

wave length

csc magazine

BEFORE

A weekend of racing and a Solent cruise

DURING

Members tell us how they are spending their time in isolation

+ Easy recipes, quizzes and a 'helpful' guide to sailing terms

LOCKDOWN ISSUE

No sailing this spring

AFTER

Cut out and keep MOB drill for your next trip





Wavelength
Marion
Tempest

Welcome to the latest edition of Wavelength. So it seems that most of us didn't quite manage to get out there on the water after all, and it may be a few more weeks before we can start sailing. However that doesn't mean that club members are idle, far from it. Find out what members are up to in our

round up page, plus read various recounts of holidays and previous trips. No calendar this issue as club is closed and all events are postponed, let's hope not for too much longer, until then keep on sending me your articles and pictures and stay safe *Marion*

CHANNEL SAILING CLUB COMMITTEE MEMBERS 2020



Commodore
Dick Beddoe



Vice-commodore
Simon
Worthington



Company
secretary
Reece James



Treasurer and
racing
Simon Davey



Cruising
secretary
Bill Callaghan



RYA
Training
Ken Fifield



Talks
organiser
Bill Rawle



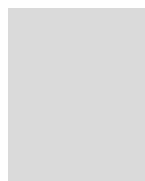
Social events
co-ordinator
David Surman



IT and web
Teresa
Hemingway



Bosun
Rich
Murfitt



Membership
secretary
vacancy

wavelength The Channel Sailing Club magazine

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Marion Tempest
Deputy editor
Simon Worthington

PLEASE SEND ANY LETTERS
AND PICTURES TO
**wavelengtheditor@
channelsailingclub.org**

CLUB NIGHT
Channel Sailing Club meets
every Wednesday at Ashted
Cricket Club, Woodfield Lane,
Ashted, Surrey KT21 2BJ. Doors
open at 8pm. Prospective
members welcome.

THE CLUB SENDS OUT
EMAILS
on a regular basis to remind
members of upcoming events.
Don't forget that if your personal
information changes you can
go into your personal account
on the website and update it on-
line. Check out the club's web-
site for news and information
www.channelsailingclub.org

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Cover photo David Surman

Interesting times!

Extraordinary, unprecedented, horrific, and oh my goodness it is truly awful. Channel Sailing Club has had to close! Now I expect you might be expecting me to beat my chest and wail about the terrible Corona Virus, but I think that is a subject more than adequately covered by mainstream news.

I expect some of us have been directly or indirectly affected by this terrible disease but luckily Jane and I remain distant from the horrors of a lost relative or friend, even though by virtue of our age we are clearly in a target group. So we carry on this strange pseudo life with no real needs apart from our freedom.

Clearly I cannot speak for you but the thing I miss the most is the sea, and of course Singapore Sling; our yacht currently sitting in a shed in Tallinn, Estonia.

Very kindly Lisa Phillimore and David Surman send us daily videos of the Bexhill seashore, that remind us of times afloat. The question is, how to fill our days minus yachts and sailing? If you are lucky enough to have a garden, I would take money it is looking the best ever! Ours certainly is. So there is always an upside to any situation, for instance, I have had more contact with my siblings in the last month than in the previous year, thank goodness for Facetime. The family and close friends are often in daily contact and everyone exchanges ideas on how to use our enforced spare time productively. For my own part I have resurrected the pottery wheel, and am

now filling every spare shelf in the house with a mixed bag of ceramics. I hope that during this testing time you have also found new skills or gone back to an old pastime.

Another critical component of our lives is now missing. The pub! How I yearn for a decent pulled pint of Shere Drop in a dimpled glass. In the second week of the lock down we decided that if we could not go to the local then we must create our own. Let me introduce



The Copthorne Arms (named after our house). We opened our garage/pub, which has a delightful aspect facing the road and getting the evening sun, to everyone who is a resident of Copthorne! i.e. Jane and I. Most evenings at 6pm we open the garage doors to reveal the

stunning interior of our 'local'. It stocks a wide range of elderly liqueurs, some Greek 3 star brandy, various cans of beer and of course the sailors essential – gin! As it is 'residents only' we cannot serve anyone else but we always get a friendly wave or a five minute conversation with random strangers taking their daily exercise down the road. On Friday evenings our neighbours across the road come across to the drive entrance clutching their own glasses and we chat, comparing notes and speculating on how this will all last.

So my parting comment to you all is open your own 'local' and let's raise a glass to the reopening of the Channel Sailing Club.

All the best, Dick



Peter Denning
The closest I can get to boating!



Tony Sparling
I do the odd water-colour painting or two, so the current lockdown presents more painting time. I attach a copy of my latest effort which is based on a brilliant photo taken by John Durbin on his departure from Ramsgate Marina at dawn in autumn 2019. I wish all CSC members a safe passage through these difficult times. Best wishes to all.



Richard Brodie
Still stuck in Oz: My best ever face cover today, keep well all.



Colin Jackson
Lockdown from wifey doing Sudoku in my greenhouse.



Patrick Regnault
Can't find land based inspiration and house life fills time with mundanities. Am spending my time digging, cabbage harvesting, in my outdoors office, pruning my fig tree! Still keeping morale in week 5.

We are in LOCKDOWN

Here we see what club members are up to now that there's no sailing



Teresa Hemingway
If you can't sail grow. This is me at the allotment with my last cauliflower for the spring. Am now in seed planting mode. It'll be jam in July! It's great I just walk across from the house to freedom! I have also discovered Zoom- for Yoga (if only had bought shares early). Skype for training. Lots of What'sApp. Makes me smile most mornings.

It's a strange time this period of Covid-19 isolation but our members are coping well, and keeping their spirits up. A talented bunch with several finding new skills or remembering old ones, there's lots of gardening, baking and DIY, reading, jigsaws and yoga, in fact one suspects that when it is all over some might actually miss these days of enforced solitude. This past week I've been emailed by members who are living alone or in couples, some lucky people have their families around them but all say that there is a renewed sense of community, with their neighbours who many have rarely if ever spoken to before, popping notes through the door, or stopping in the street for a chat. Whilst friends old and new have been in contact. We all learned how to Zoom, Skype, WhatsApp and Facetime and discovered things in the back of the garage/loft we had forgotten all about.

But everyone is missing sailing, let's hope we make it out before the end of summer and have an opportunity to take to the water once more.

Marion Tempest

Chris Phillips
I'm currently bouncing off the walls at home, keeping myself busy with all sorts of jobs, and missing human contact hugely. I'm also missing sailing so much that I finally summoned up the courage to drive my 16ft "Catapult" catamaran down to the slipways outside the Putney Bridge rowing clubs. It was a bit edgy assembling her in the middle of the road, but I eventually got out there, and didn't get stuck under the bridge with the tide. Now I'm working on an old outboard to give me backup cover, and planning to explore the river much more when that's done.



Simon Worthington
I'm no mug! But it seems the nearest I can get to the sea is this old tea cup which when full of a brew helps pass the time of day. As I'm not sailing, for fun or work at the moment, I'm wearing my journalist hat and writing lots of stories in this busy news period.



Nicky Painter
I live on my own so during lock-in I raise an optimistic glass to absent friends on my riverside terrace at noon! Later I do a picture for a 30-day Art challenge (4 of us participating!). Then I MIGHT go for a SHORT walk, have a little 'outing' on my rowing machine and then perhaps practise a piano piece set for me to learn by a musical friend! By that time it's 1800 and time for another drink! Cheers!





Racing ahead

One CSC member did manage to get out on the water this year, and tells us of his weekend of racing on a Sunsail yacht in the Solent

A great sailing buddy of mine suggested I might like to try inshore yacht racing with her. A place was available in the first Sunsail event of the 2020 season. Yacht racing was new to me and a mystery. Like all puzzles it needed to be solved. The race in question was the Helly Hansen Sunsail Series Chapter 1 'Chiller Trophy', over the weekend 7th and 8th of March. We signed on with skipper Chris Rees of Rees Leisure.

With the instruction to wear layers and the skippers advice to minimise kit: 'this is a race not a holiday', I geared up. Port Solent early Saturday was calm but overcast as I boarded our boat. We soon cast off, heading out through the sea lock to The Solent and the race committee boat, sailing past

HMS Queen Elizabeth in the distance.

Mixed crew

The matched fleet comprised of six, 40ft Beneteau F40s. The advertised Jeanneau 41.0 fleet ready for the 2020 season was not yet available. Our crew were a mixed experience team of nine, including those fairly new to sailing, new to racing or progressing. Chris was keen for each of the crew to take on different tasks during the weekend. We were organised into teams, Main, Tacking and Foredeck. The helm was also on offer to those who Chris felt ready.

Generally, the weekend weather was mild but with squalls and strong gusts. We found our instruments were not too accurate but sufficient.

As we approached the com-

mittee boat for the 10.30 start the mate, my buddy, reminded us of the three types of fun...

Type 1: Enjoyable while it's happening. Also known simply as, fun e.g. Nice bike ride, good meal.

Type 2: Challenging at the time but fun only in retrospect. It begins with best intentions, gets carried away but makes for the best stories in the pub e.g. running marathon perhaps.

Type 3: is not fun at all, 'What the hell was I doing?' Invented by Earnest Shackleton in the Antarctic.

We were in for type one and a good slice of type two.

The Saturday:

The courses were set with a range of upwind and downwind legs with also some reaching legs. As the day

progressed the tacks got tighter. Each race was about 40 minutes. Total distance sailed 48nm. Wind was 15kts gusting to 20kts, later 20 – 27kts.

Race 1: Into the race our spinnaker was flown and we came fifth. Feeling good about this.

Race 2: Our spinnaker flown again and we came a joyous third. Feeling great about this.

Race 3: In the afterglow of our third position we missed the start after losing radio updates. We quickly pressed on and chased as hard as we could. We hoisted white sails only and came sixth.

Race 4: The wind had increased and like much of the fleet chose white sails. We came sixth. By now our crew were working together strongly as a team but starting to flag!

We overnighted at Cowes in rooms at the Anchor with a chance to recharge and enjoy a big group dinner. Next morning breakfast was taken, with strong coffee for some before heading out to the committee boat for race day two.

The Sunday:

Total distance sailed 37nm. Weather started sunny but then became very gusty and got up to 30+ kts in one of the races. The spinnaker looked like it would remain stowed on deck.

Race 5. White sails only. I had earlier been invited to helm by the skipper but with the choppy weather, big gusts and squalls, thankfully, I declined! We came 6th.

Race 6. White sails again but delayed as a strong squall came through. We discarded the race.

Race 7. White sails for the final race found us negotiating lots of container ship traffic, which split the fleet. We pressed on and came sixth again, to a big cheer!

And finally

Overall the weekend was a great learning experience. The event was about team building, learning new sailing skills, handling the affect of tides and how far the boats could be pushed in quickly changing conditions. For me it was also about speed of reaction helping to rapidly gybe, tack, reef and move into position.



The Solent in March is famous for four tides a day, squalls, choppy water and shipping, frequently including ships like the enormous 214,000 ton Milan Mearsk. Here is certainly the place to hone sailing skills.

With a very friendly amusing group of sailing enthusiasts the

weekend cost £150 which included yacht share, mooring in Cowes, twin room at the Anchor, evening meal and breakfast. I took out a Topsail yacht racing Insurance for £46. In order to administer the events Chris uses WhatsApp for planning and Doodle for crew availability over the summer series.

We arrived back at Port Solent by 5pm. No Trophy, Type 1 and 2 fun, pleasantly shattered and ready for more. Puzzle solved? No, not really, yacht racing for me remains under investigation.

John Faulkner

Boat No	Skipper	Time	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
4024	Fergus O'Donnell	Steve Hill	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
4014	Russell Plummer	Nate Woodland	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
4016	David Jones	Tony Campbell	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
4018	David Shaw	Laurence Dickinson	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
4019	Gary Harris	Adam Powell	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
4022	Chris Rees	Lisa McClelland	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100

Simon Worthington relishes a pre-lockdown sail in a deserted Solent

Before COVID-19 became daily headline news, sailors across Britain were looking forward to a new season of rallies, races and cruises on their beloved boats.

Some were planning a pre-season anti-foul, others polishing top sides, completing maintenance or seeking crew for planned trips in the spring and summer.

And before a bat lurgy ruined everyone's plans, I joined fellow CSC member Phil Martin and his friend Richard Woodman for a long-weekend cruise on their lovely boat Chit-chat.

Private mooring

The 2014 Bavaria 37 is on a private mooring in Port Solent, so is accessed from a gate at the end of a residential cul-de-sac. Phil and Richard own one of five shares, with one of the other shareholders living in Port Solent.

Our trip was scheduled to start on Friday, February 28, when the plan was to meet at the boat in the evening and leave the berth for a mooring in Portsmouth Harbour, before heading west to Weymouth and back by the following Tuesday.



Phil Martin and friend
Richard Woodman
dodge the showers
onboard Chit-chat

Three enjoy a Chit-chat...

Bad weather delayed our start by 24 hours so we met on Saturday evening, did the shopping and went ashore for a pizza in Port Solent. We discussed going to Weymouth but instead decided to head for Yarmouth on Sunday, then sail round the back of the Isle of Wight and perhaps pick up a mooring buoy in Langstone Harbour on Monday night.

Chit-chat pinned

Next morning we were up bright and early, but a strong westerly wind was pinning Chit-chat to the pontoon. We discussed walking the boat out of her berth but decided to spring her off with a long line from the bow to a pontoon cleat near the stern. This technique worked

extremely well with the stern powering round into the wind, much to the admiration of residents watching from their waterside patios.

Once out of Port Solent we motored down the channel and raised the sails just outside the harbour where a strong westerly wind meant long tacks through the eastern Solent with little fair tide.

Once past Cowes the tide turned in our favour and the wind turned more north giving us a great close reach down to Yarmouth. We could see heavy downpours and squalls to the north of us over Lymington, but managed to miss the worst of the weather. We were lucky enough to see a double rainbow over us as we neared Yarmouth

Yarmouth was very quiet and the harbourmaster said we could virtually choose our own berth

and got the sails down before the tide swept us past the entrance.

Yarmouth was very quiet and the harbourmaster said we could virtually choose our own berth.

We felt like a quick pint before our dinner of home made chilli con carne, so we wandered ashore and wet our whistles in the splendid bar of The George Hotel.

We were up at 6am on Sunday, ready to cast off at 7am to catch the last of the west going tide past the Nee-

dles before turning round the back of the island.

By now the wind had veered north west so we had a cold, but brilliant sail along the south coast of the island, covering more than 20 miles in just over two hours.

Approaching Bembridge we decided to drop anchor for an early lunch in Priory Bay where we relaxed in the sunshine.

Into Langstone

In the afternoon we enjoyed a good sail over to Langstone harbour, dodging dredgers and container ships leaving the eastern Solent.

Struggling to spot the red and white striped fairway buoy outside Langstone in the bright sunlight, we managed to locate the nearby isolated danger mark with its distinctive red and black stripes and two black balls on top. From there we made our way to the fairway buoy and into a calm and deserted Langstone.

But the NW wind was still blowing hard which made it

tough to secure to a mooring buoy with no pick-up float. Someone found a special mooring tool on a pole which helped us get a line through the small and rusting loop.

Enjoyable trip

Once secured, we relaxed and then had our second home-made meal of the trip, a delicious casserole, washed down with a couple of glasses of red before retiring to bed undisturbed by any traffic in Langstone.

The next morning we cast off from the buoy and enjoyed a sunny sail back to Portsmouth with the continuing NW wind guiding us through the gap in the submarine barrier, before heading home to Port Solent where we enjoyed a fry-up lunch on board with leftover eggs, bacon and beans.

It was the first and last sailing trip I've been on this year before the lockdown and that will make it even more memorable.

Many thanks to Phil and Richard for inviting me.





Eagle and Myst top trophy ranking

The club's AGM in January is the highlight of the year for ambitious members hoping to add to their silverware.

And this year Eagle romped home with three trophies, followed by Myst with two.

Eagle won the overall racing championship, the Pursuit race and the Regatta races, while Myst was the best performing CSC boat in the Wooden Spoon race against Chichester Cruiser Racing Club (which they won) and clinched the award for the

most improvement in race standings in 2019.

Change of Course, skippered by Peter Thomas, won the trophy for best club boat in the 2019 Round the Island race.

Among club awards, James Ainsworth won the Seamogs trophy for long distance sailing and Jeremy John was awarded the Jacqui Sillance Trophy for the best organised event.

Wendy and Robin Bruce were welcome winners of the Miranda Trophy for the best

onshore event - the fun-filled school dinners evening.

Reece James won the Mizzen trophy for most attendance at club events, while Patrick Regnault was given the Trevor Barker Award for best article in Wavelength.

Last (but not least) Marion Tempest won the Commodore's Trophy for contribution to running of the club for her work producing Wavelength.

Commodore Dick Beddoe said: "All these awards were richly deserved."

Simon Worthington



wavelength: sale

Sailing sale

Lots of lovely sailing bargains here

Men's Polo Shirts



NEW: 3 Gildan "Dry Blend" Men's Polo Shirts Size 2XL with CSC logo. 65% Polyester 35% Cotton
Actual chest measurements: Mid Blue and Orange 48"; Light Blue 46"
All new, never worn - too small.
All 3 for £32.50 or £12.50 individually.
contact Bill Rawle: bill@9svsh.uk

Dubarry Sailing Boots



Lightly used: Dubarry "Ultima" Sailing Boots Men's Size 12 Only ever worn 6 times at most - too small Circa 15 yrs old but in VGC (see soles) (Bought a pair of size 13's since!) Warm, comfortable and absolutely waterproof.
£100.00
contact Bill Rawle: bill@9svsh.uk

Mens sailing suit

Lightly used: Musto Ocean heavy weather sailing jacket and trousers to suit 6ft man, also rubber wellies size 10. This kit is very little used because it was replaced new shortly before I had to give up. Current price of equivalent is about £600-800.
No reasonable offer refused
contact John Durbin: 0208 786 0699

Cockpit shade

Used: Large cockpit umbrella. advantage can be moved to any position to suit sun position cost £140. **Offers contact**
John Durbin: 0208 786 0699

Husun VHF

Used: A bit old, but was supposed to have been serviced some while ago.

Free to collector contact
John Durbin: 0208 786 0699

Cabin cruiser



Ocean 30 cabin cruiser, displacement hull, suitable inland waters and calm seas. twin Mercedes 42hp diesels (5-7 knots) 4 berths in two cabins, toilets, hot water system, new hood, new boat safety certificate, antifouled, recent "out of water" survey. Currently moored Thames and owned for 40 years These boats normally sell for £15-25,000.

An absolute steal at £11,000 OVNO.
contact John Durbin: 0208 786 0699

wavelength: quiz

Quiz time

- 1** What is Ancarophobia?
Not a good thing for sailors to have!
- 2** What's kept in a ship's binnacle?
- 3** What flag is the merchant Navy Red Duster?
- 4** What's a brass monkey (as in 'freeze the balls off')?
- 5** What shipping forecast area is immediately North of the German Bight?
- 6** What does 'Avast!' mean?
- 7** What's a skyscraper in a boat?
- 8** What's a loblolly boy?
- 9** What's the length of a dog-watch?
- 10** What's the name of Cap'n Pugwash's ship?
- 11** After the mutiny on the Bounty, where did Fletcher Christian & his mutineers settle?
- 12** What part of a sail is the clew?
- 13** What's a flag identifying the recreational organisation of a boat called?
- 14** What part of a sail is the luff?
- 15** What is the phonetic code name for the letter R?
- 16** What is the fastest point of sail for most boats?
- 17** What's the area of a main sail aft of a straight line between the clew and the head called?
- 18** Where on a boat do you find an angel?
- 19** Where does the phrase 'hunky-dory' originate?
- 20** What are the required sound signals by a vessel under tow in fog?

Compiled by Simon Davey

Answers on the last page

Having left Skeddadle in La Rochelle, we hired a car for eight nights and headed to Bordeaux for an overnight visit. It's a lovely city with many beautiful and interesting buildings, trams and line dancing (yes line dancing).

The wedding day

After calling in at Chateaux Ducal de Cadillac we headed to Najac, before we realised that we should be heading for St Andrade de Najac. Fortunately, we made it in time for the civil wedding ceremony at the small town hall. We were staying in the charming town of Gaillac. Arriving just in time for dinner that evening I managed to break the lock of the first room, fortunately they had another (room).

Gaillac is famed for its vineyards and that evening we visited a night market at Najac. As well as produce they sell local food and drinks. Aligot, a creamy mashed potato with local cheese and garlic, was delicious. After the church ceremony the next day the reception was held at a lovely chateau. It had been bought by the father of the current proprietor for about the cost of a decent second hand car.

We had one more night in Gaillac so we did a tour of the local area taking in

Return from La Rochelle

The second instalment of the Sagar's trip to a wedding in the south of France

Cordes-sur-Ciel and Albi. That evening we sat outside a pizza restaurant in the square with live entertainment.

The next day we headed back to La Rochelle. But we had to stop and admire the, now sadly defunct, boat push at Montech (below). This amazing contraption pushed a 1,500-tonne wedge of water



and boat 13.3m up a slope in place of 5 locks.

Green rainbow

Our friends Jane and Mike, who we met up the Amazon 33 years ago, arrived to join us and we had a very pleasant evening in La Rochelle, including seeing the Greenpeace ship Rainbow

Warrior. Next day we set off for St Martin de Re under the Ile de Re bridge. It was very picturesque, with lots of bars, restaurants and stalls round the harbour.

Wendy and I explored the island by bike the

following day, while Jane and Mike relaxed. We made it to the lighthouse, Phare des Baleines, at the western end of the island, past salt flats and a nature reserve.

The next stop was Les Sables d'Olonne, famous for the Vendee Globe race. From here it was on to Port Joinville on the Ile d'Yeu. The next day was windy, so we caught a bus to the other side of the island, another spectacular place. By the next day the wind had dropped but the sea was still pretty disturbed, so we had an interesting sail to Pornic. After their week, we waved Jane and Mike goodbye at the

railway station. That afternoon we cycled to the Pointe de Saint-Gildas past the old semaphore. We had planned to spend the next two nights at Pornichet but decided that one night was enough and set off for La Trinite-sur-Mer. Wednesday, August 14, was dull and wet, so it became a laundry day.

The weather was better the next day, Assumption Day, which was celebrated by open air services, two of these we passed during our cycle ride to the Pointe de Kerpenhir at the entrance to the Golfe du Morbihan.

On Friday we sailed around

the Quiberon Peninsular and off the Cote Sauvage to Port Louis, on the other side of the estuary to Lorient. Then it was on to Sainte Marine. A walk along the beach the next day (my 65th birthday) took us to the peninsular of Ile Tudy.

From there it was back to Sainte Evette, then onwards through the Raz de Seine (against the tide) and the Chenal du Four to L'Aber Wrac'h.

So many onions!

It was the onion festival in Roscoff that weekend so we ate an onion themed meal in a nearby restaurant before seeing the closing feature, 'Gaz Zukes' (billed as 'rock so British, pleine d'energie'). Roscoff also provided another revelation – electric bikes for hire in the marina. There may be no going back!

On Friday, August 30, we arrived in St Peter Port for 3 nights. We spent a night in Bray Harbour with great views across the Alderney race on a walk over the island and enjoyed a speedy Channel crossing back to Yarmouth.

All in all, a wonderful trip, 77 nights away in total. We managed to avoid the worst weather and any major incidents. We enjoyed the time exploring ashore as much as the actual sailing (are we allowed to say that?).

Paul Sagar



Splash!

Nicky Painter remembers times when she fell in...

Let me start with a bit of background. Every year since I was eight my Dad rented a house as near as possible to Keyhaven for the whole of the August. Having previously part-owned a 15 ton Ketch (Craignair) (whose keel sadly fell off while she was on her mooring at Lymington) he decided to turn to smaller boats and bought a HOD (Hurst One Design) - a 16ft clinker- built day boat with a Bermudan rig. HODs were designed and built by Elkins of Christchurch and were a shorter version of the Poole Dolphin. They had a very long mast - about 28ft - which made them very 'tender' but they carried pigs of lead ballast on each side of the centre-board to add stability. They were lovely boats to sail.

All HODs had names which began with 'H'. Ours was called 'Happy'. There are still some around - but that is another story.

Hand-paddling race

My first 'falling-in' did not occur with 'Happy' but in a 'hand-paddling race' in the Lymington River. I was about eleven at the time and four of us entered in a small rowing boat (about 8ft, I suppose). The idea was that you paddled like mad with your hands (nothing else allowed) over a course of, I suppose, about a hundred yards. The course was directly in front of the very grand and pretentious Royal Lymington Yacht Club. Having had no experience of hand paddling we pretty soon managed to scoop enough water into the dinghy for it to sink! In those days it wouldn't have occurred to any of us to wear a life-jacket which made swimming

ashore and while trying to drag a partially submerged wooden dinghy very challenging. I can't remember how we scrambled ashore but I do remember being extremely embarrassed about the whole thing as we were the only boat that sank and it was DIRECTLY in front of the Royal Lymington!

MORAL OF THE STORY: If you are likely to sink your boat due to general incompetence try to do it somewhere fairly private - certainly NOT right in front of a classy yacht club!

Hanging onto 'Happy' off Hurst

My Mum hated sailing. I suppose one of the reasons for this may have been that she nearly always managed to get her hair caught in the block on the boom when we went about so was dragged to the lee side of the boat. As she was no lightweight this caused the boat to heel dramatically. Of course nothing could be done to spill the wind while her hair was wound into the block - and the whole heeling situation was then exacerbated by one of us joining her to unpick her hair!

She was occasionally persuaded to come along for a picnic on Hurst beach if the weather was particularly clement. With the prevailing wind from the SW, the boat would be anchored on the Solent side of the beach - nicely sheltered for a picnic and pleasant for a swim. Her fisherman's anchor safely secured under a pile of shingle she would sit quietly, streaming nicely off the beach.

It was typically I who would be responsible for hanging onto the boat while the family (usually

parents and younger brother) climbed aboard. Hurst beach slopes steeply so, with sails raised and a bit of centre-plate and rudder lowered, I would turn the boat into the wind and attempt to step aboard before she set off at high speed with the wind abaft of the beam!

On one occasion I failed to make it and - hanging by an arm and a leg I was about to let go and swim back to the beach when Mum - with super-human strength - hauled me into the boat, bruising my ribs on the side as I crashed into the bottom in a wet unruly heap while poor Dad attempted to steer a straight course at the same time struggling smoothly to let down a bit more centre-plate, the mechanism with which I had somehow become firmly knotted!

MORAL OF THE STORY: Never take your mother sailing.

A night in Newtown Creek

By this time I was married to Tim and, having initially taken over 'Happy' from Dad, we decided after a few years to get a boat that was sleepable-in. We chose a 'SHEBA' - a 18 ft Micro-ton. We got her new at the Boat Show and called her 'Charade'.

One of our favourite places to sail in Happy had been to Newton Creek. We'd sail there on the flow from Keyhaven and tie-up at the little National Trust quay on the west side of the river, then we'd walk to the New Inn at Shalfleet for lunch - a lovely pub. During lunch the tide would turn and we'd head back to Keyhaven hoping to get onto our mooring and back ashore before it dried out! We usually got VERY wet on the return journey with 'wind meeting tide' conditions and a much stronger effective wind! It

I suddenly found myself in the water. I can't in the least remember how this happened!

was all a bit of a scary rush!

But with the arrival of Charade we could stay overnight and sail back in a leisurely fashion next morning.

It was on one of these occasions that we were nicely snuggled up in our sleeping bags after a very jolly evening in the pub when I decided that I really needed a final wee before I went to sleep. Tim was already sleeping like the dead! Charade didn't have a heads - only a plastic bucket. I decided to step ashore to relieve myself. All was fine until I tried to get back on board when I suddenly found myself in the water. I can't in the least remember how this happened!

Weighed down by my elegant nightie (and clearly not being that fit!) I found it impossible either to climb onto the quay or into the boat. So I knocked on the hull as near as possible to Tim's head. After knocking loudly for some time and then shouting EVENTUALLY he came round... I can still see his face as it popped up from the cabin - a look of total astonishment, disapproval and disbelief as he said 'What the **** are you doing in there?'. He

did pull me out but with rather poor grace, I recall. And my well-insulated sleeping bag kept me very cold for the rest of the night!

MORAL OF THE STORY: If you need to respond to a call of nature while in your boat it is safer/more seamanlike/ less irritating for others

if you use an on-board receptacle rather than attempting to go ashore for the purpose. Alternatively, don't spend the entire evening in the pub.



Comfort food

Two members share their favourite recipes for on-board/lockdown fare



Panbraised jersey royals and chicken with mustard

Any small new potatoes will work in this one pot dish... a bit fiddly but worth it. Tastes delicious and best served with a green salad and crusty bread.

4 chicken breast fillets skin removed
Salt and pepper
Flour for dusting
30g butter
3 tbs olive oil
600 g jersey royals
4 sprigs rosemary
4 fat garlic cloves, crushed
200ml chicken stock
350 ml white wine
4 heaped tsp German mustard

Cut each chicken breast into three pieces, season and dust well with flour. Heat half the butter and 2 tbs oil in a frying pan. Fry breasts until golden. Remove and keep on one side. Add potatoes to the pan with remaining oil and butter, season well, toss in the rosemary. Fry

gently until tinged with brown all over. Add garlic and stock and bring to boil. Cover and leave to boil until tender. Return chicken to pan and add the wine. Simmer gently for 10 minutes. Stir in the mustard and bubble again until and sauce has thickened then serve.

Jane Beddoe

Cookie recipe

Every boat needs a sweet treat and these hit the spot for us. The recipe is also easy to adapt, for chocolate and ginger cookies, replace dried fruit with dark chocolate chunks and marmalade and mixed spice with ginger jam and ground ginger.

Preheat oven: Gas 5/375f/190c

75g soft margerine
150g soft brown sugar
1 egg
150g self raising flour
1 tsp mixed spice
1 heaped tbs marmalade
100g dried fruit
150g porridge oats

Mix all the ingredients until well combined. Shape into rounds and place on a greased baking tray. They do spread a bit so not too close together. Bake for about 20 minutes depending on size. They are definitely cookies not biscuits so should retain some softness.

Nicola Lenthall

Cryptic nautical quiz

- 1** Purchase with love at its heart is a marker (4).
- 2** Shelter for grudges (7).
- 3** Almost an expensive French perfume but closer to home (7,7).
- 4** Pioneer stars illumine safe passage (7,6).
- 5** Change course for equestrian gear (4).
- 6** American writes one for broadcasting equipment purchase (5,5).
- 7** Want a steer? Were I included, it would be redder (6).
- 8** Call for gold-seeking wok (6).
- 9** Record driftwood (3).
- 10** Adam has spare boat (3).
- 11** In landmark case, it sounds like we must conduct boss's interment (5,4).
- 12** Not the time to take off your jumper (6)
- 13** What no one wants to tell their milliner (7).
- 14** Wear 70s trousers (8,6).
- 15** BA, MSc, PhD (7).
- 16** Direction issues raised at the Vatican (8,6).
- 17** Socialist standard-bearer becomes duster (3,6).

Compiled by Nigel Bovey, Exe Sailing Club

Answers on the last page

The Lenthalls remember their first yacht charter on the Amalfi coast

Having both enjoyed inland waterways boating holidays from childhood, we had for years talked about trying sailing. In 2014, the decision was made, and research commenced. Just before signing up for a Dalmatian coast cruise, which was on board a yacht but didn't really seem to give any opportunity for the hands on experience we wanted, a flash of inspiration made me type 'cabin charter' into the search engine and up came Captain Bob and the Amalfi coast.

We meet the crew

We were a little nervous as we made our way to the island of Procida by ferry from Naples to meet Captain Bob, our two fellow crew members and board our home for the week - a 42 ft Lagoon catamaran.

Bob is from the US, but spends a good part of every summer in Italy and has many friends and contacts, which proved useful not only for getting a restaurant reservation that evening as Procida was celebrating a festival, but also in getting moorings as the Bay of Naples is unsurprisingly very popular. That evening, everybody was out and having a great time. The fireworks were a sight to behold, you



could almost think it was Vesuvius grumbling, clearly visible on the mainland a few short miles away.

Our crew mates turned out to be both experienced dingy sailors and qualified Day Skippers, and Bob was very happy to get us all involved, practicing the bits we can never get enough of - mooring, anchoring, man overboard.... we couldn't have found anything which suited us better as an introduction to sailing.

In addition to two nights in the home marina, we visited marinas on the island of Ischia, in Sorrento and Amalfi, and had two nights on moorings. The scenery is truly spectacular, and there are many beautiful little bays and sheltered spots which are

ideal for a lunch stop. One unexpected highlight of our week came when we anchored near a private island called Li Galli for a swim and bit of sunbathing. A helicopter flew in, we heard some familiar music start up and were treated to The Police rehearsing for a private party to be held on the island that night!

Amazing week

After such an amazing first week of life on the ocean wave, in one of the most beautiful places in the world, you could expect further adventures to be a bit disappointing but we have not found it to be so. We had done a further two holidays and found our way to the Channel Sailing Club before I saw my first dolphins - en route from Christchurch to Yarmouth on Redouble with Peter Denning. Every trip teaches something new, and we are grateful to members of the club who are so generous in sharing their experience and indeed welcoming us on board their boats.



Sailing for dummies

It's always a good idea to brush up on your nautical vocab', here's a helpful list of terms

Anchor - A piece of equipment, the practicalities/ effectiveness of which it is guaranteed that not one single boater can agree on.

Anchor Light - A small light used to discharge the battery.

Backstay - The last thing to grab as you are going overboard.

Bilge - A storage area in the bottom of the boat for all the things you cannot find. Also a mixing area for water, fuel and head output.

Bilge Pump - An electrical device designed to remove the charge from your batteries. These devices only operate when the vessel is not taking on water.

Boom - A place for birds to make nests in.

Boom - A device for rendering vertical crew members horizontal; named after the noise it makes when doing so.

Bow - Best part of the boat to ram another with.

Carbon Fibre - Colour: Black. Cost: Absolutely outrageous. Life expectancy: 2/3 days.

Caulk - Any one of a number of substances introduced into the spaces between planks in the hull and decking of a boat that give a smooth, finished appearance while still permitting the passage of a significant amount of seawater.

Centreboard - Vantage point for the helmsman to occupy whilst blaming the crew for capsizing the boat.

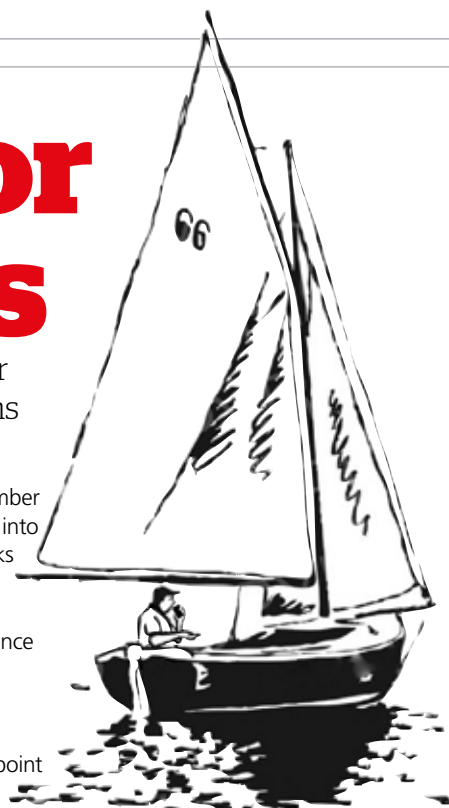
Chart - A type of map which tells you where you are aground or what you just hit.

Chart - A sheet of paper designed to prevent damage/ staining to a chart table from spilled drinks/soup, vomit, diesel and paint/varnish.

Circuit Breaker - Electro-mechanical switch designed to electrify all conductive metal fittings throughout the boat and flatten batteries. Available at most chandlers.

Companionway - A hole to fall into. (See "Hatch")

Crew - People working on your vessel, usually friends who don't find out about the



Sorry for shouting at you when we were docking, but I do want you back now, I need crew

"work" part of the trip until you are away from the dock. Crews have a high turnover rate, and normally will never want to see you again, let alone set foot on your boat again.

Cruising - Fixing your boat in distant locations. Leaving boat, returning home by train for several weeks and then collecting boat when un-forecast storms finally ease.

Deck Fitting - Device for letting water into the cabin.

Deck light - A device to hook

halyards

Engine - Sailboats are equipped with a variety of engines, but all of them work on the internal destruction principle, in which highly machined parts are rapidly converted into low-grade scrap, producing in the process energy in the form of heat, which is used to boil bilge water; vibration, which improves the muscle tone of the crew; and a small amount of rotational force, which drives the average size sailboat at speeds approaching a furlong per fortnight.

Flares - A mode of dress when you first started boating.

GPS - An electronic device that allows you to navigate out of sight of landmarks just before the batteries die.

Gybe - A great way to end up on Port Tack right in front of the whole fleet that's approaching the mark on Starboard. Also a quick way to wash out your racing dinghy.

"Heave"-----What happens when the boat's motion overcomes your ability to deal with it.

"Heave ho"-----As above after eating too much "ho".

Hatch - 1. Another name for a hole to fall into. 2. An opening for admitting water into the vessel.

Hazard - Any boat or any body of water. Any body of land near any body of water.

Helmsman - The nut attached to the rudder through a steering mechanism. The only Crew member who might enjoy a gybe.

Keel - A very heavy depth gauge.

Ketch - Sailboat with good wine in the cabin.

Motor Sailer - A boat that alternates between sail/ rigging problems and engine problems with beer in the cabin.

Personal Floatation Device - A multifunction device normally used as a cushion, packing material or sponge. Coastguards require one for each person on board to ensure they have something soft to sit on in case seating is limited.

Porthole - Glass-covered opening in the hull cleverly designed to let in water when closed.

Propeller - Underwater winch designed to wind up any lines or sheets left hanging over the side.

Propeller - An anchor point for Pot Buoys.

Racing Rules of Sailing - A handy book of jokes published by the RYA.

Sailing - The most expensive and complicated way of going slowly, getting wet and becoming ill known to man.

Schooner - A boat with a fully stocked drinks cabinet in the cabin.

Sheet - A line made to rip

gloves or hands part. Has the ability to tangle on anything.

Sloop - A boat with beer and wine in the cabin.

Spinnaker - 1. Large sail used in dead calm to keep the sun off the crew. 2. An extremely large, lightweight piece of cloth trailed in the water to slow the boat down.

Spinnaker Pole - A tubular device, the outer end designed to sever any connection it may have with the spinnaker while the inner end clamps itself to rigging, clothing, etc.

Spray canopy/hood - A fabric device so situated as to shelter from deluge by sea-water all crew members, except the helmsman/woman.

Stem Fitting - The hole made in a competitors boat when your helmsman misjudges a Port / Starboard crossing.

Stern - The flat, back end of your boat, included so you have a place to paint the name on.

Through Deck / Hull Fittings - A leak.

Torch - a container for discharged batteries.

Yacht Race - Several boats going in different directions.

Yachts - An endless source of entertainment and amusement. For boat repair yards.

Compiled by Peter Denning with assistance from Bill Callaghan and Richard Brodie



It was not all plain sailing for Andy and family on their Spanish holiday

In June 2017 we were joined on Celestine – our Dufour 34 - by Alison's son and his partner Lily at Rota which is in the north side of the bay of Cadiz

Lily had not been on a boat before and the first day was... tricky. We thought we would have a gentle sail round the bay and then anchor and have some lunch and a swim. Very quickly it became apparent that Lily was not feeling good – so we abandoned the gentle sail and anchored. This apparently was worse as the



rocking of the boat was not good for her stomach.

I began to consider the week ahead – surely not days of shopping in Cadiz. A good meal and off we went the following day and sailed to Cadiz – a nice short sail and things were better. Lily sat quietly but was far more relaxed. A day in Cadiz followed – well worth visiting – and then a good sail down to the river at Sancti-Petri – glorious

spot well used by boats but just a few houses ashore and a wonderful playground of a river

Rite of passage

So the next sail would take us to Barbate passing the historic Cape Trafalgar. I had been looking forward to passing this cape for a long time and saw it as a real rite of passage and wanted lots of photos. As we came out of the river the wind was south westerly so we had a beat to go south and it was a bit gusty – forecasts confirmed it may blow a F5. We had a good think but Lily was much improved and we wanted to keep going and not go backwards so on we went.

The wind increased some



We thought we would have a gentle sail round the bay and then anchor and have some lunch and a swim



and then increased again. Before too long we were fully reefed and flying. Then the sea began to build – oh and the wind continued to rise – until we were storming out to sea taking bucketfuls of water in the face on a regular basis and no point in using engine or in tacking until we could lay the port of Barbate which meant passing the cape and going out to sea until the angle was right – not a place or time for short tacking.

Reasons to be cheerful

So you enquire – how was Lily who a few days earlier was nearly sick whilst at anchor. The answer is fine - she didn't move from her position in the cockpit and was getting

very wet but was smiling and cheerful and seemed to be having a good time. I was slightly past that stage as we were now in a full gale with an unpleasant sea and only Alison and I could sail.

On we went and finally tacked and lay Barbate – rather well I thought – and a couple of hours later we were in the lee and soon after in a bar.

Two final points – I asked Lily if she was scared and she said she watched Alison and I closely but as we seemed to be enjoying ourselves she thought this must be quite normal and not a problem – I am still trying to make sense of that

Secondly I read recently

that more sailors lost their lives in the storm that followed the Battle of Trafalgar then in the fight itself. Apparently the cape is renowned for its weather. Note to self - read the pilot books more carefully

Finally finally – we sat in Barbate for 10 days waiting for the weather to change so we could go through the Straits of Gibraltar.

Andy Struthers



No sailing? I'm going potty

It turns out that the commodore has hidden talents

It's over five weeks now since everything changed. Our plans to cruise the Baltic on Singapore Sling are now on hold for a year. We cannot visit Tallinn, where she is stored in a shed, and it looks like the whole of the summer's plans including ten flights to and from the Baltic are now cancelled. So we sit in this somewhat surreal world of physical normality within the home and contemplate how to fill our days until these restrictions are lifted.

I am lucky, truly lucky. I have another pastime, hobby, craft, call it what you will. Many years ago as a teenager I learnt to throw pots.

The wheel of life

Ceramics: clay and glaze. It is one of the most therapeutic occupations you can imagine sitting down at a wheel and wrapping your hands around 5 kg of damp clay, and turning it into... Now this varies... It could be a beautiful bowl, a magnificent casserole dish, soup tureen or possibly just a messy lump of (now soft) wet clay spinning erratically around peppering you and your walls with splatters of clay slip. It is

still extraordinarily satisfying but you have to have one overriding quality. You must not mind getting really, really dirty.

I am lucky enough to have all the major components of a potters studio, an electric wheel, a kiln, and a pugmill (that allows me to reconstitute the failures back into workable clay).

So let me briefly explain the process. From a bag of new clay you wire off a lump that you feel you can turn into something worthwhile. Maybe 3 to 4 kg, and on a strong flat surface you beat the hell out of it to make sure

it has no air bubbles or lumps inside. Air is bad news as it makes the throwing difficult and if the pot ever gets to the kiln it might explode as the air expands destroying the pot, and all the pots around it, and if you are very unlucky, the kiln as well. I know this from bitter experience!

The next stage is the wheel.

The prepared lump of clay is chucked down onto the centre of the wheel. You then have to make sure its centred. (You know this, it's like the bit from the film 'Ghost' where Demi Moore wraps her beautiful sensuous hands around a wet spinning ball of clay in a very interesting way).

Once its centred you plunge your right thumb into the middle of the spinning lump and drive a hole down, then squeeze the edge and form the base of your (potential) ceramic masterpiece. The wheel is slowed somewhat, and you then draw up the wall of the pot keeping it wet until the form is finished. The pot is wired off and left to dry.

Cut it off

The next stage is to turn (cut) off the excess clay. The "green" clay pot is placed on the wheel and centred again but upside down. You secure it in the centre with some wet clay and then get out your turning tools. This is most gratifying as you run the wheel and turn off the ragged base, carve a foot and trim the walls down to a reasonable thickness. The skill is knowing when you have just 3 – 4 mm left. I have made plenty of massively heavy pots with walls that could reasonably be used as gun emplacement fortifications. I have also turned very thin pots – these ones don't survive!

At this stage you could



contemplate some decoration. Patterns in the clay, carved features, holes and other penetrations – let your imagination go wild!

Getting fired

The pot is then "Bisque" fired. This involves heating it to 1000°C – slowly! It alters the composition of the clay as molecular water is driven out (at 600°C) and it changes into a 'flower pot' type material.

Once cool we can glaze the pot using either prepared glazes or some formulation of your own. I use pre-prepared glazes that come as a powder and are mixed with water to form a sort of gloopy soup. The pot is dipped into the bucket or sprayed with the glaze. Spraying does present its own set of problems as some of the glazes contain materials such as arsenic, manganese dioxide, and other poisonous substances. Good ventilation is an excellent idea unless you want to be carted off to hospital with a mistaken diagnosis of Covid-19 as your lungs are now clogged up with noxious chemicals.

The prepared pot is then placed carefully in the kiln and fired to a temperature of between 1060 – 1260°C.

The glaze melts onto the clay surface and hopefully when cool comes out looking quite splendid – sometimes! Sometimes the wretched thing pours glaze onto the bat (shelf) and sticks there until chipped off with a chisel. Sometimes it just looks goddamn awful. But a good pot is very satisfying, and someone else might genuinely say... "That looks nice!"

Dick Beddoe

Quiz time answers

1 Fear of the wind **2** The compass **3** Red Ensign **4** A rack for cannon balls **5** Fisher **6** Stop! **7** The highest sail at the mast-top **8** Surgeon's assistant **9** 2 hours **10** The Black Pig **11** Bottom aft corner **12** Pitcairn Island **13** Burgee **14** The front leading edge **15** Romeo **16** Beam reach **17** The roach **18** A weight suspended from the anchor rode to take up slack/absorb strain caused by waves and gusts **19** Sailors in Yokohama visited Hunkido-ri Street - the red light district **20** Long blast followed by 3 short - repeat every 2 minutes

Cryptic nautical quiz solutions

1 Buoy **2** Harbour **3** English Channel **4** Leading Lights **5** Tack **6** Radio check **7** Rudder **8** PanPan **9** Log **10** Rib **11** Berry Head **12** MayDay **13** Capsize **14** Distress flares **15** Degrees **16** Cardinal points **17** Red Ensign

Man overboard

RYA Yachtmaster™ drill in the event of a man overboard

IMMEDIATELY

- Shout 'man overboard'.
- 'Tack' upwind & heave-to (i.e. crash stop).
- Allocate crew roles. Crew member to keep pointing at MOB.
- Press MOB button on chart-plotter.
- Throw life buoy, dan buoy and buoyant smoke flare.
- Send DSC and voice call distress alerts.
- Appoint handlers for boathook, handy-billy and lifting halyard, boarding ladder or other necessary equipment.

NEXT: Under Power

- Ensure no trailing warps, then start engine.
- Furl headsail (or drop and secure it).
- Prepare a throw line.
- Head downwind of MOB.
- Approach MOB upwind with mainsail de-powered.
- Pick up MOB on leeward side near shrouds with propeller in neutral.



NEXT: Under Sail only if engine not available

- Turn onto a beam/broad reach and sail away for five or six boat lengths.
- Tack (and aim to approach MOB on a close reach, controlling speed by enabling mainsail to 'fill and spill'.
- Let out headsail and mainsail sheets (mainsail should flap, if not bear away to alter angle of approach and come upwind again (repeat until mainsail flaps).
- Drop/furl headsail to fill and spill the mainsail while slowly approaching MOB.
- Pick up MOB to leeward, at the shrouds.



RETRIEVAL

- Bathing platform and ladder on transom in calm waters or parbuckle/rescue sling using a handybilly and/or a halyard or
- Recovery raft or
- Boom & mainsheet.

<https://www.rya.org.uk/knowledge-advice/cruising-tips/boat-handling-sail/Pages/man-overboard.aspx>