

# NEWS SPRINT

The Official Magazine of the UK Sprint 15 Association  
Autumn 2018



Nationals Reports   Some Gentle Cruises   Tips from Phipps   Cartoon Fun



# COMMENTS

from the **ED**



I hope this edition finds you relaxing in a comfortable chair, with a nice glass of something, reminiscing on the fantastic season we have just had, and looking forward to unwrapping some sailing-related accessories in your Christmas stocking...or what New Year's resolutions to consider... so might I make a suggestion...make a resolution to attend at least one Sprint 15 event in 2019. I completed my first TT season this year, by competing in three of the summer series events, as well as both Nationals. It has helped my sailing considerably, but more than that, you get to meet some really wonderful people along the way, all of whom share the same passion for the same little cat. And Sprint 15 people are just about the most friendly, sociable and helpful sailors you will ever have the pleasure to meet. Indeed, upon my first visit to the inland water of Stewartby recently, I managed to arrive with everything except one crucial piece of equipment - the tramp. Within a matter of minutes, it seemed as if half of the Stewartby regulars were on their phones to the other half of Stewartby not yet out of bed (to be fair it was quite early...) and it wasn't long before my boat was complete with borrowed trampoline and I was out on the water. Sadly, the sailing gods were not with me that day as I suffered traveller failure which curtailed the day's racing for me. But I was then able to stand on the shore-line and watch the experts sail, with some highly knowledgeable spectators with whom I would not otherwise have had the pleasure to meet. A young competitor came in during the second race, and looked set to finish for the day, but was coaxed back out by these same spectators in time for the final race - and he ended the day with a very good result and two bottles of cider (well, his parents may well have ended the day with two bottles of cider but you get my point). There is a fantastic community of Sprint sailors and Sprint supporters across a myriad of wonderful sailing clubs, and it is great to get everyone together to celebrate our Class.

So come and be a part of it! See you on the water soon!

Yvonne (aka "Tiddles" 1220)

## WHO TO COMPLAIN TO:

Chairman	Ed Tuite Dalton	chairman@sprint15.com	01788 816116
Vice chairman	George Love	george.love@icloud.com	07860 752425
Secretary	Andrew Berisford	membership@sprint15.com	01440 730448
Treasurer	Nigel James	treasurer@sprint15.com	
Events Secretary (Boss)	Chris Tillyer	events@sprint15.com	07780 660650
Events Secretary (Sidekick)	Jenny Ball	jenny@sprint15.com	07941 884508
Southern Rep.	Erling Holmberg	southern@sprint15.com	01983 865012
Magazine Editor	Yvonne Pike	newsletter@sprint15.com	07787 155800
Technical Rep.	Bob Carter	technical@sprint15.com	01438 354367
Webmaster	Liam Thom	webmaster@sprint15.com	07780 667831
Committee member	Dave Warnock		
Committee member	Gordon Deuce		

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# Your Chairman Writes...



Another six months has passed, with light winds dominating virtually all our events, which has been somewhat disappointing for those of us who prefer the windier conditions! It hasn't prevented some exciting and competitive racing though. Indeed, it wasn't until the last race at Grafham that Liam Thom was crowned champion of the summer series.

Our 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary Sprint Nationals at Weymouth was a great success with 45 entrants, making us the second biggest catamaran Nationals this year. We were fortunate to get two days of racing, with great support from Windsport and our other sponsors. Brian ran a very successful training event prior to the Nationals which we hope to do again next year. The Weymouth and Portland National Sailing Academy proved a brilliant venue and I am sure we will return.

It was also a great pleasure for us to have Ian Fraser, original manufacturer of the Sprint 15, as one of our guests of honour at the Association dinner which helped make it a special and memorable evening. I would like to thank Jenny and Chris for a fantastic event, with much work behind the scene.

The Royal Western Yacht Club was a new TT venue this year, with a small band of travellers making their way down to Plymouth and given a warm welcome by the home fleet of young sailors.

This was the first event where the

wind stayed up and we all had some exciting sailing in the historic waters off Drake's Island in Plymouth Sound. It was a truly memorable occasion with several of our young sailors giving the more experienced a run for their money. We look forward to returning soon with a few more travellers in tow!

The class had one of its best turnouts for the Sports Nationals this year with 39 competitors, including 8 youth sailors and 17 local boats. Sailing was over two days this year due to the early tides, but some excellent racing was had on both days, once we had got over the shock of the early start. A big thank you to Liam Bunclark and Richard Chidwick and the Instow team for organising and running the event and providing an enjoyable occasion for us all. We were even able to cycle the Tarka trail along the beautiful Taw estuary to a pub in Barnstaple for refreshment.

Six new boats with proud owners have taken to the water this year and hopefully there will be more in 2019. As a new owner myself, I have been impressed with the quality of build and performance of the boat, although I don't seem to have gone up the rankings! My excuse cannot be the boat or the sails, so I am reverting to lack of wind...but I suspect it is down the helm's competence and preparation; both of which can be improved. At the Draycote TT, my home club, I was well and fairly beaten by Pete Slater in my old boat 1940!

We have some great events planned for next year. Our Nationals will be at Harwich in August on the East Coast. This is a new venue for us and Jenny and Chris will be working

with them. Keep an eye out for future news on this front. We are returning to the Isle of Wight for our Sport Nationals in September, with low-cost ferry fares having been secured. Simon Hare is also championing a return to Carnac next May. More details can be found in the magazine.

One thought that has emerged this year is that we may be overlooking the Sprint 15's biggest draw to new sailors, especially the young - sailing in Sport mode. It can be more exciting and challenging to sail and is exhilarating out on the wire; it is different from many other boat classes and it can make it more of a two-man boat. I wonder if the time has come to revitalise the use of sport mode? The handicap doesn't often seem to work in its favour but at Instow we had 39 boats out and it made a great event. For those of you who fancy picking up a trophy or cup, Bob Carter has several which are specific to Sport sailing.

We have booked our stand at March's RYA dinghy show at Alexandra Palace. Volunteers for the stand are always welcome, as is any help with promotion ideas.

At Draycote we are considering a "try a Sprint 15 day" to encourage more people onto the water; making some of our cats available one evening to our "women on the water" group which encourages ladies to get out and sail. We are also looking into offering our youth menagerie fleet a chance to sail with us on our Sprints. If other clubs have organised successful events that have spread Sprint 15 enthusiasm, then please do share your ideas.

*Good sailing  
& best regards.*

*Ed Tuite Dalton*



# The First 5%

You can sail round the Island of Britain in under 1500 nautical miles if you don't go round too many bends. Erling and I have done 150 in a weekend so three weeks should do it. Anti-clockwise is supposed to be the preferred direction because of the veering effect of the sea breeze, whereas clockwise is supposed to be safer over the scary bit at the top of Scotland.

The weather forecast for the 10 days from the 23<sup>rd</sup> July was for a south westerly breeze up the east coast of England and Scotland. This was going to be very easy.



I spent a week looking at Google maps and my digital charts to find all the suitable places to land a Sprint 15, and loaded scores of positions into my phone and GPS watch. I was really looking forward to getting to the west coast of

Scotland to land on some exquisite-looking beaches.

Biscuit is my second Sprint 15. She has sail number 1709 and is in good condition with recently renewed rigging and a hull refurbishment from Chris Read. I filled her full of tins of peaches, custard, rice pudding and spaghetti and stuffed four cartons of orange juice on top of the hull polystyrene buoyancy (which then slid forward to the bows and lodged there beyond use for the duration). I put 5 spare battens in the hulls along with duct tape, some tools, a sail repair kit, 30 feet of dyneema string and a

more than complete set of spare rigging. With my clothes, chargers, gadgets, VHF radio, small launching trolley, fenders and rope the boat was well laden.

At 10.20am, after a breakfast at the Salix Café in Shanklin with some of my friends who had gathered to make sure I actually was leaving, Biscuit was launched into a flat sea with a force 3 behind me. Alan Howie-Wood also launched his boat to escort me from the Island.

Apparently heavy boats are a

bit slow. Alan was literally sailing circles around me as I headed north-east out of Sandown Bay. When I got about 2 miles from Shanklin he bid me farewell, sailed off to Shanklin, turned round and sailed around me again.

Finally he finished mocking me with his speed advantage and I was on my own. On quite a small boat.

The first example of dragons on the chart was south of Selsey Bill. If you follow the instructions you should either go south of the Outer Owers south cardinal - which is well out to sea - or head for the Looe Channel, two miles off the spit. I chose the latter and sailed east, leaving the Nab Tower to port at midday, heading for the green lateral mark of the Looe channel.

Very few people sail east of the Solent but when they do they tend to pass this way so there was a small handful of sailing yachts taking the same path as me - everybody waving as we met. Several of their yachts were carrying foreign flags and these boats were all sailing whereas most of the British boats were only pretending. Even with all my supplies, Biscuit was still the fastest boat there, making a steady 6-8 knots downwind, mostly on starboard tack.

Photos by Andrew Jeffries

Left: Setting sail from Little Hope Beach, Shanklin  
Below: Either Alan's boat-name or a premonition







The shortest route to Beachy Head takes you a long way out to sea and apart from the massive Rampion wind farm there was little to give you any sense of how fast you were travelling except the numbers on the GPS. I sailed close to the wind farm and then gybed over to head for the Seven Sisters. I tried to work out where they got "Seven" from but failed. Maybe they were counted and named by a drunken sailor. However many there were they are a fine set of chalk cliffs and an oasis of natural beauty after the suburban sprawl of the previous forty miles of coast.

I passed the Beachy Head light house at half seven and gybed onto port to head round the corner towards Eastbourne. Towns look lovely from the sea with the sun in the sky and Eastbourne was no exception. The place appeared to have lost none of its Victorian charm as I sailed past, half a mile away. The truth close up may be completely different.

The wind was dropping to barely anything as I got level with Eastbourne at about 8pm. The beach looked far too steep for my boat to land, but I was aware of a harbour in the town as well as a sailing club to the north. The harbour would have been fairly easy

to sail into despite the lock gates but I didn't really want to go into a marina unless necessary. I crept past the harbour entrance and found my way up towards the masts of Pevensy Bay Sailing Club in failing light. I landed there at the top of the tide and, with the help of a passer-

by, managed to drag Biscuit up a few feet above the high water mark. 68 miles travelled.

I was more than a mile from the nearest chance of a hot meal so I pitched my bivvy under the boat and ate a tin of spaghetti and a pot of rice pudding.

The next morning, at a quarter to 8, I took advantage of the facilities in the open sailing club and was helped by another passer-by to launch - into barely any wind.

What wind there was, was behind me again and although my progress with slow I was moving in the right

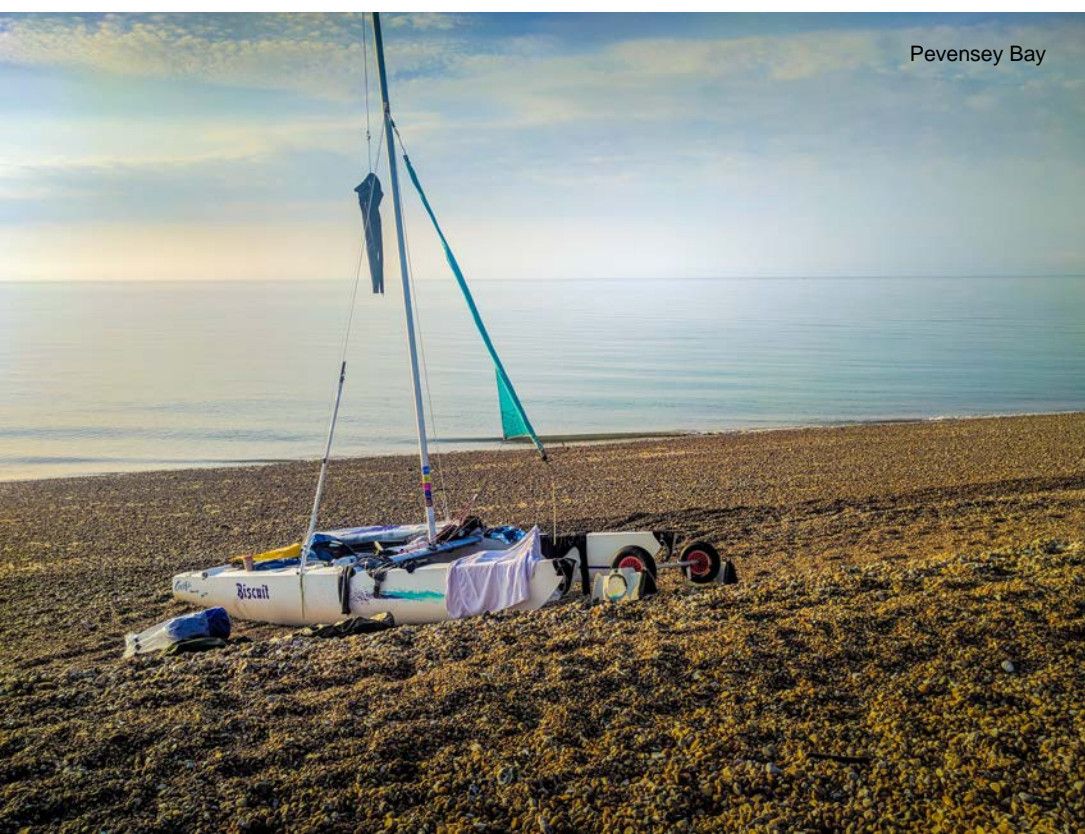


Passing Bexhill

direction towards John O'Groats. Around about 9am the wind started to fill in and I made a steady 3-5 knots past the sunny towns of Bexhill and Hastings and on towards Rye Bay with some countryside and cliffs to look at. Camber Sands, next to Rye, was my main target for the first night of my voyage but I wasn't abeam there until the afternoon of the second day. Nevertheless the wind was a useful force 4 now and just behind the starboard beam.

I rounded Dungeness at 2.30pm. The peninsula is dominated by a nuclear power station and the buzz of the huge transformer that sends the power to the many overhead wires. There were large fishing boats parked way up on the shingle beach that must take some serious effort to put back after going to sea. There were sea birds everywhere, swooping into the sea for fish, and I saw several seals' heads around me which disappeared and bobbed up minutes later.

I gybed over onto port after Dungeness and sailed close to the shore past the Romney Marsh before heading out to sea again for a few miles. I was 3 miles south of Folkestone at 5pm, making 4 knots, thinking I should be able to get well up the Kent coast before dark. Unfortunately the wind started to fail a mile out from the coast and I took to my paddle for maybe 20 minutes.



Pevensy Bay





I took my phone out and looked on the digital Ordnance Survey map for a sandy beach. There appeared to be one just beyond the harbour entrance.

I got close to the town of Folkestone as the wind turned to the north east and picked up to a force three. I short tacked my way past the vertiginous stony beach that lines the town and peered tentatively around the harbour wall in case I was run down by a ferry [there are no ferries at Folkestone any more] and viewed the small sandy beach, complete with half the population of Kent.

I landed and placed the wheels under Biscuit and was helped up the gentle slope beyond the high water mark by about a dozen holiday makers. This was eight o'clock and only 48 miles covered.

I got changed in one of the archways next to the beach and went to the

Ship Inn which was full of very drunk people singing and dancing to Chas 'n' Dave. The landlady managed to locate her chef somewhere in the town and I ate a hot meal and charged my gadgets.

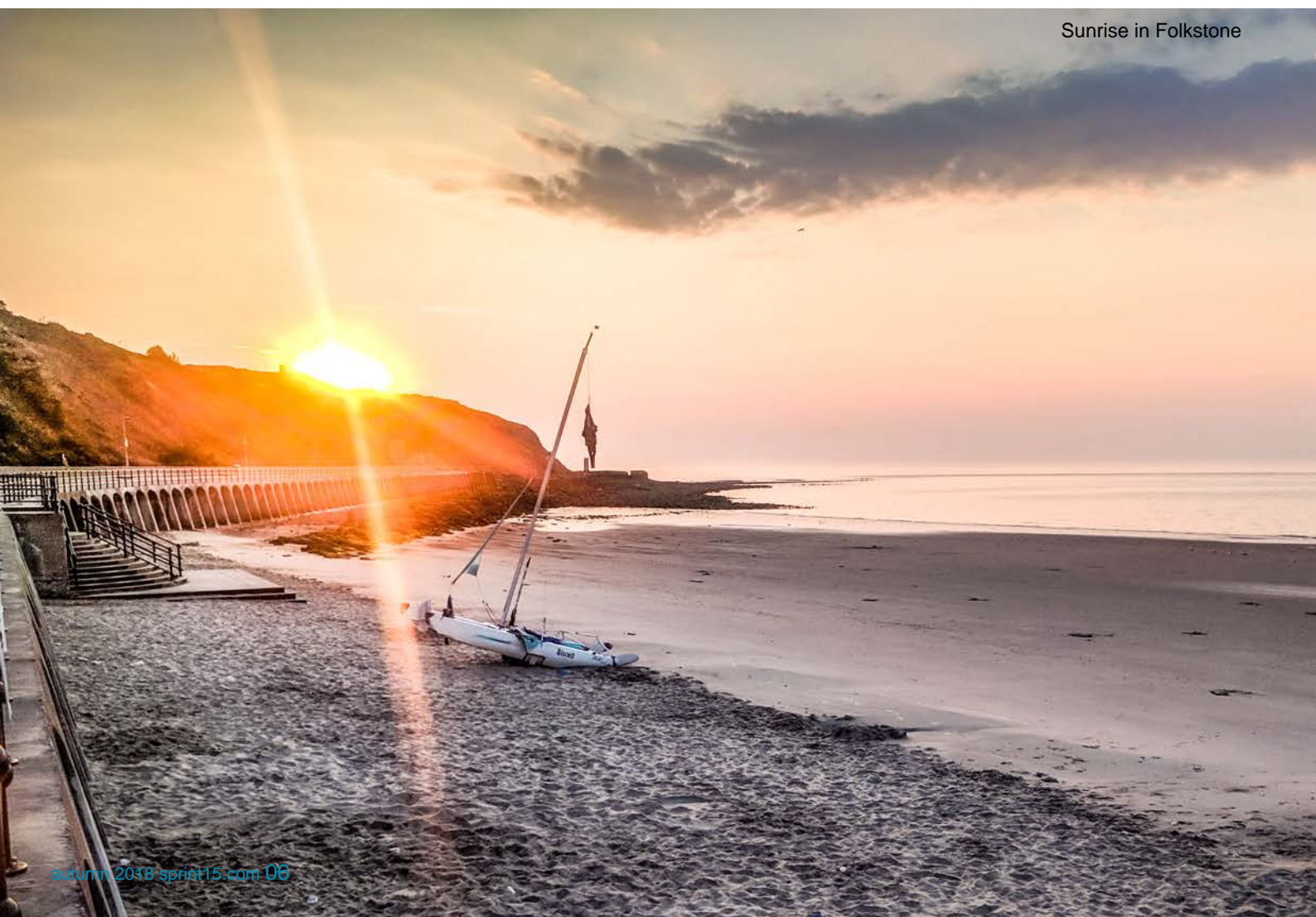
I pitched my little tent under the arches and went to sleep in sight of the lights of France. The next morning I consulted my phone and was not pleased to see my perfect forecast had been revised somewhat. Basically there was likely to be no useful wind for 3 days and then too much for 2 days. I needed a decent, but safe, breeze to navigate past the ferries at Dover and to make the crossing to Essex. I was already 50 miles behind schedule and wasn't looking forward to spending 5 days in Folkestone. I rang Erling and told him the situation and without hesitation he volunteered to come and get me. He rang me back and told me he

would be there at 7am the next morning.

116 nautical miles travelled in 2 days. I was reckoning on 2,000 miles to cover to get round Britain so that's over 5% done. I was really hoping for 100 miles a day but that needs perfect conditions. The miles I did travel were very easy: I was running in front of the wind and the seas were not large. It was not difficult to stay focused for 12 hours and I don't think I made any mistakes. The journey was a pleasure. It wasn't like a motorway journey where you are just looking to get to your destination: the sailing itself was the point. The only worries were when I was doing a quarter of a knot in failing light with no guarantee of a safe landing nearby.

*The Sprint 15 is a truly fantastic little boat.*

Sunrise in Folkestone





...or why you can't make a silk purse out of a pig's ear...



Keith checks his watch

Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> June was the date when Shanklin Sailing Club raced from Shanklin around the coast to Ventnor, and then competed in a race organised by the Ventnor Yacht Club. It was a good turnout with sixteen boats racing over a triangular course set within the bay. Shanklin's race officer had equipped himself with a radio-controlled clock so what could possibly go wrong with the countdown to the start? Well, a funny thing occurred which I've been asked to try and explain. At the five-minute all appeared to be going according to

plan, however during the last two minutes before the start the Ventnor officer notified me that the clock was missing seconds. I checked the clock but all seemed ok, however during the final minute I too noticed it was missing seconds and therefore we had no idea where we were in the countdown sequence.

Now, any race officer worth his salt would have cancelled the start sequence and set about re-running the count-down, but of course we had plates of sandwiches, chips and salad waiting in the boat bar of the Spyglass Inn, all donated by the generosity of the Ventnor Yacht Club. With the beautiful weather that we always get here on the south side of the island I knew that the sandwiches would soon be curling at the edges. What should we do? Well, there was only one thing to do! Looking out to sea the fleet was readying itself for the start, so obviously they were all checking their watches (which was more than we could do ashore) when they started over the line we then pressed the horn and when I looked again they were all going great guns. I knew they would tell me later how far the horn was out: they were happy, the sun was out

and there was a decent breeze. What could be better?

When the fleet came ashore, they all (without exception) headed straight for the curling sandwiches and only when I went to check on the aforementioned fare was I then informed that the horn appeared to be sixteen seconds late at the start, and was four seconds late at the one-minute, (well I never, who would have thought). The sandwiches disappeared, and the lucky winner presented with the trophy (but that's another story and the results of the race will not be disclosed as I believe it would be too painful for some of the participants). The fleet then made the return trip to sunny Shanklin. Well, whoopee do.

Obviously none of the names have been included in this account so as to protect the guilty, although I have to admit that no blame can be levelled what-so-ever at the Ventnor Yacht Club officers. After this close encounter with racing disaster I'm anticipating that I will never again be asked to do any sort of race organising, so you see, every cloud has a silver lining.



Photos by Mary Howie-Wood. Left: Chris Read and Ian Bolton console Keith. Right: Tony Saunders from Ventnor Yacht Club presents Stuart Pierce with the Ventnor YC trophy, who sensibly relied on his own time-keeping





The day before the start of the Nationals in Weymouth, Brian Phipps held one of his superb training sessions for eleven sailors of varying skills.



The sun was shining, the sky was blue and there was exactly the right amount of wind for novices. We readied our boats and followed Brian out to the middle of the harbour: flat water and only a hint of tide. In fact the water was so mill-pond-like that several inland associates must have felt right at home, and left their trollies patiently awaiting their return at the water's edge...

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During the briefing in the boat park, the decision had been taken to concentrate on the start of the race. Brian had a lot of different exercises that would test our skills and hopefully improve our overall performance, whilst under the watchful eyes of the three wise men in the safety boat - aka Brian, Stuart Snell and George Love.

"You are not going to win a race by starting at the back". Obvious when you think about it, but how many of us deliberately shy away from the starting line-up, or time our run too late? "How long does it take to get your boat moving?" Even a Porsche takes a good few seconds to get from 0 to 60. You need to hit the starting line at top speed, not still be in first gear.

So, get to the line early and defend your position. That is all very well and good, but is not quite so easy as it sounds. Even when you have mastered the art of "parking" your boat, the wind is still going to blow you sideways and, unless you're inland, the current can easily send you over the line too soon, or push you too far back. The skill comes in anticipating what effect the conditions will have on your boat in those precious counting-down minutes, and position yourself accordingly.

Brian had choreographed lots of manoeuvres for us to attempt - and we were moderately successful - following him like a mother duck with her chicks, we had to speed up or slow down without breaking rank, tacking on command first one way and then the other. The most challenging - and competitive - exercise was sailing into an imaginary box in front of the start-line and



seeing how long we could hold our position, before raising our hand when we thought we had crossed the line. This is all about transits and surprisingly difficult to get right.

We rounded off the afternoon with a few short races to practice our new-found skills, with some personal commentary from the three wise men who would suddenly appear off one's stern. I was rebuked for having given Tiddles too long a piece of ribbon - fair enough, five feet was maybe a bit excessive but it did make her look pretty - but this was completely lost on the experts in the rib.

A full-on, but highly enjoyable, afternoon on the water was followed with beers back on dry land, and many thanks to the Weymouth shore crew for rescuing a couple of trollies that had gone for a bit of a wander during our training session.

A highly informative afternoon's instruction. I understand that Brian is looking at putting some more training together for us with the beautiful coast of the Fal as a backdrop during the summer next year. For anyone wishing to improve their boat handling skills, and general racing ability, this is an opportunity not to be missed. See you in Cornwall!



Photos by Pauline Love







Hi there Readers, I've been asked by the Ed to give my thoughts on The Nationals, so here they are!

Having travelled around the country supporting my late husband Paul on his quest to sail all the open meetings (including the winter series, brrr), I met a lot of lovely people on the way; sailing clubs with volunteers happy to help, some not so.

The highlight of the year for us as a family was the annual Sprint15 National Championships. The destination was usually voted for at the previous year's nationals at the AGM, and due to personal preferences and commitments the attendance would fluctuate. Paul attended most of them, and me and the kids would go to the family nationals which included organised family activities and sailing after the nationals had finished for the rest of the week, thus making it a family holiday. The family nationals were usually every other year and very popular.

Our absolute favourite by a country mile was Pentewan Sands SC. For those of you who haven't had the pleasure it is a small Cornish seaside club attached to a huge camp site,

where you can pitch a tent, caravan or hire a large static caravan or lodge. There are also some self-catering houses to rent in the very quaint village. The Sprints had one of their largest attendance at Pentewan. We used to have a friendly battle with the other clubs that attended to see which club brought the most boats, with special tops or t shirts worn by the sailors and their entourage. Beaver SC, Grafham WSC, Shanklin, Marconi, etc. Ahh those were the days, the camaraderie was great. Does this still happen?

I have been to a few National Championships in the last ten years, not quite the same on my own, but I always found some friends to keep me company.

I have kept in touch with quite a few lovely friends and I met up with a lot of them at this year's Nationals at Weymouth. What a venue that turned out to be, and to be greeted by Brian and Cookie (Windsport support team). I was staying with friends in the accommodation block which was a short walk from the sailing club. From what I could see the sailing water looked ideal, easy launch and recovery, and spectating couldn't have been better. My friend

and I found a telescope just a stone's throw from our accommodation which was free to view and pointing straight at the sailing area. What could be better (oh, that came in the form of a little light refreshment 🍷 between races back at our accommodation) then back to the viewing. When the final race of the day was over we would then 'sprint' back to greet the sailors, helping with launching trollies if needed (the on-land ladies are jokingly known as trolley dollies). Evenings were spent all together eating very tasty food and drinking our favourite tippie and everyone had a catch-up on the day's events.

I really enjoyed the event, the weather was glorious and the company was fantastic. I can honestly say I was sad when it was over as I'd had such a good time.

There is a lot of time and effort put in by the Events Secretary/Assistant of the Sprint15 Association and the hosting clubs. Thanks to one and all.

So.....if you've thought about it but never taken part, give it a go, there's help by the boat load and the sailors are such a great bunch of people of all abilities!

## Sailing after replacement knee surgery

by Bob Carter



In 2015 I was contacted by Roger Pratt of Datchet Water who was thinking of buying a Sprint 15.

Roger had a replacement knee joint and asked if I thought it would be a problem. I pointed out that you have to kneel to gybe and tack so recommended that he tried a test sail before he bought a boat (some years ago a very keen Sprint 15 sailor at Beaver Sailing Club found it difficult to kneel after replacement knee surgery because he could not bend his knees more than 90 degrees. It stopped him racing his Sprint 15 and eventually he sold his boat). Roger did a trial and ended up buying a Sprint 15 as he thought it was okay.

Roger recently decided to sell his Sprint 15 for non-related reasons but he sent me the following message: "This may be useful to someone else: after surgery for a

replacement knee, my surgeon expressed some disquiet about me returning to Streaker sailing. He did eventually, and somewhat reluctantly, relent, but he was much more in favour of the Dart as long as I didn't trapeze. (I didn't understand this objection, but there we are).

When I contacted you, you quoted an example of someone who gave up on the Dart because of a knee problem. Apparently, this person had a limited range of movement in the knee joint. Well, I had something like a 125 -130 degrees quite soon after surgery. (Physio five days a week!)

Initially, I was a little concerned about the 'journey' from one side of the tramp to the other on my knees. However, I have never found it to be a problem. I found the slight flex in the tramp to be

quite forgiving and I always wore very good knee pads (Musto, D20?, memory foam). In contrast, the twist when tacking and gybing, particularly gybing (more haste!), in the Streaker did generate a noticeable load on my knee(s). Additionally, when I accidentally put a knee down on the hard cockpit sole, I felt that too. I hope this may help someone with dodgy knees to try the Dart in the future. If they want to get in touch, I'd be delighted to help.

Best regards,  
Roger (1884)"

I'm just passing on Roger's experience. Happily it looks like replacement knee joints have improved over time....



# Weymouth Nationals 2018

## Sprint 15 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary National Championships at Weymouth!

With much positive anticipation - the Sprint 15 fleet descended on WPNSA, the Olympic Sailing Venue, in late June for our 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary National Championships and general celebrations!

With support from an array of fabulous partners - GJW Direct Insurance, Kevin Kirby Limited, Windsport International, Hyde Sails, White Formula, RWO, English Braid - and welcoming longstanding supporters of the Association, including past Chairs and the founder of it all, Ian Fraser, we were all set for a great weekend. And what a weekend it was.

A fantastic venue under any circumstances, we were blessed with blazing sunshine and beautiful conditions at WPNSA all weekend.

Some of the fleet arrived early on Friday to take advantage of a coaching session provided by Brian Phipps from Windsport International and Stuart Snell, multiple National Champion to help them get to grips with sailing in these waters and in fleet racing conditions. Amusingly, the lake sailing contingent left their trolleys at the waters edge, only to find them floating off on the incoming

tide - earning them the first of the weekend's spot prize awards (of which more, later).

Friday night saw a gathering of fleet members for an evening meal - enjoying a fantastic sunset and general catch up on the balcony overlooking Portland Harbour.

Saturday launched the event with GJW Direct Insurance Race Day and time to get into some serious racing. The forecast was not hugely promising (blazing sunshine, blue skies, riviera conditions - but Sprint 15s get nervous if the forecast in anything below 15 knots). However, under the expert supervision of the WPNSA team plus Race Management team of Fiona and Nigel Denchfield and Henry Wright - we were in great hands and got four Championship races in the bag.

Race 1 - set off in relatively light conditions. In what turned out to be the general rule of thumb for the weekend - those who stood on closest to the WPNSA end of the harbour picked up the favourable wind and despite the risk of coming into the windward mark on port, this approach generally paid off. Stuart Snell rounded in first place, followed by David Ball, Jenny Ball and Liam Thom who pointed out that Jenny's old boat was faster as he sailed over the top of her new boat to reach mark 2 ahead. By

the end of the second lap, this had been addressed - with Stuart taking the win, followed by Jenny, David, Gary Sverdlhoff and Liam.

Race 2 - was definitely dominated by the younger end of the fleet. Stuart Snell took an early lead but Tom Gurney and Hector Bunclark showed everyone else the way round for much of the race - whilst Gary S had another great race, fighting it out with George Love and Jenny. Stuart went on to win, followed by Jenny, George, Gary, Tom and Hector.

Race 3 - Team Shanklin decided to put in their normal appearance with Liam taking the lead and showing Stuart a pair of transoms for a change. Paul Grattage and Jenny also battled it to take fourth and third place - with Hector taking fifth and Mark Aldridge finally remembering how to sail a Sprint 15 again and coming in sixth. Steve Healy had to retire due to a broken tiller extension but was back out in time for Race 4.

Race 4 - Liam decided once was not enough and established a substantial lead which he maintained to the end of the race - thereby proving how good you can get when you spend eight days a week sailing rather than working. Stuart picked up another second, followed by George, Kevin Kirby, David and Gordon Deuce.

Photos by Pauline Love: Below: Gentlemen completely failing to notice the spectacular sunset behind them.

Bottom: WPNSA race management and Nigel and Fiona Denchfield prepare to get us underway. Right: 2018 Nationals competitors







hard not to be positive, so the fleet set off out into the harbour, trying not to think about the Force 3 at 7am in the morning followed by a forecast to drop to not very much at all.

with Stuart taking the win, followed by Paul, Gary, Peter Slater and Ed Dalton.

Race 8 - Jenny and Jan Elfring decided to join Chris for another port flyer although the rest of the fleet had had enough and slid down the line making ARO Henry Wright mildly apprehensive about the pin end committee boat. Ducking a few boats proved worthwhile as it got the pin end starters to the favourable winds on the right hand side of the course giving a good advantage. Jenny led round the windward mark followed by Paul and David. Jenny held on to the lead to take the race win, followed by Paul, David, Peter Slater and Ed Dalton. Jason Clarke's mast had come down in race 7 - but he still managed to make it out in time to finish race 8 in a credible mid-fleet place.

Aside from significant trolley support, Windsport International also supplied all returning sailors with Pimms and Lemonade. As well as being very welcome, we all decided the garnish constituted one of our five a day, so obviously all good for the serious athletes among us.

And, to be fair, the first race was a light one .....

Race 5 - the fleet set off in light but sailable conditions. Standing on to the WPNSA end of the harbour provided slightly more breeze and Jenny led round the first mark followed closely by Liam and Paul. With more tension than the conditions warranted, Jenny managed to hold off Liam and Paul to take the win - with George in fourth and another fantastic fifth place for Tom Gurney.

Following racing, the promise of free drink and cake saw a well attended, and brief, AGM which is exactly as it should be. Formalities dispensed with, the fleet enjoyed an Anniversary Drinks Reception to celebrate the past 40 years and plan for the next 40 years - courtesy of GJW Direct Insurance - supporting the fleet for the second year. We then adjourned for dinner - followed by a celebration Anniversary cake - ceremoniously cut by John Tuckwell from GJW Direct and Ed Dalton, our Chair. And without entirely crashing an unconnected event being hosted by WPNSA, we enjoyed another beautiful sunset from the balcony.

Race 6 - Chris Tillyer decided to try a port hand flyer which he pulled off brilliantly to take a clear lead off the start. After a bundle at the windward mark, filmed by Brian Phipps' drone, port hand boats did not do well. But Chris led the way - pursued by Stuart in what turned out to be a closely fought fight to the finish that most of the fleet spent more time watching, rather than concentrating on their own race. Chris took the well deserved win, followed by Stuart, Mark, Liam and Gary.

The fleet headed ashore and got glammed up (ish) for the Class Association Dinner celebrating our 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary - supported by Windsport International, Hyde Sails, White Formula, English Braid and RWO.

Sunday dawned with blazing sunshine and an even less promising wind forecast - but local expertise from WPNSA suggested we would get four races in, so that was the plan. Sunday was Supplier Race Day - supported by Windsport International, White Formula, Hyde Sails, RWO and English Braid who collectively make up a Sprint 15!

We were delighted to be joined by Ian Fraser, originator of it all - together with Pat Oxley, Jim Jeffrey, Cissy Dewhurst, Chris Tillyer and Ed Dalton representing Association Chairs for the vast majority of our 40 year history.

With such support and such idyllic conditions (on land at least) - it was

Race 7 - Chris took another port flyer, and surprisingly, the fleet let him get away with it for a second time. Liam and Paul not far behind for the first lap. On the second lap - Stuart and others took the left hand side of the course which paid off massively with the build of the sea breeze. The race positions shuffled considerably as a result

Courtesy of Morrison Design Ltd and George Love (current Vice Chair) - a million wonderful memories were relived courtesy of fantastic picture boards sharing events, sailors and boats - both past and present - who make up the fleet's past and future. We hope we can share these again at a future opportunity.





# Weymouth Nationals 2018 (continued)

After dinner, Chris and Jenny (Events Secretaries), presented the spot prize awards supported by GJW Direct Insurance and Fernhurst Direct. Each winner was presented with a Fernhurst book and a 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary commemorative glass trophy produced by our very own Fenella Miller as follows:

*Team Draycote* - who fielded an impressive 9 competitors. But more importantly, as pond sailors had left their trolleys by the waters edge, only to find them floating in the harbour when they came back from sailing. Collected by Owen Jones because none of the rest were brave enough.

*Steve Pell* - another pond sailor who jumped off his boat too far off the beach and had to be rescued by Stuart Snell.

*Tom Gurney* - our youngest participant for putting in some stellar results and showing the rest of us the way round.

*Jason Clarke* - another junior competitor, whose mast came down but was ashore, fixed and back out for a mid fleet finish in the next race.

*Darren Fitchew and Jim Bowie* - for promptly forgetting directions to their accommodation on Friday night and dragging the Events Assistant out of bed to go and retrieve them.

*Aaron Kirby and Lucy Littlejohn* - for being the closest helm and crew in the fleet.

*Nigel James* - for sailing three whole days without capsizing - defying all known precedent but sadly depriving the RNLI of further donations for this weekend at least.

*Steve Healy* - for breaking his tiller extension but still getting back and out for the next race, although needing to give everyone a wide berth as he had his Sport mode extension instead.

*Chris Tillyer* for daring to, and pulling off, three port hand flyers in a row. Even the RO was reluctantly impressed.

The fleet then enjoyed the wonderful music of James Tattington who managed to successfully entertain an audience aged 14 to at least 84 (a musician we would highly recommend) and lots of conversation and reminiscences for the rest of the evening.

Monday dawned and it was another beautifully sunny day for the final race day sponsored by Kevin Kirby Ltd. Another light wind day - we hoped we would be as lucky as the previous two days and get enough wind to finish the final race of the Championships. So the amazing WPNSA local knowledge was consulted and it was agreed to wait until noon to see if the unlikely sea breeze would appear. In the boat park, degree level Maths were applied to work out the different permutations if the race was to go ahead and who needed to be placed where to beat someone else.

Sadly, the local predictions were correct and the breeze did not materialise. Conscious of those travelling - it was reluctantly decided to cancel racing and quit whilst ahead after eight great races.

The prize-giving, sponsored by Kevin Kirby Ltd, was made even more special as Olympic sailors Ben Saxton and Nikki Boniface kindly took a break from their training schedule to present the prizes.

To the slight bemusement of Ben and Nikki, we moved through our very personal but highly coveted special category prizes - including Heavyweight (Nigel James), Over 50 (Mark Aldridge), Over 60 (George Love), Over 70 (Stuart Snell) and Youth (Hector Bunclark). The septuagenarians also showed their mettle with Pete Richardson and Stuart Snell winning the Pro-Am trophy. We were delighted to award Tom Gurney, our youngest competitor the Most Improved



National Champion 2018 Stuart Snell is congratulated by Olympians Ben Saxton and Nikki Boniface

trophy and his fellow youth sailors Aaron Kirby and Lucy Littlejohn won the Paul Smith Most Persistent Trophy and the 2 Up Cup. And our special 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary category of oldest boat was easily won by Dave Rowe sailing sail no. 378.

We then moved into the less important prize categories culminating in Liam Thom - 3<sup>rd</sup> place and winner of Races 3 and 4, Jenny Ball - 2<sup>nd</sup> place and winner of races 5 and 8 and winner of races 1, 2, 7 and 2018 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary National Champion - Stuart Snell.

Finally, the Team Trophy was presented to Marconi SC who had flooded the event with 11 competitors, nearly as many supporters and many, many purple shirts.

All that was left was to wish Ben and Nikki all the very best in their sailing endeavours, to thank Nigel and Fiona Denchfield, Henry White, all the WPNSA staff and volunteers for running a superb event and to reluctantly head home after an amazing weekend.

And a final thank you to all our sponsors who provided so much support both before and during the event and made it really special. If you need insurance, a new Sprint 15, a sailing book or a combine harvester - please give them your custom. Photos, results and all things Sprint 15 are on our website [www.sprint15.com](http://www.sprint15.com).



# Nationals action from Weymouth...



Photos by Pauline Love: runners & riders



# Nationals Results

Name	Sail	Club	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	R6	R7	R8	Points	Place
Stuart Snell	2022	Grafham Water	1	1	2	2	6	2	1	16	9	1
Jenny Ball	2025	Marconi	2	2	3	17	1	8	11	1	17	2
Liam Thom	1957	Shanklin	5	10	1	1	2	4	8	6	19	3
Paul Grattage	2018	Shanklin	16	8	4	7	3	10	2	2	26	4
George Love	2019	Carsington	6	3	7	3	4	22	6	10	29	5
David Ball	1923	Marconi	3	15	8	5	28	7	15	3	41	6
Gary Sverdloff	1963	Thorpe Bay	4	4	13	22	27	5	3	18	47	7 <sup>1</sup>
Mark Aldridge	2027	Grafham Water	20	23	6	8	10	3	7	13	47	8 <sup>1</sup>
Chris Tillyer	1953	Marconi	13	9	12	11	7	1	13	8	48	9
Ed Tuite Dalton	2023	Draycote Water	8	14	9	21	8	21	5	5	49	10
Peter Slater	1940	Draycote Water	12	13	28	17 DNC	13	11	4	4	57	11
Gordon Deuce	2024	Brightlingsea	10	7	11	6	14	14	19	24	62	12
Hector Bunclark	1977	North Devon	21	6	5	9	29	26	12	11	64	13
Paul Craft	1790	Worthing	26	22	17	18	9	9	10	7	70	14
Kevin Kirby	2020	Marconi	46 DNF	16	18	4	25	19	9	9	75	15
Tom Gurney	1643	Royal Western	9	5	46 DNF	17 DNC	5	6	17	34	76	16
Steve Healy	1921	Thorpe Bay	7	29	46 DNF	16	15	12	16	19	85	17
Rob Bailey	1755	Thorpe Bay	14	12	20	25	18	23	26	14	101	18
Jim Bowie	2021	Thorpe Bay	18	19	16	14	23	20	18	29	105	19
Nigel James	2015	Marconi	25	37	22	19	12	18	25	20	116	20
Kevin Dutch	1938	Seasalter	32	21	32	23	17	24	20	15	120	21
Andrew Heath	1256	North Devon	24	11	25	43 DNF	34	13	14	39	121	22
Jon Pearse	1988	Marconi	15	27	10	34	26	31	22	22	122	23
Jason Clarke	1339	Marconi	11	31	29	13	32	15	45 DNF	25	124	24
Jan Elfring	1913	Draycote Water	17	34	23	43 BFD	11	35	30	12	127	25 <sup>1</sup>
David Rowe	378	Draycote Water	28	17	27	12	19	25	27	38	127	26 <sup>1</sup>
Donald Sloan	1240	Felixstowe Ferry	23	36	36	28	24	24	24	21	144	27
Gerald Sverdloff	2017	Thorpe Bay	19	18	19	10	47 DNC	47 DNC	47 DNC	35	148	28 <sup>1</sup>
Andy Perks	1428	Marconi	30	25	24	32	20	20	29	36	148	29 <sup>1</sup>
Owen Jones	1909	Draycote Water	36	20	31	29	22	22	34	26	150	30
Daren Fitchew	1642	Thorpe Bay	27	35	15	15	35	35	28	33	153	31
Bill Hurr	1736	Draycote Water	22	26	14	26	39	39	40	32	159	32
Peter Richardson	1983	Marconi	46 DNF	38	46 DNF	17 DNC	21	21	21	17	164	33 <sup>1</sup>
Andrew Berisford	1947	Brightlingsea	33	28	26	27	30	30	23	31	164	34 <sup>1</sup>
Yvonne Pike	1220	Shanklin	31	24	30	30	33	33	31	28	174	35
David Warnock	2008	RYA	41	32	41	36	16	16	36	41	177	36
John Manning	1955	Beaver	29	42	33	31	31	31	35	23	178	37
Liam Bunclark	1951	North Devon	40	30	21	24	37	37	39	37	186	38
Derek James	1744	Draycote Water	39	39	35	38	38	38	33	27	209	39
Dave Clarke	1917	Marconi	34	33	38	35	36	36	37	47 DNC	211	40
Keith Chidwick	2016	Queen Mary	38	40	37	33	41	41	38	30	216	41
Stephen Pell	1700	Draycote Water	35	41	39	39	45 DNF	45 DNF	32	42	228	42
Anthony Bailey	1872	Marconi	37	43	34	37	43	43	42	43	236	43
Aaron Kirby & Lucy Littlejohn	1547	Royal Western	42	44	42	40	40	40	41	40	243	44
Simon Ball	1519	Draycote Water	43	45	40	41	42	42	45 DNF	44	252	45
Keith Persin	1551	Thorpe Bay	47 DNC	47 DNC	47 DNC	47 DNC	47 DNC	47 DNC	47 DNC	47 DNC	282	46





*The Plymouth fleet has honestly been very lazy this year, with only two of us getting our boats on the water before the RWYC TT.*

But none the less, two of us still came to the nationals. The preparation started one week before; neither of us had sailed our boats before the championship. After putting the boats on probably the most unstable trailer in history, we departed. Three hours later the two boats arrived in Portland. However, only one of the three crew was present. This was because Aaron and Lucy were stuck in Cardiff and wouldn't arrive until next morning. I had a 'Thorpe Bay flashback' when I realised my 45 KG's of nothingness had to rig not one, but two boats in an hour. I would like to say a big thank you to Liam, Ed and others for helping me rig the boats. After cleaning my boat, and faffing with rig settings, I retired to my campsite. An early rise started race day 1. Aaron had left Plymouth at 5am and was at Portland by 8am.

The First race was a challenge. I thought I was dreaming by the end of it. The first tack really

hammered home how unprepared I was: stuck in irons for a good ten seconds, as the rest sped away from me. Somehow, I clawed my way into mid fleet, then into the top ten.

At the start of the second race things just got better. My start was stupidly aggressive; front rack with height, speed, and acceleration, but it paid off. I was second, behind George Love at the windward mark, then lead to the leeward mark and at the second reach mark. Some incredibly stupid tactical decisions put me back in an incredible fifth on the second race. But at this time my luck ran out. I was high on adrenaline and ran into the back of another boat; cracking his pintle casting and smashing my port bow inwards. It's a known fact that most mishaps happen in the pre-start. I limped back to the slip to get my boat in the best possible shape for the next day's racing. Huge thanks to Brian and the Windsport support team for patching my boat up for me.

I think the first step to good results is proper preparation. Five minutes on the slipway is worth thirty on the water, so I am glad I was in the yard on day 2 with plenty of time.

My first start was not my best, but clean air allowed me to capitalise on small gains (in my inexperienced opinion this is the number one priority when starting). My third top ten result in a row confirmed it wasn't just my conditions, but I had in fact drastically improved my techniques and tactical decisions.

Up until race 7, I had always found a gap at the top mark to squeeze into. A disappointing, but still great 17th place narrowed the points between Hector Bunclark and me for the youth cup, and with the breeze up in the final race of the day, a 34th put me behind him by 12 points. The Youth Cup would once again come down to the last race.

Sadly for me, the 9th race wouldn't happen due to a lack of wind. A 16th overall finish would leave me with an unforgettable experience and a massive trophy that won't fit in the cabinet. Another enormous thank you to all the sponsors, race management and competitors for making this the best sailing event I have ever attended.



Photos by Pauline Love

# A rendezvous with Carnac in 2019...

*It was a late Spring morning; sunny, with enough breeze and a sparkling blue sea; 150 boats and their crews massing on the start line of a long distance race on this perfect day.*

That is one of the many happy memories I brought home with me from Eurocats 2014 which I attended.

Having never before had the opportunity to sail somewhere so different, in such a beautiful part of Brittany, to meet so many other likeminded people doing what they enjoy, to have lots of fun and maybe even to be a winner meant I had jumped at the chance to attend this regatta when it came up. I have never regretted that decision!

Although I didn't win that year, eighteen Sprint 15s travelled to the event in Carnac, Southern Brittany, and Sprint 15s took all top three places in Group D. We returned again in 2015, only to find that we had been moved up into Group C due to our previous year's success! We still thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, although our medal haul was somewhat depleted that year.

The Eurocat Regatta is very friendly and very well organised, from registration, through to boat parking, launching from Carnac

Plage which is a gently sloping sandy beach, good safety cover during the races (the local SNSM lifeboat is even available), through to evening 'get-togethers'. I remember one evening was 'crepes and cidre'. Prize giving is held on the last evening. The actual sailing takes place in the Baie de Quiberon which is a sheltered area of water protected from the Atlantic by a peninsula and three islands, but open to the south.

When I attended Eurocats we all stayed in mobile homes on a local campsite, 'Les Menhirs', which is only a 10-15 minute mainly level (very slight incline at one point) walk to the beach and the boat park. In the other direction there is a 'Super U' supermarket for your everyday essentials, and this is just a level 15 minute walk from the campsite.

For those after sailing refreshments, the 'Hotel des Rochers' is just across the road from the boat park and sailing club with their terrace overlooking the baie. There are also many other restaurants and hotels locally.

Should any non-sailors want to go along, there is plenty to do in the local area, even without a car. Carnac old town is within easy walking distance, further afield, La Trinite-sur-Mer is within 45/60 minutes walk; but is well worth the effort; take a trip on 'Le Petit Train'



to see the megaliths, and of course, there are plenty of cafes dotted about for coffee etc.

As we now approach the end of 2018, we are hoping to once again have a group of Sprint 15s travel to the 2019 Eurocat Regatta which is taking place on 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> May, with registration on 1<sup>st</sup> May. So far, four people have shown an interest, with one (myself) actually booking a place; and this time my non-sailing wife, Lorraine, will accompany me. I am hopeful that more will be joining us.

Lancing Travel (01903 766966), are organising the travel and accommodation for us. Currently, the deposit is only £99 with the final balance due early February 2019. Please call them if you want further information on available accommodation and travel options. If you think are interested, and would like to know more about anything else, please either PM me on Facebook or email me at 'landshare@btinternet.com'



Steve Sawford and (inset) the champion class of 2015





Carnac Yacht Club, Brittany

## Eurocat Carnac 2019, with Lancing Travel

Registration May 1st 2019  
Sailing May 2-4th 2019

Staying at the Des Menhirs Carnac.  
This four-star resort offers two and  
three bedroom accommodation

within walking distance of the  
beach and sailing club. It is less  
than a kilometre from the nearest  
town of Carnac Place, with bike  
hire available to those seeking  
even more exercise during their  
stay! Resort facilities include  
outdoor swimming pool with slides,  
WiFi, multi-sports pitch, tennis,  
gym, laundrette, groceries, take-  
away restaurant and the all-

important bar for victorious  
celebrations at the end of the  
regatta. A deposit of £99 is due at  
the time of booking, with the  
balance by February 1st. For  
further information, or to book,  
please contact either Simon Hare  
(details opposite page) or Lancing  
Travel on 01903-766966  
(sales@lancingtravel.co.uk). We  
hope to see you there!





# A day trip to Lundy

*Lundy is a granite outcrop – three miles long and half a mile wide, and about 400 foot high.*

It sits off the North Devon coast with nothing between it and America but rolling waves. It is peaceful. It is unspoilt. It is a world apart from the modern hubbub. And no-one had apparently sailed there on a Dart.

The first time I clapped my eyes on Lundy was against the backdrop of a sunset, two evenings before the Sports Nationals being held at Instow. A short walk eastwards along the beach and Lundy stood proud on the horizon, clearly visible over the notorious breakwater off Appleby.

It was not, however, the first time that Liam had seen the island. For the past seven years he had competed at Instow, and on every visit he asked those in the know at the NDYC about the opportunity to sail to it. Chuckles, much sucking in of breath and shaking of the head was the standard response. It was not to be contemplated unless one was prepared to pay for the MS Oldenburg or one had a friend with a decent-sized half-boat. And that's assuming you can make it over the bar... at least one boat every year is dashed to pieces in the attempt...

*...challenge accepted.*

Well, two sailors accepted the challenge. And a third provided spray cover and held the video camera.

On the morning of Friday, September 21, Team Shanklin readied two Darts and prepared to launch. Jon Pierce joined us briefly in the boat park, if only to say that he had been unable to obtain permission for a day-away, but as a sick-note was not forth-coming we could only surmise he was secretly coveting a shopping trip instead. As the Shanklin trio prepared to set sail, it is fair to say that weather conditions were bleak, and before we had even got our boats to the slipway the heavens opened and a deluge threatened to halt everything as we beat a hasty retreat to one of the sheds in the boat-park. The squall passed, the sun put in an appearance and we quickly launched, stopping only to drop our trollies on the beach before steering a path to the channel and the open sea beyond.

Both boats were rigged with jibs – Paul leading the way on Dreadnought, and Liam and myself on Sean McKenna's boat that he possibly wasn't fully aware at the time would be embarking on an epic voyage into the Bristol Channel. I helmed initially – which helped distract me considerably from a kaleidoscope of butterflies that had

been building since at least the week before – whilst Liam navigated us past the green buoys, across the bar and out into open water – passing the final big red-and-white open-water marker with a bell clanging as if it was already Sunday (and reminding me of the one in Finding Nemo).



Conditions were lively: a F4-6, with a heavy chop over rolling waves as we left the safety of the estuary. Once in open water we expected the rollers to space out, but conditions remained inclement and helming required concentration as we sailed up one side of the wave, and fell away down the other, with little time in-between to prepare for the next one. The clouds raced by overhead, with sunshine poking through, and we saw many seabirds – and possibly a puffin – enjoying a spot of fishing.



The aptly named "Landing Beach" on the south east side of Lundy

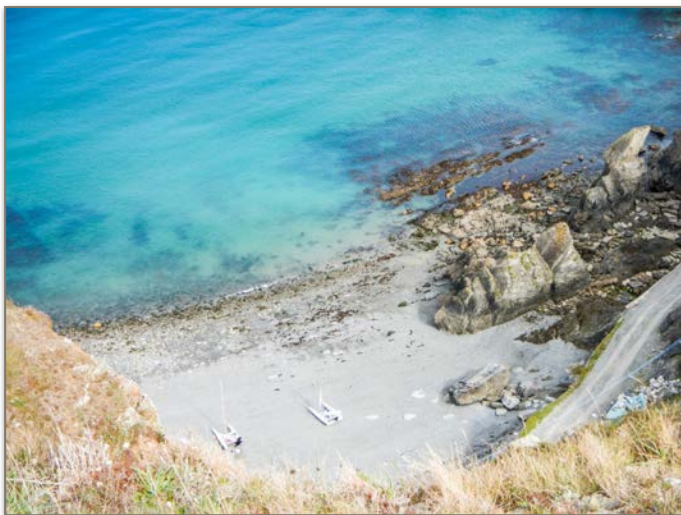




Liam had been hoping for a steady westerly to fetch us to Lundy, but the wind seemed to be coming directly from behind the island, which meant we weren't going to be able to make our choice of landfall without a few manoeuvres. After two hours on a port tack -and deciding it best to not play chicken with a tanker out of Bristol - we tacked on to starboard to



The Darts nestled in the bay, with the well-named Rat Island to the left



bring us closer to the western end of the island and the appropriately named "Landing Beach".

The weather gods, however, decided we weren't wet enough yet and sent another squall barrelling across Lundy and straight towards us. It came hard and fast: the rain feeling as if a thousand pins and needles were being thrown into our faces. The effect on the surface of the water was eerily different. The rain seemed to flatten the surface of the sea which became very still, with a fine mist above as the raindrops exploded onto it. As before, the squall passed by quickly, and sunshine soon enveloped us again as we continued towards Lundy.

Lundy's cliffs are steep and sheer, and although we felt we were close to landing it was another hour and a few more tacks before we were close enough to start to feel some relief from the elements in its lee.

The sea calmed and the wind eased considerably as we approached the landing beach, but sudden big gusts of wind now seemed to come out of nowhere, and from every which way, and then disappear, making navigation tricky. Eventually though, we were lifting our rudders to make a gentle landing on Lundy's

shingle beach - and in doing so Paul, with Dreadnought, became the first Dart ever to have made it to this hallowed ground.

As the tide was on the wane we did not have far to pull up the boats. We took the sails down, stowed our sodden gear and started to have a look around. Lundy was indeed rocky. There was a steep track winding its way down the cliff to one side of the beach, and we headed up, in the direction of the pub that we were

reliably informed was at the top. The path was steep, but the island was bathed in sunshine and the views across the bay were progressively more stunning the higher we climbed. Eventually we made it to the top - and civilisation - being a very decent pub (open), post office (shut...a shame - we had wanted to send a postcard), a museum and several small outhouses, one stacked high with water bottles as there was apparently a shortage.

Sustenance being the order of the day, a decent Lundy porkpie was amongst the fayre at the Marisco Tavern which seemed to be the island's epicentre. We paid our landing fee and ordered lunch at the same cash register and took in the pub's considerable shipping memorabilia - all flotsam from wrecks around its shores.



Liam and Paul take in the uninterrupted views from the top of the lighthouse



## Lundy (Continued)

On our approach to Lundy we had noted three lighthouses - one low down on the rocks at each end, and one in the middle of the island that was apparently a white elephant as its height meant it was completely useless for shipping when the fog rolled in. As a vantage point, however, it was superb, and someone had thoughtfully placed two deckchairs in prime position right at the top. The sun was shining, it was warm behind the glass and the views right across Lundy, past the race and beyond to the distant mainland, were stunning. It was with reluctance that we climbed back down.

As we headed back towards our landing beach, along the top of the cliff, we were able to look straight down onto our boats - now high and dry - and watch the pattern of the wind on the water beyond. It was so dark in places it resembled squid ink spreading out in all directions, and we realised why it had been so tricky to make land: the wind blowing over the top of Lundy plunged directly down to the bay beneath, making it impossible to tell from where the next gust would come as it quite literally hit you from above.

Aware of the time approaching 3pm, we made our way back to the boats - Liam now struggling with nosocketitis and having to remove his boots for a while to seek some comfort. This was forgotten though when we realised that the departing sea had uncovered a barrier of boulders between us and the water. The boats would have to be carried into the water. The rocks were slippery, and there was only three of us - one being a girl and one being Liam - so it was fortunate we had Paul...although he did quite literally run away from the water at the suggestion he was being stalked by a seal...

We picked up Dreadnought, and slowly and carefully edged our way over the rocks and into the water, where I held her whilst Paul and Liam went back to carry

Sean's lighter vessel between them. Once both were safely in the water we took it in turns to hoist the main sail, Paul heading off a little ahead of Liam and I, as I was still in the water doing my best impression of a mooring buoy.

In our desire to get the boats safely afloat, and our return journey underway, we were not paying especial attention to what the weather was doing. We should have been. Within a few minutes of our departure, with the wind now firmly to the rear, another squall was quickly upon us, and the squid-ink-like gusts were hitting us with full force from above, nearly knocking Liam and me into a cartwheel as we threw our weight to the stern. Liam was quick to recover matters and it was not long until we were out of the lee of the island, the gusts diminishing and a steady F5-6 wind speeding us on our way back to the mainland. The waves were big, and it was often that Paul's mast was completely hidden from view. I sat right at the back, feeling both as if there was a sea-monster underneath, and peculiarly like being in a bubble-bath as the water was forced upwards through the tramp. It was with relief to see the heavy clouds in front of us racing away, and turn to see Lundy diminishing behind us, bathed once again in sunshine.

The red-and-white open water marker clanged a "welcome back" to us as we raced past, into the relative safety of the bay. Once again we picked up the green buoys, this time to show us the way home. The approach of the bar concentrated our minds, but the sea was now peaceful compared with what we had just been through, and one roaring wave was all we heard behind us as we crossed into the quiet waters of the Taw and Torridge.

Drizzle greeted our approach, but with Paul perfectly framed in front, a double-rainbow showed the way home. We sped along the top of the now fully-receded waters, managing to get the boats close enough to the beach as the water crept back. It was great to see a large number of Sprints had fetched up during our absence, and we were properly greeted by Eammon Browne who helped haul our boats up to join the rest.

Tired but happy we made our way to the NDYC where word seemed to have spread quite fast of our epic voyage. A round trip of 45 nautical miles, 5.25 hours of sailing and a top speed of 16.5 knots - the journey that blustery Friday threw more at us than we could possibly have imagined - and we enjoyed every minute. We wait in anticipation to find out who will be next...



Paul leads the way back to the NDYC  
Photos by Liam Thom and Yvonne Pike









Thirty-nine Sprint 15 sailors gathered at the home of the North Devon Yacht Club at Instow on Friday the 14th September for the Sport Nationals - the two day regatta for single-handed Sprint 15 catamarans with main, jib and trapeze. This was the highest turnout in almost ten years, with a record eight youth sailors!

Due to an early tide, the first race was set off promptly at 8.30am by race officer Jonathan Miles in a force 3-4 south westerly with triangular courses in challenging tides. Local NDYC sailor, Anthony Gray, led the first race from start to gun, giving local fans much encouragement. Sam Heaton (NDYC), David Grant (NDYC) and Liam Thom (Shanklin SC) were fighting it out for second. Thom got ahead on the final leg to take

second with David Grant finishing third.

Sam Heaton got the best of the starts in the second race and was unlucky to be passed by Tom Gall (Warsash SC) in the last minute who took the honours on the line.

The third and final race of the day was sailed with a strong outgoing tide. Reigning Youth National Champion Hector Bunclark (NDYC) led most of the race - at one point with dad Liam making it a 1-2 Bunclark - only to be defeated by the tide at the last leeward mark. The race was taken by Fraser Manning (NDYC) from Paul Grattage and Steve Sawford to ensure honours were well spread around the fleet at the end of Day One.

There was an excellent, very well-attended barbecue on Saturday night, with most stocking up for the predicted high winds on Sunday. Overnight positions were: Thom first, Manning second and Heaton in third; all separated by just three points.

Sunday arrived with less wind than forecast, with a southerly force 4. In race 4, after a general recall caused by a strong incoming tide, Grattage got away well and led from start to finish ahead of Thom and Gray. Many were

wondering if this was going to be a great Grattage comeback.

Race 5 was where the battle for the title really mounted. Manning was led by Thom, who couldn't be caught. Manning fought off Grattage to come home in second place with Grattage in third.

In the final race, Manning again led, knowing a win would give him the title. Thom skilfully passed Manning but Manning took back the lead on the beat. Thom passed again and with that took the win and with it the National Championship. Manning finished second with Gray third.

The last day had shuffled the overall scores, knocking Sam Heaton into sixth behind Steve Sawford (in fifth) and Paul Grattage into third. Anthony Gray just missed out on the podium, finishing fourth.

Hector Bunclark retained the Youth National title with a creditable 8th place overall being in the top ten in every race, Yvonne Pike (Shanklin SC) was first lady and George Love was the first over sixty helmsman. Anthony Gray and Aaron Kirby (Royal Western Sailing Club) took the Pro-Am trophy.

The event was supported by several sponsors of the event, including Windsport and The Commodore Hotel.

Pictures by Martin Penny





# Sports Nationals Results

Helm	Sail	Club	Race 1	Race 2	Race 3	Race 4	Race 5	Race 6	Points	Place
Liam Thom	2018	Shanklin Sailing Club	2	4	7	2	1	1	6	1
Fraser Manning	1977	North Devon Yacht Club	11	3	1	7	2	2	8	2
Paul Grattage	1957	Shanklin Sailing Club	<del>39-DNF</del>	5	2	1	3	<del>10</del>	11	3
Anthony Gray	1893	North Devon Yacht Club	1	7	<del>20</del>	3	7	3	14	4
Tom Gall	19	Warsash Sailing Club	8	1	<del>15</del>	<del>11</del>	4	4	17	5 <sup>1</sup>
Sam Heaton	1972	North Devon Yacht Club	4	2	<del>10</del>	5	<del>14</del>	6	17	6 <sup>1</sup>
Steve Sawford	1989	Rutland Water Sailing Club	9	8	3	4	6	5	18	7
Hector Bunclark	1906	North Devon Yacht Club	<del>10</del>	6	6	6	8	9	26	8
Mark Aldridge	2027	Grafham Water Sailing Club	5	<del>12</del>	<del>24</del>	8	10	7	30	9
David Grant	1943	North Devon Yacht Club	3	13	4	<del>17</del>	<del>16</del>	12	32	10 <sup>1</sup>
George Love	2019	Carsington Sailing Club	<del>14</del>	9	9	9	5	<del>11</del>	32	11 <sup>1</sup>
Ed Tuite Dalton	2023	Draycote Water Sailing Club	7	<del>18</del>	5	13	9	<del>38-DNF</del>	34	12
Jon Pearse	1339	Marconi Sailing Club	<del>23</del>	10	12	10	12	<del>19</del>	44	13
Erling Holmberg	1981	Shanklin Sailing Club	<del>19</del>	11	8	15	17	<del>40-DNF</del>	51	14
Charles Watson	1237	Halifax Sailing Club	12	19	11	12	<del>21</del>	<del>38-DNF</del>	54	15
Alex Raymont	525	North Devon Yacht Club	13	<del>23</del>	13	16	<del>19</del>	13	55	16
Richard Chidwick	1545	North Devon Yacht Club	6	15	14	21	<del>22</del>	<del>22</del>	56	17
Aaron Kirby	638	Royal Western Yacht Club	25	<del>36-DNF</del>	<del>25</del>	20	11	8	64	18
Jeremy Rowe	1500	North Devon Yacht Club	15	16	<del>23</del>	18	<del>23</del>	17	66	19
John Manning	1955	Beaver Sailing Club	16	21	22	<del>23</del>	13	<del>29</del>	72	20
Daniel Craner	685	North Devon Yacht Club	18	<del>40-DNF</del>	16	<del>28</del>	27	14	75	21
Ian Mounce	1908	North Devon Yacht Club	20	<del>29</del>	26	14	<del>31</del>	16	76	22
Eamonn Browne	1861	Creeksea Sailing Club	22	14	19	<del>32</del>	<del>26</del>	23	78	23
Chris Murphy	17	Shanklin Sailing Club	26	20	<del>27</del>	25	18	18	81	24
Ray Gall	1914	Carsington Sailing Club	17	<del>30</del>	28	22	<del>39-DNF</del>	15	82	25 <sup>1</sup>
Liam Bunclark	1951	North Devon Yacht Club	<del>28</del>	17	17	24	24	34	82	26 <sup>1</sup>
Keith Heason	1424	North Devon Yacht Club	21	25	<del>30</del>	19	<del>29</del>	21	86	27
Yvonne Pike	1220	Shanklin Sailing Club	<del>29</del>	22	18	<del>29</del>	28	26	94	28
Simon Hare	2026	Oxford Sailing Club	17	31	29	<del>33</del>	<del>32</del>	20	97	29
Amy Barker	1936	North Devon Yacht Club	<del>33</del>	27	<del>32</del>	31	15	25	98	30 <sup>1</sup>
Derek James	1744	Draycote Water Sailing Club	24	24	<del>40-DNF</del>	26	<del>30</del>	24	98	31 <sup>1</sup>
Daniel Drew	1540	Royal Western Yacht Club	<del>39-DNF</del>	<del>40-DNF</del>	21	30	20	28	99	32
Tom Gurney	1643	Royal Western Yacht Club	<del>39-DNF</del>	26	35	<del>39-DNF</del>	25	27	113	33
Nick Day	1888	North Devon Yacht Club	32	<del>40-DNF</del>	<del>33</del>	27	33	32	124	34
Joe Talbot Adams	1485	North Devon Yacht Club	30	<del>36-DNF</del>	31	<del>35</del>	34	30	125	35
Harry Gale	1849	North Devon Yacht Club	31	<del>36-DNF</del>	34	<del>37</del>	35	31	131	36
Ben Penny	1200	North Devon Yacht Club	34	33	<del>38-DNF</del>	34	<del>36</del>	33	134	37
Ben Duhig	1681	North Devon Yacht Club	<del>39-DNF</del>	32	36	36	37	<del>38-DNF</del>	141	38

# Sports Nationals Action...





# From Laser to Sprint Nationals

by Amy Barker

## NDYC, 1936

I have sailed predominantly lasers for four years. Although they are a fun boat to sail, I got to the point where progression was small over a long period of time. So, I decided I wanted a new challenge; with the sprint 15 youth fleet on the rise at NDYC and the nationals coming up, I thought I'd give it a go. Got to show the boys how it's done!

We had a youth training session the weekend before the nationals, which was my second time on the boat. Had a few close calls, nearly pitchpoling several times on the way to the start line! Liam Bunclark and Fraser Manning soon pointed me in the right direction and I felt in control. I had some trouble getting across the start line in time as I wasn't used to the speed compared to my laser. Eventually, I got there, nailing the last start of the day.

Before I knew it, it was day one of the NDYC sprint nationals; a nice early start which I certainly wasn't used to! We had sun and a consistent moderate breeze - champagne sailing conditions.

Race 1 was an interesting one, I learnt many things. First thing I learnt, is which mark the windward mark was, I was going for the wing mark! After realising the major mistake I had made, I bore off

sharply, got the traveller stuck round my foot, gust coming, and I'm in the water. An embarrassing capsize soon turned into a full inversion, which took some serious girl power to get back up and sailing again. This meant I had some work to do to get back in the race. I managed to pick off a few boats in the remainder of the race.

During the remaining races on day 1, I focused on getting my boat speed up by trial and error, seeing what made a difference and what didn't. I was gaining confidence quickly on the beat, but my downwind still needed some work. 'Sailing the angles' on the downwind leg is alien to us laser sailors, I soon learnt that sailing low means going slow. My upper body had taken a beating after day 1, maybe I should've done a few more press ups in preparation!

Race day 2 soon came around, and the breeze was on. I knew it was going to be a fast and furious day out there; time to send it, as Hector would say. Nerves were setting in before the first start, I wasn't sure if I would be able to handle the gusts.

I managed to get a decent start on race 4. I tacked off to the right hand side of the beat with the help of Anthony Gray which seemed to pay, luckily. All was going well, until I got myself into a sticky situation at the wing mark, and ended up doing turns which put me way down the fleet. I gained a few places back, but not enough for a respectable result.

However, in race 5, I was on it. Everything started



to come together, and I was sailing with confidence. I went left up the beat this time, which worked well as the wind shifted. Rounded the windward mark in 24<sup>th</sup>, and focused on the reach ahead; making the most of every gust, taking boats the whole way down the reach. Somehow, I kept the speed up for the duration of the race, and had my sights set on Sam Heaton on the last run. I tried to stare him down... sadly it didn't work... but I know he was getting twitchy! This meant I'd landed myself in 15<sup>th</sup>, which was a massive win for me.

When it came to the final race, I found myself in the carnage at the committee boat end. I ended up having to point too high, and tacked on go which was far from ideal. I was the last boat over the line, so I knew I had to put a shift in to get up the fleet. My master plan was to sail my own race, and sail straight and fast. I went for it, effort levels were at 100% and I made my way up part of the fleet to finish 25<sup>th</sup>.

Although I have crewed in Dart 18 nationals before, this was my first catamaran racing experience as a helm, which I thoroughly enjoyed. The Sprint 15 fleet is so welcoming and not intimidating, everyone is keen to see us young guns improve which is awesome. I am not saying I'm a cat convert yet, but I sure will be back for more racing next year!

Photos by Martin Penny



## Now or later?

Dear Sprint 15 sailors, the 2018 season is fast coming to a close and whilst some of you brave souls will be racing into the winter, others will be tucking their boats up to keep them warm and dry in preparation for your return to sailing in 2019.

With the best of intentions, winterisation takes two forms, "I will do that at the start of next season" OR "I will do that now" !

The easy one is the start of the season option - putting off the inevitable - but the other option of "I will do that now" gives a greater chance of complete success!

Windsport stock ALL the replacement and servicing parts you may need on our Catparts website, including some of the best GRP hull cleaning materials we can source which we use here in our repair workshops.

### Getting Started

The end of the season is the chance to really inspect and check over your boat and its equipment. Start with a good wash down of all the parts including the sails to remove salt build up, grime or even road dirt.

### Sails and battens

With sails dried and battens de-tensioned, remove your battens and inspect them for twist or breakage. Battens are the support of sail shape; as they get older they flex more and are less likely to support the sail's leech when you apply tension. Inspect the mainsail head and clew plate rivets for corrosion and work your way down the luff bolt rope inspecting the batten protectors and checking the screws / nuts are secure. Sail tell-tales, stitching and batten ties need that once over.

### Ropes, lines and blocks

Moving on to the running rigging, check your jib, if fitted, and mainsheet systems are running smoothly, sheaves, clevis and safety rings are in good order. Ropes and lines collect dirt and salt over the years and become stiff and expand. A good soak and wash might do the job but if not add these items to your replacement list of actions. Blocks and jamming cleats benefit from a light squirt of light oil. We use Duck Oil, which is better than silicon spray. Don't forget the traveller and check the traveller wheels have not worn on their axles due to the high loads transmitted from the mainsheet.

### Mast and standing rigging

Now for the mast and rigging. With both items cleaned in fresh water, check the halyard sheaves on the mast are serviceable, mast heel has worn evenly on both sides and the mast is straight. If you have a split mast, take it apart for storage and clean the mating surfaces thoroughly. A bit of light oil on sheaves and mating surfaces will not go amiss and allow everything to rotate and slot together smoothly next season. Standing rigging needs a careful check over. There is no official way of testing wires for serviceability without some fancy equipment, but eye observation and bending of the wire where it comes out of the copper swage is a helpful indication of whether wires should be replaced. If you see single strands breaking away it is a no brainer. If the wire feels very stiff or your wires are more than four years old and you sail regularly maybe you should be thinking about replacement?

## **Windsport Sprint 15 Cat Action**

- Need a new Sprint 15??
  - Talk with Windsport
- Need some cat advice??
  - Talk with Windsport
- Need replacement parts??
  - Talk with Windsport
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### **Just want to chat about cats!!**

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### Rudders and tillers

Okay, Windsport has done a number of articles on rudder servicing and replacement parts, so you can refer back to any of those articles on the class website, but basic checks are the smoothness of the lift and drop operation. If the system feels stiff, strip the unit down and clean or replace parts. On the connecting bar check it is still straight and the plastic ends are in good condition. On the tiller extension check the rudder UJ does not have any splits and if so replace. The blade's smooth leading and trailing edge profile is important to maintain smooth water flow: chips and gelcoat damage need attention. If you have an older blade with a breather hole blow into the hole and expect some back pressure. No back pressure mean there is a crack somewhere on the foil that needs attention to prevent things getting worse.

### Trampoline and accessories

When taking the trampoline off the platform test the handles underneath are well stitched on. UV and salt are the biggest eaters of trampolines and stitching so wash and dry. Check the material cut outs at the back of the trampoline and if the shock-cord on the tramp pocket needs replacing add it to the list. Toe-straps, paddle, burgee, downwind indicator: if their time is up replace them.

### Front and rear beams

Before removing the hulls from the beams check the rear beam clips are adjusted so they just fit snugly over the side of the hull and the spring holds them down. You will need a 10mm spanner to make any adjustment to the position on the leaf spring. Splitting the boat and removing the beams can be a one person job but it is much easier with two! With the hulls apart, inspect the front mast ball for even wear and the s/s pin in the centre of the ball is standing proud by about 1mm. On older boats the rivets holding the beam thrust-pads in position can become corroded and start to loosen so check your beam thrust

pads are still secure. Rear beam checks include the trampoline slides. If you need a few replacements consider adding a few extra on the track as spares.

Other checks: traveller track stops; traveller take-off shackle for cracks and the traveller cleat mounting plate for any slackness in the fixing.

### Okay, it's hull time...

If your hulls are in great condition (no gelcoat required on the skegs or anywhere else, the hatch O rings are in good condition and the hulls take minimum water and only through the breather hole), a good gelcoat soft cut back followed by a UV gelcoat polish will make your hulls shine and protect them from UV fade. (See the Catpart items under accessories).

Note: if you need to test hulls for leaks, tape over the breather hole and apply "low pressure air" using a hair dryer / hand pump or similar while using soapy water to look for bubbles. Too much pressure and you will damage the hull's stiffness integrity.

### Launch trolley and boat cover

Often overlooked, your trolley can make your launch and recovery a pleasure or more than a chore. Whether a big or a small wheel launching trolley, look out for perished tyres, broken clamp brackets, cracked trolley cups or worn cup padding. If it needs attention do it and do it now. Boat covers take a pounding but they still need a wash. Check the straps and buckles and halyard hang point. As with most things, you get what you pay for when it comes to covers, but most quality covers provide five plus years of good protection with a side panel that comes at least half way down the side of the hull.

### The 2019 Alternative

Okay, you could do all that work right now or at the start of next season..... OR, OR, OR ..... you could just be inclined to sell your boat to an up and coming new Sprint 15 class member and let them get on with doing all those jobs while buying yourself a brand new boat Sprint 15 ready to go!

There are various options to buying your new boat: outright or with full or partial finance via the Windsport finance package (details available). With a new boat no need to do any of those winterising jobs and the opportunity to start the 2019 sailing season as you mean to go on!!!!!!

*From the Windsport team  
see you all on the water  
in 2019!*





# New inflatable wing-sail has the SSC fleet rattled

Frustrated by early summer lack of form, newcomer to the Shanklin fleet Michh McPudlian decided his boat was in desperate need of an upgrade to move her up the fleet. Over a few bevvies in one of Shanklin's dens of inebriation he was suddenly struck by inspiration and decided to return to his wind-surfing roots with an ingenious inflatable wing sail (concept by aviator Laurent de Kalbermatten) that he had witnessed first-hand whilst on something called a "tilla holiday" somewhere nearish Lake Geneva. The wing required a lot of hot air, which was right up Michh's street. It was originally designed to fit a 5.5m one design, but Michh felt he had sufficient expertise to make it work on his Dart, and set to work.

Sea-trials were swift to follow, and Michh quickly moved through the ranks of the SSC, as his boat performance improved significantly.

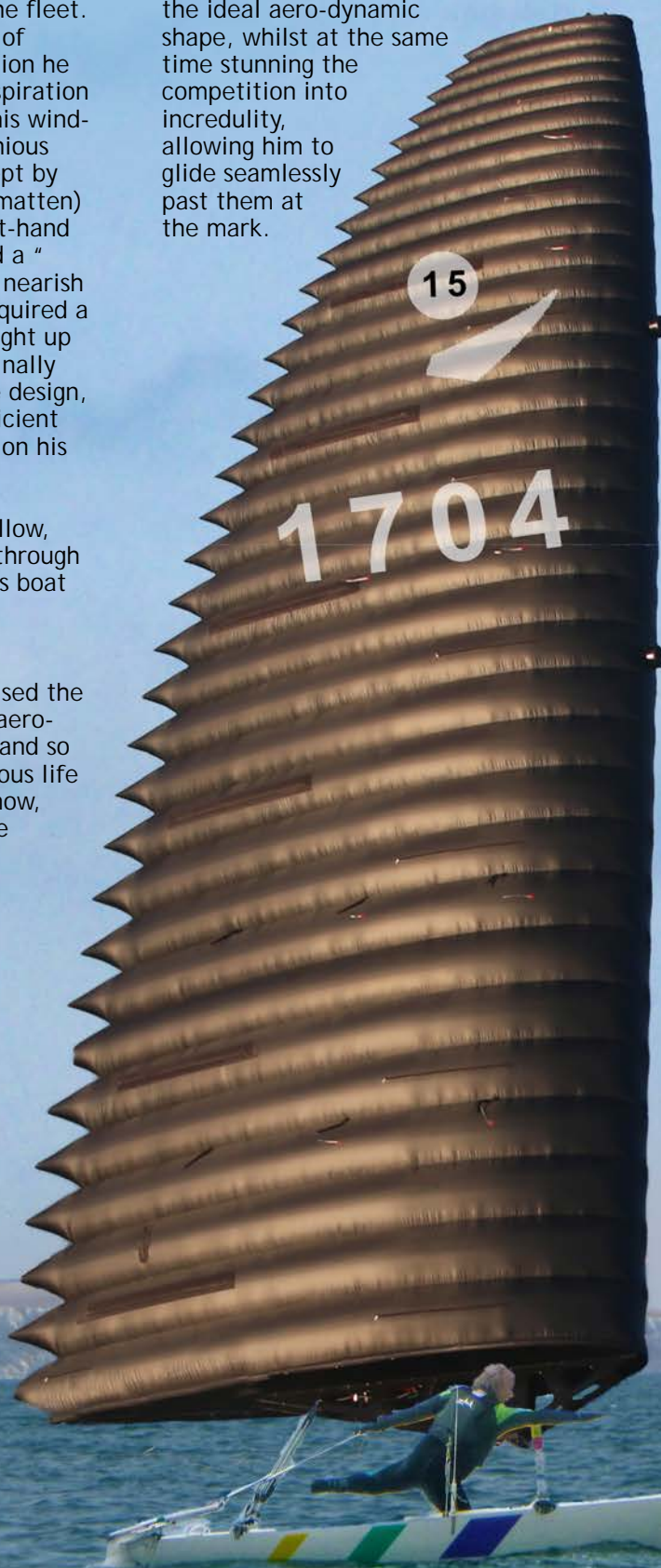
At the same time, he realised the need to perfect the most aero-dynamic helming position and so delved deep into his previous life as a yoga master. As we know, this is not a new technique employed by members of the Sprint 15 class. George Amore has long perfected the Salamba Sirsasana, and frequently used it to great effect to either catch his opponents off-guard or increase his likes on Facebook.

Micch found that the "Lord of the Dance" position provided the greatest reduction in air resistance to obtain the ideal aero-dynamic shape, whilst at the same time stunning the competition into incredulity, allowing him to glide seamlessly past them at the mark.



Micch was his usual reserved self when asked about his phenomenal improvement in form: "Ee fella, I'm proper made up. I mean, the handicapper has been a bit cruel by making me start the Pursuit races from Sandown pier, but he's just well jel. The inflatable wing's just awesome...I'm flying!"

Unfortunately there was no-one available for comment from Shanklin SC, as they were all out for the day attending archery practice.





# Summer Series Round-Up

*The Sprint 15 Summer Traveller series has a new name on the trophy this year as Liam Thom of Shanklin Sailing Club sailed a very strong series to take a well-deserved win.*

The series comprised of five events around the country and was well supported, as usual. The events were at Marconi (Essex), Rutland, Draycote, Royal Western (Plymouth) and Grafham, and mostly took part in light winds.

The Series kicked off at Marconi on a weekend in April and fourteen visitors joined an impressive thirteen locals. After some waiting around for the wind to materialise, racing was possible on both days in a light breeze and five races were completed. Paul Grattage won the event from Stuart Snell and Liam Thom. Top locals were David Ball and Jenny Ball, who were fourth and fifth respectively. The popular long distance race had to be shortened to a circumnavigation of Osea Island and was won by Thom from Ed Tuite Dalton.

Next in May came Rutland and the forecast for a sunny weekend with virtually no wind clearly depleted

the numbers. Never-the-less twelve sailors took part in racing which was just possible both days. On the Saturday just two races were run, and it took dedication to paddle to and from the race area to achieve this. On the Sunday a little more wind, but still only around five knots, enabled a further four races to be run aided by slick race management. Light wind expert Snell won from J Ball and Chris Tillyer. Next came George Love, Gordon Deuce and Kevin Kirby who took fourth, fifth and sixth respectively.

A one day Northern Championship event at Draycote was next up in July and fourteen visitors joined nine sailors from the home club. After a delay to await some wind the club managed to run four races in conditions which remained light and fluky all day. Thom (4,1,1) won from Snell (2,2,3), J Ball (1,5,5) and Grattage (9,1,3). Top local was Peter Slater in fifth, much to the annoyance of Tuite Dalton who was beaten by his old boat. New Class Treasurer, Nigel James, was sixth.

In August the fleet visited a new venue at Royal Western Yacht Club, Plymouth encouraged by the emergence of a new fleet of young Sprint 15 sailors who mostly sail the

more exciting Sport mode. We were rewarded with the best winds on the Saturday, and force four-five on the Sunday. Four races were completed on the Saturday and a further two on the Sunday. The

racing was exciting and Thom, who was testing a fast borrowed boat, made no mistakes winning the event by taking five successive guns. Tuite Dalton was second which made up for his disappointment in his performance at Draycote and Jon Pearse, who was revelling in the strong conditions, took third. Yvonne Pike was top lady in an impressive fifth place and top local was Jamie Ward who was sixth, even though it was his first sail in a Sprint 15. The local fleet had been talked into sailing una-rig mode in the interests of better competition, but in retrospect this had not favoured them as they were relatively unfamiliar with sailing this format. In future years it would possibly be smarter to encourage the travellers to sail Sport mode when visiting this club.

The finale was at the Grafham Cat Open in October and twenty-eight sailors took part in the Inland Championships which once again dwarfed all other classes at the Cat Open. Racing took place over two days on warm sunny days in a light force two-three breeze. Thom wanted to leave nothing to chance so had smooth-talked his friend in lending him the fast boat he used at Plymouth. Racing was tight throughout the weekend and the result depended on the final race. In the end Thom won the event (4,1,1,6,1) and became new Inland Champion by a clear margin. Marconi sailors, D Ball and J Ball, were second and third respectively and Snell was fourth from Jim Bowie in fifth place.

Thus Thom became the new Traveller Champion from Snell (2<sup>nd</sup>) and J Ball (3<sup>rd</sup>). In total fifty-one sailors took part in the series, and sixteen sailors qualified by sailing three or more events. The Sprint 15 fleet have now moved on to the Winter Traveller Series which kicked off at Stewartby on the first weekend in November.



Liam Thom commanding proceedings at the RWYC.  
Photo by Pauline Love





**Overall TT Series Top Places:** 1<sup>st</sup> Liam Thom (Shanklin) 3 pts, 2<sup>nd</sup> Stuart Snell (Grafham) 5 pts, 3<sup>rd</sup> Jenny Ball (Marconi) 8 pts, 4<sup>th</sup> George Love (Carsington) 14 pts, 5<sup>th</sup> Paul Grattage (Shanklin) 19 pts, 6<sup>th</sup> Ed Tuite Dalton (Draycote) 19pts, 7<sup>th</sup> Kevin Kirby (Marconi) 24 pts, 8<sup>th</sup> Nigel James (Marconi) 26pts, 9<sup>th</sup> Jason Clarke (Marconi) 33pts, 10<sup>th</sup> Jon Pearse (Marconi) 35 pts

Grafham: photo by Jeremy Atkins, Nigel Denchfield, Richard Philpott

**Traveller Champion & Standard Mode Champion:** Liam Thom (Shanklin)

**Traveller Team Champions:** Shanklin (Thom, Grattage & Holmberg)

**Southern Champion:** Liam Thom (Shanklin)

**Northern Champion:** Liam Thom (Shanklin)

**Inland Champion:** Liam Thom (Shanklin)

**Top Youth:** Jason Clarke



RWYC: photo by Pauline Love



Marconi: photo by Oli Southgate / OJS photography





# 'Twas the night before Christmas...

...and those with  
sea legs,  
were dreaming of  
waves as high as  
mastheads.

The stockings were  
shackled to the transom  
with glee,  
In hopes that St. Nick  
would find them at sea.

The sailors were  
nestled all snug in their  
quarters,  
With visions of sun, fair  
winds and calm waters.

The salty old captain,  
help at his hip,  
Had just set the  
bearing, for a long  
passage trip;  
When out on the horizon  
arose a bright light,  
So I sprang from the bunk and  
looked out to the night.

The ocean on deck greeted me with  
a splash,  
As I asked in despair, "was that a  
crash?"  
Our Visio impaired by the fog  
growing thick,  
Was it a crash, or do my eyes play a  
trick?

When, what to my wondering eyes  
should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight  
wet reindeer.  
A spluttering driver scrambled up  
from the floor,  
And called to his reindeer, "let's try  
that once more".

Over the mast the red sleigh did fly,  
As the captain and I tipped our  
heads to the sky:  
"On Dasher, On Dancer, On Prancer  
and Vixen,  
On Comet, On Cupid, On Donner  
and Blitzen".

The reindeer dragged the sleigh  
around in an arc,  
Glowing so bright as to banish the  
dark.  
Lining up from aloft, he aims at the  
yacht,  
It seems that the driver will give it  
a shot...



Somewhere near the north pole...

But if he landed on water, surely  
he'd sink,  
His sleigh and his cargo all bound  
for the drink;  
But onwards he pushed, like a  
runaway train,  
The reins on the sleigh screeching  
under the strain.

Now inches from the water, the  
spray did rise,  
Whilst the captain, he quivered,  
hands over his eyes:  
With a bang and a crash and a thud  
and a scream,  
The driver had nailed it, and  
stopped just abeam!

From the red sleigh the driver  
boarded our boat,  
Wearing boots of fine leather and a  
shiny red coat;  
The captain demanded, "tell me  
who you are",  
"Why, I am St. Nick, and I come  
from afar!"

"I come bearing gifts, you have  
nothing to fear.  
For tonight is a very special time in  
the year".  
From his sack pulled St. Nick, a gift  
wrapped in gold,  
A present for me on that Christmas  
so cold.

What joy it did bring on that lonely  
dark crossing,  
To have something to put in my  
damp Christmas stocking;

And for the old captain, whose  
nerves were now calm,  
A gift for chapped lips, some  
soothing lip balm.

"Now", said St. Nick, "it is a true  
shame,  
But I must now be gone, as quick as  
I came".  
His bold loyal reindeer could tread  
water no longer,  
As the wind and the waves began to  
grow stronger.

With a "Ho ho ho" he hopped back  
on his sleigh,  
With the whole world to visit,  
before the next day;  
In the blink of an eye he was gone  
in a flicker,  
Leaving a dusting, not of snow, but  
of sparkling glitter.

Wiping tears from my eyes, I'd  
never felt such delight;  
Happy Christmas to all, and to all a  
good night.

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Sailing Series™ / OC Sport

**Wishing you all a very  
Merry Christmas and  
a Happy New Year!**

**From Newsprint**

# 15 SPRINT

## Sprint 15

### Winter 2018-19 TT Events Programme

**Events Secretary: Chris Tillyer 07780 660650**

**Asst. Events Secretary: Jenny Ball 07941 884508**

Visit [sprint15.com/events](http://sprint15.com/events) for details of events and updates

Date	Venue	Contact	Phone
3 Nov 2018	Stewartby Water Sports Club	sprint15@swsc.org.uk	
12 Jan 2019	Draycote Water Sailing Club	Ed Tuite Dalton	07887 530267
2 Feb 2019	Thorpe Bay Yacht Club	Jenny Ball	07941 884508
24 Feb 2019	Rutland Water Sailing Club	Club office	01780 720292
17 Mar 2019	Grafham Water Sailing Club, Cambs.	www.grafham.org	01480 810478

**Winter Traveller Series** is for all sailing formats (Standard PY927 and Sport PY894).  
Five events with three to count. First race Saturday at 11am unless otherwise stated



### Summer 2019 Nationals – Advance Details

Date	Event	Venue	Contact	Phone
16-18 Aug	Nationals	Harwich Town Sailing Club	Jenny Ball	07941 884508
21-23 Sep	Sport Nationals	Yaverland Sailing Club	Liam Thom	07780 667831

**Sport Nationals** at Yaverland is for PY894 format  
**National Championships** at Harwich Town is for PY927 format

*The UK's most popular single-handed catamaran - bar none*

*Pics.: Above: 2018 Summer TT competitors at RWYC by Pauline Love*

*Below: 2018 Nationals competitors by Pauline Love*

