

2020-22

BROAD REACH

The Magazine of New Parks Cruising Association



Front Cover:

By kind permission of Paul Gent - Mandraki Ydra Greece June 2019

Back Cover:

Gurnee at Anchor Osborn Bay IoW July 2021

Contents

| | |
|---|----|
| NPCA OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE MEMBERS 2022/23..... | 4 |
| NPCA PROGRAMME 2022-23 | 5 |
| EDITORIAL..... | 6 |
| JOTTINGS FROM THE CHAIRMAN..... | 8 |
| YOUR NEW TREASURER | 9 |
| NEW PARKS AND BACK AGAIN | 10 |
| A TRIBUTE TO DR. RON LAMPARD ON HIS 90th BIRTHDAY | 19 |
| BEWARE THE GREEKS AND THEIR CROWDED HARBOURS!..... | 21 |
| SKIPPER DEVELOPMENT PROGRAMME (SDP) 2021..... | 25 |
| SDP 2021- MAN OVERBOARD PROCEDURE | 28 |
| SPRING RALLY 2022 – PHOTOS | 29 |
| PICTURES OF STORM EUNICE IOW 1 st March 2022 | 30 |
| “IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO ME” from “Fireball Magazine” 1975..... | 31 |
| AN ODE FROM MARY PURVES CREW OF FIREBALL 8411..... | 33 |
| TRIBUTES TO JOHN BUCKINGHAM..... | 34 |
| SAILING TO DESOLATION SOUND - SEPTEMBER 2014..... | 37 |
| MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM - Example of ON-LINE form..... | 40 |



NPCA OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE MEMBERS 2022/23

| OFFICERS & COMMITTEE MEMBERS | |
|--|-------------------|
| President | Bill Hudson |
| Commodore | Elizabeth Simons |
| Rear Commodore (Broad Reach Editor) | Peter Thorne |
| Chairman | Chris Geere |
| Vice Chairman | Richard Freer |
| Honorary Secretary (Talks organizer) | Yvonne Margerison |
| Honorary Treasurer | Tony Black |
| Committee (Webmaster & Membership Secretary) | Jonathan Herbert |
| Committee | Richard Malthouse |
| Committee | Mick McQuade |
| Committee | Chris Geere |
| Committee | Hilary Holmes |
| Co opted | Eric McDowall |

NPCA PROGRAMME 2022-23

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

| Date | Event |
|--|--|
| Sunday 2 October 2022 | The Commodore's Lunch, Lingdale Golf Club |
| Tuesday 18 October 2022 | Zoom Talk by John Brinkley "The Man who drew the World" |
| Tuesday 15 November 2022 | Zoom Talk, Richard Malthouse, "A Capital Cruise - BrightStar's Thames Trip" + AGM |
| Tuesday 20 December 2022 | Liz Simons talk at Royal Oak "Sailing to the Midnight Sun" |
| Tuesday 17 January 2023 | Zoom talk by Mark Ashley-Miller "Harbour Master Sailing Challenge" |
| Tuesday 21 February 2023 | Talk at the Royal Oak by Richard Blackmore "2700 days at Sea - This is the Life that once I Led" |
| Tuesday 21 March 2023 | Zoom Social Evening Hosted by Chris Geere - Topic TBA |
| Tuesday 18 April 2023 | Zoom Social Evening Hosted by Chris Geere - Topic TBA |
| 24-26th March 2023 | Spring Rally 2023 |
| Note: For the latest updates on all club events please refer to the club website. The list that appears here cannot be fully current. | |

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

Car Parking - When parking in the Royal Oak car park don't forget to enter your registration number into the tablet on the bar; failure to do so will result in an excess charge.

EDITORIAL

Welcome to this, my 12th, edition of *Broad Reach*. Obtaining contributions for the magazine is always a challenge so, a very big: “**Thank you**” once again to all those who took the trouble of producing something for this edition.

I had a “What did the Roman’s do for us?” moment the other day when thinking about how the NPCA Committee has changed the way the club works and indeed modernises, here are a few:

- Contactless payments (SumUp) at events a combined effort by Hilary, Jon and Tony
- Zoom video conferencing enabling us to survive Covid-19 and a useful tool as membership reaches across the UK and beyond
- GDPR – it might be boring but it’s the Law and thanks to Jon and Yvonne we comply and protect our members data
- New Constitution and Rules – again these might seem mundane and of little importance but good governance is vital for the club to continue and develop. This work could not have been completed without Mick McQuade and Richard Malthouse’s expertise.
- Risk Assessment – Richard Freer has taken on the task of producing our first risk assessments for certain activities.
- WhatsApp – some may say “what’s that?”; there are 2 groups. One for the Committee and one for members. The member group, set up by Richard Freer has 34 members and allows real-time messaging and images (including video). Participants have posted material from cruises in the UK, Mediterranean, the Caribbean and the USA. In my view this has enhanced the member experience in a way that never existed before.

Covid-19 is a last seeming to be on the ebb, although at the time of writing (March ‘22) there are 1/3 million new cases every day in the UK the vaccination program has vastly reduced the consequences so many activities are normalising. It’s now November and the consequences of Covid-19 are less but many people are still becoming infected, thankfully the health consequences are lessened.

During lockdown we worked hard to change the way we do things so, for example we purchased a full Zoom subscription to allow NPCA Talks to continue and indeed held some online social evenings too! The numbers attending were as good as, if not better than physical meetings at the Royal Oak and as an added benefit those members who live too far away to were able to join us from various locations in the UK. One remarkable outcome was the geographic coverage we achieved; we had Karen (Ian Humphrey's daughter) from Seattle as a regular and indeed she did a talk for us from the West coast of the USA – remarkable. On another couple of occasions Paul Gent

was in the Mediterranean and he was able to join in too. Zoom allowed Committee business to continue, consequently there was no rest for the Committee.

Postage has been one of our greatest production costs so we have moved to digital copy in PDF format. I will email it to members, you can also find it on the website. If you know someone who needs a paper copy you can print it for them in booklet form using Adobe Reader which is free to download.

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.

I feel it would be appropriate for me to mention two notable members who recently passed away namely, Mike Gillingham and Samual Matterson. My memories relate to the last 12 years or so and not back to the time when they did more adventurous sailing. My first recollection of Mike Gillingham was our first Royal Oak talk night when I learned that you could date German Pillboxes on Jersey from the concrete and aggregate used in their construction. Mike delivered many NPCA talks in person and by Zoom, he was meticulous in his preparation and delivery. In later years he was a speaker much in demand on Ocean Cruises where he delivered many of his talks to rapturous audiences. He also had a vast collection of original and vintage Seagull outboards which he talked about at one of our Zoom chats. I think we are all better “educated” for having known Mike.

Samual Matterson and his wife Monica both supported the club in recent years. Sam was always the complete gentleman. Together they did a vast range of sailing; if you want to find out more please browse through the past copies of this magazine on our website and read Monica’s accounts. Monica of course is a gifted artist and produced many of the artworks for the magazine. I understand that Sam passed his motorcycle driving test at the age of 79. He will be fondly remembered.

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 2022 

JOTTINGS FROM THE CHAIRMAN

A 2022 Welcome from the Chairman

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

In its pages, you'll get more than just a flavour of the activities of club members enjoying themselves on the water or at the club's social and educational events. But, of course, the best way to get a real taste of what we do and what we're about is to JOIN US.

Our Constitution says our club is "open to anyone with an interest in sailing, cruising or powerboating". That hasn't changed but it has largely been suggestions, and occasional gripes, from members that has led the club to overhaul its Constitution and Rules to be more appropriate for the modern times. So whether you love 'messaging about in boats' for leisure, have an ambition to cross oceans, chug the canals or bob on the Broads, or if you are an 'armchair sailor' and love to hear about the adventures of others, this magazine, and our club, is for you. Our invitation to you is never closed.

This year, after almost two-years of pandemic restrictions on gatherings, we have resumed our full program of informative monthly meetings, social get-togethers and practical on-the-water activities. Do check out the 'Events' webpage at www.sailNPCA.org from time to time to see what's coming up next.

The reach and range of our talks is now 'world-wide', thanks to Zoom that we adopted during the Covid years. Our far-flung members regularly join in from their homes or from anywhere across the world where there is an internet signal. So if there's an event or activity you'd like to see in our program, SAY SO! If you like to contribute suggestions to improve (or, heaven forbid, tell us what you don't like) about the club or the way it's run - SPEAK UP! Let us know via the Club Secretary, Yvonne (see contacts list) or to any Committee member and I promise you that the Committee will consider it.

We never forget that NPCA is run FOR its members and BY its members - that's YOU!

Chris Geere 

2022 Chairman

YOUR NEW TREASURER

I would just like to introduce myself to the members being as I am fairly new to the club and of course the role of treasurer.



I was brought up on the south coast in Christchurch and had my first taste of sailing in a friend's father's dinghy. Our household were not nautical and it was somewhat later that I was able to sail in my own right.

I am a graduate engineer by profession and my work took me to Preston working for British Aerospace. My records show my "RYA Dayboat Certificate" as being stamped in December 1976 in Fleetwood. By 1979 I had moved to work in the midlands and was then owner of a tidy example of a Graduate dinghy which I sailed regularly from the Rutland Sailing Club. In the early 80s I discovered windsurfing which I found very addictive.

In the intervening years I managed to serve 8 years as CEO of an automotive components supplier but then returned to my roots working for Jaguar as a senior engineer on new product development. I retired in 2017.

My interest in sailing larger boats happened rather late in the scheme of things resulting from an invitation to join Kevin Webster on a charter from Southampton a couple of years prior to retirement. I was hooked. Until very recently I was a member of a syndicate operating a Moody 33 out of Poole. I must say I am indebted to Eric for coaching me through my Day Skipper and SRC radio courses and it was through this that I became a member of NPCA.

Tony Black 

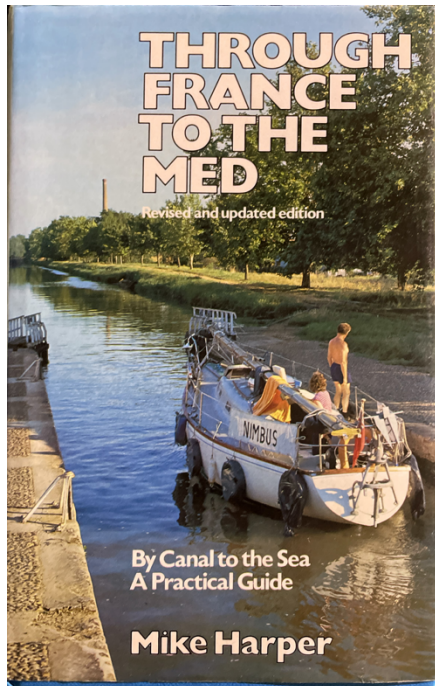
NEW PARKS AND BACK AGAIN

In December of 1981, I was in my second year as a Technician Apprentice at GEC Large Machines in Rugby. After college one evening I had a driving lesson. But as I got on my 250cc Honda Super-dream I had a problem with it. My brother, who was also at the same college, said I should take his bike and he'd sort the issue with mine. (He was better at that sort of thing than me). So, I got on his Yamaha DS175 trial bike and off to my driving lesson I went.

The rest of the day and the following few days are a bit of a blur. After my lesson I was riding back out of Rugby on the A426 heading home to watch the Ashby Parva Christmas Pantomime. Apparently, a car pulled out in front of me and then when the Police arrived I was lying on the road covered in petrol. I was told it was a miracle I hadn't gone up in flames.

Later, when I regained consciousness I was told that my right knee now had more screws in it than Barry Sheene's! For me, losing my ability to run at the age of 17 was devastating. The only thing I shone at in my school days was athletics and football. I was going to need to find a new hobby.

The following year, one Sunday morning (once I'd learned to live with my bionic leg), I cycled to the local paper shop in Dunton Bassett to get my Dad a Sunday paper. Later that day I thought I'd take a look at the glossy Sunday supplement. And in there I came across a page, which I guess ultimately changed my future direction. There, anchored in the crystal-clear waters of the Mediterranean with a beautiful blue sky behind it, was a sailing yacht. The image immediately captured my imagination. It was an advert for a yacht charter company (I think the company that eventually became known as Sunsail). "Wow, how do you get to do that", I thought.



There was no internet to research these things back then. Later that year, I saw another advert in the paper. This time it was for the London Boat Show in January 1983. I wanted to go to find out more about how I could be on one of those boats in the Mediterranean. I'd never been to the Med before, but some of my apprentice mates had done a coach holiday to the South of France and spoke of how amazing it was. There was no Ryanair or EasyJet in those days. Bear in mind that I was an apprentice on about £30 or £40 a week at the time, so a train ticket to London along with an entrance ticket to the Boat Show was going to stretch my finances somewhat. Along with that, I'd have to take a day's holiday or lose pay. In the end, I took a half days holiday and went for the late entry ticket to the show, which was much cheaper and allowed me to enter sometime in the afternoon.

I absolutely loved the Boat Show. I picked up so many glossy brochures on boats and sailing holidays that I struggled to carry them around at the end of the day. It was at the show that I came across a book entitled

"Through France to The Med" by Mike Harper. "So that's how you do it", I thought. I still have that book on my bookshelf and I've still not been through the canals!

My Dad who also worked at GEC Rugby but in a different division, mentioned to me that he knew of a guy called Roger something, and that Roger was a yachtsman. He suggested I talk to him about my new interest. One day when I was working in a department near to Roger I decided to go and find out more about his hobby. It was in this conversation that Roger mentioned he knew of a sailing school in Leicester that ran night school classes on navigation and seamanship. So, in August/September of 1983, I found myself at an enrolment evening at New Parks Community College. You had to make sure you were in the right queue or you could end up doing a keep fit class instead!

My classes were on a Monday evening and my tutor was Howard Craddock. In my class were people who some of you may remember. Dave Andrews, who I've since sailed many times with, Mark Thompson, Alan Hardwicke and Tony Riddington. One of Bill Hudson's daughters was also in that class if I remember rightly. The classes ran from 7pm to 9pm with a coffee break at half time. And afterwards it was straight across to the bar, where all the serious discussions took place. This is where friendships were made and adventures were planned.

I always left homework until the last minute while at school and college, and night school was no different. So, Sunday nights were spent with charts scrawled across the kitchen table, Breton Plotter in hand, and listening to Annie Nightingale on Radio 1.

I put my name down for the Autumn Rally and then had to find some kit to wear. My first set of Oilies were an orange outfit that Bill Hudson was knocking out at a decent price. And apparently, I would need these for sailing in British waters. Along with a pair of Dunlop wellies. Meetings were held at the college so that skippers and crew could get to meet each other and plan transport arrangements for the rally.

The Autumn Rally was held on the weekend of the 29th and 30th October that year 1983. I was on a boat called Kalivala, a 32-foot ketch owned by Sam and Monica Matterson. Also, on board was Noel Cash, who was quite a character and an excellent yachtsman, from what I could tell. He had us tacking up the Beaulieu River for our lunch stop. There was also a younger Matterson on board and he had recently been through the French canals and out to sail the Med, so he was definitely worth tapping for information.

It was great to be out on the water and I must have enjoyed it as I stuck at the night classes and put my name down for both of the practical courses held at Easter week and Whitsunday week each year. The Easter trip in 1984 was aboard Pedroma a Westerly Konsort of 29'. We left Poole Harbour on the first night and headed straight for Saint Helier in Jersey. My first channel crossing of many to come! It was all very exciting. I loved the night sailing and the navigating. It was an unusually warm and sunny April in 1984 and it made the rest of the trip to St Malo and St Peter Port very enjoyable.

For the Whit week in May I was aboard Seachris a Dufour 31 with Maurice Clarke as skipper. Again, I was to cross the channel. This time from Weymouth to Cherbourg. And by now I was beginning to think that crossing the channel was the norm for a week's sailing!

And so, it was that I joined the New Parks crowd. The following years sailing on the Easter and Whit training weeks and Autumn Rally's, I got to sail and learn from a variety of different skippers the likes of Bill York, Howard Craddock, Keith Kilbane, Dave Richardson, Dennis Belton, Roy Bannister, and my good friend Dave Andrews.

In 1986 I persuaded some friends that we should have a lad's holiday on a boat somewhere sunny. So, in September of that year we headed off to Skiathos for a two-week flotilla sailing holiday. We were on board a Carter 27 and thought we were the bee's knees. This was the first time I'd skippered a boat and my crew had zero experience.

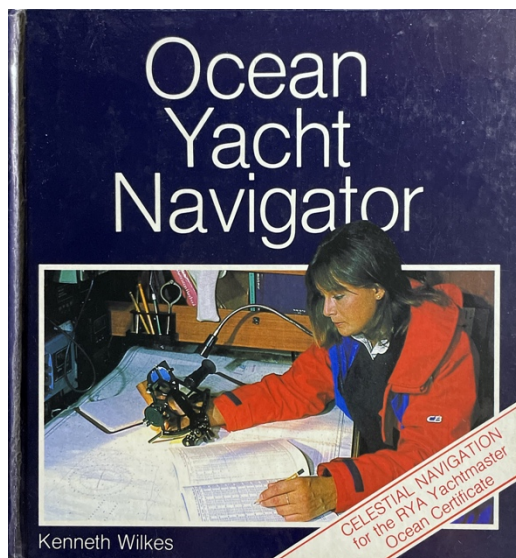
At last though, I was now on the boat anchored in the crystal-clear waters of the Mediterranean. (Dreams can come true)

This was in the early days of flotilla holidays, when the only way of communicating with the lead crew was via VHF radio. So, if a boat was to go missing or not turn up at the rendezvous point then the lead boat would have to go out and round them up.

And that wasn't the only big adventure of 1986.

A young lady I'd got to know at New Parks had heard through a contact of a friend that there was a boat looking for crew to sail across the Atlantic. I immediately put my name forward (without discussing it with my boss). The skipper of this boat was looking for a navigator. I'd done nearly 3 years at night school and got my Day Skipper certificate so surely that would do. It couldn't be that much different from sailing across the channel. So, I put myself forward as navigator.

So, it was that in November of 1986 at the age of 22 I found myself aboard a 47' Norman Cross Trimaran in Gibraltar. I don't think the skipper was too impressed that I had no real knowledge of celestial navigation, but he was willing to train me and it was too late to find a replacement. Before leaving the UK, I'd bought a book entitled Ocean Yacht Navigator by Kenneth Wilkes. I still have that book on my bookshelf. I read it every night for the first week or so and used it along with knowledge picked up from the skipper to enable me to get a reasonable idea of where we were. Before this I'd never seen a sextant let alone used one. But I thoroughly enjoyed taking the sun sights. (Which I'm guessing were a bit easier to do on a trimaran rather than a monohull.)



Oh! I suppose I should point out that this was in the days before satellite navigation. Actually, on the trip, I did come across a wealthy individual on board an Oyster who had some kind of satellite system. Once a day when a particular satellite passed overhead it would tell him where he was. Which was great for ocean passages but too expensive for the average yachtsman. And not much use in the English Channel. The most advanced piece of technology we had on board was a Casio calculator! Which was very useful for calculating the sun sights and helping to give us some idea of where we were.

I got into the swing of things and after about six days we came across the island of Madeira. Luckily, that's where we were heading for. I also successfully navigated us to Las Palmas in Gran Canaria where we came across a fleet of boats who were part of something new that year. The first Atlantic Race for Cruisers or ARC. Although I had it down in my notes as the Fun Race. Then we moved on to Tenerife for a few days before departing for Barbados.

There were too many incidents to mention them all in detail here, but let's just say that I could have picked a better boat for such an adventure. We lost anchors in Madeira and Tenerife. Our engine broke down shortly after leaving Tenerife and never worked again for the rest of the crossing. We had a fuel leak and spent most of the crossing eating food that tasted of diesel. We had very little sail area left by the end of the crossing. Most of it had torn to shreds, including the mainsail. I realised that either the trailing log was faulty, or my sun sights were inaccurate part way into the crossing. Turned out it was the log, so I kept my job.

I was so pleased and proud of myself when we first saw the very low-lying Barbados after 21 days at sea. It was a great relief. We spent Christmas in Barbados before continuing to other Caribbean islands and then I said my farewells and headed to the USA for a two-week non-stop tour on board Greyhound buses.



Trillium II the Trimaran I crossed the Atlantic on

After returning from America, I managed to persuade my old boss to take me on again. He did so, in the hope that I had now got THAT out of my system and could concentrate on my career. Unfortunately, not. He would have to pull me into his office as I was late for work on more than one occasion. He had a point. Most people are, possibly, an hour or so late for work. I was 2 or 3 days late. Well, we did get stuck in fog on the French coast: "Honest Boss"!!

My log book shows that I managed a further twelve sailing trips on six different boats in 1987, including the usual Easter and Whit New Parks training trips. My summer trip of that year was a lad's holiday sailing from Gibraltar, when we explored the coasts of North Africa and southern Spain sailing in a Westerly Fulmar. Other trips included my first proper sail on the East Coast with Ian Humphreys and his daughter Karen (who regularly joins us from Seattle on ZOOM nowadays) in their Westerly Longbow "Hexanora". The first of many trips on Hexanora. I wish I'd paid more attention to Ian and Karen as some later trips on the East Coast without them would see me running aground in the most embarrassing places! Although, those events do make great stories and are often reminisced when I meet up with my old sailing buddies.

My sailing in 1988 started in March, with a request from Keith Kilbane to help bring his boat "White Spice" back from Beaucette Marina in Guernsey. We'd originally planned to get the ferry across on the Friday night. However, the ferries were cancelled due to rough seas. For some reason our only thought was: "How do we get to Guernsey then?". Not the more obvious "let's do it another weekend". So, we flew over to Guernsey on the Saturday, had a meal at the marina and set off into darkness and some rather choppy seas! The winds gusting gale

force 8 at times. We negotiated the seas successfully and moored "White Spice" at her berth on the Hamble, then drove back to Leicester. An exciting weekend. But not one I'd advise others to follow!

And that set the tone for the rest of 1988, which again included many weeks and weekends on board a variety of different boats. Seventeen trips in all. Amongst the other highlights were an incredible adventure around the West Coast of Scotland



June 1988 Western Scotland crew. Myself, Dave Fell, Tony Riddington, Roy Bannister and Richard Blackmore.

1988 was also the third year in a row I got to do the Round the Island Race. Which is always a great experience. This year though, I was on board Howard Craddock's brand-new Moody 37, Artemis II. It was the first of many trips I was to do on Artemis II.

In October of 1988 I got a group of friends together, most of who had never been on a sailing boat before, and chartered a boat from Gouvia Marina in Corfu. I say Gouvia Marina, but there was actually very little there. A new marina was being dug out of the mud in this particular part of Corfu. Our boat "Orion" a 36' Westerly Conway was moored up to a mud wall. I don't remember there being any pontoons there at that time. Having recently returned there and seen the vast marina it has become, it is unrecognisable to the one we visited back then. It now has around 1200 berths and a dry dock capacity of 550. To put that into context, it's about four times the size of the largest marina on the Hamble.

On this voyage we also visited Lefkas, which at the time had limited berths for yachts. Just a harbour wall that I remember. Again, having returned recently it now has a marina with over 600 berths.

It was also in the October of '88 that I achieved my Yachtmaster Offshore Certificate. Something I was proud of at the age 24, and coming from a family of non-sailors.

A guy I'd got to know through contacts at New Parks invited me out to Antigua, to do the Antigua Sailing Week in April 1989. Also, later that year I sailed the West Coast of Scotland again and also around the Island of Majorca.

Me on the helm. Sharon modelling the orange oilies, many years after they were first purchased!



In 1990 Howard Craddock went out to Corfu to start up a Yacht Charter business. Leaving behind Artemis II, moored on the Hamble. A group of Howards ex-students including myself, offered to pay his mooring fees for the use of Artemis for the summer season. So again, plenty of sailing trips to be had that year.

In the early part of the nineties I turned from student to teacher at the New Parks night classes. And also became a skipper for the practical courses run by New Parks. Again, from these experiences I made friendships that have lasted for years to come.

In order to write this article, I rummaged around in the attic and wardrobes looking for my RYA Training Logbook. Which I eventually found. For some reason I stopped entering details of my sailing trips in 1995. Which I now regret. But because of the fact that I'd made friends who wanted to sail together, along with me now having a family, I seemed to drift away from the core of New Parks and even the rallies they ran. I think this was partly due to the fact that the



owners of boats I was now sailing were firstly based on the East Coast and later based in the South West. Most of the people I sailed with from then on were either Howard Craddock's disciples or people who'd followed myself from my days as their teacher.

My good friends John Butt and Paul Ransom bought a boat down on the River Dart and changed model a couple of times over the years. They were always looking for crew and asking me to go for longer trips. But it was difficult with a

business to run and a family to look after. However, it did mean that I could get away for a couple of long weekends sailing each year and we had some fabulous trips. Sometimes we'd

go to the Channel Islands and sometimes we'd just end up going up the river to Dittisham. The Scilly Isles being one of my favourite trips ever.

I did manage to do a couple of family sailing trips along with friends and their children. Every year or so, I'd go to the London Boat show and meet Howard and his partner Sue who now ran Artemis Sailing Holidays. And in October 2007, I returned to Gouvia Marina to have a family sailing holiday on board Artemis II. However, by this time Artemis had seen better days and needed a complete refit. I had to request we swapped boats after the first week. But as far as the children are concerned, that is still their most memorable holiday!



Sailing around the Ionian Islands with family in 2007 on board Artemis II

Around 2010, John sold his boat on the Dart. And for me, the business and family took priority. So, I had a period of years without setting foot on a boat.

In 2017, we had a family sailing holiday planned for the October. But then along came another one of those life changing moments. I was diagnosed with cancer. And the outlook was not good. The type of cancer they initially thought I had, was one I wasn't likely to survive. And if I did, I was unlikely to have quality of life. Luckily (if you can call it lucky), the diagnosis was changed and the outlook was improved. I'd still need the dreaded chemotherapy and radiotherapy, but there was a hope that I could pull through.

Now, here comes an unusual link from cancer to sailing. And not just one link, but two. Because I'd mentioned that I'd had to cancel a sailing holiday in order to start the chemo', I was placed under the care of Dr. Ben Kennedy at the LRI. Not just because of the type of cancer I had, but also because he was a keen yachtsman. Turns out that he had a boat moored in Levington Marina on the River Orwell. The same Marina that Hexanora used to be moored at. So, whenever I had consultations with Dr. Kennedy we'd spend more time reminiscing about sailing trips than discussing my present health situation. Which was fine by me!

The receptionist in the Haematology department at the Osbourne building at LRI was a lovely lady who myself and my wife would chat to each time I had an appointment. To cut a long

story short, it turned out that her Dad was none other than the New Parks legend, Pete Dawkins. And this got me thinking about whether NPCA still existed.



The start of my new adventures May 2019

So, during my recovery I did some Google searching and discovered that NPCA did still exist and held some regular meetings at the Royal Oak in Kirby Muxloe. I read a few of the online copies of Broad Reach magazine and of course recognised a number of the people mentioned.

Throughout my cancer treatment I decided to set my sights on a change of life should I happen to survive. I needed something to look forward to, should I pull through. I set plans to restructure the business and spend more time sailing. But I was unsure how to do my sailing in future. Should I charter or own a boat? And that will have to be the topic of another Broad Reach article or Zoom talk.

I went to my first couple of NPCA meetings at the Royal Oak, just before the Covid lockdowns started. I caught up with a few people I hadn't seen for over 20 years. Some of who were in that Monday night class taught by Howard. I have managed to join in a few of the Tuesday night Zoom talks, when Leicester City haven't been on TV, and enjoy the discussions and presentations.

Because of my new found "Enjoy Life while you can attitude", I have continued to travel and sail throughout the pandemic. Sticking to all of the rules of course. And now I am regularly that person sat on the boat anchored in the clear blue sea. But believe me it's not always like that!

Without New Parks and Bill Hudson's incredible ability to organise things, would any of the above adventures have been possible? I find that unlikely. I guess it's possible that there are hundreds of people who, like myself, found a way into sailing through the New Parks set up. And I bet, like me, that many of them are still enjoying the benefits today.

Anchored off the island of Hydra June 2019



Paul Gent 

A TRIBUTE TO DR. RON LAMPARD ON HIS 90th BIRTHDAY

Ron will probably not remember me, but I was a student in his class back in 1981 when he was teaching Radio and Morse Code. Whilst I have forgotten most of the Morse, the Radio still holds me in good stead even though the equipment has now become digital.

I remember at that time he was already a qualified Yachtmaster and had years of sailing experience under his belt.

His Lectures were always interesting and he made it more realistic by using actual radios between class rooms. Strictly forbidden, but as he said. "No one on the coast is going to hear us from Leicester using VHF marine band on low power."

Every year on bonfire night we also let off everybody's out of date flares on the school playing field. Again non-P.C. but the experience was invaluable.

Later, in 1985 I had the pleasure, if you can call it that! of sailing with Ron on his 31ft Westerly Berwick, "Pusat Tasek" on a memorable trip, which I am sure he can recall, to Fécamp.



Our first introduction to the boat was a safety brief including how to use the paraffin cooker and lamps. Not all that difficult when the boat is safely tucked up in the Marina, but a little bit dicey when trying to prime the methylated spirit pot* with the boat bouncing up and down in a sea way. Ron was the only one entrusted with the task.

Having looked at the forecast for the weekend, the weather looked reasonable for crossing the Channel,

SW 4 - 5 becoming 5 later. A little bit bumpy, but with the wind on the beam we should have a fast crossing, well within the capabilities of the crew.

We struck off at midday and arrived in after a fast and exhilarating crossing early the next morning.

After tying up and catching a few hours rest, we went ashore to visit the Abbey at Fécamp and stock up with a few bottles of Benedictine, which the Brothers are renowned for producing.

In the evening, after a leisurely day we decided to hit the town and eat out. We had an excellent meal and returned to the boat at about 22.00 with a view to returning to Portsmouth the next day.

Before turning in we listened to the midnight weather forecast which was SW 5 - 6 becoming 6 - 7 later.

With the constraints of the lock, which had only just opened, we decided it would be better to leave immediately rather than wait for the next opening 12 hours later.

The Skipper, split us into two watches for the return crossing and we left at about midnight.

It must have been around two hours later when I was woken by a large bang and Ron shouting for someone to help him on deck. The main sheet block had broken and the boom was swinging from side to side. Under Ron's guidance we lassoed the boom and jury rigged it to the weather side winch. This worked fine and we continued our passage with the wind increasing to F 8 - 9 and the sea getting higher. From the deck the waves seem, to be mast

high. At the bottom of the wave we were in a flat calm and at the top we were hit by the full force of a F9 Gale.

We were settling down to our roller coaster ride when we spotted a red light, fine on our starboard quarter. The bearing did not change although the light as it came closer turned out to be those of a large cargo vessel.

We were unable to manoeuvre and the vessel was certainly not altering course.

We luffed up as best we could onto a parallel course and tried calling on the radio several times but did not get an answer.

When in doubt, call the skipper, who was catching up on his sleep below. Ron emerged on deck with a Very pistol which looked like a shot gun and fired a white flare. No reaction. The next he put across the bow, still no re-action and the ship sailed away in complete oblivion. We could only assume that they did not have a deck watch or the crew were asleep.

We had set a course for the Nab Tower and were navigating by dead reckoning. Allowing for 20 deg. of leeway and putting in the tidal off-set we should have had no problem in recognising our landfall. When day light came we expected to see the Isle of Wight but there was nothing. We had plenty of water so continued heading north.

We eventually spotted a green gasometer which nobody recognised. Looking through the *Channel Pilot*, then getting out the next chart to the east we finally fixed our position, 5 NM off Littlehampton, some 20 NM east of our estimated position.

At least we now knew exactly where we were and with the wind and sea state easing, headed west under engine through the Owers Rocks to Portsmouth.

Our final challenge came, motoring into Portsmouth harbour when the engine stopped and we had to try to sail with a jury rig against an ebb tide. Ron was just about to call the Harbour Master when a customs boat came alongside to enquire if we were returning from overseas and did we have anything to declare. They suddenly realised our situation and kindly offered to tow us into Campers Marina.

The final ignominy came when there was a large cheer from the pontoon where four or five New Parks boats thought we had been arrested.

It was certainly a rough crossing in conditions which I have never witnessed before or since. I learned a lot of lessons on that trip but the main one is, with a good skipper and a well-found boat you can sail anywhere.

This experience certainly did not put me off sailing and I continued studying and sailing with New Parks, where I eventually gained my Yachtmaster Ocean commercial ticket and taught theory and practical courses for over 20 years.

Thank you so much Ron for taking care of us and imparting your wisdom.

Enjoy your 90th Birthday.

David Richardson

***Note from the editor:** if you want to see such a stove search on YouTube for “Trangia Stove”.

David Richardson 

BEWARE THE GREEKS AND THEIR CROWDED HARBOURS!

Greek Sailing report 2016 by Roger Bowden

The Cruise

This is a story about a cruise in Greece by myself and three friends which came to a potentially sticky end. It also shows the way the Greeks run their harbours for visitors and can end up in Greek courts.

The four of us had chartered a Bavaria 42 called 'Poseidon' by way of a bareboat charter in May 2016 for sailing in Ionian waters. We had sailed for some years up to 2018 in various waters, from The West Country, Croatia, Greece, the Baltic, Sardinia and Turkey without major mishaps. With my New Parks background, I acted as skipper, but the others had various appropriate skills and experience.

With the aid of Rod Heikells Seventh Edition of the Imray Pilot (West Aegean) book, I planned the week's cruising from 15 to 21 May.

We picked up the boat from Alimos near Athens on the Saturday following our arrival from the UK. The base was hardly an up-market establishment, with its office accommodation contained in a small caravan run by two gentlemen whose English left something to be desired. The main issue turned out to be whether the depth of keel was measured from the bottom of the keel (which I was assured it was) or below the waterline (which they claimed they informed us it was).

Our itinerary for the rest of the week looked like this:

| | |
|------------------|---|
| Sunday 15 May | Aiya Marina 9(East side of Aigina island) |
| Monday 16 May | Alimos (see later) |
| Tuesday 17 May | Poros |
| Wednesday 18 May | Mandraki bay and Hydra |
| Thursday 19 May | Aigina (west side of Aigina island) |
| Friday 20 May | Aigina / Alimos Marina |
| Saturday 21 May | Return to UK |

The reason we returned to Alimos on Monday was that, having moored at Ayia , a pleasant bay on the west side of Aigina island, and a fairly short sail SW from Athens, we left in the morning to go south west towards Poros. After we left Ayia there was a problem when we detected smoke coming from the engine compartment. On removing the housing, we saw the reason why, namely a broken fan belt. The engine was obviously very hot, and needed to be turned although there was no fire in the engine compartment. There was a spare belt which we fitted, and after we phoned the charterers, they insisted we returned to Alimos. This involved a sail back to Athens and a wasted afternoon and evening while they had an engineer look at the boat. The big problem caused by the lack of a fan belt was that firstly we were in the middle of the Separation Zone from Piraeus which takes very large ships out of Athens,

and, Sod's Law being what it is, the wind decided to drop to nothing. A somewhat uncomfortable and potentially dangerous experience.



A much more pleasant experience had been in a small local restaurant in Ayia. One of the crew is a season ticket holder for Leicester City, who had finished the season by winning the Premiership by ten points. He had organized the production of four T-shirts with a large picture of Claudio Ranieri on the front, with suitable associated wording. All the staff in the restaurant knew of this triumph and even passing Italians we came across later in Aigina congratulated us. World famous City! See the photograph attached, taken in Ayia on the first night out.

Coming out of Hydra, we made a course for the West side of Aigina. The harbour we chose was actually called Aigina, but notwithstanding our arrival there at about 5pm, there were no available berths. Looking at the Pilot book, which stated *"Anchorage. Anchor off to the S of the harbour in 3-6m on mud sand and weed, good holding in the sandy patches. Good shelter from the prevailing wind"*.

Below is a photo of where we dropped the anchor at 1810 behind two other boats. This was followed by obtaining three bearings on two occasions with 4 degrees added for E variation, the bearings showed 170 degrees, 80 degrees and 319 degrees, this last, the bearing to the edge of the harbour mole and showing no variation, two of which are shown on the relevant copy page of the Pilot book (see below). The depth shown was 3.5m, which we took as being under the keel, (the Bavaria draws 2 m) and we had paid out five times this, notwithstanding there were no guiding marks on the chain, as seems to be the normal on charter boats.



Aigina - Moored (Harbour mid-left)



Aigina - Harbour with bearings

The evening was pleasant and seemed set fair, to enable us to row to the shore to visit a local restaurant, which we did. Note that Greek regulations require a crew to keep the moored boat in view at all times. My old mucker, the late Dennis Belton, used to insist on letting his crew

go ashore while he sat alone on the boat, often for some time, while the crew enjoyed the relevant delights on the shore. (I went with the crew, being a more relaxed skipper perhaps, but we did not venture far from the boat.)

At about 2300 the wind started to increase. The wind had changed to a more northerly direction causing the bows to point easterly and swing to the shore. We rowed back to the boat. As we know, this is the most potentially dangerous part of any cruise, with four on board after a large meal (with some lemonade consumed by all), but it was completed effectively. Down below, in our jim-jams for the night, there was a worrying sound after about an hour and a half hour, of the banging of the keel on the ground. I tried to drive us off (the echo sounder showed 1,3m, so I didn't foresee a problem) but couldn't.

The Grounding

To avoid any damage to either keel or rudder, I rowed back to shore with another crew member to seek help. Having found the Port Police, we were then interviewed until about 3am. We needed a tow, but to achieve this, we had to hand over our passports and sign two statements in Greek, which my GCE O-Level Greek didn't really qualify me to do, before the Police called up a salvage company. I had to sign a Lloyd Salvage Agreement before they would do this.

Later at night, a boat turned up, and having broken a halyard attached to the mast, fitted something with a little more strength to take us off. We were not technically a salvage case, as we were able to enter the harbour under our "own steam" and take up a berth in a space in the harbour. The Police kept our passports until the next day, pending their instructing a diver to inspect the hull the following day, which was done without any damage being observed.

Throughout this time, we had not been able to raise the charterers by telephone. I imagine that by the time the problem occurred, the caravan in Athens had been closed up!

We returned to the UK on the Saturday, having lost a good deal of the week's sailing.

THE CRIMINAL PROSECUTION

You can imagine my amazement when I received a letter two years later from the Home Office containing documents from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Greece requiring me and my fellow crewman to appear in person before a Magistrate at the Aigina Magistrates Court on 23 January 2019 to answer a criminal charge of violating the provisions of articles of the London Convention 1972 concerning "Regulations in order to avoid collisions at sea".

We then instructed a lawyer in Athens who appeared for us. The January hearing was adjourned because the Port Police did not turn up and a hearing then took place on 9 October 2019. We were both acquitted, the Magistrate commenting that we had done everything necessary and had acted properly at all times.

Preparing for the hearing had taken us all much time in drafting the necessary documentation, so we were mightily relieved, apart from having to lay out about £ 2500 for our lawyer's fees.

A salutary experience, and one which made me somewhat sceptical of Tom Cunliffe's observation in a talk to New Parks that 'if you've never gone aground, you've never really tried'!

Roger Bowden 

SKIPPER DEVELOPMENT PROGRAMME (SDP) 2021

Reach 4 the Wind

Instructor - Keith Harding, RYA Yachtmaster Instructor

Venue - Ocean Village, Southampton.

Timescale - Friday – Sunday 24th September 2021

Friday – Sunday 1st October 2021

Boat – Sun Odyssey 35 fully coded.

NPCA Club sponsored place for Stewart Martin.

It was considered an honour to be approached to attend the course. The relaxation of the COVID restrictions allowed myself and three otherwise unknown aspiring skippers the opportunity to expand their horizons and develop skills in the art of skippering.

We arranged to meet at a convenient point between our locations and on the way to Southampton. Travelling in one car gave the opportunity to get acquainted and speculate on the course content and agenda.

Keith our Instructor for the next two weekends very quickly took away any misgivings by his introduction and crew briefing. Over a working evening meal, he offered thoughts on the subject of skippering by leading sailors their attitudes and attributes on the makings of a good skipper. A general discussion on management theory with a round the saloon pooling of important factors considered essential for skippering and an honest self-appraisal of personal strengths using standard assessment techniques. These would be reviewed and re-evaluated at the end of the course. I agreed that practical sailing skills accounted for 20% of a skipper's success and 80% of management of the crew.

“Knowing your crew's limitations”

“The success of any cruise enjoyment is governed by its management”

“The crew's ability is governed by the least experienced, least mobile and least able.

“Do not expect crew to carry out any task you would not do yourself”

SATURDAY morning dawned with no wind and little prospect of it increasing. Perfect for a display of our boating skills in berthing onto closed and open pontoons. Sadly, no applause from the audience on adjacent yachts when berthing was achieved. Upon leaving the marina there was more practice picking up 'Bob' the fender.

“when deciding to carry out any manoeuvre look up and down, whichever way are they acting will govern your approach speed and direction”

The sail down to Cowes was a pleasant potter and the sunset glorious. A pub meal, debrief and reflection on the day's events.

SUNDAY morning dawned with increased wind strength gave more opportunity to expose practical deficiencies and practice culminating in close quarters manoeuvring in the Ocean Village marina.

I feel sure Keith had now reasonably assessed our sailing abilities and weaknesses.

Our band of sailors reconvened the following Friday retracing our journey, discussing the state of weather conditions forecast and speculation on the next stage.

The weekend promised the weather to be friskier for the next stage in our development. Having sailed the boat, the previous weekend the vagaries of its handling were fresh in our minds.

This weekend would test our management skills. Each person would act as skipper and perform his duties with Keith acting as observer. It would be easy to delegate tasks to the same crew member every day but that would become monotonous and unfair to some members, rotation of duties is always preferable.

The skipper of the day would put his plan forward and listen to any crew alternatives and options. However, there may be good reasons for the choice by the skipper. He will need to have reasonable arguments for his choice and be strong enough to put them forward. The final decision is his/hers as it is their responsibility to act in the safest way.

“Sailing is not a democracy, the responsibility for the safety of the crew and boat is the skippers as is their enjoyment of the cruise.”

The first passage would be a night sail and a pilotage plan from the marina to Hamble Mercury Marina would be required. Buoy hopping in open water is relatively easy but in a restricted seaway with numerous lights along the channel offers challenges. The distinguishing of buoys, land lights, cardinals, unlit obstacles, turned off leading lights and distance all add to the confusion in identifying a clearly defined route.

Berthing at night has its own problems and the employment of a good hand-held lamp is essential. Marinas are not known for their easy identification of berthing pontoon locations.

Keith offered opinions and advice on optional destinations which would test the skipper and crew.

With the weather worsening it was comforting to know the crew were competent to rally round the skipper and would help when needed. Rain squalls and the accompanying gusts led to three reefs in the main and the storm jib. I have never seen the Solent so empty apart from the ferry out of Cowes.

Anchoring in Newtown Creek was helped by the lack of other boats but an anchor watch was instigated anyway. Navigating into the Creek required careful helming as we were on a falling tide, narrowing channel and a strong side wind.

Sailing off the anchor and out of the creek we were met with F7/8 wind and driving rain as we headed back along the Solent to the Port Hamble Marina and a well-deserved meal in the local hostelry.

The last day we headed out to Osborne Bay for a quiet anchorage. Not forgetting to keep a lookout for anchor creep. We observed movement, not in our point of anchorage but the boat in front, which luckily recognised they were gaining on us. They sailed off with an apology.

There were more discussions on skippering and people's thoughts and observations.

Lunch over, we upped anchor and headed back towards Southampton. Not wishing to waste practice time, man-overboard procedures were exercised by all.

Back on the berth we did a final debrief and discussed how we had improved on the “Strength Deployment Inventory” as an indicator of each individuals outlook. The one to one appraisal of performance discussion was illuminating to see how an independent observer assessed you as a potential skipper.

The assessment could be gauged against the virtues of a skipper as put forward by various sailing Gurus. [I have adapted the wording to reflect cruising trips.]

It is evident there is no definitive guide to being a skipper but there are certain virtues/tenets that will guide what a skipper should achieve. No two skippers will interpret these in the same way but the principle of safety is paramount.

1. Interpersonal skills, Ability to make a crew happy, content and safe.
2. Good organisation, crew and boat management with confidence in delegation.
3. Good knowledge, navigation, and seamanship, understand the boat, (maintenance, repair, use), regulations, weather prediction, charts and almanacs.
4. Personal management, self-confidence, coolness in management especially in stressful situations. Control of self in working with uncooperative or difficult crew, differences of opinion, arbitrator, supporter and comforter.
5. Courage to have confidence in your convictions. The skipper has the ultimate responsibility.
6. Sailing skills are essential but not paramount. A good skipper need not be a great sailor.

The value of this course is in recognising your weaknesses and correcting them. Realisation of the depth of responsibility you have to your crew and boat. I will endeavour to be a better skipper in the broadest sense of the role.

In conclusion self-analysis shows;

- a) It is easy to become complacent when cruising in the same area of water. The area is limited to the sailing plan and charter time and familiarity will lose the skill of analysis and investigation.
- b) Sailing with the same crew becomes comfortable and management skills lapse.
- c) Basic knowledge of collision regulations, hazard warning signs, day shapes, chart work, etc. lapses.
- d) Basic helming techniques, berthing, manoeuvring, man overboard become rusty due to time limitations.

I personally feel the course was of immense use and alerted me to my failings. I realise I need more practice in different waters which I intend to pursue.

Thank you NPCA.

Stewart Martin



SDP 2021- MAN OVERBOARD PROCEDURE

Man-over-board was not the traditional RYA methodology. Which is great when in a dinghy.

I have itemised the action we used below which appeared a very sensible and pragmatic solution. Certainly quick.

Initiation priority

1. Person is seen to fall in the water
2. Shout to alert the crew and all point
3. Skipper to nominate tasks, crew to do their delegated task and not be distracted by other operations.
 - pointer
 - send mayday
 - helm to heave-to
 - centre the main and furl the jib.
4. Make sure all lines are inboard and nothing is trailing
5. Engine on
6. Under motor return to casualty speak to them for reassurance, if passing throw Dan buoy and Horse Shoe buoyancy. There is no point in throwing sooner as the likelihood of being too far away.
7. Arrange strop or double bight bowline, alternative methods for extraction support. In crew briefing state method of recovery from the water.
 - Spinnaker halyard
 - Boom. Main would have to be dropped.
8. Motor for pickup using wind and tide to control approach to stop upwind of casualty. Use the boat as weather protection. Allow for wind effect when positioning.
9. Place strop or bowline over casualty to support under the arms, do not use personal harness. [if no crutch strap the harness will pull over the head, harness not designed for lifting, there is a limited time a person can be supported by a harness]
10. Pull casualty out of the water, [remember the weight of a person doubles having been immersed.] Unclip rear section of guard railing to allow manoeuvring into the cockpit. Use transom boat entry/diving platform/ladder if available
11. Administer first aid; inform Coast Guard casualty out of the water. They will still need to be evacuated to hospital as soon as possible to treat for possible secondary drowning, hypothermia, shock. The effects of which will depend on water temperature, time in the water, sea state, wind chill, persons health, persons fitness, body mass, etc.
12. Stay calm

I am sure there may be other methods, but this seemed quite easy to follow. Mainly down to safety briefing and being prepared. I hope this is okay.

Stewart Martin



SPRING RALLY 2022 - PHOTOS



PICTURES OF STORM EUNICE IOW 1st March 2022

Photos by courtesy of Richard Malthouse



BBC TV Morning Weather Forecast



Looking south up the river Yar from the Yar Swing Bridge

“IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO ME” from “Fireball Magazine” 1975

Supplied by Ron Fagan

Editorial Note: Please be aware that this article reflects attitudes and behaviours prevailing at the time.

“Dear Editor,

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO ME.

Falmouth Coast guard log entry July 9th 1975.

13:30 hrs. report received — Fireball dinghy failed to arrive at destination believed missing St. Austell Bay — 2 crew aboard.

What could be more enjoyable than a sail from Pentewan, round Black Head to spend a day at Carlyon Bay, with our families travelling round by car to join us. The fleet consisted of an Enterprise, a Merlin Rocket and two Fireballs. Our communal flare pack was checked and stowed in the Merlin, anchors secured on board and wet suits donned — the only slight reservation being the visibility which was only moderate, but what harm could befall us on such a short passage, armed with compass courses to steer.

With a fresh breeze on a broad reach, Black Head was soon abeam, the leading Fireball, with spinnaker hoisted forged ahead, and astern the Enterprise and Merlin were in close company. Black Head was cleared and Carlyon Bay should have been visible but the coastline was completely obscured by mist. Clear of the headland the wind strengthened. This was obviously decision time — wind increasing and squally, our proposed destination shrouded in mist and the probability of not being able to relaunch from a lee shore, left no doubt as to what course of action to take. The sails were sheeted in and course set to return to Pentewan which was still visible, when suddenly, over she went and before recovery could be achieved, mainly due to the heavy swell which had developed, the boat turned turtle and refused to be righted.

What a lonely place the sea is when your height of eye is only twelve inches or so. Our sailing companions, visible only seconds before, were nowhere in sight but even more disconcerting was the sight of our rudder assembly bobbing along on the crest of the next wave, the securing clip had been broken in an abortive attempt to launch the previous day and had not been replaced. Our situation to say the least was rather precarious. The bow tank was quickly filling up and the boat was submerged as far back as the front of the centreboard, with every other wave lifting us bodily off the hull. Life jackets were fully inflated and a lifeline rigged across the hull using a length of the spinnaker sheet to provide a hand hold.

The wind and tide would ultimately take us ashore somewhere in the region of Par but due to the excessive drag would take far too long. In an attempt to reduce this the spinnaker, which was by this time trailing under the boat, was tied up in a bundle and towed. Efforts were made to hold the boat on its side to reduce drag and offer more windage, but this proved too tiring. By this time, I was concerned that my crew Shirley (14-year-old daughter) would not

be able to maintain her grip on the lifeline so the spinnaker was cast adrift in order to use the sheet to attach to her trapeze harness hook.

In a situation such as this, with every moment being used to try to improve one's lot, time has no meaning and it must have been some two hours after capsizing that the unmistakable sound of a helicopter was heard, soon to come into view over Black Head, follow the coastline round and disappear into the mist over Gribben Head — just another routine patrol — It's coming back, what wouldn't I give for a smoke flare but Shirley's headscarf sufficed and we were picked up on the fourth pass. " Sorry we've taken so long to find you " said diver No. 6.

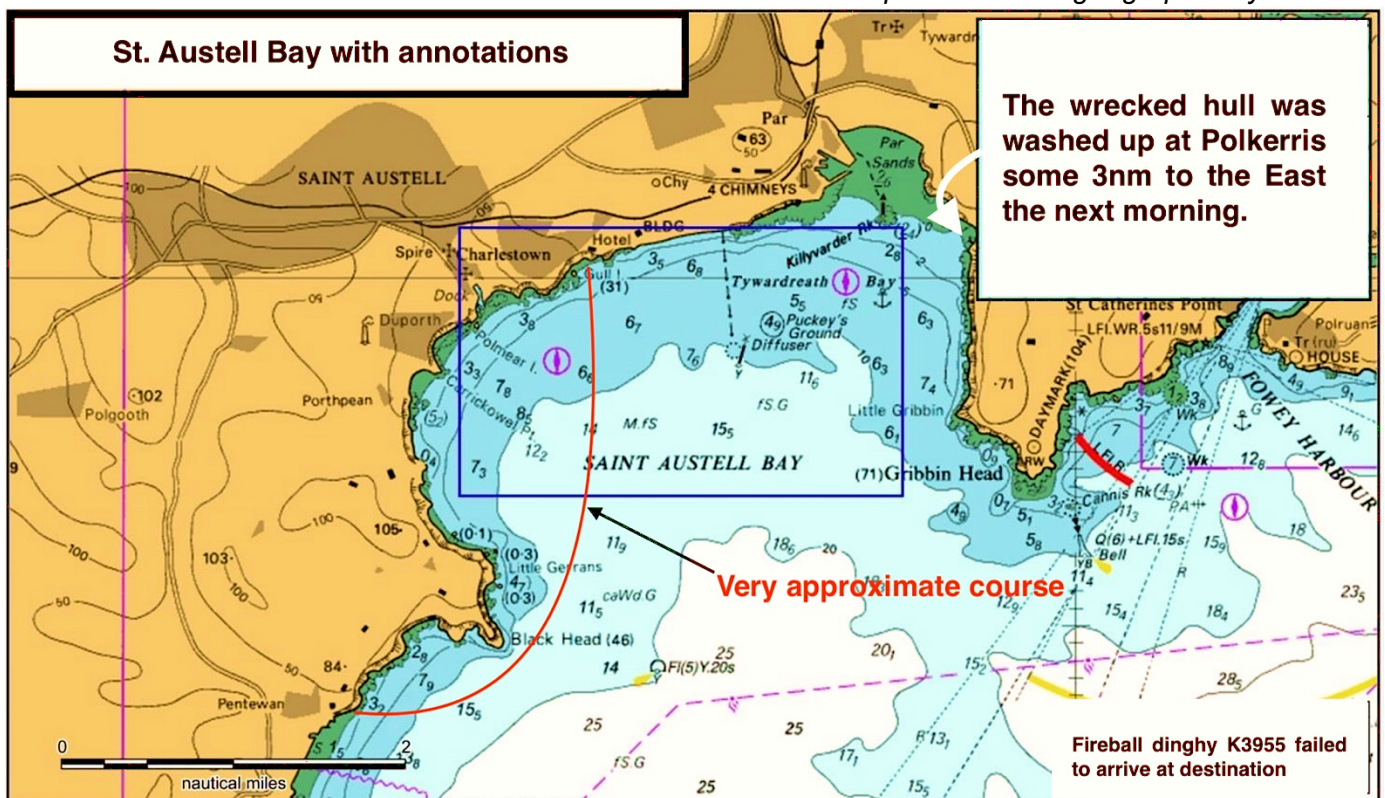
This article by courtesy of H.M. Coastguard R.N.A.S. Culdrose and the many friends involved.

John Barnes K 3955."

Footnote:

It may be of interest, that when the wrecked hull, which was washed up at Polkerris (some 3nm to the East) the next morning, was stripped down; it was found that at some time in the past a new foredeck had been fitted on one side and this had not been pinned or glued dawn at the forward bulkhead, this being the main cause of the bow tank swamping. The story concludes on a happier note. K 3955 has been re—built and re—rigged and will take to the water again shortly.

Note from the editor: I have constructed a chartlet below to depict the scene geographically.



AN ODE FROM MARY PURVES CREW OF FIREBALL 8411

*"When I am in a wet suit clad,
You may mistake me for a lad.
But even though I crew a 'Ball,
A girl I am to one and all.
Or shall I do as one I ken,
And end up changing with the men.
(An item from the 5th Fireball News
That even Chairmen get confused,
So, Mr Berry hear my plea
And in your records make me SHE.*

*Frank — That's the second time that I know you don't know the difference — I shall
have to have a long talk with Jane."*

Article supplied by Ron Fagan



TRIBUTES TO JOHN BUCKINGHAM

by Mike Gillingham & David Richardson

Editor's note: *This first tribute was written by Mike Gillingham who has since sadly passed*

John was a legend to many people, both in the UK and abroad. I first met him in 1968 when I was a student and also the secretary of Loughborough University Sailing Club. He was a lecturer and I asked him to come and talk to club members. The visual aid that he chose to represent a landing stage was a beer mug! I subsequently sailed with him, both on the sea and inland waters. He was the Royal Yachting Association Coach for The East Midlands and I was one of the RYA Coaches for Leicestershire. For a number of years, I helped him run sailing courses for teachers and youth leaders at Grafham Water, and then later at Rutland Water, during the school Easter holidays

John was the Outdoor Pursuits Adviser for Leicestershire Education Authority. Before I worked as a member of the Education Advisory Team based at County Hall, I asked him how many people worked there. In typical John style he quickly replied, "about half". He had a much-celebrated dry sense of humour. John did much to encourage many people to enjoy sailing, with particular attention given to young people.

John also did much to help adults develop and enjoy their time under sail. He frequently helped Bill Hudson, who was the Head of New Parks Community Project. He would act as a skipper for one of the many boats that Bill would charter annually on the South Coast. John, Bill and others helped Bob Bond, the National RYA Coach, develop a National Coaching Scheme. John was also a Yachtmaster Examiner.

John was a very accomplished sailor. He grew up in Norfolk and introduced many people to the joys of sailing on The Broads. He was a noted racing helmsman. John sailed to Norway, as crew for Frank Dye on Frank's sixteen feet long Wayfarer sailing dinghy. Not being satisfied with doing it once from Lowestoft, they did it again, this time from Scotland. John was not in



any way boastful, he would not talk about these great feats of endurance and seamanship, unless he was directly asked about these very significant voyages.

A signed certificate from Princess Anne, thanking John for all the voluntary work that he did for The Royal Yachting Association, for the development and encouragement of teaching people to sail, hangs on the wall of John and Helen's living room.

John was a keen all-round sportsman and in later years he was a keen golfer. In younger days he enjoyed walking and climbing in the mountains of North Wales. He most particularly enjoyed a pint or two of beer with friends. He will be sadly missed by his family and friends, but he leaves a great legacy that is enjoyed by so many people through his work in teaching people to sail and navigate safely. He has enriched the lives of many people. "Fair winds" John.

A personal tribute written by Mike Gillingham



Memories of John Buckingham

When I first joined New Parks in the late 70s. John was already a legend following his trip to Denmark with Frank Dye in the Wayfarer Dinghy. His background up to that time is already well documented and needs no further embellishment from me.

Whilst I never got to sail with John, he was a regular visitor to the Thursday night Students Bar sessions, after lessons at New Parks School. His ready wit and dry sense of humour were infectious.

He always managed to put a crew together for the New Parks Rallies and I can recall one memorable night when he and his crew turned up for dinner at the Royal Solent Yacht Club in Yarmouth, in black jackets, ties and underpants / shorts. When challenged by the then Commodore, he responded by saying that the invitation stated, "dress code" black jacket and tie, nothing about shirts and trousers. The club was in chaos. They did however manage to get served when the rest of their clothes miraculously appeared. The management took it in good part and we've even been invited to dine there since.

Another memorable occasion was seeing John and his crew leave Cherbourg harbour under full sail with a large union flag flying at the mast head and playing "Rule Britannia" at full bore over the boats loud speaker system. John was reclining in the cockpit in a deckchair (where he got it from I have no idea) wearing a dressing gown, naval cap and smoking a cigarette in a long holder. The epitome of Noel Coward. How he got away with it I don't know. Under today's political regime he would probably have finished up in jail and the boat confiscated.

The only direct involvement I had with John was when the RYA held a Shore Based Instructors Seminar and assessment course at Bosworth. John was doing the assessment along with James Stevens from the RYA. John's idea of assessment was to give each candidate a slip of paper with a sailing topic written on it. You were then expected to prepare a half hour presentation and deliver it the next day. Mine was simply "Sails". I spent all night sweating and preparing overhead projection acetate sheets and notes for what I thought was required. Wrong. After starting off expounding Bernoulli's theorem and the pressure differential between the wind on the outer and inner side of the sail John stopped me and said we are running a sailing course not a Science class. He then proceeded to demonstrate the tensions and adjustments critical to sail adjustment using a folded handkerchief.

John's Mantra was always "KISS"; Keep It Simple Stupid.

After a bit more, coaching he did give me another chance for the following day by handing me a slip on which was written ETA.

Enough said. Not how long it takes to get there but what do you do when it all goes wrong?

It must have been the right answer. I passed.

At the tea break we were discussing John's trip to Denmark and he casually mentioned that they had capsized twice. Somebody said "Wasn't that a bit irresponsible" and he replied:

" If I thought we could not handle it, I would not have gone."

Rest in Peace John. Your teaching has not been forgotten.

David Richardson February 2022



Note from the editor: *I have a photographed copy of the Leicester Mercury page from 27 January 2022 celebrating John's life and contribution to sailing in the county. If anyone would like a copy please email me and I will send you the article.*

The RYA link below will take you to an article entitled: "Midlands sailing community pays tribute to dedicated ambassador." This provides a wider perspective on John's contributions.

<https://www.rya.org.uk/news/midlands-sailing-community-john-buckingham>

SAILING TO DESOLATION SOUND - SEPTEMBER 2014

With my wife, Maria and sister Linda we set off to visit my other sister Jane at her home near Victoria, Vancouver Island, BC, Canada. Whilst there we planned to charter a yacht for a week's sailing. In 2002 we spent a week sailing around the Gulf Islands, which are on the east side of Vancouver Island fairly near to its southern end. Whilst on this trip we heard of Desolation sound and thought we would love to go there.

Jane's husband Edward also joined us, making a party of 5, for which we had a 45' Beneteau named Hartaro. We joined the yacht at Comox, close to Courtenay, just over 1/3 of the way up the East coast of Vancouver Island. There are very few roads going any further up the Island and North from here it is very sparsely populated

We set off to do the 20 mile crossing of Vancouver Sound to the mainland plus 15 miles to our destination, unfortunately we had to motor almost the whole way as there was little wind which, in any case, was on the nose. We had 3 tugs pass across our path towing huge barges full of timber, about half a mile behind them. We anchored in Squirrel cove, which is about one and a half miles long and two thirds of a mile wide, on Cortes Island with 4 yachts and 5 motor boats. The further North we went the more the ratio of yachts to motor boats declined. With no habitation ashore, we cooked some salmon on the BBQ for supper in beautiful and quiet surroundings.

Next day we set off to Teakerne Arm; had an excellent sail up the Lewis channel and along Teakerne Arm stopping by a waterfall with anchor and line to the shore. This area ranks with the Fjords of Norway with mountains up to 5,000m further inland and they usually drop steeply into the water which means there are few anchoring places in the channels, which can be as deep as 600m in places. We were warned that katabatic winds could sweep down at up to 80 mph.

We then walked, climbed and swung from ropes to access Cassel Lake about half a mile inland. Then we went for a swim in this fresh water lake which was very pleasant if slightly cool. After lunch we retreated to Squirrel Cove again assisted by a 25-knot wind and had a great sail back.

Next day we set off for Gorge harbour stopping at Manson Bay for lunch.

We arrived in a large natural harbour accessed through a narrow gorge (hence the name) about 50m wide, with a fast tide running through it, where there was a small marina. The office was very busy and we had to wait for half an hour before being allowed in despite a paucity of boats. We discovered the Cruising Club America are having a get together here and whilst they have a space for us today they are fully booked tomorrow. They are all motor cruisers mostly the classic North American offshore type. We enjoy an excellent meal in the restaurant. This harbour is only accessible by water or float planes, which were a fairly common sight.

Leaving Gorge harbour, we headed East up Uganda passage then North up Sutil Channel and into Deer passage, into Waddington channel and stop at Walsh cove for lunch. These channels varied between half a mile wide to 100m with steep thickly wooded sides. There were lots of islands with all these interlocking channels which could be confusing but fortunately the chart plotter / satnav worked! One thing I found rather disappointing was the difficulty in seeing any animal wild life due to the thick and complete coverage of the fir trees. We then set off for Desolation sound and after a good sail arrived in Tenedos bay which is about half a mile long and 200-300m wide.

We have two small motor yachts and two yachts for company, having seen very few other vessels for the last couple of days. We go ashore and walk about 500m to a lake which was about 300-400m long and 100m wide. We have a lovely swim; the air temperature is around 70F.

In the morning we awake to see a few seals chasing shoals of fish around our boats, we watch them, fascinated, for about half an hour. We then set off towards home, stopping at a small village called Lund, where we visited a fabulous little bakery for coffee and scones. The harbour also accepted our 3 days rubbish for a fee of \$6. Next, it's off across the Georgia channel to Vancouver Island. We head for Henry Bay, Denman Island, unfortunately it was a flat calm all the way. We arrive at 4.30pm having had another day of clear blue skies; it's actually too hot to sit in the sun for long despite being mid-September.

Next morning a one-hour trip to the marina to return the boat.

The area around Desolation Sound still has a tribe of Native people living there on land only accessible by boat. The first European explorers were Spanish and British; they navigated the Strait of Georgia in 1792 encountering the natives, who were friendly. Although on the brink of war, the Spanish and British often co-operated closely during chance encounters between Captains Vancouver, Galiano and Valdes. Captain Vancouver incorporated many Spanish names on his charts which were later used by nineteenth century cartographers.

British explorers formed the Hudson Bay Company and they generally dealt with the Natives with kindness and understanding, whereas the American trading ships filled them with hatred for the "Boston men". Every Native knew "Boston men bad, King George men good!" This was mainly due to the Hudson Bay Company. Visitors to British Columbia, right through to the latter part of the nineteenth century, were impressed how consistently held this view was. When the Americans launched their war against the Natives in Washington State, just South of BC, the Hudson Bay Company personnel suffered no attacks. Unfortunately, the Natives were decimated by the diseases and abuse of alcohol brought in by Europeans.

The Desolation marine park was established in 1973 comprising 14,000 acres of upland and 6,350 acres of foreshore. There are sufficient anchoring spots for a different one every day for two months. We met people who bring their boats up here for a month or more every year, they tend to be motor yachts as the winds are frequently light.

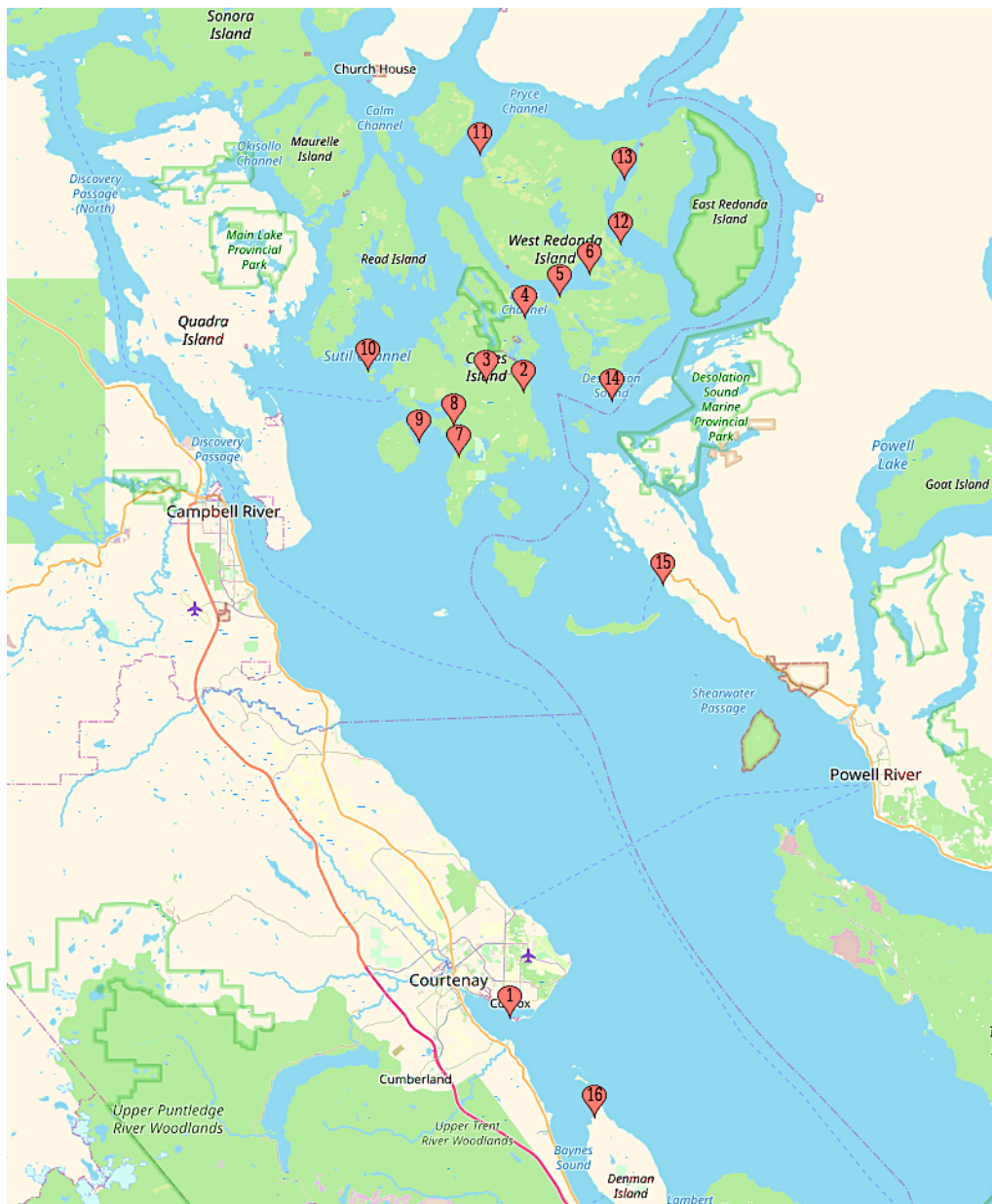
If you want to see the geography of the area try Google maps, either Desolation Sound, BC, Canada or Powell river, etc.

Mark Thompson 2020

ROUTE GUIDE

Note from the editor: *I have constructed this marked up map to give readers a feel for the journey.*


| | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Comox, close to Courtenay | 10. Uganda passage |
| 2. Squirrel cove | 11. Sutil Channel |
| 3. Cortes Island | 12. Deer passage |
| 4. Lewis channel | 13. Waddington channel |
| 5. Teakerne Arm | 14. Walsh cove |
| 6. Cassel Lake | 15. Desolation Sound |
| 7. Squirrel Cove | 16. Lund (village) |
| 8. Manson Bay | 17. Henry bay, Denman Island |
| 9. Gorge harbour | 1. Comox, close to Courtenay |




MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM - Example of ON-LINE form

The Membership Application Form is available online at our website; there are 3 forms, one for each category of membership. Please remember to click the "Yes" buttons to opt in to receiving club emails and text messages. If you don't we can't send them to you.

Note: The annual Membership fee shown is for the **current year only (22-23)**; please check the website before paying to ensure you pay the correct amount.



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Annual membership is £12 and runs from October 1 to September 30
Please complete fields marked * and any that have recently changed

* Name

* Email

Address

* Preferred Tel No.

* Date

Other Tel No. (Optional)

* Do you consent to be contacted by email ?

☐ Yes
☐ No

* Do you consent to be contacted by text message ?

☐ Yes
☐ No

You will still receive necessary emails & texts if opting-out.

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☐ Day Skipper
☐ Coastal Skipper

☐ RYA Yachtmaster Coastal
☐ RYA Yachtmaster Offshore
☐ RYA Yachtmaster Ocean

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☐ Internet Banking
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☐ Cheque

Bank: Lloyds TSB - Account Number: 03299191 - Sort Code: 30-94-97
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