishment

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Commodore's Column

Once more the summer season is drawing to a close, no clubhouse but still plenty of boats on the water. Yesterday there were more than a dozen GPs out - that has to be good news when we don't even have the facility of showers after a day's sailing!

This is the last NewsBrief article I shall write as a flag officer. The last six years seem to have flown by, we were all expecting to have a new/refurbished clubhouse some time ago but it was not to be in my time of office! Hopefully very soon in the new year we will be celebrating the pleasures of being able to change and shower in comfort and enjoy socialising in our modern bar and galley! I must take this opportunity of mentioning Peter Widdowson, who has worked ceaselessly on the development of the clubhouse. During the past months (years?) hardly a day has gone by when Peter has not phoned / faxed / emailed / filled in forms / attended meetings on behalf of our club. I'm sure everybody would wish to join with me in saying thank you for all your time, effort and above all enthusiasm Peter.

There are many others at Chelmarsh who also contribute much to our club. Mike Kelly has spent a great number of hours managing the finances - I apologise for my glazed look that appears when Mike patiently tries to explain the projected figures for the next twenty years (*I may teach maths but 9 year olds don't have to learn about compound interest!*). Grahame Calladine is also doing a sterling job as project manager for our club and has regular site meetings with the builders and architect.

The committee has been fantastic. We are very lucky to have so much talent there. Elaine Westwood works really hard as membership secretary. **Please remember to send her your mandates as soon as possible - we need every penny for the new building!** Hilary has done another super year as Principal of Training, alongside her role as secretary of the GP14 Class Association. The training is a very important part of our club - we have some very talented instructors who run a wide range of courses for members and prospective members. David Tucker regularly publishes the results with great efficiency and Jonathan Carter keeps us up to date with e-mailed NewsBytes and produces our very professional NewsBrief. Derek Bollen is constantly repairing whatever goes wrong ably assisted by Tim! I could continue but I would only leave somebody out so my thanks to you all!

Last year's dinner dance was enjoyed by all who came - put this year's date of November 22 in your diary now and order your tickets from David Cowell or Mary Blake - It would be good to see as many members as possible there to support this event.

Enjoy your sailing for as long as possible - let's hope for an Indian summer, it really was good to see so many boats on the water last week!

Sally Fowler



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Volvo
Champion
Club

Ladies will be pleased to know that drinks can be ordered without having to knock three times and ask for Tim - while keeping eyes tightly closed!

Vice Commodore's Report

Oh joy! Every one will be aware that the long awaited extension and refurbishment of the clubhouse has begun. If you were not aware of that you are spending too much time at work and not enough time sailing!

The work to the clubhouse marks the end of the club's five year development plan and that means that a new plan has to be drafted. That plan needs to accommodate the 'interest groups' that we have agreed with Sport England to support as a condition of Lottery Funding for the clubhouse development. It also needs to accommodate the sailing aspirations of existing members. I do not think that there is, or is likely to be, any conflict between the interest groups identified by Sport England and the existing club membership. Indeed, many club members would also fall into one of the categories identified by Sport England. Therefore, by providing facilities and conditions that encourage members to leave their desks and come sailing we are also going some way to satisfying the conditions attached to our Lottery Funding.

Sailing is, of course, an out door sport and if you are not tempted away from the joys of home, work and family by a force four south westerly in 25 degree August temperatures you are unlikely to be tempted away by a clean, centrally heated club house with a southerly aspect and views over water. It will help though, wont it?!

So with the clubhouse sorted, what else can we do? We have to bear in mind that we are a members' club, financed by its members and run for the benefit of members by quite a small number of volunteers. Resources are, therefore, limited. In my view, that means that any

answer to the question has to be acceptable to the vast majority of members and manpower (*do you mean gender-neutral 'personnel'?! - Ed*) has to be able and willing to implement any plan that forms part of the answer.

I do not want this to become a rhetorical question so, if you have a view, and you must have, let me or another member of the committee have it.

A plea upon behalf of the sailing Secretary: Members sailing with sail numbers that do not relate to their boats, particularly when another boat in the same race is carrying the same sail number, are causing some confusion in the preparation of results!

Members are politely reminded that their boat should carry the correct sail number when racing. It is recognized that on a small number of occasions it might be necessary to use sails that do not carry the correct sail number. Where this occurs the sail number should be altered so as to make it different from the number carried on any other boat in the same race. Where that cannot be done, perhaps because the sails are borrowed, the OOD should be informed and the crew of both boats should ensure that the OOD has differentiated each boat in some way that will be understood by the Sailing Secretary. If the sailing secretary is unable to differentiate between boats it is possible that the result of neither boat will be recorded in the final results.

Gary

House Report

This is the end of an era - the club will finally be able to get rid of a shabby broken down wreck that has seen better days and also look forward to a wonderful new clubhouse.

Yes, this is my final report as Rear Commodore and I would like to thank everyone for their patience over the last two years as the clubhouse has deteriorated while awaiting the decision to go ahead with the refurbishments - I am sure that it will be worth the wait.

The social side of the club has obviously been restricted by the closure of the clubhouse although Tim's 'Speak Easy' in the gent's temporary changing rooms has allowed those essential post sailing debriefs to take place, if in somewhat dubious surroundings. The forthcoming Dinner Dance will therefore provide the ideal opportunity to leave the squalor behind and enjoy an evening of fine food and dancing in the company of your fellow club members. Ladies will be pleased to know that drinks can be ordered without having to knock three times and ask for Tim - while keeping eyes tightly closed!

My thanks go to all those who have provided help and guidance over the past two years and look forward to seeing you all at the Dinner Dance.

David Cowell

...The new pathway is for disabled access to the new 1st floor level and not what one young member thought - a new skate board ramp!

Development Update

On a weekly basis the clubhouse development getting closer to being a reality, walls are rising and the new shape of the roofline has become visible. With the funding finally all in place Peter Widdowson has stepped aside to let a new team of Chelmarsh members get on with task of coordinating the actual build. Here Grahame Calldine, AKA Bob the Builder, gives his first report for NewsBrief...

The builders have arrived and the work is progressing on time, so after 4 years of work our dreams are turning into reality. We are 10 weeks into the contract and the new Boson's store has already been completed and we are well into the new 1st floor over the old terrace.

The building has revealed a few surprises along the way but with the backing of our landlords (South Staffs Water) we have overcome the problems. To lay men and women that means they are paying for the additional work that we've had to carry out which we were not aware of originally.

In some respects the building visually appears to be going backwards as we have started to remove all the front windows. However, fear not - the structure is starting to reassemble and the final shape will soon appear.

At this stage I would like to clear up some misunderstanding about the new addition to the rear of the clubhouse: The new pathway is for disabled access to the new 1st floor level and not what one young member thought - a new skate board ramp!

The work is well on schedule and we should be getting our new clubhouse in Jan 2004.

We will be looking for assistance at the end of the contract for help in finishing the interior and if you wish to volunteer your services for a day or half day contact Pete Townend.

Well that's all from ***Bob the Builder***



PS: Remember keep coming to the club - the water is still there waiting for all of you





Tiny Tony goes to the GP14 Worlds

The month was August, the sun was shining and the boat was packed and ready, it could mean only one thing, 'The Worlds'. My little adventure had begun, so with car loaded, passport to hand and a copy of the Sheep Recognition Handbook, we headed for Abersoch, somewhere up the A5 then left a bit. This is my diary following two slightly aging blokes, with a boat past its best, attempting to compete in the biggest race in the GP14 calendar.

Day 1:

Blazing hot day, all packed up ready to go. Found we had two extra passengers, apparently Dad rang Uncle Ade on his mobile to bring two old oars in case we got becalmed, but the signal was a bit faint, ah well, should be amusing come bed time.

Finally get to Abersoch after averaging 27mph, what happened to roads in Wales? We send the girls off to find the cottage and the boys head for scrutineering. They peel back the boat cover to find a push chair, bucket & spade in the boat and assorted other goodies - no chance this boat being under weight. We are told Dad's pole is $\frac{1}{2}$ inch too long, Mom never complained. Out came the hacksaw and the offending length was chopped off. Then down to the beach to rig the boat. What a beach, it is more like the South of France, this is going to be fun. Not sure how we managed it but we got the boat parked right next to Aunty Hil & Uncle Tim.

Day 2:

Almost 200 GP14's on the beach, the sun is blazing and the fleet is all rigged and ready to go in the practice race, Dad tells Uncle Ade he has never helmed on the sea before. Uncle Ade has another fag.

Day 3:

First two races today, we wave them off and out to sea they go. We can see the boats miles out in the distance, but no idea what is happening, after a few hours Dad & Uncle Ade limp in with a huge hole in the side of the boat. An American coming across the fleet on port crunched them; do I have to say any more?! Sounds like friendly fire to me. Dad patrols the beach as the fleet comes in waiting to pounce, he is not happy. I think the guy looked into Dad's eyes as he waded out, and thought an apology and an offer of a beer was the best way to keep the peace. All ended ok, except for the hole. Copious amounts of gaffer tape, advice and help and a repair was made. All ready for Tuesday.

Day 4:

Two good races, wind blowing quite strongly and some big waves. Even 7 miles out you can still hear shouting at the marks. We are camped out on the beach making sand castles.

Mom is reading one of those girlie books she either gets from her Mother or at a buy 1 get 10 free stalls. Let me explain if you have never seen these. The cover of the book has a girl with sad eyes wearing a bonnet. Open any page and the text is something like this: *'Fanny returned from the mill having been told she had lost her job, it was the family's only source of income and they would be forced to sell the communal blanket they all slept under. To make matters worse, she had to tell them she was pregnant. Fanny had met him at the local tram stop, his name was Dick and he came from a very large family who lived in a packing crate on Grimsby docks, they were a very proud family and were never heard to complain.*



...Dad tells Uncle Ade he has never helmed on the sea before. Uncle Ade has another fag.

His Father had served in the Great War; he was an orderly. He was assigned to stretcher duty, but never lived up to his potential as he only had one arm as a result of a mining accident when he got it trapped under a pit pony.

And on it went. Only another 51 chapters.

Day 5:

Wednesday and no wind, the boys are out for 6 hours, Uncle Ade nods off to sleep, but Dad does not notice. As it was only supposed to be a one race day they run out of food and water, the first few beers do not even touch the sides.

Day 6:

Thursday the wind comes back, but Mom tells me if I stop drinking the local water I should be ok.

The week is falling into a pattern, the boys shoot off to sail and the girls and I hit the beach. Then when the fleet returns everyone piles onto the balcony of the yacht club for a few beers, sometimes I get a bowl of chips too.

Day 7:

Friday arrives and it is the last race, the title could be won by any of 5 or 6 boats, sadly not ours. The morning starts with no wind and everyone trundles out with a feeling there will be no racing, but the wind and the waves arrive and everyone has a final great last race.

Time to knock the boat down and retrieve it from the beach, all a bit sad really.

We all go back to back to the cottage to get washed and changed for the evening presentation. The big marquee is packed with competitors and their families. Lots of prizes. Everyone is in good spirits as the week was a great success for all. Everyone agrees to meet again for the Nationals in Abersoch next year, if the committee can organise good weather again it will be marvellous.

Day 8:

Time to put the last few items in the cars and head back home, as we join the main road we seem to be in a convoy of GP's, but very quickly they disperse their own ways. We make slightly better time on the way back.

So, what has the week been all about? People of all ages and backgrounds having a damn good time. Sharing a beer after racing and telling tall stories, kids making sand castles and eating ice cream.

To be World Champion is a great achievement, and congratulations to Neil Marsden, but to the other 174, taking part was something special too.

Dan Jukes AKA Tiny Tony





Top Gun

Just as our youth fleets have gone a bit quiet, with Holly moving to the Fireballs and Peter and Alistair fighting it out with the big boys in the Laser fleet, Chelmarsh has got a new home grown talent in the Topper - Thomas Salt. Following some gentle encouragement (!) NewsBrief is able to bring you the full story...

When I got a phone call from Jonathan to tell me he wanted me to write an article for the Chelmarsh club newsletter, my first thoughts were, "great, even more homework"!

Anyway, I first started sailing about three years ago, in the summer school holidays when my mum and dad sent me on a sailing course at the club, to be coached by Hillary. I think they sent me to get me out of the way for a few days! After finishing the course I didn't set foot in another boat until twelve months later when I went back and did much the same course again, but this year achieving my Grade 2. Soon after, Matt (*nee Fred - Ed*) invited me back and encouraged me to complete my Level 3, and from that point on the curiosity was there. I now wanted to race, and to buy my first boat. After a loan from my dad, and lots of work paying it back, I soon had the £700 I needed to buy my Topper. I had arrived!

I am now busy sailing all over the region and sometimes further a field, along with my younger brother Andrew who has also now caught the bug. As we near the end of this season, I feel I have improved and achieved some success in events, most notably a 1st place at a National Qualifier (my brother reckons it was a fluke!). I currently stand 6th place in the Toppers in the region over the season.

I now aim to qualify for the Topper West Zone and complete the winter training schedule (with my new dry suit - hint hint). And what after the Topper? Well at the moment I fancy sailing a 29er, but I really need a helm or crew (not to mention a boat, Dad!).

Thomas Salt

Notice of meeting

The Annual General Meeting of Chelmarsh Sailing Club will take place on

**Sunday 7 December 2003
at 5.30pm**

Venue

Bridgnorth Rowing Clubhouse, Severn Park, Bridgnorth (by kind permission of BRC). Parking available on the Lowtown Severn Park.

Solo Fleet Report

The solo members are going through a rebirth, we have had several of the fleet move away, a few long-term health problems and a spate of new boats appearing at the club.

Garth and Walter have recently upgraded to new boats and to causal observers that is why their boats are covered in cotton wool whenever they are even vaguely near another dinghy. Sam and I have sent our boats in for rebuilding after clashing with larger and somewhat more solid objects (*is that a new euphemism for Fireball?! - Ed*). All this has meant that we have had very low turnouts for Sunday racing.

However, with these events behind us and with the latest addition of two new keen Solo sailors from Aldridge Sailing club we should be back to a better turnout for the Sunday racing.

I have to end now for I have to put my hard hat back on and go back to Bob the Builder mode.

Grahame

"we surfed on to the beach in the Drascombe." - "And what," I asked, "is a Drascombe?" By the end of the bottle I knew.

By Luck and by Lugger: From Chelmarsh to Illfracombe

The teaching establishment at Chelmarsh has produced many sailors over the years, including top racers in dinghies, sailing coaches, transatlantic yachtsmen and even the odd NewsBrief Editor! Here we learn about Richard Craven, one of the RTE's most recent alumni, and where his sailing experience has taken him...

Chains of events often seem to result from chance and coincidence but are probably the result of awareness and selection.

When Adam and I joined the beginners course this year my objective was to learn the rudiments of sailing prior to building a wooden boat but, rather to my surprise I enjoyed sailing a lot and, recognizing that more boats are started than finished, I decided to save time and anguish by buying a boat.

The cork leaving a bottle in Lincolnshire marked the next link in the chain: someone was saying, "we surfed on to the beach in the Drascombe." - "And what," I asked, "is a Drascombe?" By the end of the bottle I knew. A Drascombe Lugger was, according to my hosts, a 19ft 6ins GRP dayboat, yawl rigged with a loose footed mainsail and heavy steel centreboard.

They're strong weatherly boats ideal for coastal sailing, a good family camping boat, difficult to capsize and generally forgiving in nature. They could handle a bit of a blow and would be a good boat for beginners. Like us! I laid this information, brought alive with firsthand accounts of Lugger voyaging around the Fastnet and Roaring Water Bay, in that resting place in the brain where supper talk lies along with the corks and the second bottles.

And there it did lie until, in another month and another world the hand of fate nudged me gently towards the small shop window of Baltimore Post Office and I read a postcard advert which said, "*Drascombe Lugger for Sale*". Baltimore in West Cork that is, not the United States of America.

Well I missed that Lugger, by a few hours only, and in doing so discovered what a following they have and how scarce good second-hand ones are. And by now I was talking to people about Drascombes, owners, ex-owners and builders; I was picking up the enthusiasm, being affected by the love stories and learning the difference between Dabbers, Coasters and Luggers. I went and sailed a Lugger off the Pembrokeshire coast.

Having chased a lot of boats for sale, I found one that sounded just right in Kent so, I pocketed a wad of cash and headed south.

Three days later Adam and I trailed the boat to Barmouth and, after making all the mistakes, at 6:30 am with the tide still on the make we headed gingerly out to sea in a freshening breeze under a cautious jib and mizzen.

Since then we have sailed "Sea Trout" from Fishguard and from Lydney on the Severn. With the Lydney Yacht Club we voyaged down the North Somerset coast for a week with another Lugger and four Wayfarers. Sometimes we camped, sometimes we marina'd. Everyday was a steep learning curve. Everyday brought its pleasures, its fears, its discomforts and reliefs.

The other club members could not have been more welcoming and helpful to us beginners and our gratitude is great. In fact we have not met anyone sailing who is other than kind and encouraging. We didn't quite get to Illfracombe and Lundy as planned, a bad weather forecast and broken Wayfarer centreboard prevented that but who cares? We will probably make it next year.

Adam and I are forever grateful to Chelmarsh Club and the instructors who generously gave us the confidence and enthusiasm to develop and move on to forge the first link in this utterly delightful chain. I plan to moor "Sea Trout" at Fishguard next year, funds and circumstances permitting, and to explore the Pembrokeshire coast and assess the practicality of a trip to SW Ireland. I know "Sea Trout" is up to it but is her crew?

Luggers are a world away from Lasers but they say that although Drascombes don't often finish first they do usually finish! That suits me. And will I build that wooded boat? Well when I retire perhaps!

Richard Craven



Should you want to crew or even swap partners I offer a discreet service!

GP14 Fleet News

With glass in one hand, cicadas chirruping amongst the Bougainvilleas and Elaine partying, I make no apologies for having forgotten the race results - see Dave Tucker's admirable results service on the net. However, congratulations must go to Tony & Adrian and Tim & Hilary for representing Chelmarsh at the Masters, and the Worlds in Abersoch.

I cannot remember such an excellent summer for sailing with wind, sunshine and heat. That too for the nightcap series with just the odd calm; hardly a cancellation, fearsome competition and the usual blatant disregard of the basic rules of sailing that must be addressed shortly. Protest committees and risk of disqualification must return (ooooooooh - ed!)

Unfortunately the season started through no fault of our own with the cancellation of the training day and our Open. I suspect we've left it too late for this year but I hope to have a training and tuning session early in 2004, having already earmarked the winner of the Masters and 6th at the Worlds for coaching (to be confirmed).

Aberdovey was another great success with Tim and Hilary winning the Bells and all having a great time. Unfortunately we couldn't sail out at sea because the low tide prevented the Committee boat from getting over the bar. This will be addressed for next year's event, along with efforts to get more visiting fleets - this year we were graced with the presence of ex GP'ers Peter and Liz in their Scorpion.

You are now aware of the changes to the structure of the clubhouse and we await the final results in eager anticipation. We will be calling for work parties in January/February to aid completion so please no hasty booking of holidays at that time! There does however appear to be a slight dropping off of sailing numbers as the work progresses. Our temporary facilities are functional and I would like to see more of you on the water in the very near future - especially those of you new to the club (within last 24 months). Please do not hesitate in contacting me if it is going to help get you out on to our splendid water. The GP fleet is a family and we help each other either through the club or through our much-valued Class Association. Should you want to crew or even swap partners I offer a discreet service!

Our GP Dinner is once again close by on October 25 at the Bulls Head Chelmarsh - 7.30 for 8.00, £16.00 per head, inter-course quizzes & prizes. Please see our web site for the menu - book ASAP.

For all new members this is an excellent time to meet all fellow GP members (or sufferers depending on which side of the partnership you belong). This is our opportunity to say hello and meet up - for certain people to apologise for their sailing misdeeds and for everybody to have a dammed good time!

To all of you who have sailed this year, won chockies, or have just learnt to sail, well done. For those of you who couldn't make it, you were missed and we look forward to seeing you on the water soon.

Fresh Breezes
Ken Westwood, GP Fleet Captain

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ke.westwood@btinternet.com





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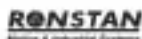


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Ah, for the innocence of youth!
Call me a cynic but to me there
is wide gulf between two
teenagers texting each other
and the realities of juggling the
family calendar.

Southport Junior 12 Hour Endurance Race



“Wouldn’t it be great to have a Chelmarsh entry,” said Fiona our Junior Fleet Captain. “I think our youngsters would really benefit from having a go,” said Hilary, our Training Principle. “I’d like to have a go at that,” said Sarah my daughter. “OK” said I, having no idea what it involved!

We set to work to try and raise a team with a poster in the club and a NewsByte. How foolish to think we would be inundated with replies. None came, so Sarah started pouncing on sailors at the club. Sufficient interest raised, she was soon ‘texting’ and going ‘on-line’ to arrange details with potential team members.

Ah, for the innocence of youth! Call me a cynic but to me there is wide gulf between two teenagers texting each other and the realities of juggling the family calendar. Time for Dad to step in with a bit of ‘gross interference’ and to ring all the other parents - one decision maker to another.

Great, we had a team: Clair Brunner, Holly Turner, Matt Jones, Owain Hughes, Peter Cowell and Sarah. All good sailors, but some with little or no GP14 experience. Time for JC to step in and offer some training for the team along side his adult improvers course.

We also had a boat as Chris Jones kindly let us use ‘Jumble’. Even more kindly he let the team, assisted by Hilary and Tim, tune it. Only confessing later that he was not going to pass up the chance to benefit himself from the seasoned eye of such an experienced couple checking out his boat.

Friday came, Sarah finished her last GCSE in the morning and it was off to Chelmarsh to get the boat, pick up Matt and go up to Southport. So it was that Hil Brunner and I arrived with Cars tightly packed with sailors, sailing gear, spares, tools, tents, sleeping bags etc.

Despite the strong breeze that kept the tents flapping most of the night we awoke to light airs at 06.30 ready for the 07.00 briefing and 08.00 start.

Being squeezed over to the wrong side of the inner distance mark got us off to a bad start and we sailed disappointingly towards the back of the fleet of 15 GPs, Enterprises and Bosuns. At one point we had to suffer the indignation of being beaten by the local scout and guide pack

A call from Chris Jones indicated that we had too much rig tension for the light conditions. This necessitated much shouting from the shore next time ‘Jumble’ passed by. After some bemused looks from the crew, realisation dawned, the rig was adjusted and the Chelmarsh campaign restarted.

We had sailed 43 laps, only 3 less than the winners - a creditable first time performance

Southport Junior 12 Hour Endurance Race Cont.

As the hours progressed the team worked hard moving from 12th to 8th. Too much had been lost for us to ever realistically get amongst the leaders. The boat behind then put in some superb laps and overtook. We nearly got it back on several occasions, but finally we had to settle for 9th overall and 4th Under 18's. We had sailed 43 laps, only 3 less than the winners - a creditable first time performance - and pleasingly Clair also gained 3rd place in the Lady Helm short duration race.

Finishing at 20.00, it was a late departure after tie-down and prize giving. After a tiring day the whole team slept on the way home - angelic and sweet, just like young children again.

We really enjoyed ourselves - the sailors with their GP and Hil and I with our deckchairs. What's more we have a souvenir trophy ready to grace the new clubhouse!

The team had so much fun that next year's campaign is already being discussed. So many thanks to JC, Hilary, Tim and Hil for their help, to Chris for 'Jumble', and Chelmarsh for paying the entry fee. Thanks also to Mo Turner who put in a heroic six-hour round trip to bring Holly up on Saturday morning, when she found that she could not change her evening shift and travel up with us on Friday.

Mark Collingwood

The Annual Dinner Dance and Prize Giving

at the Spring Grove House, Bewdley

22nd November 2003

Music will be provided by Take 4
Tickets @ £30 are available from David Cowell.

Stop him and Buy one!

Or write to him using the slip below

Dear David,

Is it that time of year again?

Please send me tickets for the dinner dance.

I enclose a cheque for £ made payable to **Chelmarsh Sailing Club**.

Yours sincerely,

.....

PS(number) of my party have special dietary requirements.

To: David Cowell, Harley House, Harley, Shrewsbury, Shropshire.



The ongoing work to the clubhouse has meant some upheavals, especially a healthy investment in spray on deodorant after a hard day's kinetics on the water!

Get Connected

Having finally dried out from an Abersoch Week where I don't think I've ever done as much swimming (!) it's time to reflect on a fantastic summer of sailing. Back at the club, the Fireball fleet has been overrun by hordes of super-fast females, whom it would appear have developed a standard demur smile that sneaks out whenever they glide past a competitor. No bad thing I hear you say, especially as these skills should come in handy for the Interfleet racing - November 1, 10.00am first race, so watch out.

Thank you for sending in your thoughts and articles. It's great to include so many reports on members' racing successes, travels and experiences - and keep them coming, the next edition is only a few months away! Thanks must also go to the people who work behind the scenes to help make this communication possible - as always, Tony 'Read Receipts' Jukes, Richard 'HTML' Coates and Lindsay 'Apple Mac' Crayton.

The ongoing work to the clubhouse has meant some upheavals, especially a healthy investment in spray on deodorant after a hard day's kinetics on the water! However, the build is going very well and we're all looking forward to January when we should have our showers back. In the meantime Chelmarsh's own Bob the Builder, Grahame, is keeping us updated on progress and encouraging participation in the final decorations. An increasingly popular way to receive such information is e-mail.

Over 130 of you are presently subscribed to the free e-mailed news update service, NewsByte. Please contact me at info@chelmarshsailing.org.uk to get on the list and have news sent to your computer about Chelmarsh, including events, racing and social reminders.

Various people, mostly entrants, have been asking me about our Turtle/Maws Gallery photo competition and who has won the fabulous enlarged print complete in its own splendid frame.



Well, you'll all have to see David Cowell and book tickets for the Dinner Dance as we'll be announcing the winner on the night and presenting them with their prize. So start practicing your acceptance speeches, this could be your 15 minutes of fame!

Happy sailing

Jonathan Carter, Editor

Orange: 07799 620 858
info@chelmarshsailing.org.uk

...small, but select bunch of committed drinkers, some of whom even managed to sail the next day.

Laser News

Laser Fleet Captain's Log....Stardate 2003

2003 has been quite a busy year for Chelmarsh Lasers both home and away.

The first event was our training day in March, led by Keith Wilkins who made the most of the sunny but almost windless conditions (in contrast to last years gale force snow squalls) to improve our racing skills and roll tacking. Five club members plus three visitors benefited from this, and welcome to Tim Goodall, who has since joined Chelmarsh as a result of this event. Since the training day, which included some subtle brainwashing, Dave Allen has been converted to Lasers, and is already racing very competitively.

The same sunny weather remained for the Laser open next day, when an excellent turnout of 29 boats, including 16 visitors, had a very good day's racing in light winds.

The annual Laser social event, this year a barbeque, was enjoyed by a small, but select bunch of committed drinkers, some of whom even managed to sail the next day.

On the wider stage, Chelmarsh has been well represented at a high level with Keith Wilkins again retaining his British Grand Masters title and about to defend his World title in Cadiz. Peter Cowell made the Gold Fleet in the laser 4.7 Worlds in Turkey and finished well inside the top half of the Radial fleet at the Nationals. Richard Coates had some good results in the early season qualifiers and has also done well in some Midland events.

On the Chelmarsh scene, we have had some good turnouts, particularly on Wednesday nights, and a dozen different winners in the Sunday races. If only we could get everyone to race on the same day!

Finally, some welcomes to new or re-joining members: Mark Yarnold has re-joined the laser fleet after several years away from sailing, and got so hooked he has bought himself a brand new boat. Several of the newer club members have also tried the delights of Laser sailing on a regular basis including Adam and Richard Craven and Richard Woods - welcome to the fleet!

Will Ranson





Fireball News

It seems more and more hard to pin down these busy young professionals to write for NewsBrief. Armed with a mobile phone in one hand and a laptop in another, Sam Bunn is locked in a long distance Virgin train with only the other passengers and memories of Fireball sailing in 2003 to occupy her...

Hello all you fireball sailors, well I'm afraid this is a bit of a last minute write up of our goings on since the last NewsBrief. On Monday night a quietly spoken very polite and persuasive Jonathan rang me asking if there was the remotest possibility I could write something for NewsBrief and to maybe add a joke or two. To which I replied, 'Well no, it's just not possible. I am going to Glasgow for the Maxillo Facial Congress tomorrow and won't be back 'till Friday night.' How could I not go to the bar in the evenings with my fellow colleagues - what sort of excuse is having to write a sailing report?! Then I remembered the five-hour train journey each way and said, '**JC not a problem, I'll do it on the move**'. So there you have it, at present I am sat on a train facing the wrong way just leaving Glasgow.

On the other side of the aisle is a woman who has already told her life story to the man sat opposite her, and opposite me well, should I say this (?) is a chocoholic, who hasn't stopped eating since we got on the train. It may be a different story when she comes to get off the train, because at the moment I just can't see it happening! TICKETS PLEASE...

Right, suppose I'd better shut up and get on. Firstly, we have three new Fireballs in the fleet, Holly Turner, Owain Hughes, Dave Rush and Wayne Southall, Linden Bird and Jason Milner. Welcome! Well done Holly, you certainly showed us all, who needs Rush, P & B, Alverbank (*or even Speed Sails! - Ed*) especially those weenie ones (as Karen refers to them). You seemed to go especially well with your orange ones. Also well done to David and Sarah - it is a regular occurrence that you are seen up the front giving many of us a run for our money.

She is now eating polos and he is talking about brandy that must be his chosen topic.

As a fleet we always encourage people to have a go in fireballs, and never more than now, as there are a number of helms looking for permanent crews. At present I know of a requirement for blonde female of slender build, and a young agile male; especially those willing to learn, who want to get wet and don't mind sailing every Sunday with a feeling very similar to a turkey ready for the oven. If you fit this description then you may be just what we are looking for - so get in touch now!

It seems she is a single woman and by heck she has struggled, poor bloke he'll be opening that third can of Stella in a minute.

That gets me on to the next bit - you see if you were a crew you could spend the week blasting around the marks at Abersoch. That's what we all did for the last full week of July. The problem with Abersoch dinghy week is that we have been lulled into this false sense of security; we go there with the belief that it will be force 3-4 everyday, that our little feet will get burnt on the hot sand and that we will all suddenly get binocular vision and be able to see the next mark when rounding the previous one. It doesn't happen! This year we had a lot of wind, in fact everyday bar one. It also rained almost everyday. We had a casualty amid our fleet, but then Mo and Paul really shouldn't have eaten Holly's chocolates and we had had regular dolphin spottings. It is now a known fact that dolphins come in shore when bad weather is imminent, and yes, a dolphin was there all week. But it was a fun week as it always is and what sailing we did do was thoroughly enjoyed, and if we weren't sailing we sat and watched Joner attempt windsurfing under the tutorial eyes of Mike and Adam W.

He's been to see Beckham play Madrid - A £204 phone bill? I am not bli'men surprised!

We watched Mike from the bar as he got nearer to Pwhelli and further from his tutors who had faces of growing concern.

Fireball News Cont.

Mike's lesson progressed over the four days and he started to come on in leaps and bounds. From finding it hard actually getting the sail up to getting quite a way from the shore, and that is what happened. We watched Mike from the bar as he got nearer to Pwhelli and further from his tutors who had faces of growing concern. Of course you can imagine that we were all by now windsurfer instructors in the bar and had decided upon his errors. We all felt that he should do things this way and that, but for us to get our dry little bodies wet would never have happened. Anyway, eventually Mike realised defeat was near and as Adam 'Hasselhoff' swam to save Pam Jones, the rib arrived to save both him and his board. Adam sailed it back in and Mike, who had been brought in by the rib, was now seen frantically running across the rocks back to the shore to have another go. A man of steel I tell you, with pure grit and determination, he seemed to accomplish the art of windsurfing. Well-done Mike!

She is now on more chocolate and we are pulling into Carlisle. People depart and others embark and I stay along with my neighbours and chocolate eater on the train to the next station.

We had a good turn out of Fireballs at Abersoch - 9 of us in total, and every one thoroughly enjoyed themselves. I spent the week with Martin, JC and two chaps from Chew in Mrs. Jones' house. JC was our live in chalet maid, very capable of creating a mixture of different mushroom orientated dishes.

More sweets are going in now and its not a question of how will she get of the train but 'how will she get up out of her seat.'

After getting back from Abersoch I returned to work for four days and then packed my stuff to go to the Nationals. My young, light, very agile crew had been injured at Abersoch and so I had to find a stand in - MARTIN. Yes, my husband! We came to a decision that if it were really windy he'd helm, if it were light winds then I would helm. Deep down I think 'Bunny Boy' was convinced I'd bottle it; I'd be the ever polite and tolerant crew. Well we got there and I went to register, right up to the moment we registered I questioned whether I could helm the week. And then that was when it happened: 'can we have the full name of the helm please' 'yes' I replied 'Samantha Bunn' Martin looked at me in disbelief and probably with some disappointment; I couldn't believe it I was going to helm my first nationals. The week was brilliant socially but sailing wise we only managed 5 out of 10 races. The wind was non-existent and it became a lottery as to where people finished.

If you had a good start then a good result was surely to be on the cards.

No word of a lie I have just looked out of the train window and seen a field of orange sheep. WHY?!

The sailing was good until the one minute warning and then it was almost as if this was a sign: 'NO WIND NOW PLEASE' and that's what happened. So we would drift around waiting, learning to dive of the deck, play Frisbee amongst the fleet, and then paddle or get towed ashore after getting nicely frazzled due to the heat wave that had descended on us for the week. Brother Paul did well he came 3rd/4th overall winning the Yachts & Yachting trophy for achieving a first, and we came 35th /36th out of 72/ 73. Martin and myself probably won't sail in that format again - he won't do what he is told at all!

Our Fireball open has been cancelled this year, due to the obvious clubhouse disruption, but next year we will nag the visitors to come. Our Fireball dinner date has been changed. I will endeavor to let you know the date and venue in the near future.

Lancaster now, is that all? Flying would definitely have been a lot quicker.

New events that I now know of are:

2004 nationals - Foye / Dale TBA

2005 nationals / worlds - Teignmouth

2006 nationals - Abersoch

I even know the date for the nationals at Abersoch it will be the week following the Dinghy Week, so at least our binocular vision will have been ascertained and hopefully we won't see any dolphins.

I wanted this to last my full journey but it hasn't and I can't write anymore. Well, I shall prepare myself for some boredom because she is still droning on and in three hours will be in Wolverhampton where my intolerant crew will be to meet me. BUNNY BOY!!!!

Oops - I nearly forgot the joke. This was my Abersoch joke and for full effect should be read out loud:

'Why has Edward Woodward got four D's in his name? Because if he didn't he'd be called Ewar Woowar.'

In case you were wondering she did manage to get off the train!

Your ever-tolerant fleet captain, Sam, Bunny Girl

Sailing Secretary Speaks

David and Sarah's new 'Phenomenal' acquisition is clearly keeping him super busy – when he's not gel coating the decks he's doing our race results. Here's his latest update on how to find out how you've done in a series and how you can make a difference in making his job a little easier...

Firstly, I have created a new page on our website that is a record of our winners in 2003. This gives a table of first second and third place competitors in all of the racing series that have been completed to date. Access this page is through the link that reads 'Winners 2003' in the left-hand navigation panel.

Secondly, regarding declaration please do not write DNS in the declaration box. I realise that folk are trying to be helpful but putting any text in the box can be confusing - just put a line through the box if you must. DNS stands for 'Did Not Sail' and is an abbreviation that race officers use in recording regatta results. I know that you did not sail if your sail number is not on the results list for the particular race. If you retire please make this very clear with a nice plain RTD that is unlike your normal swiggle for declaration.

Thirdly, sometimes I am rather busy and do not get around to updating the results on the website until late in the week. Often I will send out a notification that the results have been updated to the competitors of the series. If you have not received such a notification and would like to be included please let me know your email address so that I can do this.

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...after attending Matt's Red Badge racing course where I was so bad he refused to give me the badge!

Burning Ambition

NewsBrief catches up with Peter Cowell, a budding young Laser sailor who's on the up, quite literally - every time he returns to Chelmarsh from an event he's going faster and seems to have grown a couple of inches in height! Here Peter describes his sailing career to date, and what he hopes for in the future..

I am now fourteen and have been sailing competitively for three years. I learned to sail in an Oppy in Peter Widowson's Junior course but started racing properly after attending Matt's Red Badge racing course where I was so bad he refused to give me the badge! However, I persevered (or was it that dad wouldn't let me stop?!) and gained a place in the RYA Zone squad in the Topper. At the end of last year after much prompting from Keith Wilkins I decided to move into the Laser class.

The Laser was ideal for me - the choice of three sizes of rig giving the flexibility to suit my size and weight. The smallest rig is called the 4.7, the middle size is called the Radial, which is the main youth class (under 19) and the largest is the full rig as used in the Olympics.

Having spent several freezing weekends in December and January training with Olympic coach Mark Littlejohn I qualified for the 4.7 National Squad and set my sights on the world championships in Turkey in the sun! These were held from the 11-18 July 2003 in Cesme. 97 under-18s from over 18 different countries raced against one another over 5 days in testing conditions with 20-25mph winds and 6-foot waves. I finished 43rd in the world and 5th Brit.

Three weeks later I was in Largs (the wettest place in the world!) in Scotland for the laser Nationals. I competed with the bigger Radial sail as one the youngest in the fleet of 116 that had no upper age limit. There were strong winds all week similar to those in Turkey but this time accompanied with torrential rain. I was pleased with my overall position of 47th.

Less than a week later I was off again, this time to Ireland for the Irish Laser Nationals. Again I raced with the Radial sail against a fleet of 90 competitors. The conditions were variable throughout the week, ranging from strong winds of 20 miles an hour to less than 5. After the 8 races completed over the four days I finished in 21st place before flying home the next day in time to return to school the following day, to start my GCSE course at Old Swinford Hospital. The school have given me their unstinting support throughout my campaign and are helping me to realise my ambition of representing Great Britain in a future Olympics.

Peter Cowell



During these years I devoured all the Arthur Ransome books and dreamed of one day having similar adventures in my own small boat!

A Septuagenarian Saga

Garth Reynolds is probably best known by Chelmarsh members not for his reverent years - he is our oldest active member - but his enthusiasm, good sportsmanship and ability to get things done. He has been a first rate fleet captain, an active committee member and is presently responsible for encouraging the older age group to sail. With very nearly three score year and ten of sailing under his belt, NewsBrief is proud to bring you a glimpse of his wealth of nautical experiences.

I am not sure at which age I was first taken sailing, but I have this photo of me aged three sitting on my mother's knee sailing in the West Bay One design 'Kittiwake' which belonged to my grandfather and was sailed at various times by all his children.



Kittiwake was clinker built, 18 feet long, half decked and gaff rigged. There were, I believe, five of these boats, which were raced quite regularly. One memory I have is of a race where Kittiwake and the boat belonging to the Trevet family were fighting for first place when the Trevet boat was dismasted. I cheered because it meant that Kittiwake, helmed by my father won however I was rebuked by my mother who said we should be sorry for the Trevets!

The came the Second World War and all non-essential boats had to be laid up, and after that Kittiwake was sold.

During these years I devoured all the Arthur Ransome books and dreamed of one day having similar adventures in my own small boat! My father was in the R.A.O.C. in the 8th Army, and abroad for 3 years. At the end of the war he was in Naples with very little active service to do, and in his free time set about building a boat using a design he found in an Italian yachting magazine. She was carvel built, 14 foot long and with a standing gunter lugsail. Her registration number, which had to be painted in her hull, was NY151 B. My father sailed her frequently in the bay of Naples, often camping on board.

...and sometimes we would sail along the coast and then camp out under the stars on the beach and sail back the next day.

A Septuagenarian Saga Cont.

When he was repatriated he arranged for the boat to be shipped back to England as deck cargo on an oil tanker, into Liverpool, thence by rail down to West Bay, where during the annual holidays, which in those days were only two weeks a year, my father taught me to sail. Anyone who knows West Bay will know that it is not the easiest of places to sail out of. When there is an onshore wind (which there is most of the time) it necessitated rowing out between the piers, and making sail once outside. However, I always enjoyed sailing on the sea, and sometimes we would sail along the coast and then camp out under the stars on the beach and sail back the next day.

Later we started taking holidays at Salcombe, and the boat was moved there, where sailing conditions were much easier and more enjoyable. While there I often saw the, then new, design of the Solo and soon after my father's death in 1960 we sold his boat, and I bought a new Solo, number 295 built by Alec Stone of Salcombe. At the time he was considered to be the top builders of Solos. It had a wooden mast; wooden battens and a transom-mounted mainsheet, and had no other sail controls at all.

Having a trailable boat meant that I was able to sail at other time and at other places, principally Llangorse S.C. When I got married we took the boat with us to Salcombe on honeymoon. When rigging the boat for the first time, and pulling the sail out of its bag I discovered that someone had added a quantity of confetti to it, which blew around, much to the amusement of others on the beach.



A couple of years later I sold this boat in order to help raise the deposit for our first house, and that was the end of sailing for me for quite some time, except for the occasional hire boat while on holiday. Running a small business and bringing up three boys took up all available finances.

In 1992 having moved to Kidderminster and taken early retirement I decided that if I was ever going to sail competitively I had better start now. I joined Chelmarsh S.C. bought an old Laser and spent quite a lot of time in the water! Gradually I got the hang of these (to me) modern type of boats and later bought a newer one, number 140889.

By the 1993/4 season I was beginning to get a few prizes, 2nd or third in the Silver fleet and so on, but I was never particularly happy in Lasers, and in 1998 I asked the committee if I could try to restart the Solo fleet which had been in abeyance for some 13 years, and together with Neil Trinder, another disenchanting Laser sailor, we did so.

A Septuagenarian Saga Cont.

I bought my first Solo, 3304 from Guy Bradbury, an honorary life Member of C.S.C. now living near Southampton, who had kept his boat laid up in his garage every since leaving Chelmarsh. I subsequently sold that boat within the club and bought a much newer, Severn composite, 3987. In both these boats I thoroughly enjoyed sailing and racing with a progressively improving and enlarging fleet.

In March 2001, as a complete change, I had the opportunity to join the Swedish sail training Barque, the 'Gunilla', for a voyage from Cuba, via the Bahamas, Bermuda, and the Azores to Falmouth. I had always fancied the idea of sailing on a square-rigger, and although I enjoyed the times of activity very much, there were long periods of boredom and I would not do it again.

This year, to celebrate my 70th birthday I have bought a new all wood Solo, 4483, built for me by Steve Boon, with which I am delighted, however I am getting a lot of ribbing about the colour, principally from jealous Fireball sailors (just like water off a duck's back - ed).



I am ready to be corrected about this but I think I may well be the oldest member of the club, and almost certainly the oldest who sails on a regular basis. It is therefore of some relevance that I have been charged by the committee with the task of increasing membership and participation within the over 50s age group, and hope that by example I can show that you can sail and race at pretty well any age. Once the clubhouse is completed, I plan to again arrange for visitors from senior citizens clubs in the Midlands to experience sailing, and hopefully some will join us and get as much pleasure from the sport as I have had.

Garth Reynolds

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