



Spring 2020

BROAD REACH

The Magazine of New Parks Cruising Association

Front Cover:

Mike Flint – warmly remembered at the helm of his yacht Gurnee in October 2011

Back Cover Outside:

Mike Holley - Fighting a galley fire on board

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NPCA FLAG OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE MEMBERS 2019/20

FLAG OFFICERS & COMMITTEE MEMBERS	
Commodore & Broad Reach Editor	Peter Thorne
Vice Commodore	Richard Malthouse
Rear Commodore	Bill Hudson
Chairman	Chris Geere
Vice Chairman	Eric McDowall
Secretary	Yvonne Margerison
Treasurer	Pauline Green
Webmaster	Jonathan Herbert
Committee	Mick McQuade
Co-opted	Richard Freer
Co-opted	Hilary Holmes

NPCA PROGRAMME 2020

Note: the program is constantly updated so please check the website for latest details.

Date	Event
Tuesday 21 January	Talk by Elizabeth Simmons "Crossing the Pacific"
Tuesday 18 February	Talk by Michael & Anne Hartshorne "Sailing Alaska"
Tuesday 17 March	Talk - TBC
Sunday 15 March	The Commodore's Lunch at Lingdale Golf Club
Sat 25 - Sun 26 April	Spring Solent Rally
Tuesday 21 April	Talk by Gary Ball - "Salvaging the Kursk"
Tuesday 15 September	Talk - TBC
Sat 3 - Sun 4 October	Autumn Solent Rally
Tuesday 20 October	Talk - TBC
Sat 7 - Sun 8 November	Norfolk Broads Rally
Tuesday 17 November	Talk - TBC - followed by the AGM
Sat 5 - Sun 6 December	Christmas Solent Rally
Tuesday 15 December	Talk - TBC

***Round the Island Race:** Would Skippers please contact the Secretary if entering under the NPCA flag so that we can take all entries into account when awarding the Club trophy.

Please always check the website for latest details. Web: <http://www.sailnpca.org/>

Contact: NPCA email: [mailto: secretary@sailnpca.org](mailto:secretary@sailnpca.org)

Notes: (A) Talks are held at the Royal Oak Kirby Muxloe (01162393166), on the 3rd Tuesday of the winter months (September to April), commencing 7.30 pm

(B) Note Please make **all** Cheques payable to "New Parks Cruising Association" **NOT** to "NPCA".

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to this, my 11th, edition of *Broad Reach*. A very big: “**Thank you**” once again to all those who took the trouble of producing something for this edition.

The magazines, and indeed the club, are a sum of the parts and everyone who makes even the smallest contribution helps keep the club in existence. I have continued to include smaller articles this edition in light of comments that some were too long.

Remember Broad Reach is available on line at our website; if you don't know the address just put the club name into Google and it will find our page for you. Broad Reach looks very good on any computer, tablet or smart phone.

Postage is one of our greatest costs so if you would like a digital copy please let me know and I'll send you a download link or email a copy to you. I have actively asked by email for members to opt for paperless copy and, success, so far 40 members have done so a big thank you to all those who did so; it will save valuable club funds in printing and postage costs. Paper copies will continue for those who wish to receive them.

All contributions are welcome, including short articles or advertisements; please contact me at my email address: peter@thornes.f9.co.uk . I always struggle to find a high quality cover photograph, please, please take some *portrait* photos and spend a bit of time getting them in focus and correctly exposed. If you have given me a contribution and I have not included it here, please accept that, as editor, I must achieve a balanced range of content; I may publish it at a later date.

Finally, you may have noticed a handful of new members at club nights; please welcome and talk with them as they are so very important to the club. Remember our club nights not only need to break-even but also make a valuable contribution to club funds.



Peter Thorne 

JOTTINGS FROM THE CHAIRMAN

WELCOME TO 2020

Whether you're a longstanding NPCA member, a newcomer to our club or you just opened this edition out of curiosity – WELCOME!

In its pages, you'll get more than just a flavour of the activities of club members and their guests on the water and off it, enjoying themselves at sea or in the clubhouse. But, of course, the best way to get a real taste of what we do and what we're about – and perhaps more than just a mouthful – is to JOIN IN!

Check out the events webpage at www.sailNPCA.org from time to time to see what we're planning – our monthly talks, our social events and our sailing rally dates for the coming year.

And if there's an event or activity you'd like to see in the list, SPEAK UP! Let us know via the Club Secretary, Yvonne (see contacts list for her email) or in person to me or any Committee member and, as Chairman, I promise you that the Committee will consider it.

The term 2020 not only means it's a new year and a fresh decade, but also means 'CLEAR VISION'. Your club Committee is trying to develop a clear view of the way ahead. We're engaging more with clubs like ours across the whole midlands, we're considering our future finances and events and we're continually asking members to give us practical ideas to make the club more attractive to existing and new members for the coming decade.

I'd particularly like to thank all the members who responded to our activities survey late last year – the Committee gleaned some useful ideas from that but our invitation isn't closed - it is still open to anyone, member or not, to contribute suggestions to improve (or, heaven forbid, tell us what you don't like) about the club or the way it's run or the development of future activities.

Remember – NPCA is run FOR its members and BY its members - that's YOU!

Chris Geere 

2020 Chairman

WILDLIFE IN A LITTLE-KNOWN SE ALASKAN ANCHORAGE

Having already seen some fabulous wildlife on our travels in SE Alaska, we really wanted to see bears in their natural habitat. While reading the 20-year-old SE Alaskan pilot book, we found a small chapter about a long narrow arm off Port Houghton, called the Sandborn Canal.

No large-scale chart exists for this area and it cautions to watch out for shoals on either side of the canal. Protected as a natural habitat, the writers said they had seen more wildlife here including bear and moose, than almost any place in SE Alaska.

This took our immediate interest and so we went with our cruising friends on *Tango* to explore.

As we approached the canal, we began to realise the charts weren't accurate. We were anticipating to see the odd small rock showing at the surface. However, what we saw were very big areas of large drying rocks, which at high water would only just be visible!

At least we could see them and were happy we arrived at near low water. For future reference, we made a huge warning note on Nimue's electronic chart.



Our friends on *Tango* went ahead and found the depths to be correct and entered the long channel with good depths. As we came towards the end, *Tango*, called as they had seen a black bear on the shore near to our port beam and next to the tree on the beach with branches?

We said, "which one" as there are many trees and branches in Alaska!! We started to scan the shore, but noticed at that moment, *Tango* spinning around and moving back towards us. In the excitement of the bears, depth had gone from 50ft to 3ft in a matter of feet.

We both moved away from the shelf and anchored. The shelf was in fact a glacier moraine (debris formed from a retreating glacier)

After successful anchoring, we sat in the cockpit and watched two bold eagles perched in a tree watching for their next prey.



Just behind *Tango*, a black bear appeared and came wandering down the shore line and over on the other shore a smaller black bear appeared out from the trees. We sat in wonderment enjoying the way the bears moved slowly, eating the grass and berries and how glossy their fur looked. Always aware of their surroundings, the bears continually lifted their nose smelling the air.

As one of the bears moved into the trees near the end of the bay, a moose and her two calves came out of the trees and crossed the moraine, obviously startled by the bear.

She took herself and the calves into the stream by the bank and hid in a bend.

Continually keeping a look out and watching the smaller bear. We watched her lifting her head to look around and then when she felt safe, moved her calves across the sandbank and into the trees.



The bold eagles flew from tree to tree watching and diving for fish as the tide came in.

That evening, once the tide had covered the moraine, we took our dinghy and drifted with the incoming tide up the river. We saw so many birds and just enjoyed the Alaskan views.

We stayed another day and watched the amazing nature and wild life. Tango had a crab trap set and caught some large Dungeness crabs, which made a tasty evening meal for us all.



We left the following day with great anticipation, of what other sights and wildlife Alaska would share with us.

Michael and Anne Hartshorn
s/v Nimue
Joint Bluewater secretaries



MARINE CASUALTY – AN AMUSING TALE

Marine Casualty

A report sighted by Captain G.P. Byth (1940).

Dear Sir,

I write in haste in order that you will get this report before you form your preconceived opinions from reports in the world press, for I am sure that they will tend to over-dramatise the affair.

We had just picked up the pilot, and the apprentice had returned from changing the 'G' flag for the 'H', and being his first trip was having difficulty in rolling the 'G' flag up, I therefore proceeded to show him how, coming to the last part I told him to 'let go', the lad, although willing is not too bright, necessitating my having to repeat the order in a sharper tone.

The Chief Officer overhearing from the Chart Room, and thinking that it was the anchors that were being referred to repeated the 'let go' to the Third Officer on the forecastle. The effect of letting the port anchor drop from the 'pipe' while the vessel was proceeding at full harbour speed proved too much for the windlass brake, and the entire length of the cable was pulled out 'by the roots' I fear that the damage to the chain locker may be extensive. The braking effect naturally caused the vessel to sheer in that direction, right towards the swing bridge that spans a tributary to the river up which we were proceeding.

The swing bridge operator showed great presence of mind by opening the bridge for my vessel, unfortunately he did not think to stop the vehicular traffic. The result being that the bridge partly opened and deposited a Volkswagen, two cyclists and a cattle truck on the foredeck. In his efforts to stop the progress of the vessel the Third Officer dropped the starboard anchor, too late to be of practical use for it fell on the swing bridge operator's control cabin.

Up to now I have confined my report to the activities at the forward end of my vessel, aft they were having their own problems. At the moment the port anchor was let go, the Second Officer was supervising the making fast of the after tug, and was lowering the ship's towing spring down onto the tug.

The sudden braking effect on the port anchor caused the tug to 'run in under' the stern of my vessel, just at the moment when the propellor was answering my double ring Full Astern. The prompt action of the Second Officer in securing the inboard end of the towing spring delayed the sinking of the tug by some minutes thereby allowing the safe abandoning of that vessel.

It never fails to amaze me, the actions and behaviour of foreigners during moments of minor crisis. The pilot for instance, is at this moment huddled in the corner of my day cabin, alternately crooning to himself and crying after having consumed a bottle of gin in a time that is worthy of inclusion in the Guinness Book of Records. The tug captain on the other hand reacted violently and had to forcibly be restrained by the Steward, who has him handcuffed in the ship's hospital.

I enclose the names and addresses of the drivers and insurance companies of the vehicles on my foredeck, which the Third Officer collected after his somewhat hurried evacuation of the forecastle, these particulars will enable you to claim for the damage that they did to the railings of number one hold.

I am closing this preliminary report for I am finding it difficult to concentrate with the sound of police sirens and their flashing lights. Had the apprentice realized that there is no need to fly pilot flags after dark, none of this would have happened.

I am Sir, Yours faithfully, MASTER".

1998 CROSSING THE IRISH SEA

We were in our mid-thirties and at the start of our offshore sailing journey. We had lots of enthusiasm and less awareness of the risks. Mark had acquired his Day Skipper Practical and had his sights on his Yacht Master qualification. He needed to skipper a 70-mile non-stop overnight trip. The story is told from Mark's perspective. Some of the crew names have been changed.

The choices were France and back or Ireland and back. We had already sussed out the cheapest charter in the UK and had previously chartered a 36 ft boat based in Whitehaven on the Cumbrian coast. Cheap was fine providing you didn't want to go too far in the dinghy. The tubes gave you 10 minutes before they deflated. That wasn't a problem as the engine packed up after 5. We wouldn't need the dinghy.

The thought was to make the trip over the August bank holiday to Ardglass. We would charter the boat for 3 to 4 days, a day sailing over, a day or 2 in Ireland and a day back.

We needed some crew. At that stage Anne's navigation experience was limited to reading a map and using a compass. Fine for climbing Scafell. Not so good for crossing the Irish Sea. We convinced Dave, a sailing buddy who was doing his day skipper theory that he would gain navigation experience and sailing miles. Steve, a non-sailing school friend of Mark's was up for an adventure sailing the Irish Sea and the last crew member was Sarah, our very reliable stalwart sailing friend who knew how to throw a rope and had joined us on lots of adventures on Rutland Water. Experience was fairly light.

We all arrived at various stages on the Friday, the last at about 2200. There was no marina in 1998. The boat was moored against the wall in the locking inner harbour, with the fishing boats. The old lock gates leaked and only opened one hour either side of high tide.

The 1800 weather forecast predicted winds gusting up to 30kts from the SE. We had to make a judgement call. I walked out to the end of the pier and looked at the sea. There were a few white horses. I had a word with the lock keeper. The next high water was at 0400, so we were leaving at 0300. I was in two minds, but if it wasn't too bad we would go. We would get some sleep and make the call when we woke in the early hours of the morning.

It was difficult to get those valuable hours of rest. Steve was so excited, he couldn't sleep. He was walking around on the deck, clanking the gear, putting the kettle on, stirring his tea, eating chocolate. I told him not to eat too much chocolate. It can make you sea sick.

We got up in the early hours of the morning and put our gear on. The wind hadn't dropped. The gates were opened and off we went into the outer harbour. I thought to myself, I'll go out for 15 minutes, steer 270 and see what it's like. If it isn't so great we can come back before they shut the lock gates.

Off we went, raising the sails. Steering 270 was really hard. The sea had quite a swell. The compass was swinging around, the boat was tiller steered, no auto helm, no chart plotter.

After about 10 minutes I was still undecided whether to stay or go. I turned around to look for the port and starboard lights on the harbour entrance. All I could see were millions of street lights. I couldn't make out the harbour entrance at all. If I had to turn the boat around I wasn't sure I would easily find the harbour again. No decision to make then..... we were carrying on.

Anne and Sarah decided to go down below to sleep so that some of us were fresh for the next day. The 3 of us left on deck were all feeling a bit green. I clung to the helm to ease the wobbly tummy. Steve had eaten too much chocolate and was throwing up. Neither Dave or I trusted our stomachs enough to go below.

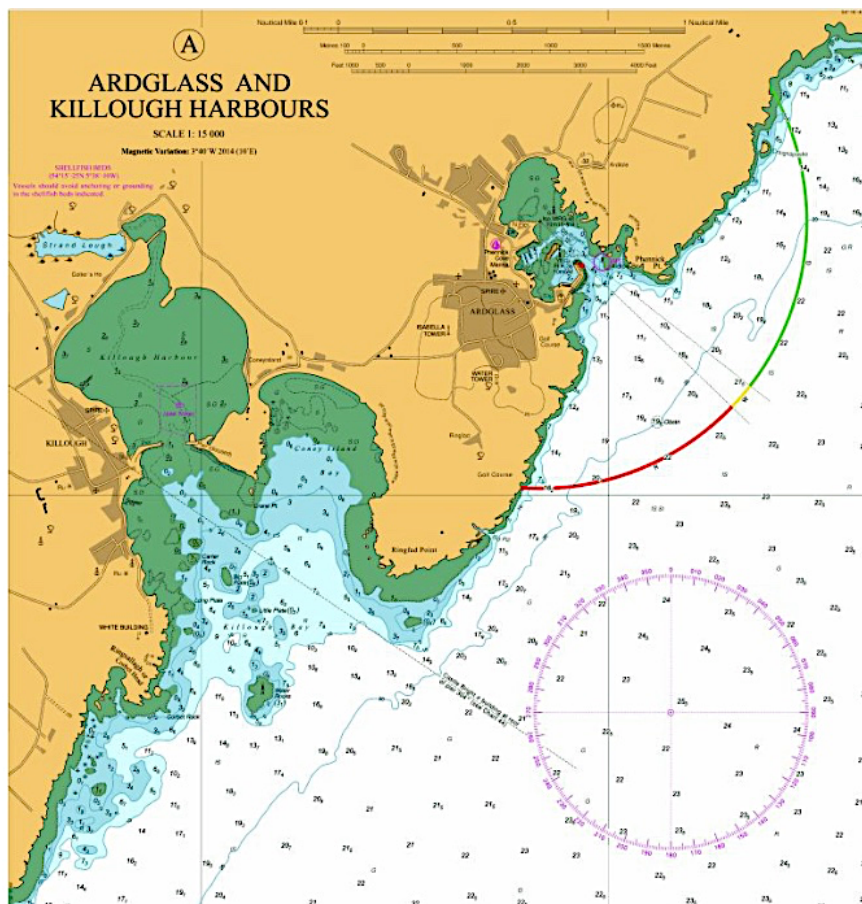
I couldn't steer 270 accurately from the compass. I couldn't go down below to plot a position and set a course. I knew the Isle of Mann was out there somewhere, so put a fair bit of North into my course, to make sure we didn't hit it. Hopefully we wouldn't miss Ireland and find ourselves on our way to the USA. I know, I'll navigate by the stars. I chose a star and pointed the boat at it and in that way kept a straight line. Good plan until the cloud came over and I couldn't see the stars any more. I did my best to keep sailing 270. Periodically the clouds cleared so that I could check the stars.

The morning came. The wind dropped. It was a lovely sunny day. We spent the day motoring to Ireland.

Towards the evening we were getting tired. We had now done nearly 18 hours, skirting around the Isle of Mann.

Any way the navigation lights went on again at 1900. We were beginning to close the Irish coast. It was dark. We were going into a port we had never been in before. We had the page marked in the pilot book and had checked the chart, but we had forgotten the lesson about making a pilotage plan.

We identified a light house. I told Anne who was looking out that we turned in when we saw the RWG light. The red white and green light. We motored back and forth across the mouth of the estuary. It was late evening now. I had not slept for over 36 hours. Our brains were addled.



until we worked out our next steps. Not a good plan as we were in mid channel with a rocky bottom.

We stopped in the deep water and as we were debating what to do the wind caught the bow and took it to starboard and as it did, the red buoys came back onto port and the green buoys to starboard. AAh! It all made sense now. The lights were guiding us around the big rock in the middle of the channel.

We came to the entrance; the harbour master was waving his torch on the end of the pontoon. They must be the trots then. We headed for the nearest pontoon and were ready to jump off. You can't park the boat there, the harbour master shouted, nothing can get in or out. I backed the boat off and executed a 3 point turn on the keel, between the pontoon and the harbour wall. Sarah cheered and congratulated me on the precise execution of this difficult manoeuvre. We tied up.

Sarah got a glass and a bottle of brandy out. She filled the glass up, turned around and put the top on the bottle. As she did, I picked the glass up and threw it back. There was a look of astonishment on her face as I don't normally drink let alone neck an entire glass of spirits. She rapidly composed herself - saying no problem and got a second glass.

We arrived at 21.25. We were shattered.

Steve who had plenty sleep all day was just waking up. He was a live wire, calling his Mum to say we had just sailed to Ireland, wanting to get off down the pub. All we wanted to do was go to sleep. We dragged ourselves down the pub, and took our half Guinness off to a table in the corner, too tired to talk. Steve was up at the bar telling the story of how we had sailed from England, getting all the local advice. Hey Mark -didn't you know, we should have sailed towards the Isle of Mann, rather than avoiding it - then the currents would have sucked us round and saved 6 hours off the journey.

The next morning, we were sorting breakfast. Anne and Sarah went for showers and I picked up the forecast. It was not good. There was a severe Gale Force 9 coming in from the South East later, (in 12 hours), moderate to rough sea state in the Irish Sea. We were never going to last that. But if the storm comes in and stays we will be stuck in Ireland and we had to get the boat back for Tuesday. We had no choice but to leave straight away and hope that we were most of the way across before the weather came in.

I got Steve to fill up with fuel. He was pretty handy with a funnel and a jerry can. Anne and Sarah came back from the showers. We're going. Ugh! Why? Start the engine we're going. Now. I'll explain on the way out.

So off we went back into the Irish Sea. There was a nice breeze in the morning and we reached. The wind dropped, we changed to engine. We shaved the coast of the Isle of Mann. We kept calculating and recalculating the ETA.

We radioed Whitehaven and they said they couldn't open the gates until the early hours of the morning. We would have to wait out in the weather until there was enough water for us to get into the outer harbour.

We picked up the evening forecast and the gale had turned South into continental Europe. Phew! What a relief!

Darkness fell. We had learnt the lessons of the previous night and managed to depict the lights to get back into the outer harbour at Whitehaven. We had to tie up against the unlit harbour wall in the dark, to wait for the lock gates to open. No pontoons, just seaweed on the stone steps.

We elected Dave as the sacrificial lamb who had to jump, from the bow. We daren't bring the boat beam in, in case it was shallow next to the wall. I had to bring the boat in as close as possible without hitting the harbour wall. Dave was perched on the pulpit, ready to jump. From the wheel it looked as though we were on the wall. Dave wouldn't jump, we weren't close enough. I wouldn't bring the boat in any closer and he said it was too far to jump. Jump Dave jump! Eventually he was bullied by all the crew to the extent that he jumped. He hit the steps, landing badly, sprawled out, sliding down, motionless for what seemed like an eternity. He was lying there with his arms open, hands open, rope slipping through his palm. We stared at him, willing him to grasp the rope. Eventually he came to and closed his hand around the rope.

We tied up and were just settling down when a head popped over the parapet. Excuse me mate, have you got a light, he said? I saw you coming in, but I didn't want to bother you, while you were tying up. I know what you sailors are like with your knots and ropes. I'm just here fishing.

Sarah put her hand in her pocket and got her lighter out. Dave and I just looked at each other thinking, you could have taken our ropes.

When the gates opened we followed the fishing boats in and tied up back at the bottom of the steps. We crashed out and went to sleep. Unbeknown to us we had tied up where the fishing boats took their catches ashore. They unloaded their catches across our foredeck and when we woke up there were smelly bits of fish all over our decks. Turned out Steve was good with the hosepipe as well.

In 2 days, we had the adventure of a lifetime and yet still had time to kill in Whitehaven! Numerous games of cards and trips to the Maritime Museum later, we handed the boat back to the owner. On this occasion we explained we didn't need to use the dinghy or the outboard engine.

Character building stuff. Many lessons learnt, not to be forgotten. Hopefully we have developed our skills a bit in the last 20 years or so. As a precautionary measure we don't tend to sail with so much chocolate on board these days!

Mark Russell and Anne Ridley



A POEM FROM COMMODORES LUNCH 2019



POETRY FOUNDATION

Crossing the Bar

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

REVIVING WATER REPELLENCY ON HIGH TECH FABRICS

After some 8 years I noticed my Helly Hansen Skagerak Jacket had lost some of its water resistance and become soiled; it is made of Helly Tech®; their own brand breathable (membrane) water proof fabric. I was going to buy a new one, however the jacket was in sound structural condition. Before doing so I thought I would do some research and see if I could wash it and if, indeed, it was possible to reproof it. It is! This article provides to the result of that research. In essence what I discovered is that the breathable fabrics rely on a semi-permanent chemical surface treatment which is highly durable but not permanent. Although very similar Helly Tech® and Gore-Tex™ instructions differ slightly so I've covered both.

Helly Tech®

It is important to wash your Helly Tech® garment. Washing your garments will remove contaminating substances such as oils, dirt, and salts from the surface and restore the surface tension of the fabric, keeping it clean and helping the membrane perform at its best.

It might not be that obvious when you should consider washing your garments, so here are a couple of signs to look for:

- If the water and/or rain droplets no longer bead off the surface of the jacket and start leaving a wet mark, the DWR (Durable Water Repellency) might be worn off or de-activated.
- Another sign is that if the breathability does not seem to be on the same level as when you first bought your Helly Tech® garment. The membrane could be contaminated.



Helly Hansen Skagerak Jacket

Before washing your Helly Tech® garment:

- Make sure you zip up all zippers to avoid any surface damage.
- Wash your product with warm water as instructed on the care label in a commercial washing machine.
- Do not use fabric softener or other detergents that have softening agents, as it will reduce the fabric surface tension and will have a negative effect on the fabric performance.
- HH® advises to use a technical washing product and to follow the instructions given by that product. In cases where no technical washing products exist, and you only have the option of normal washing products, HH® advice to use a liquid washing product with no additives (without perfume, foam or softener).

- A second rinse cycle with water is preferred to remove any detergents that might be left behind on the surface. It is important to remove excess detergent, as it might affect the performance of the fabric.
- After washing, you can safely tumble dry your Helly Tech® garment in order to re-activate the DWR treatment. Please always follow the garment care label for drying instructions.

DWR is a temporary surface treatment and its performance will decrease over time and wear. A good sign that it is time to re-apply a DWR treatment is when the water and rain droplets do not bead off the jacket surface after you have washed and dried your Helly Tech® garment.

Applying a DWR is a simple process that takes place after washing your garment and before you tumble dry it.

- Take your garment out of the washing machine and hang it to let all the excess water drip off.
- Make sure that all zippers are closed.
- Spray the DWR all over the surface of the garment, on the front and back.
- After this, you can dry the garment in a tumble dryer at a medium temperature for 50 minutes.

Helly Hansen advises reading the label of the DWR products for manufacturer instructions as well as the garment care label. Helly Hansen does not have any preferred product, but some leading brands in the market include Nikwax, Grangers and McNett.

NIKWAX Duo Pack



Gore-Tex™

OUTERWEAR WASHING INSTRUCTIONS

Before laundering your garment, zip the front, pockets, and pits completely, and fasten all flaps and straps. Be sure to carefully follow the garment manufacturer's instructions too.

WASH

Machine wash on a warm permanent-press cycle (105°F/40°C) using a small amount of liquid detergent. Rinse twice, and minimize spinning to reduce creasing. Don't use powder detergents, fabric softeners, stain removers, or bleach. Don't wash with heavily soiled clothing.

DRY

Line dry your garment, or tumble-dry it on a warm, gentle cycle. Once it's dry, tumble dry the garment for 20 minutes to reactivate the durable water repellent (DWR) treatment on the outer fabric. You can do this anytime you notice the water repellency needs a boost.

DRY CLEAN

We recommend home laundering.

WATER REPELLENT TREATMENT


If water repellency can no longer be reactivated by washing and drying you'll need to reapply a durable water repellent (DWR). Be sure to always follow the manufacturer's instructions for reapplication—and don't forget to activate it by following our instructions for tumble dry or ironing.

Conclusion

I washed mine in the summer and chose to wash in the DWR rather than spray on to ensure 100% coverage. In fact, I washed first with a non-bio liquid (it was quite dirty), dried completely and then wash it again with the Tech Wash, dried completely, and then washed in the DWR. Rinsing thoroughly after each washing stage is very important since any residual detergent will inhibit the DWR attachment to the fibres.

I've probably made the job sound more complex than it is in practice – wash, rinse and dry are the key steps. Interestingly, Gore-Tex™ say that DWR can be reactivated by washing and drying alone for newer or less soiled garments, this may well work for us salt water sailors because any salt crystals will be hygroscopic and tend to bridge both fibres and membrane.

So far although I've used the jacket sailing it didn't rain so I've not been able to test it and I didn't fancy putting a hose pipe on to it; I'm happy to wait.

Peter Thorne 

1980 AUTUMN RALLY REPORT

Reprinted from the Broad Reach September 1981 edition (Editor Brenda Williams)

The Autumn Rally was held on the weekend of October 24th and 25th. As I'm sure you all know by now it was a tremendous success with some 92 people taking part on 16 boats.

This time it was decided to try a new format and so we duly arranged a 'water-borne' pub crawl – well, we all have to learn by our mistakes!!!

The weather, for once, was actually kind to us – which, after the last couple of rallies was something of a surprise! Saturday morning dawned fine and calm and the first venue, THE FOLLY INN, at the top of the Medina, looked a certainty for all boats – or so I thought!

The turnout was actually quite good with three boats from Poole making it, namely; Richard Brookes with 'STREAKER OF POOLE', John Vials with 'SEKONDA' and Frank Wilson in 'PHIDDLERS THREE' (Frank and crew obviously found it too exhausting because they couldn't manage to blow up the dinghy to reach the pub across the river!).

Other notable arrivals at the FOLLY included Howard Craddock in 'GOLDEN SAVANA' (they also couldn't find the energy to inflate their 'duck'), Robin Britten in 'JARO' (who travelled all the way from distant Cowes!), Eric Jaques with his new 'WILY BIRD', Sam and Monica Matterson with 'KALIVALA', Robert Evans in

'SHAPELY MAID' and Lawrie Hinton with 'GUSTO', all with crews, able-bodied or otherwise!

Some of the others had decided to head directly for LYMINGTON following 'a bit of a party' on Hugh Butler's boat on Friday night. Having seen Sam's face at lunchtime on Saturday I'm surprised they could actually get out of their bunks!

The wind picked up in the afternoon and provided a really good sail westwards to Lymington. One or two mentioned something about the tides going the other way but they obviously didn't appreciate the finer points of sailing a tactical course! Yours truly was having to 'slum it' aboard the Moody 39ft 'SHAPELY MAID' and we only managed to average about 7 knots – overtaking several boats in the process – even if they did have their engines on!! But by the time we arrived at TOWN QUAY virtually all of the 'available water' was occupied and we had to do a nifty bit of juggling with a French boat to find a spot.

The venue for the evening had been changed to the convenient SHIP INN by the Town Quay because Peter Smith had arranged for one of his crew, David (surname not admitted!) to entertain us on the pub's piano. I think I can safely speak for everyone present when I say that his playing was exceptional and he had everyone cheering him by the end – so once again my thanks to David, not forgetting the rest of Peter's crew who accompanied him on the spoons!

The three raffle prizes were won by the crews of 'STREAKER OF POOLE', 'HAPPY GIRLS' (girls?) and 'MIN' – you'd have thought they'd had enough? But one or two crews didn't

Show up at the pub that evening even though they reached Lymington, for example Tom Hailstone and crew convinced me they were eating aboard all night – a likely story!

As I've already explained, boats from all parts of the South coast had turned up for the Rally, but perhaps the farthest was Paul and Sally Matterson who had just arrived home after more than a year cruising the MEDITERRANEAN – obviously a great sense of timing! Welcome home Paul and Sally plus Minnow (ship's cat?)

The 'after-hours reception' took place on 'SHAPELY MAID' and we were all very grateful to be well provided for from the ship's stores.

Once again, the wind on Sunday was excellent and whilst many boats went directly across the West Solent to YARMOUTH, we decided to take a brisk sail out to the NEEDLES and back round the SHINGLES and back round HURST POINT under spinnaker. We reached YARMOUTH at one o'clock but by the time we got to the BUGLE INN the only crews that had not already departed for their home ports were the hardened drinkers and Sam Matterson (who alleged he was staying at Yarmouth for the afternoon to scrub his bottom!!)

So all in all it was a tremendously successful Rally and hopefully enjoyed by all who took part.

P.S. THE 'OFFICIAL' RESULTS:

GUSTO	-	2 hours 5 minutes
BLACK SWAN	-	2 hours 7 minutes

HAPPY GIRLS	-	2 hours 1 minutes
MIN	-	1 hour 47 minutes
SHAPELY MAID	-	1 hour 43 minutes
KALIVALA	-	6 hours 53 minutes (Including standing time)
BARENTZ	-	1 hour 43 minutes
EXTRASYSTOLE	-	CHICKEN!

P.P.S. We should all be looking forward now to the Spring Rally when I hope to organise another 'Jolly' round the Isle of Wight.

IAN DAWKINS 

Transcribed by Chris Geere, November 2019

2019 AUTUMN RALLY PHOTOS

Rain and fog with light winds on Saturday; then 40 kn. of winds blew us back to Hamble Point on Sunday. Everyone was smiling.



The crew of Viola: Janet; PeterT; PeterJ; Jon; Stewart – Hilary is behind the camera!



Yvonne is enthusiastically presented with the trophy by David Richardson

WINTER TIPS

Dampness

Humidity and the subsequent damp can cause a lot of damage to fabrics on board, black mould is especially difficult to remove. There are several ways to aid prevention.

1. Remove the primary cause - damp air: - ideally use a dehumidifier and a small heater, this will go a long way to removing dampness
2. Remove any fabrics that you can and store them at home, wash or dry clean if possible.
3. Open all interior lockers so that there is free air flow, this will help to reduce condensation.
4. Make sure that air can circulate freely through the boat, leave a hatch open a crack to allow the air through.
5. Make sure that the bilges are kept as dry as possible, leave the cabin sole up if possible.
6. Drain your water systems (this will prevent frost damage and don't forget to drain the water heater too).
7. Wipe all surfaces with a good quality surface cleaner - non-abrasive naturally.
8. Take home all the clothing and lifejackets, if they've been used, they'll be salty and water loves salt.

Mooring lines

If you're staying afloat for the winter, and it's well worth it, there are some great days sailing to be had, double up your fore and aft mooring lines and if you're on a pontoon berth double the springs too. Check carefully all lines for wear, they can get badly damaged over the winter. One useful tip is to place the line in clear plastic tubing where it passes through the fairlead. This saves wear on the line and helps prevent damage to the topsides. If you would like a more permanent answer, Barton have available a few different sized chafe protectors.

Batteries

Often forgotten - top up the distilled water (not gel batteries), disconnect from the electrical systems and use a good quality trickle charger to keep them full or invest in a solar panel with a regulator.

Engines - It's always worth changing oils and filters. Old engine oil contains a percentage of water and this can condense and cause rust spots around the bores so try and get some extra oil down the cylinders. Take outboards home and winterise as per the owner's manual. Doing this will increase their lifespan considerably. Petrol should be drained and used elsewhere, it doesn't last like it used to. Diesel should have an additive put in the tank, if this is for the winter only, add it and run the engine so that it gets all the way up to the fuel injectors.

Sails - take these off and get them home or to a sailmaker for cleaning. An additional benefit of using a sailmaker is that the sails get stored for free over the winter. If you want a DIY solution, rinse them down and clean with sail cleaner.

Gas

take off the bottles and store in the garden shed or garage. Make sure all internal gas taps are closed and tape a plastic bag over the regulator.

Seacocks - These get forgotten - clean and grease - and while you are at it, grease the winches as well.

Fenders

If still afloat, give them a good clean to get the seasons muck off them. If you have fender socks, wash them - they are great grit traps. Dishwashers bring fenders up like new. You could try some fender cleaner which is nearly as good as a dishwasher.

Running rigging (ropes and lines)

Take these home if possible. These can be soaked in the bath with a strong detergent but if you want really clean rope, put them in a bag such as a pillow case or duvet cover and put them on a 40 degree C setting in the washing machine.

Boat Cleaning

Make sure that you give the boat a good wash and clean, and if the weathers dry enough, a polish too. This will make your life easier next year and the boat will benefit too. Don't forget to get behind the cooker and give the cool box / fridge an extra special bleach and detergent wash - leave the doors open too. `

The Heads

Often forgotten but these need your love too. Clean the whole area with hot soapy water with a splash of disinfectant and don't forget to wash the surrounding splash damage area. Normally we'd use a dash of olive oil pumped through just to keep the mechanism lubricated but this is not really sufficient for a long lay-up. You could do worse that use this stuff it works well and may just save you having to buy a service kit in the spring. Don't clean the lavatory with the same products you'd use at home, they can be too aggressive

Anchors and Chain

Remove these from the boat and leave them under the bow, the rain will wash the salt off. Give the anchor locker a good rinse out.

A DAY OFF?

Before you next ask for a day off work, consider the following statistics

- There are 365 days (in most years) and you normally sleep eight hours per day, making 122 days, which, subtracted from 365 leaves 243 days.
- You also have about eight hours recreation every day, making another 122 days, leaving a balance of just 121 days.
- There are 52 Sundays when you do not work at all (unless you are a Vicar?) which leaves but 69 days. And you get Saturday afternoon off, giving 52 half-days or 26 more days that you do not work. This leaves a balance of 43 days.
- You get an hour for lunch each day which, when totalled, makes 16 days, leaving 27 days in the year.
- You get at least 21 days leave/holiday every year, so that leaves just 6 days.
- Then there are 5 legal holidays during the year, which leaves but ONE DAY for productive work!

SO, DO YOU REALLY HAVE THE NERVE TO ASK FOR THAT ONE DAY OFF??

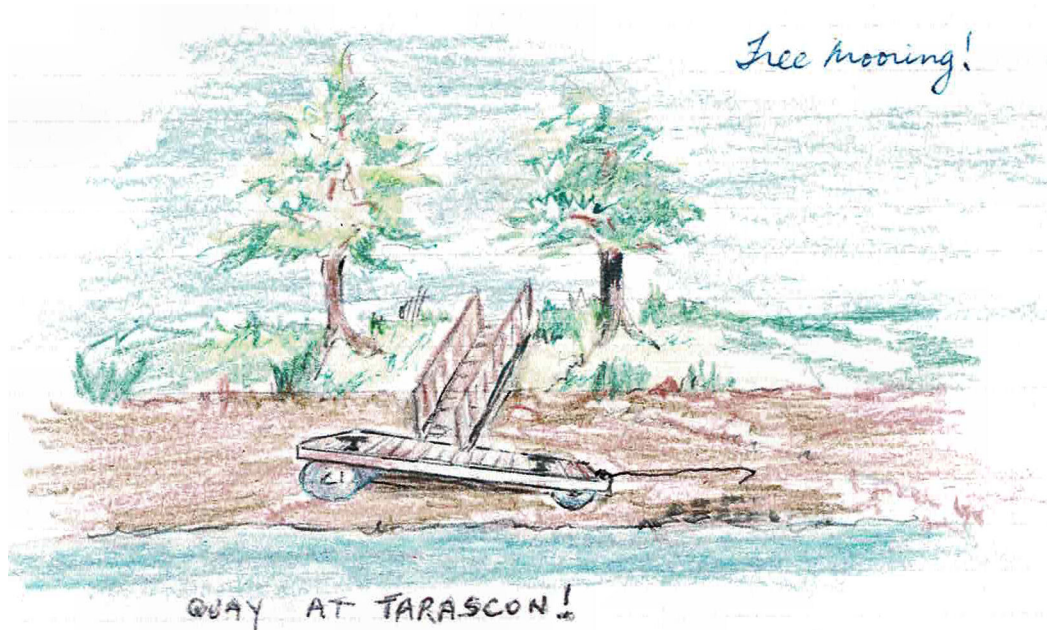
Reproduced from the 'Joker's Page' from the September 1990 edition of Broad Reach
(Editor Mr J Ashby) by Chris Geere, November 2019

LOCKS AND QUAYS

Sat. Aug.20th. 1994 8.15am. Port St. Louis to Arles.

Following on from the last pages of my book, French Dressing, we have now emerged from Port St. Louis in the South of France and enter the River Rhone on our 32ft. ketch 'Kalivala'

We drift along the wide, tree lined river where we learn to relax watching the Herons, Egrets and every possible colour of Dragon fly darting around the boat. Eventually it gets a bit boring ticking off the kilometer posts. Our eyes become tired and stupified, but there seems nowhere at all to stop for a break, - you can't pull into a layby, - unless you count the mooring at Tarascon!



At 2.10pm. we eventually pull onto a pontoon in Arles after a very hot 26.6 miles in 5 hours 20 minutes. After a welcome shower and a short rest, we hit town at 4 pm. It is all very historic with it's Roman Forum, Arena and Theatre but it doesn't appear too attractive, a bit run down, yet thronging with tourists. Bt the time we find the supermarket our legs had lost interest.

Sun 21 Aug. Arles to Avignon 27.2 Miles

We leave as quietly as possible at 8.10am. On a dull cloudy morning we follow a pleasant stretch of river, wooded with little sandy beaches and many Herons. As the sun appears at 10.30, we come to the first lock, fearsome and cavernous. The doors close without waiting, gobbling us up, somewhere nearly 20 metres above us is daylight. It was automatic, quite smooth and it took about 25 minutes for the water level to rise almost 16 metres. We hang off the floating bollards which moved up the lock walls with little problem. As we emerge, the sun comes out and the scenery widens so the distant hills and mountains can be seen. We stick to the well defined buoyage and tick off the kilometre posts.

At 1.40pm. we arrive at Avignon onto a civilised pontoon under the ramparts and just past the famous 'Pont d'avignon' The attractive town is very lively and interesting and full of tourists. We take the little tram up to the gardens of Rocher des Doms which has panoramic viewpoints, seats under shady trees, arbours, ponds with ducks and swans and the inevitable snack bar. After a wander we catch the next tram back to see buskers in the square, lively bars, narrow old streets steeped in history. Save the rest of the town for exploring tomorrow.

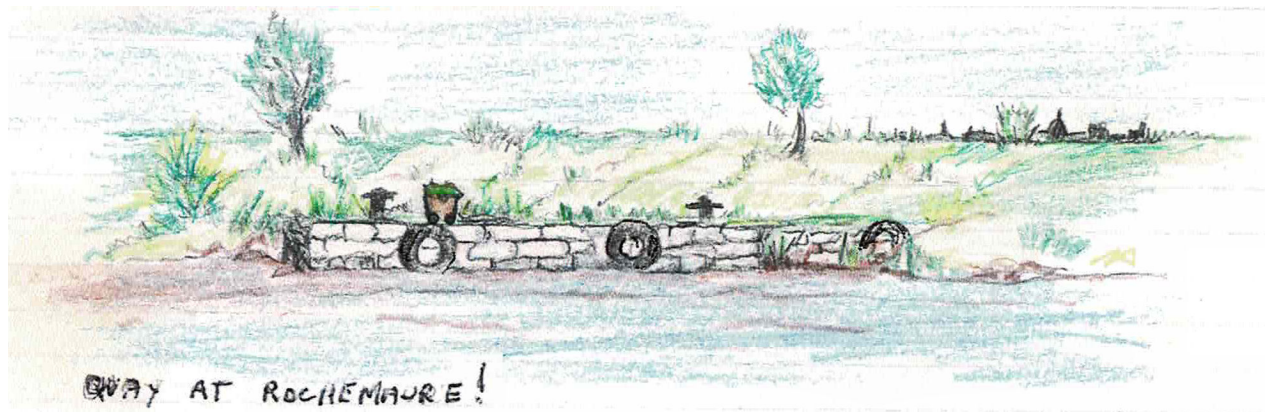
Inspite of a feeble attempt at a thunderstorm at 9pm. the floodlit bridge looks quite romantic. Very soon, Sam is sprawled across the bunk and snoring. Total mileage from Port St. Lewis 193.7

The next day is spent wandering around the town taking in the atmosphere of this fascinating place where artists display their talents and hawkers spread their wares on blankets on the ground.

We watch the world go by through a glass, in the square which was once the Forum, central to the Palace, Cathedral, Town hall and other historic buildings. There are quite a few Van Gogh lookalikes passing by! The Capitainerie and good shower facilities are housed in an old barge. We are warned of a lurking Mistral. - What's new!

Aug 23rd. Avignon to Roquemaure and St. Etienne des sorts. (of sorts)

It is stormy looking, hot and sticky with a little rain as we leave at 9.10am. We have



to go back down the river for 3 kms to return to the river Rhone and into the next lock, a rise of just 10 metres. A wide river and pleasant scenery brings us to the 'port' and town quay of Roquemaure, that is if you call a rough wall with two worn tyres, two cleats and a dustbin, a port!

The crumbling village was 3 quarters of a mile away, so we decided not to stay. At the Caderousse lock the lights are against us, but the gates are open, then we see the reason, - a very large barge ploughing up behind us! There's just enough room for us and it takes 20 minutes for the 9-metre rise. As we approach the Nuclear Power station, a nasty squall cloud emits several goodly streaks of lightening, thunder and torrential rain for three quarters of an hour. At 2.30pm. our next port at St .Etienne des Sorts comes into view.

The book says an accessible wall! The only accessible place we saw is occupied by a German power boat which left Avignon half an hour before us. We cause him a bit of nuisance by rafting off him and trying to put on shore lines 10 metres down a main road. We never found the supermarket.

At 1.00am. we are awakened by a vicious thunderstorm causing trapped logs to boom like distant drums against the metal crane platform. Quite eerie!

St. Etienne to Viviers Wed. Aug. 24th. 1994.

The day starts cloudy with the wind from the north. We leave at 9.00am. because we had arranged to hang off the German motor boat at Viviers, otherwise we may have to anchor as the town wall is high with a protruding sill.



At 11 am. we enter the 'sinister' lock at Bollene, which feels like going into the jaws of hell. The rise is 23 metres, is fast and takes less than 10 minutes. The wind increased to a force 5 blowing straight down the river making wavelets break over the bow as we pass Danzere and Montdragon. The scenery is varied, along the next straight stretch. We see some very colourful bee eater birds and a recommended stopping place on a decrepid old barge, with washing hanging out, some ornate patio furniture and a large blue parking sign.

Arriving at Viviers at 14.10 we find a long holiday vedette/hotel occupying three quarters of the wall with a yacht behind it and the 'German' trying to sort himself out. We circle hovering in the hope he will settle, otherwise it is another 15 kilometres journey or stay and anchor. At last he is secured and he helps us tie up after we manoeuvre into a narrow slot alongside his boat.

A walk later, takes us to the reasonably attractive old Roman town with a cathedral and ramparts. Sam was needing cash and Diesel. We find a garage with very obliging people who fill 2, 5 gallon drums and they take them with Sam down to the boat where he drags them accross the German boat, fills up the tank while the girl patiently waits to take the empty drums back. We are most grateful to her. Meanwhile I am looking for a supermarket, very basic and twice the normal prices! Wondering if we shall get the Mistral tomorrow as forcast?

Day's run 27.6 miles

Achtung! At 7.00am. we will leave! We leave, danke schoen! The wind from the north gradually increases making that nasty little chop, wetting the decks on the stretch up to the first lock at Chateauneuf. A rise of 12 metres.

Rochemaure is an ancient village with an old castle perched on a very gaunt looking rock. We motor through white horses for the next few miles and then it calms a little as we approach Logis de Neuf lock. Unfortunately, it is closed against us and we have a 35-minute wait. I think the lock keeper must be feeling a bit peevish, as he lets the water in so fast that we have to fight off the protruding mast from the wall. We mollify our strained wrists by giving them a glass to hold, it seems to help. The wind eases, the water calms and all is pleasant with distant high mountains, wooded hills and the village of Volte with a castle and fortifications. One more lock to come, I reorganise some fenders and prepare for the worst. There is a 20-minute wait at Beauchastel lock. This one is gentle and smooth 13.65metres rise. Sunshine, storm clouds and cigar shaped Mistral clouds are forming by the dozen but who cares?! At last we tie up on a proper pontoon, with a capitainerie, showers, water hoses, power and restaurant in the port L'Eperviere in Valence.



The next three days are spent cleaning and exploring the town on our folding bikes. There are lovely markets, cathedral, theatre and a pretty park with vivid flowerbeds, ponds, shady trees, then a cage of little birds at the side of a pair of forlorn - looking deer and goats. Now hot and tired, we hose ourselves down - and what a wonderful treat but first we must feed the Coypus which begs round the boat and handfeed the sad Muscovy duck which has a broken beak.

Aug. 29th: Sam catches an early train back to La Ciotat to collect our car that we left in Rene and Francoise's garden. He arrives back tired after his 180-mile drive. So, in the next few days we can explore the countryside and check out possible marinas at Roche d' Condrieu and Tournon for next year. Tournon seems adequate for what we need. Roche is a nice town, but we learn that you cannot winter out of the water. The crane is mobile, has to be ordered and is unreliable anyway.

Sept 7th: The meteo has forecast 50 knots of wind. At 10 am we leave our mooring for the lifting bay; the wind blew us awry and the well-coiled warps transformed into a tangled heap just when we wished to look efficient. Then follows scrubbing off, and attention to the stern gland and cutlass bearing. The wind is strong against the flow and the sail-boarders are enjoying the sizeable waves. We have a grandstand view but they lock the gates at 8pm.

Sept 9th: After more cleaning and maintenance and lacing down some new tarpaulin, we finished loading up the car to creaking point, then at 1:30pm we are ready for a long drive home. After making visits to friends in Lyon and Rostrenon, we board the ferry at St. Malo for Portsmouth and home for the winter.

Monica Matterson

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

New Parks Cruising Association History By Bill Hudson

As I originally trained at Loughborough College to become a Sports Teacher, you would naturally assume the seed of sailing to have been sown in me there. This was certainly not the case, as in 1955 there were few water sports other than swimming, and sailing was never mentioned. In actual fact, the first time I really noticed a sailing boat was on my honeymoon in Bournemouth when my new wife and I were sat on shore at Poole Harbour watching (with a great amount of envy) a couple sailing up and down the sparkling water. This, at that time, was a different world to us, but it did inspire us to hire a rowing boat for a trip to Brownsea Island!



Funnily enough, the first step was taken at a night school – at that time called Evening Institutes. Being a new teacher at New Parks School on £35 a month, I needed to

supplement my income with an evening teaching job. I managed to obtain a two-hour class at Mantle Road E.I. teaching P.E. to a fairly rough group of lads. The Superintendent there was a very tall, imposing man called Ralph Green, and it so happened that he ran two holidays a year on the Norfolk Broads for schoolboys. For two weeks at Easter each year, he hired three large yachts with 6 berths each, changing crews halfway through the fortnight. And during the August holiday fortnight he ran a camp – also only for boys, many of whom were from disadvantaged backgrounds. He immediately asked me if I would like to join his Easter Cruise that year but having just married and being somewhat ‘hard-up’, I declined, although I did accept his invitation to the Summer Camp that involved day-boat sailing. This started my 20 years association with such trips – 15 years of which I was in charge, introducing many thousands of boys, and later girls, to that delightful area.



Broads Rally 2010

I will always particularly remember my first sailing experience at my first camp. Ralph gave me a 22' gaff-rigged day-boat with a large piece of wood protruding from the front which I later found to be called a Bow Sprit. I was also given six boys to care for, plus my wife. I remember drifting windlessly down Barton Broad when the breeze suddenly filled in – I didn't have a clue what to do and I found myself speeding across the water aiming straight at a large brown cruiser. Just before I hit it, there was a big ‘clunk’, the tiller came away in my hand and the rudder dropped to the bottom of the Broad, never to be seen again! As all experienced sailors will know, the yacht immediately turned up into wind and I was saved a very embarrassing collision. Our day-boat drifted into a reed bed and we waited two hours trying to keep cheerful for the launch to find us and to tow us back to the camp site. I also remember climbing the mast many times that day as we continually pulled on the wrong ropes, only to see their tails disappear to the top sheave. But despite the mishaps, these were very happy times for me, if sometimes a bit fraught. Due to the type of lads we took to the camps we often had to

find a new site as the farmers did object to their haystacks being burned down or their cattle being let out!

After that first trip, I also joined the Easter Sailing Cruises and can remember numerous other 'hair-raising' adventures on the water. In 1963 Ralph moved to Manchester and I had to take over the leadership of both trips each year, renaming them the Leicestershire Broads Educational Trips. Both Easter cruises and Summer camps grew in size, there being some eight boats chartered at Easter catering for 60+ boys who lived on the boats (30 at a time) and a Summer Camp of 140 which soon included girls as well. For the camps we had open day-boats, small dinghies and our own canoes. At first, I ran the camp with a committee as an official school camp (i.e. in school term time) but in those days the Education Authority was not as supportive of such activities as they are today (i.e. 1985) and, after two years we reverted to the Easter and Summer holidays, out of school time.

I had run the Easter cruises for 15 years when, for some reason there was a change to the school holiday dates and we found we were two days short. My school Head, himself a Norfolk man, said he would ask the Director of Education's permission to continue the trip that year but, surprisingly enough, permission was refused. As we had already paid out a large deposit for the boats which would be forfeit if we cancelled (not to mention the disappointment for the boys looking forward to their escape from their 'townie' lives) and because my Head valued the educational benefit of the experience, he decided to take a chance and gave me permission to continue. Unfortunately, that trip turned out to be the worst of my life but, at the same time, a turning point in the story of 'how it all began'.

During the last few days of the trip, when officially we should have been in school, a boy fell from one of the yachts and was drowned. We became headline news for all the wrong reasons. There obviously followed a very unpleasant period of inquiries and an inquest at which I was rigorously grilled. I shall always be grateful for the unstinting support I received from my Headmaster, Mr Reg Paine (one of the great City Heads of the past) and from the then Deputy City Director of Education, Mr Tony Davies, who encouraged me to continue my activities for the benefit gained by Leicester youth. The Summer Camp was due just a few weeks after this incident and although I considered the Camps to have more hazards for the youngsters than the sailing, I ran it as planned, and it turned out to be just as successful as in previous years. Despite the wonderful support I received to continue, I never felt quite the same about the Easter cruises, but I still wanted to do something on water. So, the following year I chartered two small cruising yachts in the Scottish Clyde area and with four other members of staff and three senior boys, began my association with saltwater sailing that has continued to this day!

Up to this point, not only had I run the trips each year, but had been heavily involved in school's cricket and athletics programmes. However, I was always on the lookout for something in which my wife and possible future family could join in so I could spend more time with them. Sailing seemed to be the answer but there were no local clubs in Leicestershire at that time, except a small and restricted one at Saddington

Reservoir. The next nearest was 'over the border' at Naseby, Northamptonshire but that had a very long waiting list which I signed up for. At last, after a two year wait, my wife and I were offered family membership but just as our first child was born! We nearly turned it down because of our circumstances but fortunately decided to 'go ahead' and we bought our first boat – an Enterprise dinghy – with the financial help of my father.

During this time (1964) my career as a teacher was about to take a new course. I was now in charge of the New Parks School's Geography Department but still teaching Physical Education on two evenings a week at the Evening Institute. I had applied for several part-time Deputy Head positions but had not yet been successful. Then the Education Authority suddenly decided to establish two 'Adult Education Centres' with '60/40 Headships' (i.e. 60% running Adult Education services and 40% School Teaching). One was to be based at the very successful Spencefield Lane Evening Centre serving the relatively prosperous eastern suburbs of the City, and the other at the decidedly unsuccessful New Parks Centre (based at New Parks Secondary School) serving the rather downmarket western estates of the City. I immediately applied, not very hopefully, for the New Parks post, but was not even called for interview. But this is where my luck changed and was the threshold to the next stage in the story.....

At the last moment, the newly appointed person declined to take up the post and, as I was at the school, keen and well supported by my Headmaster, they asked me to step into the post temporarily, working in the role in the evenings but keeping my day-job while the Authority took time to re-advertise the post. I agreed to take on this onerous role on the understanding that I would be shortlisted for interview with other candidates at the appointed time. Although they readily accepted my condition, I realised that with my relatively meagre qualifications, I had to make a significant positive impact in the job very quickly to stand a chance at a permanent appointment. Fortunately, I managed to increase the Adult Student intake by some 300% in that time and this is what secured me the position because, as I recall, I was not particularly impressive at the formal interviews.

I now had the task of developing courses that would interest adults and, obviously, I tended to look at my own outdoor activity interests where I had built up many contacts. One of the first persons I approached was the late, great Tommy Wadsworth, who I also later introduced to Local Radio. His course on Angling became very popular and some of the spin-off Angling Forums we organised gained national acclaim. Tommy, followed by his son, Tony, went on to become a very well-known radio broadcaster. I then persuaded the late Harold Barradell, from my own sailing club, to teach a dinghy sailing course.

Both angling and sailing proved very popular classroom subjects, but I have always been a great believer in following up such theory learning with practical application. So, I started the first practical classes in sailing. The dinghy classes grew very large and, because of my own involvement with the practical sessions, I decided there needed to be some training for good club sailors to become instructors. I soon became

involved with the first appointed UK National Coach, Bob Bond, and I quickly became one of the very first RYA Sailing Coaches in the country, helping to develop new form of teaching methods. Thus, New Parks became one of the largest Day Boat and Dinghy Sailing Centres in the country, with a full range of courses from Novice Sailor to Senior Instructor level. Our regular Sailing Forums also gained national recognition.

During this time I also became a member of the East Midlands RYA Executive and I campaigned strongly to open more waters for sailing, contributing to reports on the possible use and development of clubs on the new Empingham Reservoir, now better known as Rutland Water, and on Thornton Reservoir and other water bodies emerging from gravel extraction along the Soar Valley. I was also a member of the first Regional Sail Training Committee and became its first accredited Leicestershire RYA Coach and remain so to this day (1985). Later there became the need for a younger, more energetic and full-time dinghy sailing coach to replace me, especially when I sought to branch out and became more involved in Coastal Sailing and Navigation training.

To return to the development of NPCA – I have outlined how I became involved with sailing and my interest in attracting students to dinghy courses at New Park Adult Education. Within a few years of starting I decided to explore the interest in coastal cruising, probably fostered by my earlier enjoyable experience on that trip to the Clyde and West Coast of Scotland. The first Navigation class at New Parks was started 16 years ago (*i.e. in 1969*) with a class of eight enthusiastic students. The Education Authority rules at the time stated there must be a minimum of 15 registered students and a regular attendance of not less than 10 each week, but I managed to persuade the Area AE Officer that this was a 'developmental' and a 'specialist interest' course that initially would only attract a limited number, being so far from the open sea, and that we should allow this course to run, even if just for a year, to gauge its potential. Fortunately, the following year we attracted 15 registrants and as recognition of our courses grew, the numbers went from strength to strength.

This development coincided with the first year that I had not run an Easter School sailing trip to the Broads, and with the success of the Scottish trip behind me I decided to run a practical course on the sea over the Spring Bank Holiday. I chartered three yachts on the Solent and ran half-week courses, skippering one boat myself, an ex-Navy man another and the third by a student with a little saltwater experience but no qualifications. Although it was like 'the blind leading the blind', my Geography Teaching experience helped a little, and it turned out to be an enjoyable and successful trip, even though, today, I shudder to think of what we did with so little knowledge and preparation. We used to sit at anchor near Hurst Castle looking out southwards to the 'promised land' - the open sea beyond the Needles - not daring to venture further.

This was perhaps the real start of the New Parks experience – every year thereafter the number of boats seemed to double. The theory class became so large that it had to be split, and additional levels of tuition were introduced. Other teachers had to be found and, at first, we had to rely on ex professional seamen who only had large ship experience which was of only limited value. I quickly sorted out some most able

students who I thought would make good instructors and encouraged them to take instructor courses. The first in this category was Bill Walker who became our very first 'home-grown' Yachtmaster. He subsequently wrote one of the first training books which he specially dedicated to me and to New Parks Adult Education Centre.

The RYA and the Department of Industry soon revised the whole training scheme and introduced a more realistic syllabus for each competence level, including practical experience requirements for the small boat man. By this time, we were becoming one of the largest accredited RYA training schools in the country – no one was more surprised than myself. Everyone seemed to think I was an expert sailor but, in fact, I only had a qualification in Day Boats and Dinghies. To save any embarrassment I quickly taught myself the rudiments of the official syllabus and finally became a qualified Yachtmaster and then a Yachtmaster - Instructor, licenced to award RYA Certificates.

For the past few years (*this written in 1985*) we have had nearly 500 students learning to sail and navigate competently in our classes and have had as many as 40 yachts out on our practical courses at Easter and Spring Bank Holiday weeks, covering everything from beginners Competent Crew to expert Ocean Yachtmaster levels.

On a personal note, I formed a syndicate with three sailing club friends and bought a 32' six-berth ketch. A few years later, I sold my share to join just one partner owning our present (1985) 31' Dufour, 'Seachris'. In my job I always had the opportunity to sail as much as I liked (or had time for!) but part owning my own boat was the only way I could keep all my growing family with me. Perhaps one day we will own our own boat completely. (*Editor's note – Bill subsequently bought out his partner's share and did become the sole owner of Seachris for many years*).

That is almost the end of the story except for some more recent developments. It was obvious that after a time we would have completed the training of a great number of keen people, and yet not all of these would wish or be able to afford their own boats or sailing holidays. Many students who had achieved their qualifications and gained useful experience wanted to continue to be involved in the same way. Dinghy enthusiasts could join local clubs which were becoming far more numerous in the Midlands on converted gravel workings and reservoirs – but where, we wondered, could land-locked coastal cruising enthusiasts go? With this in mind, in 1977, I formed the New Parks Cruising Association to cater for past and current students of our courses and others in the region seeking to develop or maintain their enthusiasm for the sport. NPCA still regularly organises 'Rallies' (practical sailing weekends) and, through the winter months, talks and lectures with a convivial atmosphere. I also started, with my wife, the Midlands Yachting Enterprises organisation whose purpose was to bring together, in a more professional way, owners of boats who sought help with boat running costs and others who wanted crewing opportunities to gain practical experience but who might not be qualified or individually be able to afford to charter yachts themselves. Most of the boats have now (1985) been brought up to the standards recommended by the RYA and are therefore eligible to be used on NPCA's Practical Courses and this very much helps to keep costs affordable compared with

commercial sea sailing schools. All our Yachtmasters also offer their services free if a skipper is required (subject to personal availability).

If I was to choose just one of the many things that please me most about the development of New Parks Sailing Courses and later continued through the fellowship offered through the NPCA, it would be that we have 'opened the door' to so many ordinary people who, like me 28 years ago, sitting and dreaming on the shores of Poole Harbour enviously looking out over the glittering water, who thought that the freedom of sailing away over the horizon was an experience available only to a privileged few.....

BILL HUDSON JP Dip Adult Ed

Head of New Parks Community Education Project, Leicester

Founding Commodore of New Parks Cruising Association, Leicestershire.

(Transcribed from the original typescript by Chris Geere, November 2019)

Addendum 19 Nov 2019

Having read the story of the development of sailing and navigation courses and activities at New Parks Community College, I don't want the reader to think that any of our other 'evening classes' suffered a lack of student numbers or that sailing was our only activity.

New Parks had as many as 3,000 after-school and adult students a year at our peak. Very few of the classes that we offered failed to run, so local people had a very large programme to choose from. All our out-door classes were popular and my wife Peggy's Ladies Keep Fit classes were almost always over-subscribed.

Amongst other activity classes we taught were Skiing, Gliding, Angling, Golfing and Rock climbing.

The membership fee of just £2 collected from each student provided most of the funding for several related projects, including:

- The Wooden Youth Club
- The Half-brick Youth Club (£80,000)
- Three Minibuses for transport to activity locations
- Four Garages to house the buses and sports equipment (e.g. Canoes and their trailer)
- New School Offices to accommodate our staff and admin needs
- Grants to some of our 25 local groups
- A car-maintenance bay

And all our vocational and recreational classes and activities were offered free to the genuinely unemployed.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM

Application Form



NEW PARKS CRUISING ASSOCIATION

Affiliated to the **RYA****Annual Membership Application and Renewal Form 2019/20**

Name:	Home Phone:
Address:	Mobile Phone:
	Work Phone (Optional):
Post Code:	Email:

About Your Data

NPCA keep members informed about rallies, other events and club news by **email and text message**. If you **wish to receive** these messages, please sign the form to **give your consent**. In order to administer your membership we will hold the data on this form securely; a copy can be obtained from the club Secretary. You may unsubscribe from email and text message by replying with the word "STOP".

RYA Sailing Qualifications:

None ☐ Competent Crew ☐ Day Skipper ☐ Yacht Master Coastal ☐
Yacht Master Offshore ☐ Yacht Master Ocean ☐

I wish to apply for membership of New Parks Cruising Association and agree to be bound by its rules. The annual membership fee of £10.00 is renewable on 1st October annually. Please pay by internet banking or set up a Standing Order using the details below or by cheque payable to **NEW PARKS CRUISING ASSOCIATION** (Not - N.P.C.A) posted to: **P A Green, NPCA Membership Secretary, 5 Orton Close, Rearsby, Leicester LE7 4XZ.**

Signed:	Date:
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Cut here ✂

Payment Options:

1. Set up on Telephone / Internet Banking using these details or
2. Instruct your bank using the Standing Order form below.

STANDING ORDER FORM

To The Manager:Bank plc

Address:.....

Upon receipt and upon 1st October annually thereafter, until further notice, please pay, from my account number , the sum of ten pounds (£10.00) to Lloyds TSB Bank plc, High Street Leicester Branch, 30-94-97 for credit of New Park Cruising Association Account Number 03299191 quoting my name (insert name here):..... as reference with each payment.

Signature Date

Contact for data enquiries to: The NPCA Secretary email: secretary@sailnpca.org other information go to www.sailnpca.org

To fill this form in and email it back (pollygreen007@yahoo.com) simply download Adobe Reader DC here (<https://get.adobe.com/uk/reader/>) and use the "Comment" tool to complete the all required fields.

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