

FAIR WINDS MAGAZINE OF THE SKEGNESS YACHT CLUB



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SKEGNESS YACHT CLUB

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Loose Leaf:
Booking Slip for Laying Up Lunch

Front Cover
Freddie with first boat and
incompetent crew. Photo Michael
Clark

Editorial

Welcome to the autumn edition of Fair Winds. I will start by thanking John Casey for his article on being Storm Bound In Wells (he lives a hard life), Martyn for his progress report on Daisy May and Jonathan Baines and John Wilkinson for their Photos.



Three men in a boat photo John Wilkinson

It's been a good year this year I don't think we have lost a single weekend down to bad weather. Or are we all getting braver?

The club trip up north went well and had 4 boats for some of the time, with some making it to Bridlington, Whitby, Hartlepool and the Farne Islands. Although the weather as less than perfect for some of the trip. Thank you to John for showing what it's like to sail a classic Gaff Rigger and making it a memorable trip (for all the right reasons)



John Casey with solo in background off Farnborough head Photo A Leeson

We also managed a club trip to Saltfleet with 7 boats from the club. Which was a record for the Saltfleet Club, who were very nervous about so many boats navigating their channel. We did receive a very warm welcome from their officers and had a BBQ which John had prepared for us all.



Coquet Island Northumberland Photo A Leeson

Hope to see you all at the Laying up Lunch.

Alex (Runic S1)

Secretary's Notes

The usual question. Where has the year gone? Time just seems to fly by quicker every year.

My sailing from the Haven (or anywhere else) has been non-existent this year, but I gather that a number of boats have been able to make frequent excursions to variety of destinations.



*Club Cruise up north moored at Bridlington.
Photo J Baines.*

I was not able to be at the Event Day this year but I gather that it all went very well and a huge thank you is offered to all who worked hard to make it work and in particular Sarah Beaumont, Angie Kisby and Alex Leeson for organising and preparing the food. I hear it was so good Carole hopes you will want to do it again next year!



Club Saltfleet Trip Photo J Baines.

In a departure from the norm, laying up supper will be a lunchtime event this year. Details elsewhere.

Considerable work has been done on new stagings last year and the work will continue this year, anytime from September onwards. Please contact John Casey (0770 941 856) if you can help.



Bunty photo J Baines

A reminder that I shall not be available during November as Carole and I will be in Australia visiting out family there.

Happy Sailing

Martyn

Commodores Comments

That word Autumn, the weather men using terms like autumnal temperatures, where did the sailing time and the summer months go ?? The day England by some miracle won the Ashes was incidentally the birthdays of our DPO (Deputy Pilotage Officer) Alex Collingwood and VC (Vice Commodore) John Casey, both unlike me ardent cricket fans and what a day to remember not just for the Ashes but for the wonderful sailing weekend it turned out to be, perfect sailing conditions with a warm fresh southerly, very calm seas and only a flotilla of four with RC (Rear Commodore) Richard Kisby already in Thornham to enjoy the Wash at its best with mountainous sandbanks due to one of the biggest tides of the year i.e. 7.5m and the wildlife they attract. What a birthday present, what a fabulous weekend, (just rubbing it in if you missed it).

Wind Farms.

A very interesting full four page article in PBO this month has some very interesting facts and figures reference this topic, it contains some quite staggering numbers of proposed wind farms around the UK and the legalities that affect the sailing fraternity. The article states quite clearly that any prohibition and exclusion zones are only applicable to wind farms under construction; once they are fully operational navigation through wind farms is perfectly legal. Some wind farms like the Greater Gabbard have advisory exclusion zones of 50m round each turbine but these are not legally enforceable, it is a very interesting article and one well worth reading as it affects us as a club directly.

Members.

It is rewarding to have seen an increase in new members over the last two years and one that has been reflected in sailing numbers venturing out into our home waters, we are only a viable club as long as we have a viable, interested and responsible membership including

new and old that respects and upholds the clubs internal and external responsibilities, it is therefore very disappointing when the club door is found unlocked and open, heaters left on in the clubhouse in the middle of June and the slipway gate left open with the combination lock also open and the code number on display to all. Safety and responsibility must surely be our watchwords, it is your club, it is your boat and an inherent part of being a club is that we look out for each and every member not just ourselves. If you have any problems, if you have ideas or requests for a change then you should consult your committee and I stress YOUR committee before taking any actions that will affect our club.

Buoyage.

Buoyage is an ever increasing task with an ever decreasing workforce to cope, Pilotage Officer Ian Martin has done a sterling job over many years and one that not many could have coped with, he now has the valuable support of DPO Alex and VC John but I feel that the club will have to address the method of buoyage in the very near future to make it more humanly manageable. We now have something between fifty and sixty beacons and spar buoys to arrive and return safely from sea, the sheer physical effort of producing, placing and maintaining the current system is beyond most members and it follows therefore that this is not sustainable for the future. We need to adapt and evolve to encompass the challenge and protect in all sense of the word best use of the small human resource we have to ensure our sailing continues.

Enjoy the two or so weekends left and think whilst sailing how can you support your club.

Michael. Threo. S13

The progress of Daisy May

As many of you will know, in recent years, Carole and I have become involved in the inland waterways. After several years owning a 34' narrow boat, we took the plunge and decided to buy a shell and fit our own boat just the way we wanted it.

On the 8th August 2008 (08.08.08 – I hope this was auspicious!) Daisy May arrived by road at Strawberry Island Boat Club and was hoisted carefully onto the hard standing.

Stepping on board brought the fact that the "...Last great project..." Now had to be seen through to completion the shell was just that a 50' long steel tube with no windows, an engine on a pallet and a coat of red primer!

Knowing that October was fully taken up with yacht and boat club activities, November with visiting Australia and December with jet lag and Christmas, meant the first part of the project had to be completed by the end of September.

During the next six weeks. I cut drilled, tapped and fitted 9 cast portholes, 4 mushroom vents, 1 Houdini hatch and 2 door windows (all solid brass lovely and shiny – then!) I also fitted wooden floor bearers, an 18 mm ply floor and "battened out" the shell ready for having it spay foamed. The battening out used over 500 feet of timber!

Away, the dead line was met and the brass work was steadily tarnishing!

Whilst in Australia, Carole's farther has a severe stroke and so upon return to the UK, boat building went on hold for several months. By May of this year, farther in law had made sufficient progress that I, but not Carole, was able to begin work again, albeit in fits and starts at first. The engine was installed. The engineer who did this complained that one engine bearer was 30,000" out of true and would need a shim!!! The outside was fully painted. I of course

picked the part of May with high temperatures, wind of a strength to blow the paint off the roller and more flies that I ever thought existed gluing themselves to the topsides! I also discovered how hard it is to polish badly tarnished brass work!

Launch day was the last Sunday in June. However, before launching it had to be licensed with the British Waterways who required a Boat Safety Certificate even though there were no services. The BSS man duly came, looked at the engine and said "nice" and gave me the certificate, all for £90.00. he was so embarrassed that he spent an hour chatting before pocketing the cheque and going off to frighten more boat owners!

Launch day was perfect – warm, sunny and no wind. All was going well then the tractor used for launching broke a half shaft! A small dumper truck was loaded with 2 tonne of soil and coupled up to a medium sized digger and Daisy May slipped into the water. Carole did the honours of naming the boat and the fizzy pop flowed! I quickly checked for leaks, but there were none, which was most fortunate as she could not of been pulled out again anyway!

A short first voyage ensued and then with some trepidation I did some 93 point turns and eventually managed to squeeze her into her new mooring.

Since then, the basics of the lining (oak faced ply) have been cut and temporarily fitted and I am currently (no pun intended) installing the electric wiring. So far 1200 feet of conduit cable have gone into Daisy May. Soon I hope all the wires will be connected to the consumer units/panels and hope even more that when they get powered up, things actually work.

Within days of starting work, I already knew how I would do things differently on my next boat!

More on the progress of Daisy May at some future date.
Martyn

Laying Up Lunch

Saturday 17th October 2009

At the Vine Hotel Skegness

A carvery with the choice of 3 meats, plus a selection of starters and sweets

£14.50 per person

we have decided to try a lunch time format to see if it appeals to members more than an evening function. It also means that we are able to keep the costs down. Please make every effort to support this function and your club!!

Please, please, please – save me from hours of telephone calls by ensuring that you're the return the slip to me, no later than 5th October. Thank you.

Martyn



CRANING OUT

TAKES PLACE ON TUESDAY 20th OCTOBER HIGH WATER IS @ 0754 WITH A PREDICTED HEIGHT OF 7.0M

If you wish to be craned out, either onto the hard standing or a trailer or lorry, please let me Martyn or John Casey know ASAP. Also if you require a mud berth please contact Martyn

- As always, craning out is more difficult and time consuming than craning in.
- **Please remember to have your lines under your boat for hauling the slings under and long lines bow and stern to control the boat during the lift.**
- Any timbers you use to support your boat need to hand and clearly marked.
- **You need to be there in good time to find out the order of lifting and to ensure you can reach your boat**
- Please remember that no-one is aloud to remain on the boat during the lift and that the area is a hard had area.
- **Please ensure your engine will start, if you think you may have a problem let John know on the morning of craning out.**

If you require any further information then call me.
Martyn

Storm Bound In Wells

0625 Tuesday 7th July 2009

Departed Gibraltar Point for Wells. Old Alex in Fidelio, Mark in Emily 2 and myself in Bunty. Alex was delivering Fidelio to her new owner in Wells so I had offered him a lift back in Bunty. We had a good sail across with a SW 4-5 and anchored in Holkham Bay for the usual relaxation period prior to entering Wells on the tide. The plan was for Alex to pick up the new owner at the pontoon then moor Fidelio at her swinging mooring where I would take off Alex on my way in and then berth on the pontoon from whence the evenings festivities could begin.

We all know what happens to plans don't we!!

1830 - Fidelio ended up staying on the pontoon so I pulled in behind her. As Alex was securing Bunty's bow rope and I the stern the Harbour Master was looking over my shoulder saying "where's your mate goin" more in the way of a statement than a question. As Alex and I turned to look towards the end of the pontoon Mark was disappearing behind the Albatross - at that point Mark was heard on the radio " my engine has packed up". The Harbour Master replied he would tow Emily2 back with the dory. When Emily was safely moored Mark explained that as the engine stopped he had drifted against a large fishing boat and his bow wave had made the hull of the boat lift then land on two of his stanchions and push them through the deck. After a freshen up we had Fish and chips followed by a few pints at the Fleece for Marks medicinal needs.



Bunty in the Parlor channel Photo John Casey

Wednesday - 1st Day

The wind had turned to a north westerley as predicted but increased to 5-6. After the 0750 inshore Alex said he would wander down to the coastguard station and see what the bar was like for getting out. I was a bit longer abluting and decided to catch him up as he was about 300yards ahead down the path. Remembering my old scouting days and training to run seven paces then walk seven paces to conserve energy I set off in pursuit. After a few minutes it seemed a good idea to increase the paces to twenty twenty then forty forty and caught Alex at the coastguard station. That was when I realised I should have stuck to seven seven as I struggled to stand on legs made of jelly, my lungs just wouldn't work fast enough and there was no chance of talking to Alex for five minutes as my heart was trying to get out of my throat. As we looked over the sea the wind had created a northerly fetch across the bar with high breaking waves. Deciding that departure was too hazardous we wandered back to the pontoon to inform Mark and have brekky.

Spirits were high and by pleasant coincidence the Ashes kicked off at 11am. The sun was beating down on the pontoons and we soon had a thirst worked up so it was back to the Fleece - it seemed appropriate to support our fellow countrymen while providing the bar staff with employment during our stay.

Further plans were made to depart on the evening tide. At the time it seemed a good idea but then we were in the Fleece and by mid afternoon the telly had gone out of focus (must have been the heat) along with Englands attempt on winning the 1st Test.

After tea we donned our wet gear with intrepidation and funny looks from the crabbers on the quay in their shorts teashirts and some with a lot less than that - but we weren't looking - we left the pontoon after dutifully handing our shower cards to the Harbour Master who had an incredulous look on his face as we told him " but we are from Skeg Yacht Club and relish a challenge"

After the second set of bouys beyond the lifeboat station the five foot swell deterred us from attempting the eight foot breaking surf beyond the Bar so we executed a quick handbrake turn and shot off back to calmer waters.

As Alex and I tied up Bunty at the pontoon with Mark starting to make his turn into the tide across the way the Harbour Master wandered up casually holding out our shower cards saying " you'll be needing these then " in his broad accent and with a big grin. At the same time as I was making a last hitch on the pontoon cleat with Bunty's stern rope I was glancing towards Mark. The Harbour Master was saying to Alex those immortal words" where's your mate goin" as I saw Mark standing motionless in Emily2's cockpit watching the quay wall approach him at three knots between the end of the pontoon and the Albatros. I started running shouting at Mark " has your engine stopped sling me a rope" to which he nodded and duly chucked the end of the rope which he was holding. Luckily catching it the first time (really good for me) I looked for something to fasten on to while watching Emily2's pulpit about two metres from the hard bit and closing fast. Having hold of the end metre of rope in both hands I leapt at the end pontoon riser and wrapped my arms around it clutching the rope as tightly as possible as Marks arm holding the other end seemed to stretch two feet 'cos his end wasn't tied on as Emily2 slowed and stopped within millimetres of the wall. By this time Alex had hold of Emily2 and we manouvered her onto the pontoon and made her safe. Having played down our failed attempted escape as a tide run to the various onlookers and worked up a thirst from sweating as we were still in full wet gear in the warm evening sun we retreated to the Fleece to replenish our body fluids.

Thursday - 2nd Day

We knew there was no chance of leaving today as the wind was still NW so a sleep in was the order of the morning. As I swung my legs over the side of the bunk to get to the bucket to have the umpteenth pee of the night a searing pain from the steel rods some buggger had inserted up my calves in the night shot up my body and met the results of the last pint behind my eyelids. My ankles wouldn't bend , walking was painful and steps were pergatory. That's when blinding intuition flashed through the braincell that was working and the realization that my scouting days were over 45 years ago. Old Alex reckoned I was a good impersonation of Mr Miaggi (Karate Kid) doing his karate thing as I staggered around the pontoon.

As Englands lead of 435 is worn down by the Aussies our spirits were low. We decided Costcutter was the best place to replenish them! We called at the Fleece on the way back to catch up on the end of the mornings play. Sitting in the midday sun outside supping our pints Alex noted the ripples on the water had increased to wavelets although it was wind against tide by this time. Feeling a bit guilty at the inactivity and to create an excuse not to stay in the Fleece all day we washed the Gib mud off Emily2 and Bunty and oiled Bunty's hull between naps, partaking of the odd can and watching the crabbers. Thinking of nicknames for these became rather entertaining and Girl Friday became a firm favourite with Alex and I although it was debatable that we would probably have been added to a register if our thoughts could have been read! Five larger fishing vessels came in on the evening tide and one yacht who said it was very lumpy and they had surfed in over the bar (they did look a bit ashen). The evening forecast (of course we took a handheld to the Fleece) was NW5-6 occ 7 bec var 3-4 so it looked like Saturday was going to be the DAY. It was still rough at the Bar and expensive too especially at the Crown



Solo in the wash photo J baines

Friday - 3rd Day

Awoke for the 0750 forecast. NW4-5 bec var 3-4 then SW 4-5 later. Alex takes another walk to look at the Bar. Poor soul he's missing work and needs to find a reason for living. He reports its still looking like white water and watched a largish ketch looking to get in but it turns and heads off back east. I stay on the boat 'cos my calves still hurt to walk too far but now I can just manage the Fleece. After a hearty fry-up (got to keep our energy levels up) we have a beer on Emily2 and survey the crabbers on the key. Life in Wells struggles on while we struggle to stay awake. Alex has gone for a shower while I bring this log up to date and Mark is having a kip. He got some new plugs so we had a tinker with his engine this morning and it seems to run better. Called at the Fleece in the evening on the way to the Corner house and the Crown. We like to spread our wings a bit now and then and thought the exercise would do us good.

Saturday - 4th Day

It's a goer!!

All kitted up and ready for sea. Made our way out to the fairway bouy and had to motor to the woolpack where we drifted along the flats and did a bit of fishing. Caught nothing. That exited I forgot to write anything down! Anyway we got back to Gib and nothings changed - Surprise Surprise. Must remember to renew my Gaviscon supply. You get a lot of indigestion in Wells. Must be the food.

John (Bunty S3)



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