

SCUTTLEBUTT



SUSSEX POLICE OFFSHORE SAILING CLUB

NEWSLETTER

Scuttlebutt Reborn

The SPOSC newsletter returns with this AGM issue. It is your input that will keep it alive!

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Our Chairman's view of the Met Open race

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ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2014

The Club's AGM was once again generously hosted by the Sussex Yacht Club at Shoreham-by-Sea on Thursday 13th February at 7p.m.

Immediately following a Committee Meeting the AGM opened with Dave Frey in the chair. Steve Rigby having stood down as Chairman and Freya Carter Vice Chairman leaving office left vacancies at the top. After a lively debate Anne Darling was elected Chairman in her absence. Steve Rigby, having previously indicated his willingness was elected Vice-Chairman to maintain continuity. Despite having put himself forward as potential Chairman, Anne having been elected, Alwyn Evans was unanimously re-elected Treasurer while Dave Frey remains Secretary and Race Treasurer. Alain Jacquet was elected Assistant Treasurer/ Secretary and Dusty Miller remains in post as Commodore and of course webmaster. A varied programme for the year was discussed and it seems some additional funding is available for this years events. Freya Carter was awarded the 'Roger Dice' Trophy for exceptional

service to the club, the Scuttlebutt Trophy goes to Peter Kennet, see page 5, and the Portobello Cup was awarded to Bob Trevis for attaining RYA qualifications as Day Skipper practical and Yachtmaster (theory). The Commodore's Shield was not awarded this year.

Area Reps are as follows;

Brighton and Hove	Colin Jacques
HQ	Owen Poplett
Sussex House	Freya Carter
West Sussex & Gatwick	Alan Haffenden
East Sussex	Graham Castell



The meeting closed at 8.30pm with members old and new reminiscing around the bar in traditional fashion. The full minutes will be available on the club website.



Editorial Note

Please remember that this is your magazine and should reflect your views and experiences for the benefit of other members. If you have any comment, articles or photographs you feel are appropriate for inclusion then please forward them to me terryclothier@hotmail.com for publication.

The opinions expressed in articles within Scuttlebutt are those of the individual only and not necessarily those of the Sussex Police Offshore Sailing Club. No responsibility can be accepted for any inaccuracies or omissions.



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What can your club do for you.....?



Greece 2011

the Sussex Police Offshore Sailing Club or more commonly known as SPOSC.

This is a story about how I was able to charter a 37ft Beneteau yacht in the gorgeous North Ionian Sea under my own licence or more commonly known as 'bare-boating'. I could only do this because I had joined SPOSC, motivated myself and others to be active in taking up the advantages that being a member of SPOSC can bring.

by Freya Carter

I enquired about the club 10 years ago when I joined Sussex Police. I had sailed before, as a child, but had not been on a yacht since then. I was interested to see whether I would enjoy it as an adult.

This is a tale about how four abroad became four aboard and how we achieved by being actively involved with

My first trip with SPOSC was the yearly event called 'frostbite'. A few days aboard, normally in March - hence the name - with the idea to shake out the winter blues and get the sailing bug back for the summer. Luckily for me and considering I had just finished a stint of night shifts, the weather was totally in our favour. High, bright and cold with a good breeze. Not only was the weather wonderful, but so was the company. I decided that I liked sailing and wanted to do more.



Racing can be exhilarating!

Next on the SPOSC calendar was the PAA - or Police Sport UK, depending on how old you are - an event where UK police sailing clubs spend a week racing. On my first year it was held in the Solent.

Sussex is one of the few forces that charters for it's members a support boat for

the event and I had managed to secure myself a place on there. During this week I found out what was involved on both boats as I was given the chance to join the race boat for one of the days and the other days were spent enjoying wanderings around the Solent, then meeting the rest of the fleet to prepare an evening meal for both boats. This was our support to the race team!



Feeding the hungry crew in two shifts

This was an eventful, enjoyable and very social week which I have subsequently enjoyed each year as both support and race crew. Then a few years later, after gaining my RYA Day Skipper's certificate, as Skipper of the support boat in Dusty's absence one year.

So..... I really had caught the sailing bug and I wanted to gain some qualifications. In the autumn, the club tries to incorporate some practical training. In my first year I was able to take my RYA →

Freya Carter

Freya is a Prosecution Case worker with the Serious Organised Crime Unit at Sussex House. She has been a member of the Sussex Police Offshore Sailing Club for a number of years, latterly serving as Vice-Chair.

She has qualified through the RYA scheme as a Day Skipper and was a member of the team organising the 2009 Police Sport UK Race week. Standing down from office at this years AGM she was awarded the Roger Dice Trophy for her exceptional service to the club.

Roger Dice Trophy



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RYA Comp Crew Course with Alwyn Evans



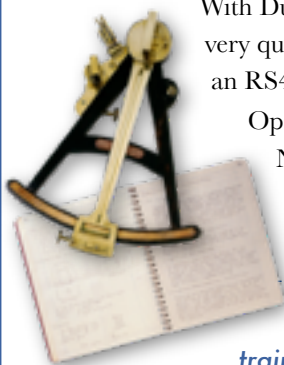
→ Competent Crew under Alwyn Evans excellent tutelage. Then during the winter, when there is little chance to sail, under Sir Terry Clothier's gentle guidance, I took and passed my RYA Day

Skipper theory exam. In the spring I returned to Alwyn and took the practical part of the certificate to become fully qualified.

Whilst learning about big boats, I also wanted to give smaller boats a try, so I completed my RYA Dinghy levels 1 & 2 through Brighton Marina. This meant I could also join the Police Dinghy Club or SPDSC! Another fantastic team of people who will support and egg you on if you want to get really wet!

I have completed further training under my own steam, one challenge being a yacht manoeuvring course during spring tides in the Hamble. I completed this with Alwyn through Fairview Sailing. Brilliant for your confidence and a definite skill to hone if sailing in the UK.

With Dusty Miller I learnt very quickly how to crew an RS400 at the Dorset Opens and PSUK Nationals. I have very fond memories of both!

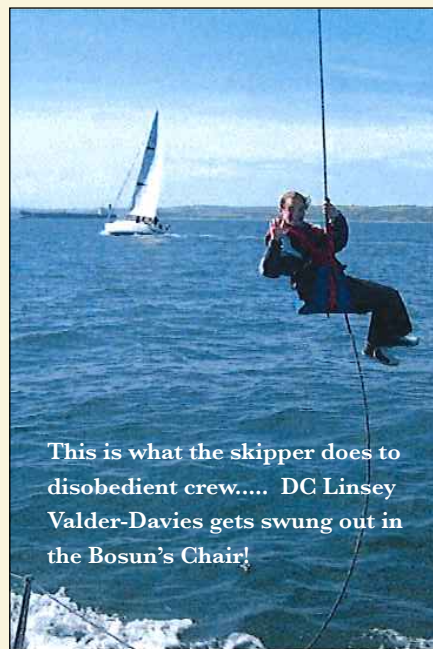


All these training courses are available through the Royal Yachting Association. For details see www.rya.org.uk



PSUK

Over the next few years my enjoyment in the clubs followed much the same pattern of trips - Frostbite - Spring Training - PAA Racing and Support Boat - the summer event 'Owners Rally' - then autumn training, with some excellent dinghy experience thrown in for good measure. One of the events, the Owner's Rally, where those members that are fortunate to own their own vessels get together to sail in a flotilla, is very relaxed and a lovely way to meet founding members of the club. If there is a spare berth, this is offered out to those members that do not have a vessel, where they can have a berth for a small fee..... normally of galley duties and wine! One year I was very lucky to have been invited aboard Lenny Wheeler's beautiful wooden Falmouth Pilot, 'Godolphin'. She was gorgeous, a real adventure!



This is what the skipper does to disobedient crew..... DC Linsey Valder-Davies gets swung out in the Bosun's Chair!

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One of the best sights a Racing Skipper can see. For Riggers PSUK 2008.

Sailing abroad

Then, in 2009 I used my Skipper's qualification to take my family on a flotilla to the beautiful azure seas of the Ionian. What an experience! Just four of us, on our own Dufour Yacht, pottering around in the hot sun, swimming and snorkeling with dolphins, eating wonderful food and putting my new skills to the test under the distant but watchful eye of the Flotilla's Skipper. Amazing time.....



**Me with my God-Mother in
Plataria, Greece**

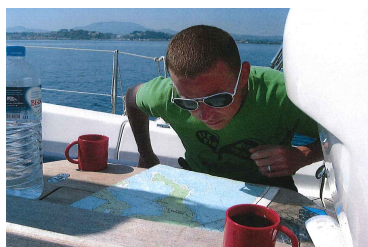
In 2011 I was asked by friends I had made through the club, whether I would consider taking them somewhere warm and as I had now sailed in Greece it was the best choice for my first foray into bare-boat chartering.

We had three wonderful weeks away, traveling initially over-land from Athens across the Peloponnese to catch a ferry to Corfu and collect our Beneteau 37 from Gouvia Marina. We then spent 12 days

literally pottering around, island to little coastal inlets and on to another island. Heaven!



**I think my favourite bay.
Lakka, Paxos, Greece 2011**



**"Albania is only over there!!"
The crew going rogue before we
even begin!**



**The Gouvia Crew.
A Corfu 'selfie' at the end of our
amazing trip.**

So..... I ask you again

**"What do you think your club can
do for you?"**

As I have documented briefly here, I believe that the Sussex Police Sailing Club can support you in areas you are interested in if you set yourself the challenge to achieve your goals. Put yourself out there, ask questions, motivate others to get involved or to teach you and you will, eventually get there!. This is not your standard club, it is a club created by police officers for police members and their families. It is a fluid environment, able to create events and trips tailored to members desires and ambitions. But it only exists through the energy and effort it's members put into it.

So come on.....get sailing!

Freya

January 2014



**RYA Day Skippers
practical course**

PS. Footnote from the author.....

If you start sailing in warmer seas, you may never return happily to UK waters. Be warned!!

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2013 Met Open - The Solent by Anne Darling

Day 1

We began the first race with light winds, 5 to 6 knots, two laps up and down a sausage. 6th place saw us setting the likely finishing position with the races to follow. The light winds ensured there were no decisions needed as to whether to reef the sails and gave all of us a good opportunity to get used to the workings of the boat and working as a team.

Race 2 saw us start slowly, coming through the start line in last place, however we recovered well. Again we finished in 6th place.

Race 3 turned out to be the same route as Race 2. Shame Lelliot had deleted the course from the GPS, but never mind. Could this be down to his relentless attention to "Where's Wally". During the first leg we were in front of the fleet, rounding the first mark in first position! Whilst others bore away, we hoisted and took the lead!! We gybed, taking a longer route round the mark to raise the kite, but nevertheless we were in front!! We finally came through in a very respectable 5th place.

Although we were quick off the start line for race 4, we ended up third from last again. We lost a few places to the first mark and we had to de-power at the wrong time. Nevertheless we sailed a good reach and forced fleet 29 at the mark. He then got the better of us on the final tack and we came in 6th place once more.

Day 2

With beautiful hot weather, we felt ready for anything. We began Race 1 with a standard upwind start into 2 knots of wind, and a Spring Tide current. We were down in the last third of the fleet when Lelliot made a tactical call on the windward mark and we picked up one place. We sailed well downwind, strengthening our position, but there were still 7 boats ahead of us. Those boats, whilst looking for stronger winds, then fell away. The current was pushing them back. Half a mile in front, we then saw them all fall away putting us in an extremely strong position. As the starboard boat, we managed to tactically force another boat away, to see them losing ground. At 200 yards from our turning point towards the finish, with our nose into the tide, we were now 400 yards away from all the other boats. We were IN THE LEAD!!! Then the Committee boat called a halt to the race! Hey ho that's sailing!

Race 2 was an up and back course of 2 laps. We demonstrated good tacks, quick hoists and we did particularly well because of our port tack whilst others were on a starboard tack. Finishing position was 4th place!

Race 3 was a longer leg. We had to gybe and with some delays with the spinny pole, we came in 6th place. As Lelliot commented "It was shit but we didn't hit any ferries". Luckily it was our discard race so it didn't count.

So overall we came in 6th place, all with a sun tan, toned muscles, and a broad smile. A good crew, lots of hard work, and lots of laughs.

What a great two days!

2013 PSUK - The Solent by Peter Kennett

On the Friday after it was all over, I called Mrs Kennett, who was home alone in Spain. She asked, "How did it go?" I said, "Well, we picked up the boat last Sunday, it was pouring with rain, freezing cold and we had storm force winds for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. We cooked breakfast and dinner for fourteen hungry cops for 5 days. Someone on board snored like a freight train. We were becalmed on Thursday, had to queue for a shower and a poo most mornings and evenings - and I'll be home tomorrow.

Mrs Kennett said, "Why would you want to do that for a week?" It was a good question and well put. With my innate inability to think on my feet, it left me struggling for an answer.

In truth - it was great, I loved it. It was like a 5 day and night episode of Dad's Army.

This was our cast: Captain Mainwaring - Dusty Miller; Sergeant Wilson - Ron Nevitt, Corporal Jones - Phil Mears, Private Godfrey - Me, Private "don't give them your name Pike" Pike - Owen Poplett, Private Walker - Dave Mallon, and ARP Warden Hodges - Kevin Claxton. What a motley crew! Only one serving officer, the rest of us have hung up our truncheons and in various states of retirement.

When I was posted straight out of training school to Bognor, Dusty was an old hand with about 12 months service. Ron Nevitt was my Sergeant, and managed to keep me on the straight and narrow. When I was posted to Eastbourne some years later, Owen Poplett was a probationer. He didn't stop taking then, and he still hasn't. Dave Mallon was in Firearms before we had guns. I didn't know Phil and Kevin, but suffice to say, I do now.

We all got on like a house on fire, everyone pulling together to prepare breakfasts and dinners for the race crew and ourselves along with the shopping, washing up and cleaning. In between those tasks, there were some serious swinging the lead sessions, about the old times, the good old boys and girls, "big jobs wot we had done", "cock-ups wot we had made", and generally catching up on news about old colleagues. Life on Mars - bring it on!

After chores, the sailing was excellent. Dusty is my kind of Skipper. When asked by the helm, he would let the helm decide on a course of action. Having said that, the odd "What depth have you got, helm?" would come up from below. Oops! "Have you got the container ship on the starboard beam?" Another Oops! In other words, letting you get on with it, but not letting you sink the boat. He was always happy to let the crew do the most difficult manoeuvres and remained calm when they made a right lash up. Mooring a 44ft sailing boat, stern in to a strange marina with a force 5 or 6 howling, was never going to be easy. It was a comfort to have Ron's experienced eyes as a back up. It also helped having a merchant navy First Mate on board - Phil. After he finished sailing the seven seas, he ended his merchant days as the number two on an Isle of Wight ferry, so his expertise was invaluable. We were also fortunate in having the excellent photographers, Kevin and Owen, who took some great snaps which can be seen on the SPOSC website.

Considerable praise must be given to our three evening chefs, Ron, Kevin and Dave, who prepared exquisite food in the restricted environs of a yacht galley. Credit to Owen who did the lion's share of breakfast cooking.

There were extremely testing sailing conditions for the race crew, which was evidenced when our own Kevin and Dave joined the race team for a day. I hope that with our support we helped to make the crew as well prepared as possible.

If I am spared another year, I will be applying for a place on the 2014 championship support boat. My grateful thanks to my skipper and fellow crew members, and of course to the SPOSC for their support in what was truly a brilliant and memorable week.

Adios amigos!

Peter Kennett

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A Report on the 2013 Frostbite by Dusty Miller

Frost-bite:

/ˈfrɒstˌbaɪ/

Noun

Injury to body tissues caused by exposure to extreme cold, often resulting in gangrene.

The name alone conjures up images of all kinds of unpleasantness... Thankfully, we were to ease ourselves in gently. As the Emerald Star succumbed to engine trouble and remained steadfastly moored at Gosport, those of us aboard the Canberra Star motored gently across to Gunwharf Quays for an 'Eat as Much as You Can' Chinese buffet. Impressive efforts from several (nameless) members of the crew ensured we got our moneys worth, whilst the liberal dispensation of medicinal gin and tonics back aboard, as we chatted and laughed our way to the wee small hours, averted the indigestion we undoubtedly deserved.

With the weather closing in on Monday morning, a day of pontoon bashing seemed to be on the cards. An opportunity to get hands on and learn some basic boat handling skills for the novices amongst us and some useful practice for those with their Day Skipper's practical looming in the not too distant future; despite the rain, it was still a enjoyable day 'messaging about on the river'.

By mid-afternoon, we saw the first signs of the rain clearing and with the passage planned and charted, Bob and Anne took to the helm to navigate us across to Cowes on what turned out to be a rather pleasant spring evening. With their engine woes temporarily resolved, the Emerald Star also made the passage to Cowes. In something of a developing theme, the evening consisted of fine food accompanied by

medicinal tonics generously supplemented with the offer of port and wine aboard the Emerald Star.

The break in the weather continued into Tuesday; with a hint of sunshine and steady winds, we set the sails and made our way out into the Solent for a fantastic morning sailing. Under the expert eye of Skipper Rigby, we threw ourselves into it; all of us getting hands on with the helm and the sails; being only the second time I'd been out on a yacht, it was awesome to be let loose with such a 'new toy'! Come lunchtime, we dropped anchor in a sheltered bay whilst Anne disappeared below to rustle up more delights from the galley. The afternoon delivered more great sailing in perfect winds; as my familiarity with the rigging grew, it started to feel a little more like sailing the dinghies, (albeit, a slightly larger version), that I am more accustomed to. Back in Cowes, we drained the final dregs of gin to toast what had been a great days' sailing.

Wednesday was crew changeover day for some of us aboard Canberra Star. Slightly lighter winds than the day before made for a gentile sail back to Gosport. Back at Gosport, we said our farewells to Riggers, Bob, and Anne, (with Graham taking over the mantle as Skipper) and welcomed Phil, Kevin, and Justin aboard. With a view to joining the Emerald Star in port that evening, we set sail for Lympington... Unfortunately, with not much in the way of wind to fill the sails we ended up chugging most of the way along the Solent. As it turns out, this was the lull before the storm...

Awaking to the prospect of gale force winds, and forecasts for them to increase still further the following day, we cast off early to make way back to Cowes. With the mainsail fully reefed we made a very cold and rather bumpy dash across the channel to find some

shelter in the lee of the Isle as we headed East and back to Cowes yacht haven. With little prospect of more sailing that day, most of the crew availed themselves of one of the many local tea rooms in search of liquid refreshment.

As forecast, conditions worsened over night. Had it not been the final day, with the boats due back into Gosport that afternoon, it could well have been another day spent in the 'tea rooms'. However, being the hardy sailors that we are, we battened down the hatches, pulled up our collars, and headed for the open water. Heading directly into a gale force Easterly, with the tide against us and substantial swell, it was never going to be easy, but then an engine alarm some twenty minutes into the passage necessitated a quick u-turn, forcing us back into the shelter of Cowes to investigate.

With skipper Graham ably resolving our engine woes, we cast off again and headed back out into the storm. There followed several hours of biting cold, high seas, and horizontal rain. So cold, in fact, that 10 minutes on the helm was about as much as could be endured before rotating round to each take our turn. Hunkered down into our collars and hoods secured, and reflecting on what had been a fantastic week (on and off the water!), I could now also appreciate why Frostbite had earned its name...

