

LR Scow News

Newsletter of the Lymington River Scow Class Association

Early Summer 2013



Dear Members

The season is well underway, after a cold start in April and May the weather is being kinder to us. I hope I am not speaking too soon! As you will know the Association has purchased a LR Scow, Emily, and donated her to The Salterns Sailing Club. She was formally handed over to the Salterns on Saturday 8 June. Here is Emily in full sail. See page 4 for more photographs.

David Howden. Editor
davidhowden@talktalk.net

Association matters

We welcome new members to the Association:

Mrs. Jennifer Garlick	Associate member		RLymYC, KYC
Ms Catherrine Gale	Flying Horse	288	
Mrs. Jane Willard	Gapper	319	KYC
Mr.Nigel Lang	Frivolity	440	RLymYC, KYC RVNR YC, RAYC
Mrs. Jill Wellcoat	Octopus	520	HCSC, KYC, LTSC, RLymYC
Mr. D. Hall	Associate Member		HCSC, KYC, LTSC, RLymYC
Mr. Brendan Nellis Mrs Dorinda Nellis	Doris Associate member	522	
Mr. Alistair Hogg	Beano	523	HCSC, KYC
Boyd, Mr. Garry	Pixie	521	

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Annual subscriptions were due on **1st March, 2013**. It would be appreciated if you would send your cheque, payable to the LRSCA, to the Treasurer, **Pamela Moore, 24 Belmore Road, Lymington, SO41 3NT**

AMENDMENTS for the Yearbook 2013.

Would members please inform the Hon. Secretary of any changes to their address, telephone/mobile numbers or email addresses before the end of year printing of the Yearbook.

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.

SALTERNS SAILING CLUB PROPOSAL.

Out of 138 full members of the Association, 74 were in favour of the proposal with one abstention. A response by almost 54% was considered excellent. It was therefore agreed that a second hand boat should be purchased, refitted as necessary including fitting a plaque recording its donor and presented to the Salterns Sailing Club. *See write up on page ??, Ed*

Dates for you diary

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held on Friday, 27th September, 2013 at the Royal Lymington Yacht Club at 6.30 pm. followed by the **ANNUAL DINNER** at 7.30p.m.

For summaries of the Committee Meetings please see our web site.

Association Website www.lymingtonriverscow.org

NATIONALS 2013

From our Chairman John Turner

Dear Member,

National Championships 10th & 11th August

I am sure you will have noted our annual National Championships will be hosted this year by the Lymington Town Sailing Club. This is just a reminder and encouragement to enter, in case you haven't done so already. Last year we had over 50 entries, let's see if we can have even more this year. Juniors too, the Association is subsidising your entries and covering the excess on insurance for borrowed Club boats.

All the details are on the LTSC website www.ltsc.co.uk under 'Open Events'. The direct link to the relevant part of their website is:

<http://www.ltsc.co.uk/ltsc-open-meetings-2013/1408-2013-lymington-river-scow-association-national-championships>

These include the entry form and booking forms for the Championship Dinner on Saturday evening and for baguettes for lunch on Saturday and Sunday. Even if you're not racing it would be good to see you at the Dinner

If you need any further information then please contact Alastair (Sailing Secretary) at LTSC on 01590 674514 or e-mail him at alastair@ltsc.co.uk .

The last official date for receiving entries, to be sent to LTSC, is Tuesday 6th August, but it would be good to have most in well before that please.

If your boat is not at Lymington and you would need help with a road trailer please contact me.

Hope to see you there,

Best wishes,

John

Chairman, LRSCA



Please note: For those members who do not have internet and email access and wish to take part in the Championships please contact Alastair at LTSC as above.

Handing over ceremony of the LR Scow *Emily* to The Salterns Sailing Club



(L to R: Roly Stafford, Jennie Lennox, Martin Gorman and Louise Briggs)



(L to R: Roly Stafford, Louise Briggs and Jennie Lennox)

DONATION OF SCOW "EMILY" TO SALTERNS SAILING CLUB.

It all started with a comment from a member at the AGM on what the committee proposed to do with the surplus Association funds, which continue to accumulate. After committee discussions on how much money we needed to keep in the bank as a safety net, it was decided that the Association could afford to spend up to £5,000 on a worthy cause. Several possibilities were considered and finally it was decided that the donation of a second hand scow to Salterns S.C. seemed a good option. This plan was supported by the membership without the expense and inevitable delay calling a special meeting. (Thank goodness for email!). This plan has the advantage that it introduces young sailors to the class, thus helping to maintain its popularity.

An appeal was launched on the website for a suitable boat and we looked at a couple. It was decided that "Emily" LR369 was the best option since the owner, Steve Murch had maintained it in pristine condition and it needed the minimum of work spent on it. This was limited to strengthening the foredeck to allow boisterous junior sailors to jump on it without cracking it.

The official handover was arranged for Saturday 8th June during the Salterns S.C. Moppie Camp when most of the junior members would be there for intensive instruction. This summer hasn't been brilliant, yet, but the weather that day was perfect. Emily had been dressed overall and this together with the coloured Oppie sails made a perfect opportunity for a photo shoot. It was if the paparazzi had arrived in town seeing the parents, the press (and me!) with their cameras.

Our President, Roly Stafford, presented Emily to the club on behalf of the Association and referred to the many first class dinghy sailors who had been members of Salterns in the past, and like Pippa Wilson had become top Olympic sailors. He hoped that the members would enjoy sailing the scow and get to know and love the class.

The young Commodore of Salterns, Louise Briggs, together with the President, Martin Gorman, received the boat on behalf of the Club, thanking the Association for the generous gift and ensuring us that it would be put to good use.

Our secretary, Jennie Lennox, "launched" Emily by pouring champagne over the bow to set it off in its new role. (Some juniors were a bit undecided about the taste of the champagne as they recovered it from the foredeck!).

Emily was then put back in the water and Louise took it for an inaugural sail.

I believe the Association made a wise decision to divest some of its funds in this way and wonder what the next project will be.

Brian Buckingham

17th June 2013.

Fleet Notes

LR Scows at Keyhaven Yacht Club

Despite the unpredictable weather conditions our LR Scow fleet has continued to turn out for Club racing on Sundays and on tide favourable Wednesday evenings. Probably our most successful potter so far was to Newtown with fair winds and good company.

KYC has a new event this year – the Ladies Race on Saturday 13 July. I am sure LR Scows will be well represented, sailed by female helms. The gentlemen will be serving afternoon tea!

The Club LR Scow "Jubilee" is being sailed on Saturdays to encourage youngsters at Juniors Sailing.

She is also being used by Club members. At present we have 26 registered users.

The Scow racing fleet is beginning to think about this year's LRSCA Nationals. Hosted this year by LTSC. Later in the year, R.Lym.YC hosts the Inter Club LR Scow Challenge. KYC is looking for a crack team to improve on our 4th position of last year!

In the meantime we will continue to enjoy messing about in our lovely little scows.

Carolyn Howden
KYC Scow Captain

I would very much like to hear from other Scow Captains/Club Secretaries about their LR Scow Class events. Editor.

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.

TELL TALE CORNER:

“The Yar versus The Nile” by Jo Lewis

“At last; thank goodness” said Bahini as we prepared in late September for the KYC Potter up The Yar. She had been feeling miffed all year having been deprived of foreign navigation. At least the Isle of Wight is almost foreign being across the water. But what grated was that she had been denied the cruise up The Nile even though I had explained that while the Morbihan is easily manageable, Egypt was out of the question for an LR Scow. But it still rankled.

Thursday 20 September dawned fine with a gentle SW breeze – so gentle that there was initial discussion whether there would be sufficient wind for an overseas passage. Fortunately the boss was persuaded and the small fleet of 6 Scows, accompanied by two carers, made the crossing in 45 minutes arriving at the bridge in Yarmouth harbour with time to spare for the midday opening. The boss had efficiently forewarned the bridge authorities and as we approached the cars were halted and the road bridge swung away to allow us passage straight through. The beat up the river allowed time for me to compare the two rivers.

OK, so The Nile is a bit bigger and longer than The Yar but each share verdant banks and many of the same birds, eg blackheaded gulls, cormorants, little egrets, grey herons, pigeons, swallows, sparrows and buzzards. The Senegal Thick-knee, Glossy Ibis and the Purple Gallinule are amongst birds missing from the Island. On The Nile our ship (the m/v Nile Commodore) had to pass through the bridge/lock at Esna, where a few vendors attempted to persuade us to buy their wares of gellabiyas and table cloths. They would throw the items up to the ship’s deck for inspection and we would chuck them back with much hilarity. No such fun occurred in Yarmouth where only a handful of passers-by silently watched us sail through. Bahini was chartless heading south up The Yar but I kept my eyes open and relied on experience to avoid obstacles. During an early visit to the Nile Commodore’s ‘bridge’ I discovered that the same applied there and that the captain, Atif, had neither chart, compass nor echo sounder to help him steer a safe course south up The Nile. A lifetime of navigating the river had taught him where dangers lay.

Religious establishments are another common feature although All Saints, Freshwater is far outstripped in number by the mosques in the towns and villages along the Nile. And of course there are ancient temples beside the river from Pharonic and Graeco/Roman times. The temples we visited in Upper Egypt are spectacular and at Kom Ombo we moored close to the entrance of the temple, which is devoted to two gods: Sobek (the crocodile god) and Horus (the falcon god). Here were another two similarities with The Yar. Although we saw no kestrels or peregrines above the Yar that fine Thursday, both these falcons occur on the Island. And, since the construction of the High Dam at Aswan, there are apparently no longer any crocodiles in The Nile below the dam. Nor did I spot any in The Yar. We left the Kom Ombo temple via the Crocodile Museum which displays a large collection of mummified crocodiles, some of which looked longer than a Lymington River Scow.

The former railway line from Yarmouth to Freshwater is now a pleasant path along which we saw walkers heading, perhaps, to The Red Lion. The railway lines along The Nile continue in their original role of transporting goods and passengers. From my cabin window early one morning I watched a train head north disturbing the calm and polluting the air. While river traffic on the Yar was almost non-existent, the Nile provides an important thoroughfare for barges and other craft loaded with sugar, rocks, fodder and all manner of other cargoes, including tourists. An occasional sailing ferry crossed the river with local passenger traffic of people and animals and there were many small boats and fishing skiffs. The tourist trade in Egypt was going through severe decline as visitors stayed away so the number of operating tour boats has dropped dramatically. We saw many such vessels mothballed and tied up to the bank near Luxor. On the Yar, only the sailing yachts are moored in trots above the bridge and are, hopefully, still taken out to play.

Our wonderful day’s potter concluded with a close fetch to the entrance to Hawker’s Lake and safe arrival at the Quay. It was a much shorter journey than the return from Luxor with our brilliant guide’s plea to encourage friends to visit The Nile ringing in our ears.

Things,..... well, they just happen.....don't they? By Biddy Brown

'You walk in here at this time of night with a,', says the horrified Irish Nurse at Lymington Small Injuries Clinic.

But let's go back to the beginning of the story.....

That morning, we're playing Bowls in lovely hot sun, with a gentle lazy sailing breeze blowing on my back. The Solent and the Needles background haunt and taunt. What on earth are we doing here? Why aren't we afloat?.

'Gordon, I've just had an idea, you know Seafever (435) has to be got to John Claridge's yard for Gelcoat repairs, and you know he's moved to Lymington right on the River, well to save the fuss of borrowing a trailer to get her there, why don't we sail her there. Today? It would be great: a lovely gentle sail. We shouldn't miss the opportunity. We could grab a quick lunch, get the end of the ebb to take us down the river (Keyhaven), pick up the whole of the Solent tide, sun and wind on our backs, a nice gentle run round to Lym, take our Bus pass to get us home. Should do it easily if we get cracking.

Gordon in shorts, thin sweat shirt, protesting about not needing a spare pair of trousers. Everybody gets a wet bum in a dinghy. I throw a couple of pairs in. I mean we are coming home on a public bus. A bottle of water, no food. We'd just eaten a good chicken salad, fruit cheese etc. that would take us through. 3min. hike round to KYC to launch the boat. Slightly more breeze here. Still the wind's a Westerly so no matter. Sky's darkening a bit. Not so clear. Sun's still there. Oh! Well modify the day dream of hot sun on the back and enjoy the sail. Gordon returns from checking the Forecast on the River Warden's board outside his Keyhaven Office. It predicts a W 3 to 4. Mmm I think but say little until we get to the ever increasing vast area of mud and little water at the launch area. Where's it gone? Are our times out? Oh! No Gordon we're just a bit late, we'll not be able to sail down river in this wee stream. I'll row us out to deeper water, where we can sail offers Gordon. Will you really be able to row against this freshening wind right on our nose? I ask. . Well it's not far and remember when I rowed us in from the far end of Hawker's Creek? I say nothing about that being almost 10 years ago.

Off we set. Rowing against the increasing wind is severely hampered by the ruck of Boom and main sail stuffed down the middle of our wee Scow. No matter, we make good progress, past the Ferry, we're getting there. Wind is beginning to whistle. Doesn't it know anything about weather forecasts? We hit the open area at the end of the sea wall/bank. Swiftly the rowing has fiercely to be done facing the Needles. We inch sideways towards what is now the unstoppable rapidly retreating water. It can't be done.

Things happen. We're in about a foot of water, I've got an oar out pushing into the mud, Gordon's rowing like mad, there's mud and water splashing everywhere. We've been taken over utterly and completely. We push, each with an oar. First the nose round, swinging the rear into the mud. Then the stern round swinging the nose into the mud. Moored boats loom, we push off from them. We're dead exhausted, alone, no one walking the paths, no one in the river, black clouds charging in, the sun deserted totally, the wind now not only fierce but COLD. My sailing cap is keeping the garage warm, my neck is frozen. FOCUS I demand of my mind. Get out of this mess. First sort out the ropes, fold the sail more neatly, ignore the foul slimy mud we're now caked in and don't ask or even wonder what's in it. Just concentrate. Birds standing on the ever increasing mounds of mud remind that nothing can be done until the tide comes back in. BUT we have to do something for when it does come in it's merely going to blow and blow us further onto the great stretch of mud bank on the north side of the wide Hawker's creek. We HAVE somehow to make ourselves fast.

Retrieve the Painter which somehow is in an impossible reaching position. Getting it I nearly go overboard: my legs get into the not so neat ropes around. But get it I do. Now then. Looking around we see a small yellow buoy between two moored boats.....right we'll use all our reserves of strength, work together and try to ease our way to it. 'Push, Heave, PUUSSSHH! We yell at each other. G's, pushing, I leap over him manage to grab the buoy, yelling 'quick help, my arm is being pulled out'. The painter retrieved, again! We get it through the loop. The green muddy slime flies into our faces as the line lifts and pings tight in the now fierce wind.

Blow wind, do your worst we are now securely fastened. Our 30 seconds smug gloat, like pride, ends in a fall as the realization dawns that even when the tide comes in we have a boat either side of us, mud banks both in front and behind. We cannot row against the wind, we cannot sail into it. We wait we get colder; we know that we HAVE to get back to Keyhaven. BUT.. HOW? Slowly the flood tide starts to be effective, the

birds take flight. We HAVE to get the main up. Easy with the fierce nose to the wind. We haven't got it fully up. Calm now! We start again. It's up. Another triumph. Now what is the PLAN?

What we'll do is....mm..... well,..mm...I think the only thing we can do is sail off on Starboard, get the plate down as far and as quickly as possible, and immediately we get a bit of way on, we'll go about, we'll miss then both the moored boats, the mud and be facing towards Keyhaven .

We go through this again. Will it work? It will if we work together, and most of all if we YELL like mad else we'll not be heard in this wind. (As I write, I'm right there, I've got the fear and the butterflies in my stomach. One knew the impossibility of the task one didn't know the consequences, yet it had to be done.)

We go through the routine again. Right. But how to get the Painter free without swinging the boat round. Lengthening it only pushed the stern towards the mud bank and took us a few degrees away from being able to achieve. So, pull us back in. Right, we have to do it and do it quicker than quick. All I can remember is a rope flying into the sail, the grunge on it splashing over us, and in less than half a split second the main sheet is wrenched out of my hand, we're RUNNING towards Hawkens and the long line of moored boats, I'm yelling, I've NO control, OMG we'll hit a boat, Oh! No, I can do nothing. Gordon: 'Don't worry, just concentrate, we'll hit a bank of mud and that will stop us! Yells G.' By the gift of God we managed to be on the Starboard tack, the boom away from the boats, the wind kept them firmly, it seemed dead centre of the narrow winding stream, whilst propelling us at an impossibly imaginable speed. Gordon I yell, we haven't hit any mud, look there's the Yellow entrance buoy, we're out in the Solent. How on earth did we ever get here?. That's crazy, it's impossible to do from where we were.

We look at each other and smile our slimy, green and black faced smile. All part of the fun and a continuation of the many hair raising sailing adventures we've shared together. Well, we can't go home now can we? No agrees G. let's go for it. We're Goose winging, lolloping frighteningly from side to side, the stern is lifting high, too high for comfort, we're surging on the crest of the following sea, and we're surfing wildly alone in the Solent. We're not afraid; we have the greatest confidence in our wee Lym River Scow. An orange Lifeboat, charging off towards the Needles wanders over. Oh! How comforting, how kind I think. He looks, decides we're coping and meanders off to the more needy. We relax, we're really going to enjoy this. Well as long as we don't do anything silly. Oh! Heck we have to Jibe In this wind. It has to be done: the ever nearing muddy shallow coast line cannot be ignored. I chicken out and do a 365. No Problem. We won't go through any creeks we'll head for the River (Lym), mentally noting that it'll be pretty rough there and oh! Dear Ferry's-passing each other no doubt! In what seemed like 10 mins but in actual fact maybe 30.whatever, we've never 'flown-sailed' there so quick ever. We hit some mud, it shakes but doesn't tip us. . A warning just to stay out a little more, though no need to make for Jack in the Basket.

Oh! Good! the ferries have just passed each other, no prob there and certainly nothing else afloat. Oh! Except another L. R. Scow, brand new by the looks of it (can't remember the number...5??) a lone man having a great time zig sagging safely off Pylewell. We wave and begin to concentrate on a bit of going-about, whizzing through the Barrier, realizing the wind shifts of the ever increasingly enclosed river. No probs though until we pass the Royal Lym. and the slack and changing wind to tack into. And the next Ferry patiently waiting to leave.. I know they're long but really on our fourth tack needed to get past in the narrow channel between the multi zillion pound super yachts moored at the end of Berthon Marina and the Ferry. Attempting to tack with flapping sails, knowing that the Master of the Ferry was being ever, ever so patient...after 4 tacks we flipped-flapped out of his way. The hooter went, the ferry was away and so were we in clearer wind and water. Good-Ho!

Next, to get the sails down before the wind had more of it's wily way. A convenient jetty, sails down and on with the rowing. Up opposite the Ship Inn came the realization that the rising tide was not yet getting us out of very shallow water. Also, that no way would the mast slide under the railway bridge.

' Can I help you, what are you trying to do?' (TRYING! I ask you!).

'Good evening Harbour Master, (I politely said to the young, could be 14 or 15yr old lad. Course he couldn't possibly be could he?) Thank you, we're taking our Scow up to John Claridge's yard and have suddenly realized that we can't get under the bridge'

No need, says would be H.M. his yard is down in Lower Pennington Lane. We'd know if he'd moved. What you need to do is get over to the Ship, tie up for the night on the public pontoon there and come back tomorrow.'

Thank you so much for your help, I reply. He swings away. We change direction but NOT to the public slipway but to a more secure Aqua-boats old yard area. For no-way do we intend to fail at this stage, late

though it may be. Tied up, and a surprised John Claridge phoned, (we've got him before he finished for the day). Immediately he offers to whiz round with a trailer to collect us, if we can get out at the Town quay. We can!

Meanwhile the reality that by now all the Lymington/Milford buses have finished for the day, we are both exhausted, wet and totally, totally perished. I phone nearby daughter who's already en route 'out'. She will arrange for car rescue by granddaughter.

Boat on trailer. Nearby loos for changing into dry trews, granddaughter arrives bearing steaming giant thermal mugs of tea and wooly rugs. We are well blessed. Except that it is not mud and grunge over my lower leg it is, seems like, can't possibly be, but is, thick black blood everywhere. This is the last straw What in heaven's name? Granddaughter asks. 'Granny, that needs proper attention'. 'Oh! No', I say, Gordon will be furious and where can I go at this time of night? Seems the small injury clinic at our wonderful new Lymington hospital stays open until eight o'clock. Good we're just in time. Can it really be that time already; it was only half past one a few minutes ago!

Off we speed. I somehow seem to jump a smallish queue. I'm sitting down the nurse smiles and says 'now we'll be looking after you, but first let's get the details.....And yes that's where you came in. You see they not only need to know name, age, address but how and why and WHEN.

'Well, I feebly replied, I was sailing, and well it was a bit rough and well we got onto the mud and well I suppose it must have somehow, well just happened' She gives me a 'don't give me that crap' look. I stutter on. Well you see nurse, well I just had to be concentrating quite hard to well, sort of survive and I suppose, well, I just, well didn't, well couldn't have noticed'.

'You come in here at this time of night, with a leg like that and you tell me that you don't know how, you don't know where and don't know WHEN you did it. . You've been doing what all these hours at your age, I'm half your age and I would not be doing a thing like that. No way would I. Let's get it really looked at and cleaned up. Mmm, I'm afraid it'll need some stitches, four strips, what a mess, I just hope it does the trick for you and heals well.

Now, how are you going to get home? Oh! Yer granddaughter will take you? Oh! So, your G'daughter has come to rescue her mad granny has she. I shouldn't say that to you, but that's what you are you know, a mad granny. That's what she'll be thinking, but of course she won't say that to you, no she'd never. She must love her old granny. She what, brought you steaming hot tea and rugs? Well I never, she stops dead and stares unbelievably, well what a lovely granddaughter you have for sure.

Shaking her head, she turns back to enter notes on the Computer.....stops.....'well I never did. What a coincidence, do you know we share the same birthday. Well I can't believe it. Only I'm only going to be forty. I'll be having a great celebration in my garden,all my family will come. Oh yes we plan to have a lovely time. And what will you be doing. You'll have to celebrate when you're 80. Well yes I say, I'm having a Paddling Party. A what? Well a Paddling Part. Well I've never been to one of those. Oh! And where will you be having that? Oh! No you'll be in the water again I guess. Well just you be careful....a paddling party well I never. Type, type type.suddenly STOP. 'You know, you're going out to that wild place and you know I'll not be on duty on that day, I'll not be here if you need me. Remember that won't you, you just listen now, remember that'.

'Yes' I say childlike.

Type, type, stop. 'Will granddaughter be there too?.....Oh! she will, now that's good. Yes, that's very good. Oh! Well if she's there then I'll not be worrying about you. I know she'll be looking after you, she'll be watching for you. Yes, that's, good, that's alright then.

Now then just you look after that leg and rest it well and get to your own doctor. As I leave, I hear 'I'm sure I just don't know!

Biddy Brown

PS. I know though that you'll all understand, that things, well just happen in a boat.

Diary of a Scow

October

I was cross - the boss loaded me on to my trailer and drove me home as he was going away. All the other Scows shouted nasty things as I was driven off on my trailer because they knew they had several more 'Potters.' Mind you these 'Potters' are supposed to be all friendly and not competitive. I keep trying to tell the boss that but he will not listen. He insists on pulling all my strings in different ways to see if I can go faster. If he just left my bits and pieces alone I would show him how to sail faster - just stop fiddling. I think the boss made friends with the kind Mr. Graham who watches over the Scow Potters because he went out with him in a motor boat. He came back saying that there were some very good bosses and I would have to try much harder if we were going to do well in the racing. I told him to lose weight and get fit and then we would go faster. He went off in a huff to do something he calls 'Kettlebells.'

November

I had a quiet month as the boss went off to some hot spot in Asia - he did come back from a place called Yangon where the boats at the local sailing club did not get nearly as much attention as he lavishes on me. He said that the boats there were all wrinkly and had rough skins - I fluttered my shroud plates and said that if I was looked after I would look after him - particularly if he used a good anti-wrinkle polish on my skin. The boss has got worried about something called the Racing Rules of Sailing. I keep telling him that I don't want to hit any of my friends and I don't want other boats hitting me. Seems simple to me - just one rule: keep clear of other boats and sail fast. Just look ahead, think ahead, just like driving a car. I think the boss is going to want to talk to me more about this as he thinks some Scow owners are better car drivers than sailors.

December

The boss came back from his travels and took me to see the nice Dr. John. He gave me a thorough medical and told the boss off for not getting me square on to the trolley when he hauled me out of the water. I knew there was something wrong with my left buttock but the nice Doctor put some filler in the grazes and polished all my bottom. Smooth as a baby's I think the boss said. Dr. John also gave me a buoyancy test - a very uncomfortable procedure when they blocked all my hatches and blew air into me to see if I had any holes in my innards - all very distressing for a modest young lady. The boss also took my Mainsail to Dr. Pete and she came back saying what a great day she had had at the spa. Lots of warm water and gentle massaging before being carefully dried and inspected. The Mainsail said that she was now happily rolled up and hibernating in her bag for the rest of the winter. She was however not too happy when the boss' wife said she had to go to the garage and that she could not live on the sofa in the drawing room.

Scorchin. 489

Please do send me letters or stories for inclusion in the forthcoming newsletters. All will be entered for the Tell Tale Trophy. So put pen to paper or email me at davidhowden@talktalk.net. Editor