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No. 84

DAYBOAT NEWS



50th Anniversary Issue

Front Cover Photograph

**Curlew, built in 1949, sailing at her new home
on the Norfolk Broads in 1999.
Story on page 25 Photograph by Lynn Ferguson**

EDITORIAL

This 50th Anniversary issue of Dayboat News is a fitting tribute to the continuing interest and enthusiasm of Dayboaters everywhere. The writing styles, the subjects, the effort put in to writing these articles has meant that there have been no Editorial headaches trying to find enough to pad out the pages. Indeed, the problem has been to find room to fit everything in; if you some of you notice that a few words or sentences have disappeared here or there from your original, I assure you that it is purely in the interests of space.

This is my last issue of Dayboat News. It is now time to hand over to a new Editor to continue the line... and we already have a volunteer to do just that. Chris Steer, who has had a long involvement with the Association in various roles on the Dayboat Committee, last summer offered to take it over from me. I am sure that he will be equally delighted with the quality and quantity of the offerings you send to him.

For any Association to survive, its past history must be kept as a record and we have been asked to keep any Archives belonging to the Association so that they do not get lost. If any of you have any Dayboat "memorabilia" that you no longer know what to do with, please let us have it to store here as part of this collection. I would also like to build up a complete set of Dayboat News from the very beginning so if any of you have any spare copies or are prepared to pass on your own, please let us have them to store as part of these Archives.

Thank you to all the contributors who have made this 50th Anniversary such a good one and Happy Sailing as the Dayboat heads towards its next fifty years.

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THE CHAIRMEN'S PAGE

CHRIS STEER

Chairman of the YW 14' Dayboat Association 1995-1999

My wife, Dawn, is unsure whether a Dayboat is best for sailing or as a conversation piece. After all, she says, whenever she sees one ashore there appears to be a group of people standing around discussing its finer points. After fifty years, this says a lot about the original design and the fact that the boat stands out in this modern world of uniformity.

One of the reasons for the longevity of the class as a racing boat, it seems to me, is that despite wide differences in construction, materials and equipment layout, it is still the skill of the helm and crew that count. After all, some of our past champions have gone on to further successes in other events such as the Round the Island Race and the Stones "Champion of Champions".

But, racing is just one side of the story, as many articles on cruising in Dayboat News have shown over the years. So in its 50th year, how is the Dayboat doing? Fine, I should say, with a small but steady growth in numbers and an active association.

Although, sadly, Brien Kennedy is no longer with us to celebrate, I am sure that you will join me in wishing a Happy Birthday to his design – the Dayboat. By the way, I notice from the History that the Association wasn't formed until 1955 so we have six years to save up for another excuse to party.

PETER HEWITT

Current Chairman of the YW 14' Dayboat Association

The Y W 14' Dayboat is now 50 years old and still going strong; new boats are still being built. The latest one that I know of is being built by Don Young, on the Isle of Wight, with a cold-moulded smooth hull. The new all glass fibre clinker boat with built-in buoyancy is proving to be a good all-rounder. David Harding from Practical Boat Owner magazine, has test sailed the boat and taken photographs in preparation for an exclusive article which is now waiting for a suitable slot for publication. This should provide much needed publicity for the boat.

After many years, more than I can remember, the Association has decided not to run a stand at the RYA Dinghy Show. This year the show will be held at Alexander Palace and called the Sailboat and Windsurf Show. The name indicates the emphasis of the organisers. Last year we felt that the show had taken a very

commercial bias, was not particularly relevant to existing or potential Dayboat owners, and that the class was getting very little from the show. The committee are looking at other ways to promote the Dayboat. Any ideas would be welcomed.

The highlight of the year was, for many people, a bumper Dayboat Week at Poole Yacht Club in August, with over fifty entries. Many hours of hard work went into making the week a great success and special thanks are due to the Club and the organising committee for making this such a memorable event.

**A letter from the daughter
of the Designer of the
Yachting World Dayboat,
G O'Brien Kennedy**



Dear Sir

I am writing to let you know that my dear father G. O'Brien Kennedy, passed away in August 1998. He was 86 years old and had been active, writing his memoirs, which he finished in 1997 and was designing boats right up to his final illness in May 1998.

As you probably know he was well known and loved on all the waterways of Ireland and to give him a suitable send off, friends supplied a large pirate cruiser designed by him. His coffin was taken in state from a funeral service in Carrick-on-Shannon, his local town, to the quay beside his riverbank home at Jamestown and from thence to the crematorium in Dublin. A large number of friends and family were present. A Wake of tea and scones was served afloat and other craft followed him down the river - to the surprise of passing holidaymakers.

I and his four sons would like to find a suitable home for his collection of boat designs etc. If anyone knows of any suitable place that would be interested please contact me.

He will be sad to miss the 50th Anniversary, but I'm sure he'll be with you in spirit. In his day he was a very successful sailor.

With best regards
Tanya Moller

DAYBOAT REMINISCENCES

Prompted by the last issue of Dayboat News, Jim Twyman (Gravesend Sailing Club) wrote down a few comments and reminiscences which will be of interest to all those who go back a long way with the Association.

The sight of DB 421 at her mooring in New York State on the cover of the last issue of Dayboat News prompted him to note that she was one of a batch of four (DB 421, 422, 423 and 424) which were built by an Irish builder, McGarry, in 1963 and exported to New York State. DB 421 is the only known remaining one.

DB 135 "Speedwell" was a 'smoothie' built by Eric Marshall on the New Cross Evening Institute mould. Eric sailed her on the Medway for many years, and used to be a regular attender at Dayboat Week with his crew, Ken Wright of Medway Yacht Club.

Three Dayboats were built by James & Caddy in 1958 for the Army Apprentices' School at Chepstow: DB 130 "Blue Goose", DB 131 "Grey Goose" and DB132 "Snow Goose".

Keith Short (Poole Yacht Club)

(with much encouragement from Eric Lister) put pen to paper about the introduction of Dayboats there and early Dayboat Weeks



A pen and ink drawing of DB 246, which was once owned and raced by Keith Short

The Dayboat Fleet started about 1953-4 when the Snipe was the class dinghy used for racing. It was moored off the old Clubhouse with other classes including one Dayboat, owned by Lesley Tozer, who used to sail in the handicap racing. During bad weather most of the Snipes would sink on the moorings, requiring a lot of effort to recover, but the Dayboat survived most of them.

The Committee were considering at the time adopting another class of dingy and due to the seaworthiness of the Dayboat, the decision was made. About six members made commitments to buy a complete boat from James and Caddy of



Dayboats racing at Dayboat Week

Weymouth; unvarnished, but with centre plate, oars, rudder, mast and boom, the cost was £80. Bob Newton arranged for his laundry van to collect from Weymouth at weekends. The sails were made locally by Payne (opposite the Ferryman pub) and had a somewhat different cut from today's!

The sail numbers were in the 80s, and those sailing them included Keith Short, Roy Bowyer, Eric Cake, Don Tanner and Bob Newton. Before long we had made contact with other Dayboaters, including those in the Bristol Channel area and the Andersons, and through the early Dayboat weeks at Poole.

Arrangements were made with Brixham YC to hold the event and Bob Newton arranged for the Royal Marine landing craft "Rampart", which was on exercises in the area, to float all boats competing in the week down to Brixham and off-load them there along with the Club launch "Fogo". After the week's marathon, "Rampart" returned all craft to Poole.

The early Dayboat Championships allowed 'smoothes' to complete (carvel) but a boat named "Bali Hai" wiped the board and was untouchable, so it was decided that they should have a separate race and not be allowed to race with clinker boats.

50TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

DAYBOAT WEEK AT POOLE 14TH - 20TH August 1999

*The following Press Release
was sent to Yachts and Yachting
and other publications*

FIFTY FOR THE FIFTIETH

The Y.W. Dayboat National Championships, mainly sponsored by NatWest, were held at Poole Yacht Club between 14th and 20th August 1999. 52 Dayboats entered, with one crew from Canada. The Championships were combined with celebrations to mark the Golden Jubilee of the Class.

The YWDB was commissioned by *Yachting World* magazine to promote sailing in the years following the war. Many things have changed since the boat's original conception — the wooden hull has been replaced by GRP, masts and booms are now anodised aluminium in place of wood, and cotton sails have been superseded by terylene. However, the Class Association has ensured that, whilst the boat can now be built with the benefit of modern materials, it remains true to the spirit of the original plans drawn up by Mr. G. O'Brien Kennedy. The design requirements of attractive lines, stability, seaworthiness, simplicity, durability and suitability for family sailing have all stood the test of time and continue to attract attention today.

The First and Second Points races of the Championships (sponsored by the Bournemouth *Daily Echo*) were scheduled to be sailed back-to-back on the Monday. The start of the first race was postponed for an hour while the wind direction settled but, finally, a windward leeward course was laid in a light to moderate SW wind. The first beat proved incredibly shifty with positions changing constantly. DB 344 *Men Behaving Sadly*, sailed by John Waters and Trevor Vaile, reached the windward mark first, followed by Gerry and Lesley Philbrick in DB 646 *Snazzie*. The second beat was



DB 344 approaches the mark

dominated by heavy rain squalls and gusts of force 5, with the wind shifting a full 90 degrees. For many the race turned inside out at this point, with little chance of recovery as the following three legs became reaches. The race was eventually shortened and the fleet was led home by DB 344.

An Olympic triangle course was laid for the second race, in similar conditions to the first. DB 633 *Kaos*, sailed by Colin and Fiona Rainback, reached the windward mark first, ahead of DB344 and John Lewis and Kathy Taylor in DB 607 *Rumours*. As the race progressed conditions worsened, with winds gusting 5 to 6. By the last round DB 633 still held the lead from DB 607, just ahead of DB 344, DB 646 and DB 639 *The Magic Roundabout*, sailed by Andy and Elaine Macgregor. By the finish DB 633 had opened up a 200 yards lead leaving DB 344 and DB 639 to battle it out for 2nd and 3rd positions.

With winds forecast to reach force 6 to 7 on the Tuesday, the decision was taken to postpone the Third Points race and Ladies & Cadets race. The forecast had improved little by Wednesday and once again the scheduled races were postponed.

By Thursday conditions had improved and a full day's racing was planned. A windward leeward course was set for the Fourth Points race (sponsored by *Courage Solent*) in a light westerly breeze. DB 627 *Poohnahnan*, sailed by Jim and Chris Macgregor, took an early lead which they held to the finish. After a great deal of jostling for position down the runs, the chasing pack were eventually led home by DB 641 *Lucky* sailed by Eddie Hind and Vivienne Hunter. Having been postponed earlier in the week, the Third Points race (sponsored by *Mercantile Marine*) was sailed in similar conditions, and won by DB 344, giving John Waters and Trevor Vaile what seemed like an unassailable lead going in to the Fifth Points race on Friday. With two firsts and a second they needed only to finish in the top ten to take the Championship.

Conditions at the start of the Fifth Points race (sponsored by NatWest) were less than easy, with a light southerly breeze. For DB 344 the start proved their downfall as they were recorded as 'over the line'. Failure to double back and re-cross the line saw them disqualified from the race and counting a fourteenth. This left the Championship wide open. DB 639 and DB 633, both made a good start pulling away from the rest of the fleet along with DB 535 *Ozone Friendly*, sailed by Brendon and Geoff Pell, and places between the three changed constantly during the race. However, it was DB 633 that finally crossed the line first to take the Championship.

OVERALL RESULTS

Points

Championship races

| | | | |
|-----------------|---------------------------------|--|----|
| 1 st | DB633 <i>Kaos</i> | Cohn and Fiona Rainback (Poole YC) | 12 |
| 2 nd | DB63 9 <i>Magic Roundabout</i> | Andy and Elaine Macgregor (Poole YC) | 16 |
| 3 rd | DB646 <i>Snazzie</i> | Gerry and Lesley Philbrick (Royal Vancouver Yacht Club) | 17 |
| 4 th | DB344 <i>Men Behaving Sadly</i> | John Waters and Trevor Vaile (Poole YC) | 18 |
| 5 th | DB607 <i>Rumours</i> | John Lewis and Kathy Taylor (Poole YC) | 22 |
| 6 th | DB649 <i>Mandarin</i> | Peter Hewitt and Tony Hewitt (Poole YC) | 26 |

Long Distance Race (sponsored by Quay Sails, Poole):

| | | |
|-----------------|------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 st | DB 639 <i>The Magic Roundabout</i> | Andy and Elaine Macgregor |
| 2 nd | DB 633 <i>Kaos</i> | Colin and Fiona Rainback |
| 3 rd | DB 647 <i>Alice</i> | Colin and Chrissie Blewitt |

Ladies Race (sponsored by Mercantile Marine):

| | | |
|-----------------|-------------------------------|----------------|
| 1 st | DB 650 <i>Hullabaloo</i> | Sue Clayton |
| 2 nd | DB 606 <i>Damons Daughter</i> | Cherry Giles |
| 3 RD | DB 629 <i>Kerfuffle</i> | Margaret Boyce |

Crews Race (sponsored by Courage Solent):

| | | |
|-----------------|-----------------------------|------------------|
| 1 st | DB535 <i>Ozone Friendly</i> | Geoff Pell |
| 2 nd | DB621 <i>Daydreamer</i> | Teresa Glenister |
| 3 rd | DB619 <i>Moody Blue</i> | Chris Habgood |

Cadets Race (sponsored by Mercantile Marine):

| | | |
|-----------------|------------------------|--------------|
| 1 st | DB609 <i>Black Pig</i> | Clare Clewer |
|-----------------|------------------------|--------------|

Cadets Race — Under 15s (sponsored by Mercantile Marine):

| | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|------------------|
| 1 st | DB633 <i>Kaos</i> | Matthew Rainback |
|-----------------|-------------------|------------------|

Our grateful thanks go to our main sponsor NatWest (for the week and Fifth Points race), also to our other sponsors *The Bournemouth Daily Echo* (First and Second Points races), **Mercantile Marine** (Third Points race and Ladies & Cadets race), **Quay Sails** (Long Distance race) and **Courage Solent** (Fourth Points race and Crews race).

Prize donations were also received from Brittany Ferries, Corkers Café Bar & Restaurant, English Ford, Gul International, Plastimo, Quay West Chandlers, Relling Sails, South West Trains, Sunseeker International, Tesco, Two Counties Radio, Wessex Insurance Brokers and Wessex Water.

The generous contribution from all these companies and everyone concerned has done much to make this 50th Anniversary and National Championships an auspicious occasion and we very much appreciate their involvement.



Rounding the mark during the 50th Anniversary Dayboat Week at Poole Yacht Club 1999

Photographs by Andy Wood

ON AND OFF THE WATER AT DAYBOAT WEEK

THE VIEW FROM THE BACK

Jane and Tony Ryan (Thornbury S C)

DB 494 Pluto

There are many illustrious Dayboaters who never have the opportunity to view the race from the tail end. We use the word 'opportunity' advisedly. Why should it be a problem? After all, we tail-enders can watch the trail blazers and make rude signs at them. We can also learn many lessons as they sail the perfect race. Pity we don't. Instead we make mistakes which are uniquely ours to treasure.

Like the time when we got our main sheet tangled up in a mark at Salford and waltzed helplessly around it, while those in the boat we had just triumphantly overtaken looked on with genuine sympathy as they regained their place. Or the time when we capsized with panache at Poole in a stiff 5 to 6. Good news – we managed to prevent the boat from turning completely upside down. Bad news – the rest of the race was completely out of sight. They even started taking up the marks. However, when we protested vehemently, they kindly decided to humour the dripping couple sitting in a boat so full of water that it looked more like a bath tub.

So who cares about the view from the front? We didn't find out how much until, with a kind of paralysed astonishment, we found ourselves dangerously near the front at the start of the 5th points race this year. At least, anyone near us must have thought it was dangerous. We might have done anything – crashed into them, capsized right in front of them, caused a diversion by hysterically dancing the hornpipe to celebrate. And boy, we had something to celebrate, even if it all went pear-shaped without even a four minute warning.

We discovered what clean, uncluttered wind can do for your speed – an altogether new experience. We discovered how the person you enjoyed a good laugh with in the bar the night before can suddenly turn into Jaws, gnashing at your rear, when you're a few precious yards ahead of them. And we discovered what it's like to have more boats behind you than in front. At the back, you can stand the despair. Near the front for the first time ever, it's far harder to deal with the hope. That eventual 12th place out of 54 nearly cost us a trip to the therapist, let alone the marriage guidance counsellor. But the Wow factor was definitely worth it!

We're just worried that we've peaked ... could this be it? ...What was the phone number of that therapist?

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THE VIEW FROM CANADA LESLEY & GERALD PHILBRICK

ROYAL VANCOUVER and
LITTLE ACORN ENTERPRISES

Shall we, shan't we go to the Nationals 50th Anniversary? Gerald has been sailing DBs for 27 yrs and we have been sailing together for 20yrs. Yes we shall, the decision was made, the holiday time begged, borrowed or acquired, somehow. My niece had decided to get married on the 14th August, smart girl, so we started off with a family affair. 24 hrs and I had seen all my family *and* had a wonderful day - not bad for a start.

A blissful, drive at 80mph on the motorway bought us down to Poole in time for the Revue. A sea of faces greeted us. It was so lovely to see so many familiar ones. The Revue...what can one say? I'm not sure who had the best time: the performers or the audience. I think the Full Monty had to surpass the original. I'm still trying to place all the faces!!!!. It brought back fond memories of reviews past.... the 3 Degrees, can cans with yellow wellies, whistling belly buttons, ballerinas dancing Swan Lake avec beards and moustaches and there might have been a pipe!.

The only damper on the evening was Rod's news that we had 2 races back to back the next day. My heart sank. No sailing or racing for 4 yrs. Would I last the day, never mind the week? Monday dawned bright and sunny; windy later, they said. I tried to look happy. It was with some trepidation that I walked down the pontoon with Bald eagles flapping about in my stomach. So many Dayboats it was a sight to behold. It was wonderful that so many had entered. On the water, familiar faces, familiar boats and familiar numbers, but why had everybody changed their boat, or colour or name? I was becoming very confused. And why so many BLUE boats, must be the in colour. The sunny skies became darker and the wind got stronger and the oilies were on. It rained, just like Vancouver, must be an omen, but is it good or bad?. We started, not so badly, then the 1st wave hit, slap in my right ear and slowly trickled down to my waist! Ugh, Now I know why I gave this up.

It all came trickling back. 2nd round the 1st mark cannot be bad - but who is in 344 and it's blue and is no longer Paddy Burns? Great confusion. [If we can get close enough perhaps we can talk ourselves past him]. Optimistic thoughts from Gerald, but close up we couldn't. A very happy Vancouver couple crossed the line in 2nd place and I took a bow, although the credit goes all to Gerald as I messed up on several marks, confused with only 2 and the changing wind. By the end of the 2nd race I was shattered. We came ashore amazingly quite dry thanks to Carol and

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AN OPEN LETTER TO JOHN CLEMENT: CLASS CAPTAIN, POOLE YC DAYBOAT FLEET

Dear John

Re: My recollections of the Nationals held in August

I thought I would write an open letter to you with a "heartfelt" backwards glance at our Nationals week and hope that it merits a place in the Anniversary edition of our Association Rag (sorry Sue!!)....

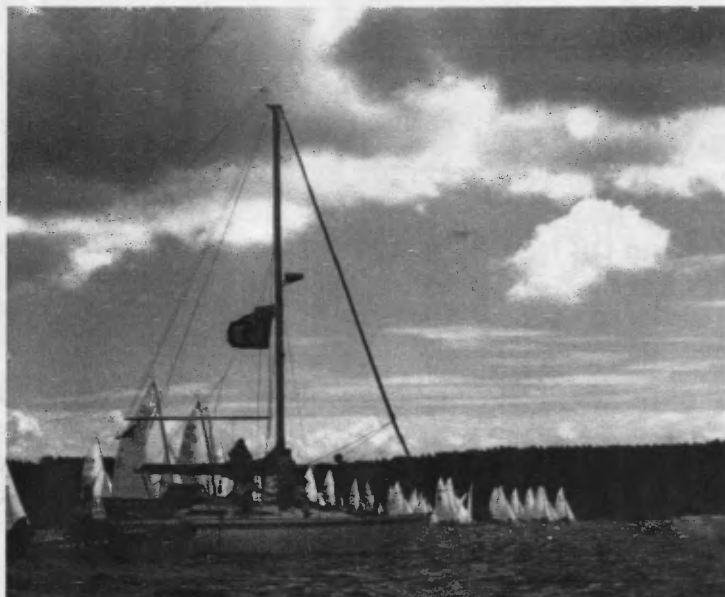
The word "GRIN" come to mind — no — not a motorcyclist's Grin, a Dayboater's Grin. In fact as the week progressed, the Grin became bigger and bigger — wider and wider. (Thanks in no small part to my old Chum David Croft, who with me, in DB 617, put up with a number of poor (bad?) tactical decisions on the water — and to Andrew Barr for his advice on how to deal with a slippery floor. It was a bit unfair to say I should go back to sailing school!...but the sand will come in handy! and to Laurie T-G. for taking a bottle of wine off me by coming ahead of me in the last race — who says it is only the hot-shots at the front that have all the fun and win all the prizes....)

Now let's look into the word "Grin"....

The definition in the dictionary is as follows — "A smile...usually showing one's teeth". But when it comes to Dayboating the following really applies...

G — This is for "Great Company" — old friends — new faces — plenty of good chats — lots and lots of helping each other ... "Can I borrow some tape", "Any tools on board, John?".. ..(sorry Dave H), "Any spare split-pins... my crew has dropped my last one over the side and we start in 7 minutes" what a splendid atmosphere.

R — This is for "Racing" — Now I'm no expert — as you



Lining up for the start at Dayboat Week 1999 under the watchful eye of OOD Martin Boobyer.

Photographed by Andy Wood

know — especially Dave H (I am glad the glue has eventually dried from when we had that little run in some years ago, Dave), but I thought the racing was excellent — considering the range of boat handling and sailing skills we have in the Class. Whether hot shot upfronters or more back markers, there was something for us all. Martin, as our OOD, did a first class job when you consider all the options. Can you make the hailstones smaller next year, or perhaps I should bring my biker's lid?!

I - "Interesting Experiences" This week gave me such a range that I can only say a BIG THANK YOU to you, Paddy and the Organising Team. I think as with a Jury that has sat through a long, difficult case and the Judge says at the end "NO more Jury Service for you lot for the rest of your natural life", the same should apply to you....you really have done a sterling job.

I think on balance, the new Race Courses were the most interesting thing for me on the water... a great idea and, in my view, worth repeating some time off the water.. well see under "N"

N — "Naughty but Nice" You know to what I am referring. Yes. The Revue. Now this was fun, and Wednesday evenings will not be the same without my dose of laughter and giggles during the rehearsals. I was really pleased to be your MC for the evening and Becky was a great Producer. (She did get cross with me when I was held up in the Swanage holiday traffic on the night and she thought I had done a runner. I hope all is forgiven now..?) The Almost Full Monty was one of the highlights of the week and I could tell from the audience that they also had an attack of the "Grin".

So — Watch out Colin R. in 2000 — I shall be chasing you in Chichester. My advice to you is to spend the winter keeping in trim (lay off the beer)....I plan to see what it is like up the front....(And at that point I woke up!)

Again, John, many thanks and I have put the lamination machine back in its box until next year....

Yours sincerely
John Yonwin DB 617 (FRIN)

PS...The new format for the prizes was a great idea, I love the sailing bag and David Croft is going to use the voucher to replace the screw driver he lost over the side.

PPS...on a more serious note...I look forward to being the Treasurer for the Association in the year ahead and I hope to carry on the excellent job done by Carole B.

DAY BOAT WEEK - A BROWNS' EYE VIEW

The Browns
DB 646 Snazzie

Well we thought this year was going to be an easy Dayboat week for us. - How wrong can you be!

Brown MK1 - Carole of course! I had been asked by John Clement some time ago, if I would kindly organise the teas and coffees again as I had a little experience having done this once or twice before. "Yes" I said - "no problem - glad to help." That was my first mistake - well not a mistake really, as this is the one 'job' that means you actually get to speak to everyone during the week, but with 52 boats entered, that's a lot of people, which means a lot of tea, coffee and cakes.

By the end of the week, I was sick of the sight of cakes, and lost count of how many times I had shopped at Tesco's. Now in between organising this, I had to go to work, keep up with the memberships and paperwork for the association, write a report for the AGM, ferry David about, organise someone to look after my dog, look after the girls, make the necessary arrangements (because we were going on holiday the weekend after DB week) and numerous other tasks, which one has to do within the course of the week. Yes - a lovely easy week.

Brown MK2 - Rodney. No Sailing - well the long distance race a possibility, so all I have to do is work! and fit in trying to catch a bit of the racing. "Easy peasy" as Charlotte would say. Trouble was I was on duty with the lifeboat Now while racing was cancelled on Tuesday, due to bad weather, I thought, great, I can catch up at work - No No No! Poole lifeboat was again working overtime, so while you were all swanning around whiling the time away, I was a busy little bee. *Tuesday 1 30p.m.* first call, 7 year old girl decides to try and cross the English Channel, from Sandbanks, on a lilo. *3.50p.m.* 2nd call, 25' bilge keel yacht decided to visit Stony Island. For those of you who don't know, this is a low water sand bank just inside the harbour entrance. *5.00p.m* 3rd call, a motor boat thought he was sinking; actually his engine cooling intake had detached from his engine. *5 30 pm.* - no not a lifeboat call, but the R19 racing in 35 knots of wind. Thank goodness these mainsails come complete with reefs!! I was expecting a possible further Lifeboat call to a pleasure boat on a harbour cruise! Luckily the wind eased and I gather all was calm. The rest of the week was plain sailing ooh!

Brown MK3 - David - Yes very hard week. Had to drink right-handed instead of left. No, seriously, had to fit in a visit to the hospital for his arm to be checked,

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Rod's oilies, and made a bolt for the tea and cakes, treacle tart, Swiss roll, fruit cake, mmm... and not a muffin in sight, another good memory of D.B. week. We retreated to our sumptuous accommodation in the west wing of the Clements abode and basked in the luxury.

Tuesday dawned and my prayers, not Martin's (O.O.D.), were answered. The racing was off, due to the wind and rain squalls and very black clouds. Good decision! Time to rest the burning thighs and rub the bruised calves. Had I really forgotten all this? Visiting began after an early starter breakfast at the Little Chef, with BAKED BEANS, and you all thought I'd come for the sailing. Thanks to Vron Randall we have a cupboard full of Heinz to keep us going. It's funny what you miss.

Four races on Thursday. My admiration goes out to all those intrepid sailors that managed this marathon. Is this a 1st for D.B week I ask? I feel it needs a mention. Watching the racing from the club line that evening also bought back many memories; watching all the different classes start ...there seemed to be so many boats.

Friday was here, it had all gone so quickly. The racing had been fun: not a protest flag seen all week, but more pirouettes than Swan lake at times. Congratulations to Colin and Fiona on the Championship and commiserations to John Water in 344 who sailed admirably all week. The fickleness of Dayboating. The prize giving was a night to behold. All the hard work by John Clement and his team had really paid off. They must have been well pleased with themselves and deserved a big pat on the back... A sad occasion for us as we had to start to say goodbye to so many friends and fellow Dayboaters at the end of a really amazing week. We were so glad we had taken the plunge and decided to come.

Our holiday did not end there. After a fraught Saturday morning dealing with a smashed rear window in the hire car we nipped over to Sean & Jody Lewis to say goodbye and good luck on their new life in Australia. Gerald crewed for Sean at Southend DB Nationals many years ago when Sean was only 15. We then travelled up to Kent to visit Gerald's family for a lunch at a local carvery. More treats, pork crackling, Yorkshire puddings, treacle sponge and custard, and you thought John Clements, or is it Paddy, had a fetish for gold 50s!! Gerald would kill for custard. We then spent the night with Sally before jetting off to Aldemey for a couple of days. ...which is my fetish. Nothing had changed apart from more people and cars. Apparently the population rose from 2200 to 10,000 for the eclipse in one day. One wonders where they all stood!

All too soon we were flying back to Vancouver. Was it really 2 weeks since we left? How the time flies when you are enjoying yourself in good Dayboat company. See you in the Millennium.

and was waiting with anticipation for Thursday - Big 'A' level day. All's well that ends well, and he's off to Winchester University in October to study sports. This week was a very heavy socialising week and took all his resources. I am pleased to report that he survived the week with no ill effects!

Brown MK4 - Charlotte. Yes a very hard week for Charlotte. Her main disappointment was not being nominated for an Oscar for her performance as a Cat in Cinderella! But as with all actresses, the moment soon passed. She worked hard all week, perfecting her enjoyment of the cakes, and where required, any food that was available. I think most people 'met' Charlotte, so on that score, she had a very busy and fulfilling week. Having also presented flowers to Chris Macgregor and a gift to John Clement, she needed a holiday to recuperate.

Brown MK5 - Zoe. Zoe works hard every week. Being the family comedienne, she practises all the time for her role of a St. Trinian's girl re-incarnated. Apart from the very strenuous task of cuddling Auntie Lesley and Uncle Gerry, the rest of the week was spent as per normal - well normal for Zoe anyway! Of course, she did also get to meet the Mayoress, by presenting her with a flower, and handed a heavy bouquet to Paddy Clement. Playing the tambourine in Cinderella took its toll and she awaits a call from the London Philharmonic Orchestra

All I can say is a very Big Thank You to Gerry and Lesley for coming over from Vancouver to sail Snazzie; it was just like old times. Thank you one and all for the fun, games, socialising and the enjoyment of the week made possible by all those who worked so hard to put it all together. Lastly, Thank you to the competitors and their families for making it all worthwhile. A truly great and memorable week.

**Polo Shirts with
Dayboat 50th Anniversary Logo**

There are just 5 left in stock:

2 x XL in Royal Blue

2 x M in Emerald

1 x M in Navy

It will only be possible from now on to buy these with the ordinary Dayboat Logo on, so if you missed out on the Anniversary ones, this is your last chance!

Contact Sue Thornton-Grimes

Tel: 01202 767121

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A non-sailor's Dayboat Week or What I did on my holidays

by Dawn Marie Steer aged 38¼

Saturday

After the morning panic to get the cats to the cattery, we had a pleasant drive down from Maidstone, pausing only to eat our sandwiches in the New Forest. Pulled up in the club yard and unhitched Crystal Dawn (well I stood and watched) outside the shed where I was informed the boats were being measured - presumably to check they are all 14ft long.

Having made the acquaintance of the yard cat, I abandoned Chris as he tried to engage me in a talk about changing his rigging, in order to search out our accommodation. We had booked a room at Corkers, which turned out to be light and spacious with a fantastic view of the quayside and across the bay to Sandbanks.

Back at the ranch, people were skittling, bean bagging, and trying to hit a rodent dropped down a tube, as you do. Having launched, Chris had his first gear failure - the fittings holding the rowlocks came out; well, that's his excuse for a pretty poor display of oarsmanship. Had a lovely (and extremely filling) cream tea which went down very well. Retired to our room to prepare for the evening bash. I was very taken with the gold decorations and the effort people made to meet the 'wear something gold' request. A nice meal and a chance to meet up with old friends. Corkers has a very loud disco on Saturday nights.

Sunday

After a lovely breakfast, wondered if saying I'd go out in a launch for the treasure hunt was such a good idea. Glad I did though. Dave and Maggie laid on tea and Kitkats and we made a start on the clues despite some technicality about use of an engine. Picked up Rod and Carol and handed the forms over - the hunt started in earnest. I did start to worry when we were off the Marines base arguing about ladders, and I noticed that Rod takes great delight in making sure that everyone gets as wet as possible (except himself of course) - is this a good trait in a man who runs the lifeboat? Excellent fun.

Come the Reception evening and I thought we'd started along a wedding line-up, only to discover the Commodore at the end of it. In preparation for the Revue we tucked ourselves at the end of one of the rows (with a bottle of wine) and sat in

absolute stitches as we were royally entertained by the R19ies. To find there were more "turns" was a wonderful surprise and by the final curtain call I was hoarse from cheering - I can only say that Monty would have been proud and that you had to be there. More good food! Waddled back to our room.

Monday

Had to wake up ridiculously early so Chris could get to the briefing, but I had a late breakfast. This is the place if you like doorstep bacon butties. Walked along the quayside to Baiter park hugging the shoreline, on to Whitecliff park (especially set up for dog walking) and down a foot path through Parkstone Yacht Club (ooh scary) to the foreshore - dead end. Retraced my steps and then through the keyhole tunnel to Poole Park which appears to be an amalgam of every public park I have ever visited rolled into one, there is just so much there. Then on to the Dolphin centre where I managed to dodge the downpour of the day, and back to wait for Chris (who was only two hours late but I'm not bitter) and watched the world (who were mainly eating fish and chips) through our picture window. We had a delightful meal in the Warehouse Brasserie.

Tuesday

I had planned to do the guided tour of the old town but took one look at the sky and decided purchasing a waterproof was a better idea. Dodging the showers I discovered a remaindered bookshop which turned out to be a treasure chest, but only if you need to purchase IT books which are normally horrendously expensive. Suffice to say, sad IT person that I am, I came away with 3 bags full at a quarter of the usual price. Took in the touristy shops on the quayside and failed to get near Poole Pottery due to sheer numbers. I've been muttering about the grockles when I realise I've become one - oh the shame. Chris came back early so we had a look round the museum at the Tourist information centre nearby - an interesting mix of history, reconstructions, archaeology and education, continued in the courtyard building next door where an authentic Victorian cookery session was in progress, authentically burning scones.

All aboard the skylark for an evening cruise of the harbour and Studland Bay where we discussed whether various cloud formations were the coastline of the Isle of Wight. As a native Islander I of course got the position completely wrong. The fish supper was very good, but what the younger barman was doing to the bitter was criminal. A brilliant save of a tray of drinks when we hit a wave prompted several nominations for the Seamanship Award. After two hours we neared the Quayside but no, we were taken on a complete darkness tour of the Wareham end of the harbour. An hour later we neared the quay again, and if he had shown signs of going round Brownsea Island I was contemplating swimming for it! No, I was just feeling tired and crabby (so what's new I can hear Chris saying), we all had a good time.

Wednesday

Chris took me for a very scenic drive out via Sandbanks to Swanage and then along the Purbeck Hills (wonderful views), across the firing ranges (which were open thankfully, could have been dodgy otherwise) to Lulworth. Then on to Weymouth (bad move, the carnival was later that day) and following Chesil Beach down to West Bay to complete our Nick Berry pilgrimage. Up to Beaminster, to Wareham where I discovered a delightful delicatessen and could easily have bought the shop up if we'd been self catering and then home for the AGM. I turned up in time to see the new Chairman and Vice Chairman (how appropriate after the Revue!) sit down in a state of shock – serve them right, if they couldn't take a joke they shouldn't have joined (seriously I wish them the best of luck). Chris's crew James has more front than Selfridges and managed to purloin four children's meals at the splendid barbecue using two adult tickets – the boy will go far.

Thursday

Another bacon buttie and I was ready for the guided tour. This started from the Tourist Information Centre right opposite our digs and even better was free of charge. Discover that my fellow guidees are from Kent as well and have a flat in Baiter Park. The guide was very good and pitched his anecdotes at just the right level - the 2 hours flew past. Try the Cockle Shell trail leaflet if you want the edited highlights and do go into St James Church - the interior is very surprising. More retail therapy followed.

Met up with Sue and Laurie for a swift G&T then up to Corkers restaurant for a leisurely bottle of wine or two accompanied by some fine food and music from the Quayside. We had the table nearest the front of house and had an excellent view of the fireworks to round off the evening.

Friday

On a whim I set off (after my bacon buttie) along the Quayside and hopped on the Brownsea Island ferry with seconds to spare. Half way across we were joined by lots of iffy looking blokes wearing black in 3 large inflatables - well 2 inflatables and one with someone frantically pumping away at the stern. Any other country and taking pictures of the Marines on exercise might get you arrested, in the UK they pose! Bought up a really useful daysack in the NT shop and picked the history trail. Unfortunately my south shore walk was curtailed by the clay and I had to back track, accidentally ending up in the guides camp! I'd never guessed how big, varied and beautiful the island was. Reached the west point and through a gap in the trees spotted a procession of Dayboats zigzagging round their first lap which I have

to say looked wonderful. Hurried down to the jetty to take pictures. By the time the second lap was in progress I was joined by several other visitors with binoculars helping me pick out sail numbers.

The prize giving was a triumph of organisation and it was lovely to see every single entry get recognition. I told you James would go far, Chris still doesn't know how they won the Treasure Hunt (by the way Carol I hope you saved me a glass from the wine you got for our entry!). I decide I must certainly get back to the slimming class - I know Dayboaters are a polite lot but I have never been offered so many seats before and I dread to think what prompted this. More food! Out to the picnic benches and a chance to bore the locals with my newly gained knowledge on Poole Old Town. This is when I agreed to write this so you could see that you don't have to sail to enjoy Dayboat Week.

Wearily plod back to our digs (have to try and work the excellent meal off somehow) and start to pack - thank goodness Chris won the huge kit bag, for some reason our possessions have increased by 50% since we arrived. Corkers have loud discos on Friday nights as well.

Saturday

Collect Crystal Dawn, load up and say our goodbyes. Thanks for a wonderful week, but there's no place like home.



The Custom House and Town Cellars.

**50th ANNIVERSARY OF
THORNBURY SAILING CLUB****TIM PARKINSON
DB 588 ARYCANDA**

Longevity is the single word that springs to mind when surveying the DB scene at TSC. This thought is inspired by the TSC 50th Anniversary Regatta and Sail Past at Oldbury on July 4th 1999 and seeing the 15 strong TSC DB Fleet led by Edmund Grace in pride of place at the head of the 100 plus boats afloat.

Edmund Grace was the founder chairman of TSC in 1949 and was active during the fifties in promoting the DB Association and building up the TSC DB fleet. There were varied uses for a sturdy estuary craft in those days, one of which required the mast to be removed and the fitment of a small outboard motor. You were then equipped for a winter's duck shooting on the Severn. The use of motors soon became illegal (the whole activity should be!) and after experimenting with lightweight craft and centre plates Edmund turned to building DB, trading as Severn Boatbuilders. Eight clinker and two smoothie (unusual narrow carvel) hulls were registered one of which was DB 199, Lizzy-Anne which Graham Hardy of Shearwater S.C. rebuilt and sailed to a Championship win with Di at Salcombe in 1997.

In the 60's first Brian then Barry Leat took up DB sailing and the first time the name Leat appears on an Association trophy was Brian's on the Anonymous Trophy at Brixham in 1960. Brian Mardon went to his first DB week at Plymouth in 1965. Tony Bowden and Tim Parkinson are relative youngsters in the longevity stakes only appearing on the DB scene at TSC in the mid 70's. That did not stop Tony and Barbara Bowden from bringing home the Championship Cup from Tamar in the early 90's.

So that really brings us to 1999 and a fleet still mainly led by the TSC names already mentioned. Logically that fact leads to the question as to where the younger DB sailors are, because without some to take over the mantle of enthusiasm there might not be much DB future in TSC. However, be that as it may, Edmund, who is still racing more regularly than most, points to an answer which is to follow his example and continue to enjoy our sailing well into the New Millennium.... And then the next generation will get the DB message!

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SHEARWATER SAILING CLUB DAYBOAT WEEKEND ~1999

The Shearwater Dayboat weekend took place over the 11th and 12th of September using a well established formula: Meeting at the clubhouse at lunchtime on Saturday for an afternoon walk. The circular route started in the Wylde valley and included a section over the Wiltshire downland. An element of adventure was included, as normal, with the walkers choosing a route across a number of fields. With good fortune, convenient gateways and openings avoided the need to climb barbed wire fences. Tea and cakes were provided back at the clubhouse and rounded off a pleasant afternoon.

The Saturday evening feast has always been hosted at Shearwater members' homes but with the increasing numbers this arrangement is now stretched to the limit. For this event special thanks are due to Val and Nic Cross for providing an excellent supper and opening their house and garden.

The fine sunny weather continued for the Sunday racing and 11 Dayboats entered to provide the largest class. The wind was variable and "puffy" but Geoff Pell sailing Ozone Friendly used his local knowledge and the boat speed which was shown at Dayboat Week to cross the line first. Peter Hewitt in Mandarin and Graham Hardy in Sophie adjusted to the conditions to finish 2nd and 3rd. During race 2 the variable wind tested the tenacity of all competitors. Colin Blewett in Alice took an early lead but was closely pursued by Graham Hardy. Murray Glenister from Poole found a relaxed style of sailing that suited the conditions and found himself in the lead when Alice and Sophie sailed into a hole. The pressure was on Murray but he managed to stay cool and to cross the line first.

The final positions were dependent on the last race with 5 boats capable of winning overall. Graham Hardy started at the pin end of the line and tacked away to take the right hand side of the lake. This proved to be the critical point in the race and he established a substantial lead that he held to the finish. Behind him Peter Hewitt and Geoff Fell had a close race for 2nd place but eventually crossed the line in this order. For the final results 3 boats were equal on 4 points and the countback had to be used to decide the overall positions. Murray and Teresa Glenister showed they had sorted out the conditions to finish in fourth place overall and the first "real" visitor.

RESULTS

| | | | |
|---|------------------|--------|------------------------|
| 1 | Graham Hardy | DB 652 | Poole YC/Shearwater SC |
| 2 | Geoff Pell | DB 535 | Shearwater SC |
| 3 | Peter Hewitt | DB 649 | Poole YC/Shearwater SC |
| 4 | Murray Glenister | DB 621 | Poole YC |

A FEW PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF DAYBOAT WEEKS PAST

CHRIS STEER
Gravesend Sailing Club
DB 610

I first attended a Dayboat week in 1975. I have to admit it was slightly unusual for me in that I didn't own a car to tow a Dayboat or even a boat come to that. However, as the week was to be held at Southend I was persuaded to borrow my father's boat, Shun Lee, and sail it down on the ebb tide in company with other entrants from Gravesend. This we did, arriving in light airs and rowing across the rapidly shallowing sands, finally leaping overboard and pulling the boats the last few feet to the moorings in just inches of water.

My strongest memory of the week features the Pier. Just before the start of one of the early races a squall hit the fleet and the rudder came off of the back of the boat, good old fashioned brass screws being no match for the strain put on them by the spoon shaped rudder. Anyway, as a fairly novice user, I had heard that it was perfectly possible to sail a boat using an oar to compensate. So, rather than just take the sails down I decided that we would attempt to return to the shore in this fashion. Unfortunately I had failed to take into account a number of things: my relative inexperience, the wind and the tide - oh and the fact that the Pier sticks out over a mile into the Thames Estuary.

Anyway to cut a long story short, the inevitable happened. Our path to the shore managed to intersect with the route of the Pier southwards about a hundred yards from safety. We took down the sails and tried to pass a line to one of the other competitors who had noticed our predicament but was unable to secure a tow. For his efforts the helm of Yaki Dah received the Seamanship Trophy.

Local tales about the dangers of the high voltage railway lines resulted in Ian, my crew, and me hastily climbing the mast and shrouds in an attempt to capsize the boat, but were only able to get it over to about forty-five degrees, which was just enough to scrape under the Pier on the tide. Isn't it strange how a boat will just refuse to go over when you want it to and you can't stop it when you don't. On popping out the other side we were able to row our water logged boat to the beach and bale it out, although we did have to firmly decline the offer of a passer by to put a rope around the top of the mast to tip the boat over to empty it out, before rowing back under the Pier to the moorings. I hope that with experience I would not repeat such an adventure.

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Still, Southend seems to have more than its fair share of excitement. One evening, while sitting in the TEYC clubhouse bar we noticed a small group out on the sands looking at a small dark object. The next day the first race was shortened after only fifty minutes of sailing. Odd, we thought, what's the problem? Sorry, says Derek the Race Officer but there is an unexploded bomb under the race course and they are going to need to detonate it, which they duly did.

Up until 1985 I only attended Dayboat Weeks at Southend, but then I decided to spread my sails and attend the one at Thornbury. Thornbury was in many ways an excellent example of what Dayboat Weeks are about, combining good sailing with friendly off water activities. It was unusual in that it was not one of the seaside resorts or tourist areas, but the Club had gone to great lengths to hire in caravans from a local supplier and provide camping on the field near by. A fine team provided what seemed to be a non-stop supply of breakfasts, lunches and evening meals through the week - so much so that each competitor was guaranteed to put on weight if it had not been for the fact that entertainment was supplied every evening, including dancing, canal boat trips and home-made entertainment where each club provided a cabaret act (of varying standards).

My most vivid memory of the sailing was of the strong tide which flowed across the start line in the last race. Unfortunately, this pushed Richard Cake and myself across early and although a force four wind was blowing, it took about five minutes to return to the right side despite being merely yards the wrong side. By this time the whole fleet had set off and was several hundred yards away. Even so, Richard managed to work his way through most of the fleet, but not far enough to prevent Dave Williams winning the week. I just potted along near the back.

Since then I have attended every week, and although I can recall a number of incidents I have to admit it is often difficult to remember on exactly which visit to a venue they occurred. Each club we go to brings its own character to Dayboat Week.

Rock in North Cornwall gives us sailing on crystal clear waters above the sandy bottom. One year during a quiet moment on the long distance race the rescue boats were seen to break away from the fleet and set off to investigate a school of dolphins. On another occasion the waters turned bright green, but this fortunately only turned out to be vegetable dye introduced by local hydrologers.

Salcombe in South Devon is memorable for the bag, a stretch of water that however hard it appears to be blowing off of the Yacht Club only ever has light fickle winds. Despite my trying all available routes through the bag I only ever seem to go backwards through the fleet.

Poole Yacht Club always provides excellent sailing on the large open expanse of the harbour coupled with large scale evening entertainment. Here we have enjoyed boat trips around the Harbour, pirate barbecues and Bournemouth swimming pool to ourselves, including the flumes.

Plymouth is another centre that allows large Olympic style courses to be laid and it has to be said that the final one mile beat can be very tiring. It was at Plymouth on an 'entertain ourselves' evening that Gerry Philbrick demonstrated the knife throwing skills he had been taught on his extensive travels. Selecting one of the local club members he showed him the collection of knives that he had. Then blindfolding the victim and standing him in front of a board Gerry threw the knife. The blindfold was then removed and the member shown how close it had come to him. This was repeated several times and I am still not convinced that he ever twigged that Gerry merely dropped the knife while Colin Rainback stuck it into the board from just behind the victim. Still, it kept us amused for hours.

In 1994 my home club Gravesend hosted the week as part of its Centenary celebrations and, although the fleet was smaller than we had hoped, those who attended appeared to have enjoyed themselves. On one day the wind was blowing a stiff force six from the North East, which did not deter our race officer from deciding that it was still ok to run a race. After all, he said, it is for a National Championship. Only six boats decided to start while the rest of the participants decided that more fun was to be had by walking down the river bank and watching the activities afloat. I have to admit this was the largest audience I recall getting together specifically to watch a Dayboat race. The Race Officer's decision was vindicated, as all the boats managed to return safely, if somewhat damper, to the mooring trot. It was at this point with the wind increasing still further that we decided to bring the boats ashore. So with a number of helms being ferried out to the trots by the rescue boats we sailed the boats back to the clubhouse by the simple method of standing up and letting the wind propel us. In this way twenty two boats were brought ashore in just over half an hour.

In my time in attending Dayboat weeks I've sailed in winds so strong that I have had difficulty in getting my sails up and winds so light that while waiting to start we have sent an order for refreshments back to the clubhouse via the rescue boats. I have learnt to Barn dance, play skittles and answer trivial pursuit questions, taken boat trips and played rounders. All this from sailing a Dayboat. In fact I shall have to keep going to Dayboat Weeks just to see what will happen next.

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THE "COVER GIRL" STORY

A visit to Quay Sails in June 1999 led to Lynn Ferguson of Norfolk Broads Sailing sending me a letter and some photos. The following extracts tell the story.

THE STORY OF CURLEW built in 1949

We originally moved to this area because we love sailing on the Broads, and this year we started hiring out small 'modern classic' yachts by the week or half-week. Early this year, Henry received a telephone call from Charles Going, an old friend who used to be his doctor, as well as the father of a good friend. Charles



had discovered that he had cancer and, having heard of Henry's passion for restoring and sailing classic yachts, wondered if Henry would like his Dayboat, as none of his 3 sons was able to take her on. Henry leapt at the offer and we drove to Essex to find Curlew tucked away in a local barn in

Great Dunmow where she had been left undisturbed since the early 1970s. Her sails were unearthed from the recesses of the airing cupboard, and she was loaded onto our trailer for the journey back up to Norfolk through the worst snow-storm of the year.

When we looked her over the next day we realised what a beauty she is: Curlew was built by Charles in his London flat in 1949, while he was working as a junior doctor. She is constructed of clinker mahogany planks which were screwed, not nailed, on to oak frames because Charles's neighbour was at that time working nights, and Charles did not want to disturb him with hammering. She is gunter



rigged with a roller reefing mainsail. The sails, which had spent 28 years in the airing cupboard, are the original, hand sewn cotton sails made by Jeckells of Wroxham and stamped with the date 1951.

Between 1949 and 1971 she was sailed with great pleasure by Charles, his wife Muriel and their 3 sons on the Essex estuaries. On one notable occasion their Dalmation bitch Spotty accompanied them, but she was so terrified by the experience that she spent the entire time squeezed into the shelf under the fore deck, and was not taken to sea again. But by 1972 Charles's sons had left home for universities and careers, Charles had bought a larger yacht with a cabin, and Curlew was put into storage in a nearby barn until, like Sleeping Beauty, she was re-awakened in 1999.

Although she was essentially completely sound, the exterior varnish was in a terrible state, cracked through to the wood and curling off each clinker plank like brittle brown toffee. The best way to remove it was with a heat gun and scraper, which reduced it to sticky brown goo but all the work was worth it when fresh varnish returned her hull to its former glory. Henry only had to mend one split plank, and when we put her on the water we discovered that she was astonishingly sound and dry.



Charles Going was admitted to hospital on the day we collected Curlew from Dunmow, and died shortly afterwards. But he would have been very happy to know that Curlew is once again out and about on the water, and turning heads wherever she goes. She has been equipped with a set of modern sails (the old cotton sails are far too fragile now) and is for hire as part of our little fleet at £30-40 per day (plus £10 per day for an electric or petrol outboard motor). She is completely lovely, a joy to sail and the perfect vessel for exploring the B roads.

Meanwhile we are joining the Dayboat Association, although we are not applying for Curlew to be registered with a sail number — having spent 50 years without one, it would be inappropriate for her to end up as 600+ instead of in single figures.

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LOOK WHERE DAYBOATING CAN TAKE YOU!

SALLY AND PETER HEWITT
DB 649

During the past couple of winters Pete and I have joined in with John Clement's cycle rides, and very much enjoyed the opportunity to take a bit of exercise and keep in touch with fellow Dayboaters when we are not sailing. I always had to borrow one of our sons' mountain bikes for these jaunts, and these were not as well-maintained as they could be, nor particularly comfortable. So Christmas 98 saw me the proud owner of my own, lightweight mountain bike.



Encouraged by the difference that a bike which works makes to the ease of cycling, I suggested that we should have a cycling holiday. We had met a couple who told us that they had had a wonderful time cycling along the Canal du Midi in France. This had remained a germ of an idea for a project until Easter 1999, when everything seemed to fall into place. We were surprised to find that there is no charge for the transport of bikes with B.A. We had sufficient Air Miles to cover our tickets, and the flights to Toulouse and back from Montpellier were available - so we went for it!

It's quite amazing to think that we arrived at Toulouse Airport with a map, but no real idea of how we were going to carry out our plans. Thankfully there were some really helpful people on the Information Desk, who called over an employee who cycled to work. He was able to explain how we could cycle across the city avoiding the autoroute! In fact Toulouse is very cycle friendly, with plenty of off-road routes, or marked off cycle lanes. We naively assumed that the Tourist Information would have leaflets with advice about cycling the Canal du Midi. WRONG! Our request was met with blank stares. Fortunately our hotel proprietor had had cyclists before, and was able to give some information, including a cyclist's map of Toulouse, and recommend a hotel a reasonable distance away to aim for.

Thereafter we met some super people along the way, who gave us hints and tips, directions, etc. It is easy to set off along the wrong side of the canal, and find yourself having to retrace your steps to find a bridge. The weather was kind to us, and travelling by bike is certainly an ideal way to appreciate the countryside,

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and develop a healthy appetite. At Castelnaudary we sampled an "authentic" cassoulet, a recipe supposedly invented when the townspeople shared their remaining food in a last meal at the end of a long siege. Well, it was memorable, but I don't think I'd want to try it again!

The journey along the towpath was surprisingly interesting and varied. Often the easiest route to cycle along was along the top of the bank made from the spoil from the digging of the canal. This gave us views into the countryside that the boaters would not have seen. Also, the canal twisted and turned following the contours of the land, which meant that it was never boringly straight! We were really lucky with our hotels - they were all clean and at least adequate; some were really good. Generally we booked a hotel ahead in the morning as we left, but on one occasion we decided to take a chance that we would find somewhere easily as we were heading into a more populated area. We ended up that night in a very basic Formula One Hotel, alongside an autoroute and next to a prison! We still slept soundly - cycling certainly ensures a good night's sleep. In all we covered about two hundred miles and took eight days to complete our journey.

The whole experience has fired us up with enthusiasm to try other areas of France to cycle in. If anyone is interested in following in our cycle tracks, we do now have some useful leaflets/information about cycling along the canal, places to see, accommodation, etc.

A DINGHY CRUISE - 1957 STYLE

**Roy Habgood
DB 608 Blue Horizon**

To test if I had the wit or wisdom, I had set out single-handed from Poole with my camping gear, on a dinghy cruise to the Solent. It was a flat calm and so I had to run down harbour and then on as far as Shore Road before a light breeze began to show itself. The wind gradually increased until, as we crossed Christchurch Bay, I had to heave-to and tuck in a reef. We shot through Hurst Narrows and on in to Yarmouth at a great pace

After exploring the delights of this interesting little port, I retired for the night - up through the bridge to those quiet backwaters away from the hustle and bustle of the main harbour. In the morning I went ashore to replenish my water supplies. On making my request to the Harbour Master, I was informed that it was a penny for 8

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gallons. As I only required 4 gallons I promptly gave him a penny and told him to 'please keep the change'. However, entering into the spirit of things, he said that he could not do that, for I would put his books out. But after we had both searched for the elusive halfpenny, the Harbour Master said that I was to remember that the next time I was in Yarmouth, I had 4 gallons of water owing me.

Of course I have been into Yarmouth on several occasions since, but I have never bothered to claim it, for it gives me, in some small measure, a sense of owning a part of that delightful and friendly little port.

This was just one small incident which I experienced over the next few days, as I sailed on to explore the interesting harbours and creeks in the Solent...on as far as Bosham in Chichester Harbour. Bosham for me was one of the highlights of the cruise, for coming from the sea, it was a special magic, as if I had wandered into foreign parts, with its old world charm and gaily painted buildings. A visitor on the quay had observed Poole YC on the transom and as I explained about my little adventures found, embarrassingly, that I had become the centre of attention; a crowd had gathered who gave me a cheery wave as I got underway. We now set our destination toward Poole, sailing along the shore of Hayling Island, Southsea, Portsmouth, catching up with a dinghy fleet off Lee-on-the-Solent in a failing breeze. We spent the night in Titchfield Haven, then on in the morning across Southampton Water, past Beaulieu, Lympington, and fetched up for the night in Keyhaven,

And so across the Bay and back into Poole, with a fund of happy memories and a new found confidence.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE A DAYBOATER

**PADDY CLEMENT
DB 624**

When John told me he was thinking of getting a Dayboat a decade or so ago, I have to admit that, despite being somewhat apprehensive, the idea appealed, so DB 344 *Paddy Burns* came into our lives. With two children delighted to crew for their enthusiastic father they took sailing lessons at Hamworthy while John found an experienced helm to show him the ropes, so to speak. Once John felt competent as a helm, I was perfectly content to view the racing from the bund wall or through the telescope in the warmth of the clubhouse, while the children took it in turns to crew.

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Feeling a little left out when talk at the dinner table was all tack, cleats, sheets and shackles, I decided that I was not going to take part in these conversations unless I did something about it. So, with John's permission, I went out in *Paddy Burns* with another member and, believe it or not, I actually helmed her round Brownsea Island! Everyone who knows me realises that I am not the most relaxed of sailors and I have found that the more I know, the more concerned I get when racing, probably due to my lack of confidence. I always dreaded the few times when I had to turn my hand to the sheets if there was no other crew available, but I knew my turn would eventually come when pastures new would lure the children away from home and I would be the replacement crew.

The more I sailed the easier I found my sea legs and came to understand when we were on a run or a beat and why we were tacking or gybing at the marks. Eventually, I didn't just follow the other crews when they put the pole out — have pole will travel, I was at the ready! But those starts! Taking a deep breath with teeth clenched and with my eyes almost closed, I prepared to tighten the jib sheet at a yell from John at the appropriate moment. Somehow, I don't think I'll ever quite get used to the furore at the line as boats jostle for position.

But, racing isn't all there is to Dayboating. In the early days of our involvement, regular Saturday cruises took us all around Poole Harbour as a family with other Dayboaters and much pleasure was had by all. Even The Race had to be overcome on a trip to Swanage!

For me, it's not the competitiveness of Dayboating that appeals — it's the friends we have made over the years and the fun we have shared together. The Open events and National Championships are ideal locations to get to know our 'opponents' and wherever we go we are warmly welcomed. Also, the socials arranged for the winter months so we don't lose touch are a good way of relaxing during the break in the season. In recent years, John's cycle rides and Laurie's walks have enabled us to form a new bond with our counterparts and see 'other halves' whose personal commitments don't bring them down to the Club very often.

Once off the water, when the competitive element has abated, it's the camaraderie between Dayboaters which makes it all worth while.



DB168 - A Short History

JOHN RATTENBURY

DB 168 'Jackrat' is a clinker YW Dayboat built to a very high standard with a hull of close-grained mahogany by Benson of Caerleon in 1959. Hence she celebrates her 40th anniversary as the Association celebrates its 50th.

DB 168 has had three owners. The first was Col. J Hamilton-Baillie of Chepstow who was the Commandant of Beachley Army Apprentices College. Tony Rees acquired Argie May, as she was then known, in 1987 after she had been laid up for a number of years in a garage. He stripped her to the wood and used the West epoxy system on the outside of the hull. This dealt with her reputation as a boat which tended to sink as the close-grained wood did not swell in the water. Tony raced her for a couple years in Chepstow during which time the wooden mast broke and he replaced it with an aluminium mast and boom.

In 1990 Tony and DB 168, now named Amie Lou, moved to Solva in Pembrokeshire and raced there for a number of years. In 1995 she was sold to John Rattenbury also of Solva who renamed her Jackrat. She is moored in Solva harbour during the summer months and has participated in races and events held by the Solva Sailing Club and the Solva Rowing and Watersports Club.

Solva must be one of the most picturesque harbours to sail from, but not the easiest, especially for a novice. The inner harbour runs NE-SW, curving S towards the entrance. The large tidal rise and fall is typical for this coast and the harbour entrance is guarded by Black Rock and St Elvis. Winds roll over and curve round the cliffs bordering the harbour. It has to be a privilege to sail from Solva. There are some pictures of Solva and Jackrat on our web site at rattenbury.com.

Jackrat has not been without incident. JR sailed her as a novice throughout autumn 1995. The dinghy sailing season at Solva ends traditionally with the 'Icicle Race' held on or about New Year's Day. That year it lived up to its name with a hard overnight frost and an air temperature still around zero at the time of the race. While manoeuvring to the start Jackrat capsized a short distance from the Club House. Compared with the air temperature, the water felt positively warm - until removed from it! Factors contributing to the capsize were a gusty wind and inexperience but the main cause, realised too late, was that the main sheet was frozen stiff and would not run through its block. More experienced crew in the other boats had dipped their sheets in sea water before starting!

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A second incident came the following summer as Jackrat was passing out of the harbour mouth to join a race. The starboard shroud chain plate parted and we were dismasted. The kindly neighbour who towed us back in also re-brazed the plate. The boom took some damage but was soon put right after a couple of clouts with a mallet.

1996 saw some excellent sailing but ended disastrously. Jackrat was on her mooring in early October when Solva was struck by storm force winds and a tidal wave overnight. Several boats were wrecked or lost and Jackrat was swamped, the mast bent and most of the decking torn away. A tribute to her hull construction was that it was undamaged. It took several weeks in a boat yard for the damage to be put right. In subsequent years, Jackrat has been taken out of the water in mid October which has the dual advantage of lessening the chance of being swamped again by autumn storms and of dodging the 'Icicle Race'!



In 1998, Jackrat was involved in the rescue of fellow dinghy sailors a mile or more out in St Brides Bay. The rescue helicopter (which was called out for a cliff accident) and the inshore lifeboat attended and all ended well. Jackrat got a mention in the local press described as a 'yacht'.

As with all wooden boats, maintenance features large. Jackrat's latest problem is that roves have pulled out of the stem post and some strakes have sprung. The opening has been raked out, the strakes drilled and screwed back in under clamps onto flexible adhesive. Routine winter maintenance was minimised this year due to coping with the boards and Jackrat was launched down after a couple of quick coats of varnish and paint.

Though not as smart as I would like, Jackrat is set to participate in the anniversary celebrations and Dayboat Week at Poole. I look forward to meeting other owners and enjoying the events.

POSTSCRIPT

Dayboat News visited the Rattenbury website and found the following comment on Dayboat Week in Poole - reproduced here for the non-Internet browsers.

"There were the usual hectic preparations to get Jackrat ready and a (new) trailer

roadworthy. Once there, we had a great, if challenging, time. They take their dinghy racing seriously at Poole and we ended up in an overall position not be boated about. However, we participated in every points race and could be said to have acquitted ourselves with honour if not with glory! But the we did have the third oldest and one of the heaviest boats at the event.

The weather was a bit off, with squally showers for much of the week. One of these showers with hail and perhaps force 7-8 gusts hit the fleet at the start of a race. With everyone hove to and waiting for it to pass, it was lucky that there was only one capsized (not us).

All in all, it was a very worthwhile week, much learned about Dayboats, some friends made and new water to explore. After Poole, we went for a few days to sail in the Dart at Bow Creek. There is no doubt that estuary sailing can be very picturesque and restful."

DAYBOAT TIPS

**RON LOVETT
DB 602**

- 1 Want to go faster? Buy a waterproof felt-tip pen and the next time you go well, mark every item that is adjustable. Remember, however, that this only applies to that strength of wind and sea condition. Many top helms do this. The big advantage is that the next time you meet these conditions, you can set the boat immediately. If your memory is as bad as mine - take some notes.
- 2 Make sure jib sheets are marked and insist on the crew cleating exactly the same on each tack. Also, they must ease 1-2" when the wind drops and vice-versa. If they don't - kick them.
- 3 The helm must mark kicker, mainsheet, centre-board and mast rake. They have to be adjusted as wind changes and crews should whack the skipper with the jib stick if reactions are too slow.
- 4 Has your crew ever dropped the jib stick overboard and when you turned back, you could not see it? Paint it in contrasting bands 4" wide, yellow-black, white orange etc. Put your boat number on as well. Use it to whack the crew on return to dry land for the trouble caused.

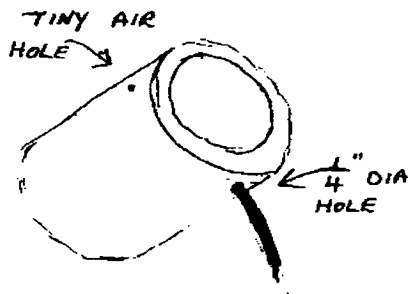
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5 What about trying to stop the damn thing going over? Some of the plastic end fittings on the market are ridiculous and crews have my sympathy. If you have a spoke on the outer end it should be a minimum of 2" and if you clip onto the jib sheet, make sure it is firm. For the in-board end hooks should be long enough so that a slight movement does not make them fall out. Many people have spinnaker fittings. Have you found any really good ones? Write to the Editor to share in the next issue of DB News.

6 When using two-pot polyurethane, the curing agent in the small tin sets hard after the tin has been opened 3 or 4 times. This is because the material is set by the moisture in the air and every time you open the tin it sets a little more.

This tip from a professional - Bob Hoare, well known to the boaties who frequent Bob's Boats:

Do not open the tin!!!



Instead, knock two holes in the tin with a spike at 180° to each other and near the top of the tin. One should be as small as possible for air entry, the other should be about 1/4" diameter for pouring out. After use, clean and seal with sticky tape.

DAYBOAT RUDDERS

RON LOVETT
DB 602

One of the few items on your boat where you have a choice is in the rudder shape, so which one is best?

When the boat was originally designed 50 years ago, the fashion was for kidney shapes of low aspect ratio. In January 1990 the class allowed a parallel-sided rudder of moderate aspect ratio on the grounds that it would be easier to make,

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cheaper, faster and less likely to stall in the hands of beginners.

I have made both design and the new one is certainly easier to make and is cheaper. But which is best?

The new design in Jan 90 originally had only 2 dimensions, maximum width of 10" and depth below transom of 30". The bottom of the rudder could be any shape. I made it with a big curve as on modern designs, but this was a mistake because I lost too much area, even with the width and depth on maximum.

In heavy winds, when rounding the windward mark from a beat onto a reach, then any heeling would cause the rudder to stall and the old ticker miss a beat. This showed the area of the rudder was marginal, and it is well known that high aspect ratio rudders are much more likely to stall. A year later, the size of the radii was restricted to 4" max and a minimum put on width and depth - both wise moves.

Both designs have been tested in racing and I can honestly detect no difference in going to windward or reaching. Running I am not so sure, possibly the smallest advantage to the new design.

So, if you have the old design on your boat, don't worry you are losing nothing. If you are making a new design, here are my tips:

- (a) Make it to maximum size.
- (b) Don't round the bottom edge until you have tried it in heavy weather.
- (c) Use first class mahogany at least 7/8" (22mm) thick, cut into strips about 2" wide, turned end for end before glueing. The 7/8" is finished size, so you will have to start slightly thicker.
- (d) Profile the blade with max thickness at 1/3 of the way back, a 3/16" radius at the front and trailing edge 1/8" (3 mm) thick and squared off.
- (e) Finish in two-pot polyurethane paint.
- (f) If you are keen, finish with 600 wet and dry.

SAILING — CAN I "WET" YOUR APPETITE?

*Many and varied are the vehicles which can be used
to spread the word to non-sailors about sailing.*

JOHN YONWIN DB 617

The use of wind power to drive vessels through the water goes back thousands of years. We know that the ancient Egyptians built beautiful sailing vessels. For many hundreds of years, sailing boats had three major uses — trading purposes, travel and exploration and use in war. However, sailing for pleasure is probably relatively modern. Charles the second is believed to have built the first yacht developed from the design of a Dutch "jaght".

Dinghy sailing as such became really popular after the Second World War and during the 1950's many new sailing clubs were formed. It is estimated that almost 1 million people are involved in sailing of some sort in Britain today. I am one of them.

We have a 14 ft Yachting World Day Boat and a smaller Mirror dinghy. The fun and excitement of dinghy sailing and racing is difficult to put into writing. There are many reasons why dinghy sailing is so widespread now. Is it an escape from the noise and stress of city or town life? Is it the healthy exercise? Is it the need to think things through on occasions? Perhaps it is all of these and maybe more!

Most dinghies can be towed behind a small family car or carried on the car roof. Storage at home (sometimes thanks to neighbours) is usually no problem and slipping the boat into the water is relatively easy with many public slipways available in most popular boating resorts. So away we go! Or should we wait a minute — let's think about safety and training. It is really important to learn from a qualified expert how to sail, deal with shifting wind conditions, the effect of the tide and safety issues. The Royal Yachting Association (R.Y.A.) courses I have been on over the years have been very helpful. Belonging to a Sailing Club has obvious advantages including likely training sessions.

Dinghy racing both inland on lakes and reservoirs, and in the sea can be a fairly complex affair and requires great teamwork between the helmsman and crew. If I have 'wet' your appetite at all, please let me know and I'll be happy to help you get started. Best Wishes and Happy Sailing!

BACK COVER : Dayboats getting ready to race at Poole Dayboat Week, 1999. Photo Andy Wood



25 pence

APRIL 1999

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