

LR SCOW NEWS

Newsletter of the Lyminster River Scow Class Association

Autumn/ Winter 2012-2013



Dear Members

By the time you read this newsletter the festivities may well be over. I do hope that you all had an enjoyable Christmas and Father Christmas granted you your every wish. Perhaps a new Scow from John Claridge!

I have taken over as Editor of this illustrious newsletter from John Turner who has set high standards for me to try and emulate. As I write this there is frost on the lawn but the shortest day is nearly here and soon the days will be lengthening again and we can start getting out the polish and teak oil to give our scows a good make over ready for the new season.

There have been a few changes to your Committee, John Turner has taken over from Richard Linaker as your Chairman, Dan McCarthy has taken over from Andrew Tyrell as Chairman of the Measurement Group. Dubbie Robinson and Peter Blick have joined the Committee.

May I remind you that if you have any sailing anecdotes or short stories you would like to share with your fellow members please do let me have them. Don't forget that the "Tell Tale trophy is awarded annually at the AGM dinner for the best entry. Our equivalent of the "Man Booker" prize!

Lastly may I, on behalf of you all welcome our new members as listed on page 2.
Happy New Year and fair winds for 2013.

David editor Dec 2012

davidhowden@talktalk.net

Association matters

New Members

Mrs Victoria Bonham Carter	Ratty	510	BRSC
Mr Kevin Dry	Tilly	519	HCSC
Mrs Rosemary Dry	J/O Tilly		
Mrs Ann Carnegie	J/O Nellie	453	WWSC

Mrs Louise Fitzroy-Stone	Moonstone formerly Gidget	509	
Mr John Brealey	Skirmisher	406	Parkstone YC
Mrs Gina Bassett	Cow	499	
Mrs Fiona Bruce	Quack	518	RLymYC
Mr Peregrine Bruce	J/O Quack		RLymYC, RCC
Mr Richard Field	Zut Alooris	277	RLymYC, KYC
Mrs Elizabeth Sagues	Fubbs	517	WWSC
Mr Simon van Hagen	Sea Talk	516	RLymYC
Mr Nigel Lang	Frivolity	440	RLymYC, KYC RAYC, RNVRYC
Mrs Anne O'Brien	Bella formerly Snoopy	282	HCSC

Summary Informal Report of the Annual General Meeting 2012.

For the official draft Minutes of the AGM please see the Association's website; copies will be distributed to all members before the next AGM.

Our 15th AGM was held on 28 September 2012 at the Royal Lymington Yacht Club and was attended by the President, outgoing Chairman, Vice Chairman, Secretary, Measurer and 41 other members. The Minutes of the 2012 AGM, previously distrusted to all members were accepted unanimously and there were no matters arising.

Treasurer's Report. Our Hon. Treasurer Pam Moore reported that the Associations financial position remained strong with bank balances as at Feb 2012, Current Account: £4,092.84 and Deposit Account: £5,394.29. She noted that General Expenses consisting of postage and stationery were up on the previous year because of the distribution of the Handbook, in addition to the Yearbook. Printing costs of the Handbook were also up again. To help reduce costs the Newsletter now appears on the website and is emailed to members, with a printed copy going to those members without an email address. She also reported that the Plug, which is owned by the Association, was in need of some maintenance now being over 10 years old. The cost of the required work was not mentioned.

Elections: John Turner was elected as our new Chairman. The Secretary and Treasurer were elected unopposed. Peter Blick and Dubbie Robinson were elected to the Committee. Andrew Tyrrell has stood down as Class Measurer with a successor being appointed shortly

'Tell-Tale' Trophy for 2012: This was presented to Pam Moore for her tale entitled 'It all led up to a scow'.

Future Events: It was announced by the Chairman that the Lymington Town Sailing Club would host the 2013 National Championships on the weekend of the 10th/11th August. The Chairman said that the proposed dates had not yet been confirmed by the Committee. The next AGM to be held on Friday 27th September 2013 at the Royal Lymington Yacht Club at 18.30 hours followed by the annual dinner at 19.30 hours. This information to be put on the website.

Annual Event: In addition to the National Championships an event for non-racers was suggested. A number of ideas were briefly discussed. It was proposed that Joanna Lewis

should organise something and work with others. Brian Buckingham suggested putting this idea for further discussion on the website.

Honorary President: Roly Stafford thanked the Chairman and Committee for all their work. He gave particular thanks to Richard Linaker and Mike Urwin and made a small presentation to the former.

Chairman: The Chairman thanks in particular Mike Urwin for all his work on the Constitution, John Turner as Editor and Brian Buckingham for the website. He also said how much he appreciated Jennie’s support. He thanked all the members for attending and for their support of the Association.

AOB: Brian Buckingham raised the question of whether there should be a change to Class Rule 9b which states: *a helm and crew of any weight may use a headsail*. He felt that some helms were taking advantage of this rule by using very young crews to enable them to use a headsail. There was a lengthy discussion to which a number of members contributed, some for and others against the suggestion. Chris Knox said the class rules could not be changed at this meeting and suggested a proposal be put on the Agenda for discussion at the 2013 AGM.

N.B. It was decided at the Committee meeting held on 28 November 2012 to maintain the present position with regard to the use of the headsail. -Ed

The meeting closed at 19.30hours.

Summary Informal Report of the Committee Meeting October 2012.

Association Website www.lymingtonriverscow.org

Dates for your 2013 diary

National Championships at Lymington Town Sailing Club on Saturday 10th and Sunday 11th August

Annual General Meeting and Dinner 2013 at the Royal Lym YC on Friday 27th Sep

Fleet Notes

Contributions are welcome from all LR Scow fleets.

2012/13 Committee & other posts:

President Roly Stafford; **Chairman** John Turner; **Vice Chairman & website:** Brian Buckingham; **Hon. Secretary** Jennie Lennox; **Hon. Treasurer** Pamela Moore;

Other members: Peter Blick; Meriel McCarthy, Dubbie Robinson.

Class Measurer: Dan McCarthy; **LRScow Newsletter editor:** David Howden

Newsletter by e-Mail Your Committee is happy to post hard-copies of this Newsletter to those who prefer it this way. However if you are able and would rather have it sent by e-mail, quicker and also of course cheaper and more convenient for us, please let the Secretary or Editor know.

CHANGE OF OWNERSHIP PROCEDURE

The Class Measurer asked that this procedure be clarified for those selling second hand boats privately. When selling your boat please return your Owner's Certificate to the Hon. Secretary for details to be noted and a new certificate issued.

BUOYANCY TESTS

Buoyancy tests will be carried out at the Balance Pond for RLymYC and LTSC members on Saturday, 16th March, 2013 between 10.00 and 12 noon. Brian Buckingham will test boats at KYC and HCSC in March, 2013, dates to be announced later. Will all members ensure that their boats are emptied of water, ready for testing on the day?

TELL TALE CORNER:

Amelie Rose August 2012

Richard Linaker

The Pilot Cutter Amelie Rose was scheduled to sail from Plymouth at 18.00 on Sunday 12 August. I had received an email about possible crew places being available. I passed it on to Richard (Tromans) saying "R, Well? R." He phoned me and said yes but it was very much a jokey game of bluff and bravado at that stage.

Now we were off to Plymouth and probably wondering what we'd let ourselves in for. We had decided to rent a car which seemed to be the best way of getting to the Sutton Harbour Marina. It had it's problems however and these resulted in our nearly having a car each for the journey to Plymouth.

We arrived in Plymouth at about 16.00 and after several phone calls to the skipper of the Amelie Rose, we eventually found her looking small and rather insignificant amongst the many large gleaming plastic boats. We were the first to arrive and were welcomed aboard by the skipper Steve and B (Belinda) the first mate. Steve had been a professional musician and composer but following what he called a mid life crisis had gone to sea and hadn't (so far) regretted a moment of it. Belinda was originally from South Africa and had lived and worked on boats all her life.

The other members of our crew arrived in ones and twos having made calls to Steve for directions. He was the first to admit that he didn't know Plymouth.

So we were to have a total of nine on board including the skipper and mate, one more than had ever previously sailed on Amelie. Richard (we had three Richard's) and Chris a brother and sister spent most of their spare time sailing on classic boats, particularly Pilot Cutters. Chris would be sailing in Amelie in three weeks time to the Channel Isles and Richard would be on another Pilot Cutter off the coast of Scotland. There was Pete, an Australian computer man who whilst not sailing, was competing in Triathlon events up and down the country. He turned out to be the fittest and most competent member of the crew (even counting the Richard's Tromans and Linaker). Finally, there were the private school chums, Eloise and Georgina who were young 30 year olds, well educated, obviously with wealthy parents and without wishing to be too unkind, were both somewhat challenged by the practicalities of life – they were practically useless, but very sweet nevertheless. They had arrived on board separately, Elie first saying that Georgie had booked a double berth – "whatever that meant?" Her arrival resulted in the skipper having to go out and buy gluten free bread and soya milk to augment the goodies which she had brought with her. They both had too much baggage and the chart table had to be cleared of floral patterned bags each morning to enable weather and routes to be studied.

Steve (skipper) welcomed us on board and stressed the need for care in avoiding going overboard and then went over the "man overboard" drill and I must say, the prospect of a Pilot Cutter with all sails up having to go about to scoop someone out of the water, was certainly something to think about.

He also explained that there was a complex low pressure system to the west and that the sailing programme would have to be fairly flexible if we were to avoid the worst of the weather which was clearly lurking in the vicinity. He also said that we had to be back at Poole by Wednesday evening because Amelie was to be Chartered the following day.

Following the briefing we went off for a meal at the China House which luckily was only a short walk along the quay. It was a good chance to get to meet everyone (bonding and all that) The common bond was of course sailing and most of us had had quite a lot of experience – and Eloise and Georgina had been on several courses and certainly looked the part with their smart sailing gear.

My "friend" Richard T likes to remind me that I asked where the towels were which he seemed to think was hilarious. Anyway, I had to share his which served him right.

We were up early on Monday and all tried to be prompt about using the single loo - a potential bottleneck. However Georgie took longer than the rest of us put together with her ablutions - and then returned to her bed!

We motored out from the marina, through the Sutton Lock to the Sound where we had our first lesson in hoisting the main sail. We were certainly going to learn the meaning of the phrase "learning the ropes". Then on and out to sea and although the wind strength was not bad the sea itself was clearly going to be a problem. The sea state soon worsened and we put the jib up but the bowsprit was still plunging deep into waves as we rolled off the top of other waves, usually on the skew. Water was coming over the bow and the windward side of the boat as we surfed down waves. One by one people were becoming groggy and most decided to lie on their backs on deck even though water was washing over the deck. No one wanted to go below and few wanted anything to eat. Elie was on deck flat out but Georgie decided that she'd rather go below. A little later there was an almighty crash as Georgie fell out of the bunk. Richard Tromans was on the helm and having dosed himself up with pills, seemed all right but said that he couldn't go below. I was bending whilst coiling some rope as was Pete the Aussie and suddenly we were both overcome with sickness. Pete dashed below and was sick, I stayed on deck because I didn't think that I could get through all the bodies without incident. I tried to focus on a distant object but it was difficult because one moment I was looking down at the bowsprit plunging into the sea and the next at the sky as we seemed to climb another impossible wall of sea.

Apparently, there were pasties for lunch.....

It had been a hard sail and we eventually agreed to put into Dartmouth for the night. It was late evening before we moored, had something to eat and were able to go ashore for a shower and a very welcome drink at the Dartmouth Yacht Club. We nearly capsized several times whilst showering! Over a drink Richard T and I discussed the trip so far and he said that he would never ever read an email of mine again! We agreed that the worst bits were the bunks, which were only shelves, the washing routine in the morning and the queue for the loo – and the sea!

Georgina had decided to visit an old friend of her Grandmother and was lucky to catch the last water taxi back at 23.00

I think that we all slept well that night.

We were to sail at 06.00 the following morning to try and beat the strong wind which had been forecast and to get as far east as possible before the wind and rain caught up with us. We headed out to sea and stayed about five miles from the coast for most of the day. The wind was gentle and the sun was warm. One by one we hoisted all five sails and Amelie Rose looked every inch the beauty she was – it was really very pleasant and a very welcome change. We crossed Lyme Bay to transit the Portland Race before heading towards Weymouth. Georgie thought that it was very cool that we might see a race at Portland!

Our music loving skipper was always looking for an opportunity to have a sing song and asked if anyone could play. Knowing that there was no piano on board we were quick to say that we

could only play the piano. Steve played various instruments and kept finding different ones to play. They seemed to be stashed in different places about the boat. It was a great sail – we could almost have been in the Caribbean.

Georgie slept either on deck or down below throughout the day - and Elie just slept.

In the afternoon the wind was South Easterly and we had to decide whether to put into Weymouth for the night and risk a very windy and wet sail on the final leg to Poole or, to flog on and try and get to Poole harbour that evening. We decided to carry on but it was getting late. We were trying to make it around Anvil Point without having to tack but it became obvious that we weren't going to make it so rather than tack and add more distance and time, we would motor past and then sail in to Poole on a reach. Amelie attracted much attention as we neared the shore. A boat sped up to us to warn us that the Condor ferry was coming and that we should stay clear but we were in the small boat lane and were entering the home port of the Amelie Rose and so we carried on serenely.

The girls were below and coping with the washing up – actually Elie was standing with her hands in front of her as though waiting for the Marigolds to appear.

We eventually tied up to a buoy off the Lake Yard Marina at 22.30

We could hear the Plymouth coastguard giving out warnings of gales off Plymouth. The wind and rain finally caught up with us at about 04.00 in Poole harbour the following morning making our final trip ashore very wet and very windy - but we had beaten the gale.

We even thought about going home and sleeping on a shelf!

“Yesterday I sailed my scow to France” *by Carolyn Howden*

I was not alone, seven little boats departed from Keyhaven at 1030hrs. The wind was a light westerly F3 and the waters of the Solent were eerily calm. As we left the shelter of Hurst Spit, the flooding tide created wallowing whirlpools which dragged on the hulls of our boats, swirling us first one way and then the other. Our instructions were to keep our fleet together, sail up tide to allow for the strong currents and set a course for the port entrance.

The shipping lanes were clear apart from a glimpse of the paddle steamer Waverley plying her way westwards.

Approaching our destination, our leader made contact with the harbour authorities and indicated that seven boats wished to enter the harbour, pass through the bridge and sail up the river. A friendly female port assistant opened the bridge earlier than usual in order to speed our progress. The bridge light turned from red to green. We waved our thanks and reached along the river.

At first we passed the pontoons of moored yachts and an old mill on the east bank glowered down at us. The river bends westwards and we tacked along the shore, passing a beautiful stone house with lawns sloping down to the water. Rumour has it that the lady of the house has invited us to tea on the lawn some day. A few more twists and turns, it gets shallow here and one of our fleet went aground whilst trying to answer his mobile! Time to get out the oars!

Our destination was in sight. We made landfall on a small area of beach and tied our painters to the railings beside an old bridge. One or two curious natives smiled, enquired where we had come from and then continued on their journey. Sails dropped and picnic bags ready, the crews snuggled down in the long grass behind the wall and enjoyed the September sunshine.

All too soon, an hour had passed, the ebb had begun and we had twenty five minutes to sail down the river for the 2pm bridge opening. Despite technical problems for one of

the fleet we were all present and correct as the bridge swung open. Our little flotilla was much admired as we eased ourselves out of the harbour into the ebbing tide.

We could see the mainland and sailed for home allowing for the strong ebb current.

There is an interesting bouncy area called Fiddlers but scows are not worried about that and were soon behind the friendly sheltered mass of Hurst Castle. Tea and cakes waiting for us on the Clubhouse terrace.

It has been a lovely trip to France!

Overheard on Milford beach, a conversation by holiday makers from Brummie.

“Owh, look owver there Fred, oi didn’t know you could see France from ‘ere”!