BERTHON

www.berthon.co.uk/volumeIII

cover shot: the “ARROW” built in Lymington in 1821 and competed in the first America’s Cup in 1851
left: Lymington Shipyard Berthon 1815.

{Berthon and the America’s Cup}

1851 was the year of the Great Exhibition in London, and the previous year an English merchant had suggested one of the fast New York pilot boats should be sent to England to take part in what later came to be known as the America’s Cup, staged by the Royal Yacht Squadron.

We all know who won, and although Admiral responded “there is no second” to Queen Victoria’s question, there were a number of well-known and indeed famous British yachts competing in the race. Two were built in the Lymington yard named at the time after its owner and master shipwright, Thomas Inman now known as Berthon . These were Thomas Chamberlain’s “ARROW” (front cover), and Joseph Weld’s “ALARM”.

Confusingly, Joseph Weld commissioned the ARROW in 1821 from Inman’s boatyard in Lymington where he had become somewhat of a patron, living between the Pyelwell Estate on the opposite bank of the river and his ancestral home at Lulworth Castle in Dorset. Indeed, his first yacht was called the Lulworth, built at Lymington and Joseph Weld was a founder member of the The Yacht Club (later to be called the Royal Yacht Squadron) in 1815. The ARROW was probably the nineteenth century’s most celebrated cutter, and a product of Mr Weld’s own ideas, he having been lauded as early as 1807 as there being “no more conspicuous figure in these early days [of yachting]”. In what still rings true today, weight counts. Used to measuring yachts by tonnage, she weighed a mere 85 tons and at 61½ feet length she had a beam of 18½ft – very similar dimensions to today’s Swan 60, albeit the latter now weighs vastly less. In 1825, for a wager of £500, the ARROW was narrowly beaten by Lord Anglesey’s PEARL in a race from Cowes to Swanage, yet the winner was nearly twenty tons heavier. In 1826, cup-racing began at Cowes in earnest and the ARROW won the £100 gold cup at the annual regatta, now known the world over as Cowes Week.

Anxious to improve on ARROW’s success with an even larger cutter, Weld sold ARROW after the 1828 season, a decision he came to regret bitterly – and she was bought by George Ackers, a fellow club member. Ackers kept her for five years, before selling her to Lord Godolphin in 1834, but it appears she was often laid up for long periods and might never reach her real potential. Eventually, she was bought off a mudbank by Mr Thomas Chamberlain and although she ran aground in the famous 1851 race (and saved by her old owner Mr Weld in his new yacht the ALARM), she won a repeat of the round Island event in 1852 for the Queen’s Cup in the Ryde Regatta beating the AMERICA’s new owner Lord John de Blaquerie who had paid £5,000 for her a year earlier! Later that summer she won the other Queen’s Cup at Cowes in one of the quickest times on record. She then went on to win numerous regattas though to 1879, taking an incredible ten prizes out of seventeen starts, her last season, beating the formidable new FORMOSA in an epic race at Ryde, electrifying all those who witnessed it.

Rhetoric perhaps, but fifty eight years after she was launched, the only English yacht to claim she had never been beaten by the great AMERICA had shown herself, even at the last to be the most formidable cutter afloat. Thereafter retired, but not forgotten, this Lymington built yacht was described as “the epitome of the first sixty years of salt-water racing” which, although true, is hardly a very fulsome epitaph for one of the fastest and finest yachts in racing history.

{Brian May - with grateful thanks to James Taylor and Bonhams}

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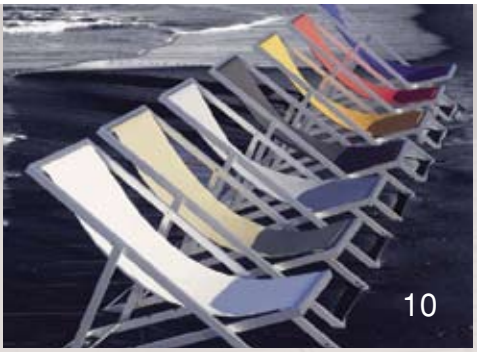

{Review of the Market}

As you turn to this page I would like to welcome you to Volume III of the Berthon Lifestyle Magazine. This edition is larger than it's predecessors, and focuses on the lifestyle associated with our sport. As ever, we are grateful to our contributors, all of them Berthon supporters. We hope that you enjoy reading Volume III as much as we have enjoyed putting it together for you.

Accompanying it is the Collection Catalogue, this year dubbed Thirteen Clocks which supports our showing of quality brokerage yachts here at the Shipyard, concurrent with the Southampton Boat Show from 14th – 23rd September.

2007 has been good to the Sales Division at Berthon. We have consolidated our sales teams in England, France and Spain. Results are 30% up this year for the brokerage business, and our quest to continue to strive to improve our service continues.

However, yacht prices are down and recognising accurate market value continues to be a challenge. The market is an ever changing one and this year this has been particularly the case. The fall of the $ of course has been the main factor driving prices downwards. However, we have also seen over supply in various sectors of the market driving price down yet further. This has been very noticeable in the high production sectors both sail and power from 30' – 60'. The more custom, bespoke, quality yachts have continued to hold their own, but production yachts have needed aggressive pricing to sell.

We have continued with our policy of listing larger brokerage yachts and focusing on them in order to achieve realistic selling periods at market value and this has worked well this year with sales of yachts such as, Frers 92, Swan 80, Dixon 65, CNB 76, X-73 and Swan 60.

Our office in France is developing well with a solid team in place and good service points for the Windy boats side of the business. We continue to develop brokerage listings on the Cote D'Azure and Italian coasts.

Palma remains an important centre for brokerage sales and has put in an excellent year. In the UK an internal re-organisation of motor yacht brokerage has seen an increase in the amount of business generated in this sector, with listings such as Elegance 82, Aquastar 74 and a plethora of quality brokerage listings available to our client base.

Windy Boat sales in the UK and France have increased by 15% this year, against a backdrop of heavy discounting in the planing motor yacht sector. The importance of quality and residual sale value continues to make Windy the yacht of choice for our client base. The introduction of the Windy 52, to be followed in the spring by the 44 and 48 bodes well for 2008, despite rising interest rates, with forward orders already placed for these new models.

Linssen has been huge for us this year. A combination of the world beating new 9 series – the 299, 339 and 40.9, and a re-organisation here at Berthon has increased sales ten fold. We are also proud to have been appointed as the Distributor for France as well as the UK. The vast inland waterways in this region are perfect for the Linssen range. In addition, the Grand Sturdy Linssen is for long distance sea use, and the coastlines of the UK and France offer huge scope for these fabulous quality dutch motor yachts.

The industry has seen wide reaching changes this year. The emphasis continues to be on successful companies growing by the acquisition of smaller groups as is evidenced by the Ferretti Group (Berthon is the distributor for Apreamare, which is a Ferretti group member). Here in the UK Merrill Lynch controlled Premier now owns Moodys and Moody sailing yachts are being produced by Hanse. We predict that this trend will continue and that smaller, boutique sales companies will decline further in 2008. Another obvious change is the movement of yacht building facilities to areas like Slovenia, Poland, Turkey and elsewhere, where labour rates are low. European builders need to be efficient to survive with the smart ones using modern technology and efficient processes to limit the man hours expended on build, as evidenced by the Linssen Logicam System of which you will read more further on in this publication.

Delivery of information via the web continues to increase in importance. Berthon has invested in Rightboat.com along with MDL, Essex Boatyards, Ancasta, BA Peters, Walton Marine and Dickies. This new website offers clean information, there are no duplications or ghost boats and minimal clicks to the information for our clients. Our cumulative experience of the market we believe, will deliver the best and most transparent search facility for yacht purchase yet seen. It will be rolled out in Europe next year.

No review of 2007 would be complete without mention of the Challenge business Fleet Disposal managed by Berthon. When the Challenge Business went into administration in October 2006, shockwaves ran through the industry. An iconic and irreplaceable part of the yachting scene, we were particularly saddened by this casualty. Berthon were deeply involved in the painting and maintenance of the Challenge Business fleet as well as managing the planned disposal of many of the 67 fleet prior to the company's demise. However, the legend lives with sales of the fleet to a new set of remarkable custodians and with Challenge yachts providing exceptional adventure sailing throughout the world. We can report that all their new owners have proved themselves to be up for a Challenge.

We look forward to meeting you this September at Southampton, Cannes and La Rochelle Boat Shows, and most significantly in Lymington where we are showing 100 quality second hand yachts. We will also be exhibiting in Paris and London (Excel).

From the Sales Division at Berthon goes to you the wish that you thoroughly enjoy Volume III of the Berthon Lifestyle magazine. Whether you're after a fab cruising yacht with wickedly good sailing performance, a rocket ship with stacks of potential to be in the chocolates or a clockwork yacht with a spec more complete than the Space Shuttle; we look forward to being of help.

Wishing you fair winds and good sailing from us all.

{Sue Grant}

right and below: the Beautiful town of Cowes plays host to one of the England's most traditional summer sports

picture: onEdition

{Summer Tradition} Since its small beginnings, 181 years ago, Cowes Week has undergone enormous and virtually continuous evolutionary change. In 1826, just seven yachts lined up for the first ever racing at Cowes in an event that was soon to be known as 'Cowes Week'.

picture: onEdition

By contrast, in 2006, there were 1,040 yachts ranging in size from small dayboats through to 30 metre long super-maxis. Over 100,000 spectators enjoyed the racing as well as the festival atmosphere ashore. However, the event is still enormously proud of its heritage.

Since Victorian times, when the then Queen's favourite home was Osborne House in East Cowes, Cowes Week has been an integral part of England's summer season with its traditional dates fitting neatly between Goodwood and the start of the grouse shooting season on the 'Glorious 12th'. Normally starting on the first Saturday after the last Tuesday in July, these dates are not sacrosanct in the modern regatta. In 2004, the regatta was put back by a week to enable it to be sailed in a week of neap tides, thus giving much improved racing. This in itself seems a small change but it illustrates admirably how Cowes Week now looks to its competitors first even if this means alterations of historically embedded dates.

picture: onEdition

picture: onEdition

above: the starting line of one of the many races over the week.
left: the start of Cowes week, signalled with a cannon shot.

The fireworks display on the final Friday of the week, has similarly become embedded as an integral part of this event. Before the advent of health and safety issues, litigation and a nanny state culture, these fireworks were set off on Cowes Parade itself, merely metres (or perhaps we should say yards?) away from the thronging crowds. Nowadays, the fireworks are set off from barges afloat, a safe distance from the estimated 75,000 spectators!

Until fairly recently, Cowes Week was considered to be an elitist and totally exclusive event – toffs and royalty only! While being very careful to maintain the best of the traditions of the regatta, it is now really inclusive. Afloat, every level of sailor from Olympians and World Champions to occasional weekend sailors take part in the competition, while ashore there is entertainment to suit everyone. The yacht clubs still hold their exclusive and wonderful balls and cocktail parties but now there is also street entertainment on the Parade to keep children amused as well as live music and a festival atmosphere with bars, restaurants and food stalls catering to the crowds.

Up until 1963, Cowes Week was not really a regatta but was more of a series of mini-regattas run by a number of different yacht and sailing clubs. Each club had its own sailing instructions, its own start and finish lines and separate entry procedures. In that year, HRH Prince Philip was the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron as well as being a keen Cowes Week competitor. He instigated the formation of Cowes Combined Clubs and the start of the modern, integrated Cowes Week by threatening never to race at Cowes again unless the clubs got together to make life easier for the competitors.
Early Cowes Week regattas were funded entirely from the entry fees paid by competitors. In the modern world, running and managing an event of the size, scale and complexity of Cowes Week would not be possible without significant income and we are now accustomed to sponsorship. Cowes Week has been fortunate over the last 13 years to have Skandia as title sponsor as well as several leading companies as supporting sponsors. After the 2008 regatta, Skandia's contract will finally run out and the event organisers are currently looking for a new title sponsor to act as partner to the event for at least a four year period. Exciting times lie ahead!

Looking ahead, one thing is certain and that is that Cowes Week will continue to evolve and will not be the same in 20 or 50 years time. However, by listening to its customers, the competitors and to all who care about the Week we will strive to ensure that it is still there as one of the World's great sporting events for future generations.

{Stuart Quarrie. CEO Cowes week}

{Room with a View} Once in a lifetime you find a place so beautiful, so magical and inspiring, that you know that it will play an important part in your life. When Jose Gandia discovered such a place in the northwest of the island of Ibiza, he asked his friend, the architect, Ramon Esteve to design and build a house for him there.

above left: ‘NaXemena’ a stunning view from the cliff top pool. above right: exterior view of this stunning minimalist house.

Between them, they created ‘NaXemena’ a beautiful cliff top house of wood, concrete and glass. The design was extremely minimalist, paying respect to the surrounding sea, cliffs & sky, reflecting rather than dominating their natural beauty.

This minimalist approach was sustained throughout the house & Ramon went on to design furniture and fittings to complete the scheme. The poolside furniture that Ramon designed epitomised the balance that suffuses all his work. The materials used as well as the technical execution offered a rational image together with perfect industrial design for the large scale manufacture of the products. The results were fundamentally simple, but with an intrinsic value which makes them exclusive. Jose loved the poolside furniture so much he decided to use his company, Gandia Blasco, to produce it commercially and named the range ‘NaXemena’ after

the house…..thus taking his company off in a new direction. Gandia Blasco was founded in 1941, originally manufacturing blankets and specialist textiles, but since the mid -1980's, it turned its attention to the production of carpets and furniture. This new range of furniture changed the direction of the company, which now focuses on all things for outdoors. Many new & innovative ranges have been added to the collection since the introduction of "Na Xemena" in 1996, and Gandia Blasco has now become a world-leader in outdoor furniture and accessories, with the 'black cat' logo appearing in more exclusive designer showrooms every year.

The Gandia Blasco range has now expanded to provide everything required to create a stylish outdoor environment including original outdoor rugs, lighting and a range of pergolas and day beds that provide the ultimate in outdoor decadence…..but with stylish good taste. {Their parasol design "Ensombra" was awarded Best Outdoor Product at the Grand Designs Awards 2007.}

Berthon are delighted to be showing a selection of Gandia Blasco outdoor furniture at The Shipyard held concurrent with the Southampton International Boat Show, the 13th Berthon International Collection of brokerage yachts for sale from 14th to the 23rd September 2007. From 10.00 hours to 18.00 hours each day.
{Kirsty McEwing}

Gandia Blasco is available locally at So Furniture of Westbourne, Bournemouth.
So furniture • 19 Seamoor Road • Westbourne • Bournemouth • BH9 4AA
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top: the clean lines of Gandia Blasco furniture complement 'NaXemena'. above & right: the modern day bed.

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above: the XSR48 {prototype} ready to leave Berthon's ultra modern facilities in December 2006.

{Licence to Thrill} "Globally the ultra-rich spend vast amounts of money on supercars, but there was no marine equivalent in the market; so we challenged ourselves to create a superboat, a state of the art performance powerboat with the DNA of a supercar." With this realisation, Ian Sanderson, CEO of XS Marine Group (XSMG), holder of 10 powerboating world records, set about producing the world's first superboat, at Berthon.

The brief was clear and simple – to take the DNA of the world's finest supercars, combine it with the styling of an exclusive superyacht and create the first true superboat.

Many of the partners were to be found on Berthon's doorstep, in and around Lymington on the western end of the Solent. But to ensure the company worked with the very best the net was cast right across the globe to find the additional partners needed.

Redman Whiteley Dixon (RWD), an internationally respected design studio responsible for some of the world's finest superyachts was selected to design the external aesthetics and internal area ergonomics For the hull hydrodynamics and drive systems there was only one option, the master of high-speed offshore powerboat design, the legendary Fabio Buzzi. The new boat was to be constructed entirely from composite material, so the XSMG Marine travelled to the other side of the world to leading composite structural design engineers in New Zealand; High Modulus provided the materials package which gives maximum strength and cubic capacity for minimum weight.

The immense power is provided by Isotta Fraschini. One of Italy's original luxury car marques, its dedication to excellence continues in the marine industry where it manufacture s some of the world's finest marine specific engines. The race-winning engines selected for the project weigh one tonne less in weight than any other equivalent production engines of equivalent power.

The boat was finally assembled at the Berthon Shipyard in Lymington, world famous for its association with the America's Cup. Berthon combines its rich heritage of traditional craftsmanship with ultra modern facilities including the most modern paint facility in Europe.

In total over 55,000 man hours have gone into the development of the XSR48, with designers, naval architects, craftsmen and engineers exploring every aspect of hydrodynamics, aerodynamics, aesthetics, ergonomics, propulsion, power and performance.

Eleven world records were broken on a cold grey Solent day in December 2006 where the boat was first launched.

The boat's style plus the adventurous approach of the XSMG management team have already attracted the interest of royalty. His Royal Highness, Prince Michael of Kent, a true advocate of British industry and himself a keen sportsman, launched the XSR48 in Berthon's Lymington Marina and was one of the first to experience the thrill of the first true superboat, first as a passenger and then as a pilot at the controls.

top: a fitting setting for this Bugatti Veyron of the seas, in Monaco.
above left: the XSR48 is pushed to the limit during sea trials. South of the Isle of Wight.
above right: the ultra sophisticated cockpit of the XSR48.

With the XSR48 already being hailed as the “Bugatti Veyron of the seas” and high levels of international interest you would be well advised to place your order now or risk missing the boat. The first four are in build, being delivered from Berthon’s big blue sheds this winter and distributed to four different continents, Production is limited to 100, ensuring exclusivity and that the XSR48 is a rare and precious sight in the worlds premier marinas.

“At every stage of the boat’s development we have remained true to our objective of taking a supercar and putting it on the water,” says Ian Sanderson. “Supercar fans that experience the boat will not be disappointed.”

For more information on XSMG and the XSR48 contact brian.may@berthon.co.uk

top: the Interior is simple and stunning
above: the XSR48 is without doubt a super yacht.

{Death at Trafalgar}

Maritime art is of abiding interest to anyone connected to the sea. Yet works relating to one iconic naval figure consistently outperform all others, achieving an international recognition far in excess of those connected to lesser mortals.

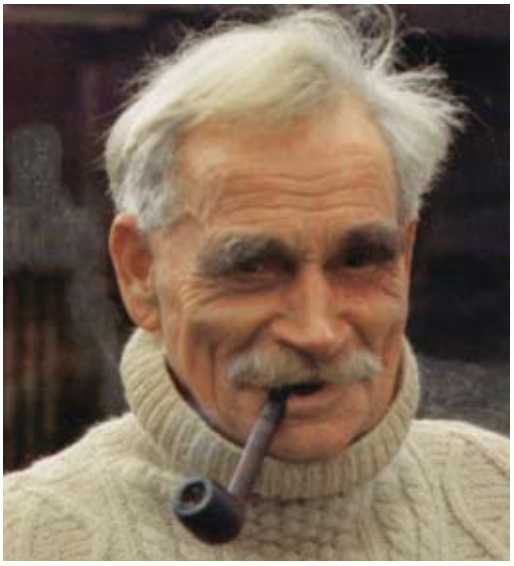
That man, of course, is Nelson whose papers, artefacts and portraits continue to be fiercely fought over by collectors more than two hundred years after his heroic death at the battle of Trafalgar.

In 2001, whilst working for Sotheby's, I was fortunate enough to stumble across an extraordinary trove of Nelsonian treasures whilst undertaking a valuation on behalf of the descendants of the admiral's prize agent Alexander Davison. Davison (1750-1829) had previously been a rather mysterious character in Nelson's well-worn story. A self-made man who built a fortune in trade then lost it after twice being imprisoned, once for election fraud and then again for malfeasance, Davison has always been seen as a slightly disreputable footnote to a story fit only for heroes. Yet his lost collection of papers and artefacts—highlighted by the bloodstained purse carried by Nelson to his death at Trafalgar—revealed a remarkable and intimate friendship between the two men. It cast light, for instance, on Davison's hitherto hidden role as go-between during his friend's well publicised and scandalous affair with Emma Lady Hamilton whilst still retaining the position of confidant to Nelson's abandoned wife Fanny. Many of the treasures hoarded by Davison were personally gifted to him by Nelson or received by bequest after the admiral's death. Others were sold, or pawned, to him by Emma after Trafalgar as she struggled with drink and her mounting debts.

One of the most spectacular finds in Davison's collection was a magical nautical service by the renowned Derby porcelain factory which, by family tradition, had been a gift between the two men after Nelson's famous victory at the battle of the Nile. The service—which is currently being offered for sale by Corfield Morris Fine Art Advisors—offers a vivid insight into the world of Nelson's navy as each of its 42 pieces is individually decorated with a miniature marine painting of exquisite detail. The artist responsible, George Robertson, who was Derby's leading decorator at the time, took great pains to ensure the accuracy of his designs by closely studying the work of the leading maritime painters of the age such as his near contemporary Thomas Whitcombe (1760-1824). Furthermore each piece was inscribed on its reverse with a brief description of the scene it depicted, from 'a ship hove down & being Careen'd' to 'An English Frigate in chase of a French Republican one Hard Gale'. Documenting the service in this way allows us to read the service, which was always intended for ostentatious display, as a narrative whilst still enjoying each image as an individual and highly accomplished work of art. There is no evidence that Robertson was familiar with seafaring yet his paintings capture the drama of an engagement with the enemy as effortlessly as the limpid calm of a balmy evening anchored off Naples.

Unsurprisingly, the highly-talented Robertson grew tired of simply decorating porcelain for Derby, preferring to be seen as an artist than artisan. In 1820 he resigned to pursue a solo career as a painter. Tragically, however, his career and health foundered and within a few years he was admitted to Nottingham Lunatic Asylum where he died in penury in 1833. Yet his work continues to dazzle and by gazing at his nautical service today, as Nelson once did, one is irresistibly drawn back to the great age of sail.

{Tim Corfield is a Berthholder in Berthon Lymington Marina, and a director of Corfield-Morris, antiques experts}



Bill Tilman

{To Explore the Unexplored}

H.W. Tilman (more commonly known as Bill) could be considered one of the last of the great British explorers, in a period when there were still significant parts of the globe to explore. His exploits both on the oceans and on the highest mountains have been the inspiration for many (including the authors) to embark on their own expeditions and his books remain some of the most captivating travel literature available.

An extraordinary explorer from the 20th century who tore through life achieving so much. A mountaineer who sailed to find the wild places, his various adventures included:

- Building and managing a coffee plantation in Kenya
- Serving with distinction in World War I
- Fighting with Albanian and Italian partisans behind the lines in World War II
- Climbing Ruwenzori, Mount Kenya and Kilimanjaro
- The first ascent of Nanda Devi
- Ascending Mount Everest to a height of 27,200' with out oxygen

But apart from these he sailed annually for 22 years to the high latitudes of the Arctic and Antarctic in a small wooden un-reinforced boat with limited navigational aids. To begin doing so aged 57, is the stuff of legend.

Born in 1898 in Wallasey, Cheshire and educated in Berkhampstead, he was commissioned in to the Royal Field Artillery at the tender age of 17. He saw action on the Western Front, including the bloody Somme and was twice awarded the Military Cross for bravery. After the First World War he lived and travelled extensively in Africa and began his enduring climbing partnership with Eric Shipton. The now famous partnership was forged on summits including Kilimanjaro and Mount Kenya. Then, Tilman turned his attention to the Himalayas and was involved in two of the 1930s Everest expeditions reaching 27,200 feet without the aid of oxygen. He went on in 1936 to make the first ascent of Nanda Devi, which at 25,643 feet remained the highest mountain top climbed by man until 1950. During his time in the Himalaya, he was responsible for surveying some of the remotest areas previously unexplored by Western man.

Following further military action behind enemy lines in the Second World War, Tilman turned his explorative ambitions to ocean sailing, typically combining this with further mountaineering in the higher latitudes. A self taught yachtsman he wisely settled on the Bristol Pilot Cutter as his craft of choice.

These highly seaworthy craft were originally built to ply their trade in the Bristol Channel in the early days of the 20th century. Small, at around 30 tons displacement, these workboats were admirably suited to carrying a crew of five or six and the supplies they required for a long voyage. Over the next 22 years he would own three pilot cutters and all based at Berthon, buying the first and the best known, "MISCHIEF" in 1954. When she was lost off Jan Mayen Island near Greenland, he returned to England and purchased "SEA BREEZE". His last cutter "BAROQUE" still survives, currently working as a charter vessel in Sweden.

His first sailing expedition was to the Patagonian channels in 1955 and included a crossing of the Southern Patagonian Ice cap; at that time a blank space on the map which tested the party to the limits of their supplies and endurance. The sailing knowledge gained on that trip allied with his extensive exploratory experience led him to next attempt two expeditions to the Crozet Islands and Kerguelen in the remote

above: Berthon in the early 1960's

above: Bill Tilman
with Sea-Breeze

sub-Antarctic South Indian Ocean. The loss of the dinghy in a big sea curtailed the first trip as a shore landing was impossible. Tilman turned the voyage into a circumnavigation of the African continent. The second trip succeeded in reaching both destinations, although the climbing failed to live up to expectation when the reputed large glaciated mountain on the Crozets turned out to be more akin to Snowdon.

Following his exploits down south, Tilman turned his attentions to the northern hemisphere with many shorter trips to Greenland and the Canadian East Arctic. Here significant mountaineering could be undertaken in the coastal mountains using the boat as a base, including the first crossing of Bylot Island. "MISCHIEF" was often working in amongst the ice and achieved some remarkable feats, including once arriving in Pond Inlet at the north of Baffin Island a week earlier than the first supply ship of the season.

Always somewhat unusual in his selection of crew, not necessarily opting for experienced sailors, he was once reputed to have taken on a crew who had sailed the Atlantic 24 times. What Tilman didn't realise, until later, was that he was the trombone player on the Queen Mary!

MISCHIEF, SEA BREEZE and BAROQUE based at Berthon between expeditions and were refurbished there; all were well known sights on the yard in the 50's and 60's well before the yard was redeveloped as it is today. There are still people at Berthon who remember Bill Tilman who would wash using a cold water pump in the yard every morning but who spoke little of his exploits. Even the kitchens at the shipyard were used to pickle dozens & dozens of eggs in preperation for these voyages.

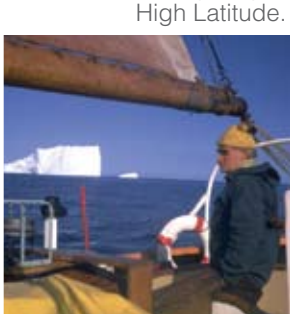
Bill Tilman once asked Berthon for advice on the best route to Greenland. The reply was ' down to the Lizard and turn right up the Irish Sea'. Bill declined this advice on the grounds that the waters of the Irish Sea were too crowded and sailed west of Ireland.It is still the stuff of myth at Berthon that a postcard would arrive from Bill advising of his ETA. Without fail, he would arrive on time, sailing up the Solent on the exact date pre-advised. Tilman was lost at the age of 79 whilst accompanying Simon Richardson and his young crew on an expedition to climb Smith Island in the Antarctic. Their old converted tug "EN AVANT" was the only boat that Bill had left for a voyage aboard not prepared at Berthon (arguably she was a vessel unsuited to the voyage they were undertaking). They successfully made it to Rio de Janeiro, but disappeared without trace whilst on passage to the Falkland Islands.

Bill Tilman's books are still available in two anthologies, Eight Sailing/Mountain-Exploration Books and The Seven Mountain-Travel Books.

The authors of this article, were inspired by Tilman's book to undertake their initial expedition to Antarctica. They have since gone on to sail extensively in the Antarctic and Arctic and now run their company, High Latitudes, to assist yacht owners in preparing and taking their yachts to the more remote areas of the world. See www.highlatitudes.com for more details.

{Richard Haworth & Luke Milner}
www.highlatitudes.com

below: navigating in
High Latitude.



left & below: 'The purpose built car transporter built for the National Le-Mans winning team

{VSG goes Dutch} Dick Skipworth is a true enthusiast, be it for sailing in the grand manner, or enjoying himself behind the wheel of classic British sports and touring cars on road and track.

Childhood in the rural north Lincolnshire Wolds led to a career in electronics of such success to enable the continued enjoyment of both these interests as he approaches mature middle-age. In racing circles it is well-known that since 1990 his overwhelming passion has been the early years of the famous Scottish team of racing Jaguars known world-wide as Ecurie Ecosse. He now owns no less than six of their cars, ranging from the 1952 XK120 Jaguar LXO 126, through C-type and D-type, Tojeiro-Jaguar and Cooper Monaco to the little Austin Healey Sebring Sprite acquired by the team for the 1961 Le Mans.

All these cars are unique and priceless national treasures, but perhaps none so much as the seventh and largest item in the collection. Up to 1960, Ecurie Ecosse cars had either been driven from the team's headquarters in Merchiston Mews in Edinburgh to race meetings around the country or carried in two converted Maudslay half-cab motor-coaches. But then the Supporters' Club decided that the time had come to pass the hat round to finance the construction of a purpose-built racing car transporter for the national Le Mans-winning team of which they were so proud. This new vehicle, the likes of which had never been seen before with its three-car capacity and on-board workshop-cum-sleeping compartment, took to the road in 1961 and for many years appeared regularly at circuits in Britain and on the continent.

However as the years went by it gradually became a luxury the team could no longer afford and so eventually became redundant. In spite of several heroic but unsuccessful attempts at its restoration by well-meaning enthusiasts it was finally abandoned to rot away in someone's yard – after all, cars were the thing and no-one was really interested in transporters at that time. Then one day Dick happened to mention to a friend that he was looking for something more suitable than a mere trailer to transport his growing collection of Ecurie Ecosse cars around the country.

Replied the friend, "Well, what could be more appropriate than the team's original Transporter? I happen to know where it is – but it's in a bit of a mess!" The rest is history, for Dick made a successful bid for the remains and oversaw a superb restoration by Jack Hay down at Lynx Engineering, and in the nick of time this most historic of all the racing-car transporters was saved from extinction for us all to enjoy.

This was back in the mid-nineties, and in Dick's ownership VSG 7 has again been seen at virtually every circuit in the country, and several abroad including Le Mans, Spa-Francorchamps and Pau. It has been to America, where Dick politely refused several offers 'to take it off his hands' and it is often seen at the Historic Motor Racing Show at Stoneleigh and other worthy gatherings. Next, it seems, it is to be Holland, guest of the Dutch tyre manufacturer Vredestein in conjunction with Jaguar XK Days and Mark2 events, in the esteemed company of Norman Dewis.

Now some turn to face Mecca for divine inspiration, but for the true dark-green Jaguar enthusiast it's over the Channel to Jabbeke in Holland, a name deeply embedded in Jaguar folklore for the last fifty-eight years. Indeed, if someone was to establish a rock-factory in this small town in western Belgium, it would be quite fitting for its products to say the word 'Jaguar' right through!

It was just after WW2 that the worthy burghers of Jabbeke decided to build a super new highway to connect their town with the coastal resort of De Haane, between Ostende and Blankenberge. Construction began and soon there was a wonderful new dual carriageway stretching some three miles north as far as the village of Vijfwege. Sadly that's as far as it got, and even today it goes no further.

Meanwhile, at Coventry, the Mk VII four-door saloon programme was running behind schedule leaving the company with no suitable vehicle in which to present at the 1948 Motor Show the new twin-cam 6-cylinder engine conceived by Hassan, Lyons and Baily whilst on firewatch duties during the war. In a typical piece of lateral thinking Lyons decided to chop eighteen inches out of a Mk VII chassis and clothe it in a fancy two-seater body of some sort and "stick the engine in that, you never know, we might even sell a few."

The two-seater body created by Lyons himself in only three weeks became the iconic XK 120 and so took the world by storm that Sir William was almost embarrassed by its

immediate success. Charles Hornburg, the US west coast Jaguar importer, ordered the first year's production almost before the Earls Court wraps were off! Then what happened next almost compounded the felony, for to answer certain sceptics that doubted the claimed maximum of 120 mph its title suggested, arrangements were made in May 1949 to close one carriageway of the new Jabbeke highway – such a thing being totally out of the question over here – and Jaguar's Chief of Test and Development Ron Sutton was timed at 132.596 mph in a virtually standard car!

The XK 120 was such a success that the introduction of the Mk VII almost went un-noticed; the XK was what the world wanted. Norman Dewis joined the company from Lea Francis on 1st January 1952 to replace Sutton on his retirement, and Jaguar returned to Jabbeke in September when Norman, on his first visit, was timed at 143.5mph in production C-type 012 in dangerously wet conditions.

They returned on 1st April 1953 with a Mk VII, an XK 120 (the C-type engined Gatsonides Alpine Rally car) and C-type 012 again. With Norman at the wheel, the Mk VII (with a C-type head) achieved 121.13mph, the XK did 140.789 and the C-type a slightly disappointing 148.435mph.

All these activities had put Jaguar well into the lead when it came to straight-line speed for unlimited sports cars, but then on 3rd October there arrived in Belgium a Spaniard, a certain Celso Fernandes who proceeded to take a 2.8 litre blown Pegaso along Jaguar's sacred highway at 151.06mph.. Definite shockwaves were felt in the boardroom at Jaguar, for clearly this foreign interloper could not be allowed to get away with it. "Mark my words, gentlemen, something has to be done.."

And of course it was. Malcolm Sayer prepared a list of eleven body modifications which were subsequently applied to the old Gatsonides car, and Jack Emerson prepared the engine, basically a standard C-type unit on twin SUs and big inlet valves. There was a sheet aluminium tonneau cover and Norman was to sit on the floor on an inch of Sorbo rubber, his head in a tight-fitting Slingsby glider canopy and keeping the whole thing on the straight and narrow with a 14" steering wheel on a lowered column.

So it was that on the wind less and humid early morning of 20th October 1953, in the presence of probably not more than a couple of dozen or so bystanders, motoring history was made. Norman Dewis climbed aboard, the canopy was closed and the car hurtled along the Jabbeke-Altere Autoroute at an officially timed 172.412mph! No-one could believe it, even Lofty got quite carried away, but no, there was no mistake, the times being confirmed by the Belgian Automobile Club timekeepers and the record for an unlimited production sports car still stands to this day.

One would like to think that at that precise moment Sir Francis Drake stirred, looked down, smiled and whispered, "Well done, Norman!"

Fifty years on to the day, a huge commemorative plinth bearing an inscribed cast bronze plate was erected by the Jaguar-Daimler Heritage Trust and the Jabbeke town council where the N377 heads out of town towards the coast.

After photos were taken it was back on board and the final lap home seemed to pass very quickly. The Channel crossing was smooth and VSG, the world's most famous racing car transporter, never missed a single beat all weekend, a thoroughly enjoyable do all round.

{Dick Skipworth regularly cruises around the world in his Nordia 55 and is a winner of the 3 Peaks race}

above: Jabbeke in Holland which is deeply embedded in Jaguar folklore.
Left: Putting the cars to the test.

above & below right: the first production line in the world for steel yachts.

{The Future's Bright} Linssen Yachts retain the reputation for quality and innovation in their production of the finest steel displacement motor yachts. Their latest innovation in their 58 year history is the '9' Series production line – this is the first true production line for the building of steel yachts in the world and takes 'production' yachts to a new level of quality, reliability and superlative workmanship.

The principal is simple:
The steel hulls are produced in the same manner as the larger yachts, the steel is cut, welded, shot blasted and primed in the temperature controlled facility. The completed steel structure is then transferred to station 1 on the production line.

The hull then goes through 13 further stations where it remains for 5 working days at each station where one man is responsible to the completion of the tasks – each week the hull is moved along by hydraulic rams which push all 12 hulls along pre-installed rails to the next station.

When the yacht reaches the final station all the equipment required to sail that yacht away is placed on the vessel … this includes: fenders, warps, boat hook, deck brush, bucket, spare fan belt, spare fuses, spare impeller, lubricants, toilet rolls and tool kit (in case a neighbouring yacht, not a Linssen breaks down!!)

Each shipwright has specific tasks that are designed to be completed in the 5 day period and if these are not completed he catches up by doing overtime; the specialisation of individuals to 'stations means that each shipwright becomes an expert in his task .. he does it quicker and with more precision as time goes on thus ensures excellent quality control for the finished yacht.

When all 12 stations have been gone through there are two 'off ramps' where the totally finished product is rolled off and straight into the water for sea trials … the reason for the second 'off ramp' is to allow for an extra week on the line for yachts where clients have specified a lot of extras that are outside the normal production run .. an 'extras' siding.

The 29.9 and 33.9 Logicam production line is only the first and Linssen plan to install another larger facility for the production of the all new 40.9

The Logicam line is the design and installation brain child of Jos Linssen the eldest son of the Linssen founder Jac Linssen, it proves again the forward thinking kind of innovation that continues to keep family businesses like Linssen and Berthon ahead of their competitors.

{James Troup, from Linssen at Berthon. Berthon are the UK, Eire and France distributors of the Linssen range}

{Station 1: Rope fender installation and mechanical phase 1}

{'off ramps' that the totally finished product is rolled off and straight into the water for sea trials}

{Looking down the line}

{The line has the ability to produce both the 29 (29.9) foot and the 34 (33.9) foot '9' series yachts}

right: fried prawns in garlic butter.

{Seafood Delight}

As I put pen to paper on a glorious Friday before the bank holiday weekend, marinas all over the country are bustling with activity. Yachts and motorboats provisioning with countless boxes and treats for the forthcoming days. However it seems almost ironic that beneath the silvery seas that will be well 'trodden' in the next few days lie a bountiful stock of the freshest all for free!

Seafood has been part of our diet since time began. Whilst I appreciate it is not everyone's cup of tea, the nutritional benefits are second to none when compared to today's plethora of brightly coloured packaging and e-numbers filling the shelves of supermarkets up and down the country.

There is a theory that for a critical period in our evolution, man's complex brain evolved from our ancestors eating large amounts of shellfish and fish therefore consuming the high levels of nutrients needed to develop modern man's complex brain and nervous system. We can see that these foods provide a myriad of extremely beneficial nutrients that are essential to the functioning of the human brain.

As a nutritionist, I often suggest that patients incorporate more fish and seafood into their diets. Most people know that fish is good for us, but why and what about health benefits of other seafood? We often think of seafood as shellfish, but the term encompasses much more than that, any animal or seaweed in the sea that is suitable for eating.

Fish is an excellent source of protein, zinc, calcium and many other nutrients. The oily fish however (salmon, herring, mackerel, sardines and fresh tuna) contain the beneficial Omega 3 fatty acids. These are associated with so many health benefits; cardiovascular health, proper mental functioning, fertility, skin health, joint health, hormone balance and many more. The thing is, we must eat these fatty acids as our bodies cannot make them.

It seems health scares are becoming more and more prevalent these days, sometimes I wonder what the 'perfect' diet would actually be if we believed all that we read. Diet of fresh air and optimism perhaps?

Seafood has recently been put in the proverbial stocks while the media threw wet sponges in relation to the levels of mercury in fish, and the associated health effects, particularly in the human foetus. Now should we eat fish or not?!?

Before you hurl the haddock in the bin, the benefits of Omega 3 may outweigh the risks involved. In the case of pregnancy, a recent survey (published in the Lancet of 11,875 pregnant women found that those who ate less than 340 grams (about 3 servings) of seafood per week in pregnancy had more adverse outcomes. Beneficial effects on child development were recorded in those with maternal seafood intakes of more than 340g per week suggesting that advice to limit seafood consumption could actually be detrimental.

However flippant I may be about the media hysteria, too much mercury in the diet is not beneficial. Larger fish like tuna tend to be higher in mercury, so ideally do not eat tuna more than once a week. Even larger fish such as Marlin and swordfish are best consumed once a month max. Instead eat salmon, small mackerel or sardines. Generally speaking the larger the fish, the higher levels of mercury.

Scuttling about on the floor of the ocean, shellfish whist giving up their homes for pieces of jewellery and countless mantelpieces, provide an excellent source of Selenium. This chemical is not only a potent mercury detoxifier, but has also been associated with lower cancer risks.
The best sources of Selenium are found within prawns, shrimp, crabs and lobster, also shellfish that are unusually low-fat and low calorie protein.

Did you know that prawns, crawfish, crabs, lobster and some fish such as salmon are tinted red by the pigment Astaxanthin? Luckily Astaxanthin is a potent antioxidant, and the potential benefits to human health are only just being rewarded. Another reason to eat shellfish!

top: red snapper fish covered with ice at a fishmonger display. above left: freshly grilled Alaskan salmon with chives and lemon. above right: adding just a splash of white wine to a pan of littleneck clams being simmered in butter, garlic, shallots and cream.

Seaweed, despite being the source of much mirth with children in the local Chinese restaurant, should be more accurately referred to as algae or sea vegetables. They have been the staple of the Japanese diet for centuries, yet only recently started to hit our shores (no pun intended). Their high nutritional value and health benefits are becoming much easier to find in local supermarkets and health food shops. (The side dishes served in many Chinese restaurants do not count. It is normally deep fried cabbage with little nutritional value).

The Japanese culture commonly has around 50 species, however in the UK you are far more likely to encounter;

Nori:	Dark purple colour that turns phosphorescent green when toasted (great for kids!), famous for it's role in making sushi rolls.
Kelp:	Light brown to dark green in colour, sometimes available in flake form.
Hijiki:	Looks like small strands of black wiry pasta, has a strong flavour.
Kombu:	Very dark in colour and generally sold in strips and sheets, often used as flavouring for soups.
Arame:	This lacy, wiry sea vegetable is sweeter and milder in taste than many others.
Dulse:	Soft, chewy texture and a reddish-brown colour.
Wahame:	Similar to Kombu, most commonly used to make Japanese Miso soup.

Generally, sea vegetables provide a wide range of minerals. They are an excellent source of iodine, vitamin K and good levels of folate, magnesium, iron and calcium, vitamins B2 and B5. Although rather tricky to blend into the typical British cuisine, you can use them as flavouring in soups and stews, or be brave and try using them in salads.

I hope this article is of benefit to you. Our oceans are packed with many different flavours and textures, a majority of which are yet to be discovered.

I couldn't resist tacking on this recipe, please feel free to try, and taste the benefits of the Sea. Fish Stew Provencale combines white fish with prawns, mussels and squid to provide the all important zinc and selenium along with protein. The vegetables, chopped tomatoes and herbs contain antioxidants and brown rice provides beneficial B vitamins.

{Lucy Kelly} www.lucykellynutrition.co.uk
Lucy is the wife of Paul Kelly, Berthon yacht broker and former Global Challenge skipper.

Fish Stew Provencale

1 medium-sized onion
2 cloves garlic
1 medium-sized courgette
15 – 20 runner beans
1 stick celery
1 teaspoon olive oil
300ml (1pt) fish stock
1 tin (400g) or chopped tomatoes
1 tablespoon tomato puree
1 teaspoon thyme
1 teaspoon oregano
freshly ground black pepper
pinch of salt
100g (3 1/2 oz) white fish, such as haddock or monkfish
50g (2oz) mussels (frozen are probably easiest)
50g (2oz) prawns
1 handful of squid rings
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

1) Finely chop the onion, garlic, courgette, beans and celery
2) Soften the onion and garlic in the olive oil and 2 tablespoons of the fish stock.
3) Add the tomato puree and stir well
4) Add the courgette, beans, celery, thyme and oregano and the can of chopped tomatoes
5) Pour in the rest of the stock, season and cover to simmer for 30 minutes
6) Cube the white fish and add to the soup with the mussels, prawns and squid rings
7) Leave to cook for 5 minutes.
8) Discard any unopened mussel shells
9) Just before serving, sprinkle with the freshly chopped parsley

Serves 2 - 3

{Umpire Day} Umpiring has only been part of the Americas Cup since 1992. Before that the teams fighting it out for Yachting's biggest prize used to spend countless hours sitting in front of wizened old men trying to explain why the other guy was wrong. At the 2003 Americas Cup there was a 25 strong team on the water to make instant and final decisions for the competitors in the Louis Vuitton Cup.

A typical day for the umpires at the Americas Cup starts at 10am with a team meeting, this is when we discuss the previous days incidents and anything of interest that has been seen out on the course. With all the TV cameras that follow the action and also the GPS tracking we can review and analyse incidents in a lot more detail than at events on the World Match Racing Tour. Sometimes it's a good thing and sometimes it's a bad thing especially when you've made a mistake

After the morning meeting it's time to catch up on e-mail and spend a little time reviewing, reading and re-reading the umpire call book. The Racing Rules of Sailing (RRS) are pretty complex with over 90 rules, an Appendix dedicated to Match Racing, a Case book with over 100 cases and a Match Racing Call book with over 75 calls. . Umpiring is still very much a hobby for pretty much everyone on the team. It amuses me that Americas Cup syndicates will spend upwards of 50 million (and for the big teams double or triple that figure) over a 4 year cycle and yet they could see it all unravel with a call from an umpire who is less than part time. It's a growing pain of the sport but with the professional side of the game growing, the demands on officials are higher than ever, maybe it's time for some professional umpires to meet those demands and help raise the game.

In true Spanish style everything starts late, the racing begins at 14.00 which gives time for the sea breeze to settle in. We'll head out on the water about 12.30-13.00 depending on which course you are allocated to. It's about 8 miles down to the south course which will take about 20 minutes depending on how choppy the water is. We drive the boats ourselves because boat positioning is the most critical part of the job and it does take a while to get the hang of it, anticipation is the key and even if you think you've seen everything in the book you can still get caught out. Peter Shrubb (Shrubby) organises the umpire rotations, so you have to be nice to him otherwise you'll end up on a dull match on the south course.

above: one of many umpires keep a close eye on the action
below: all the latest technology is provied for the umpires.

Port Americas Cup is buzzing as we head out of the marina, the teams will head out at 12.00 and spectator boats follow them out, on-shore big screens show the live TV and the crowds gather to watch the action. When we get out to the racing area we'll head over to where the course is being laid and say hi to the Race Committee and share some idle chit chat and gossip and find out if the racing will start on time

We spend the time between arriving in the racing area and the start of the race making sure we're ready to go and to have a spot of lunch. We'll get the GPS positions of the marks, listen to the Race Committee tracking the wind and get a feel for the waves and current across the course. Knowing when a boat is 'head to wind' (pointing straight into the wind) is vital and is harder to judge than you might think. Changes of relationship such as the gaining and breaking of an overlap between the boats are defining moments in a match race so we use what is known as 'the last point of certainty'. This means an overlap exists until you are certain that it has been broken.

The racing boats enter the starting area 5 minutes before the start by crossing the start line from the course side to the pre-start side. This is when the fun begins as the boats start jockeying for position using the rules to try and control the other boat. The aim is simple, to get a better start than the other team.. In match racing if a competitor thinks that they have been fouled they hoist a yellow and red striped flag know as a 'Y' flag (from the International code flag system). In response to a Y flag the umpires either signal no penalty using a green and white checked flag, or a penalty which will be either a blue or a yellow flag corresponding to the 'blue' or 'yellow' assigned boat. If no Y flag is flown then no action is taken by the umpires. Sometimes you'll see a collision between the boats and the competitors will look at each other and at the umpire and no Y flag will be raised. If you're not sure that the umpire will decide in your favour then sometimes it's best not to involve them. It's a fundamental principle throughout sailing that it is up to the competitor to protest when they feel aggrieved rather than the official deciding to step in to sort things out.
The pressure builds up during the pre-start and the final minute and a half is when it's usually all going on with one boat leading in to the start line with the other hot on their heels trying to push them over the line. It's at this point that the communication between umpires and with the wing boat is reaching a frenzy, the radio will be a buzz with calls of 'clear, clear half metre, overlap, overlap, clear' as they update the umpire boat with what's happening in the match. It's a bit like rubbing your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stomach and patting your head at the same time whilst reading a book and holding a conversation on the telephone, so it's very important to keep your descriptions of the situation to a minimum otherwise you'll get completely caught out.

After the start the umpire boat will take up position behind the boat on the left hand side of the course and the wing boat will take the other. At this point, if the boats are settled down and heading up the course, you'll make sure you have all the marks in the GPS so you can track where on the course you are and what the compass headings are on each tack so you can spot shifts and get a feel for which boat is inching ahead.

As the boats approach the first mark we will be talking about what we think might happen between the boats when they get there and where we should position ourselves to see the action unfold. The wing boat usually set themselves up on the right hand side to see if anyone touches the mark and to tell the umpires when the boats reach the 'two length zone'.

Down the run we'll sit behind the trailing boat whilst the wing boat sits out to the right of us alongside the trailing boat keeping an eye out for when the boats become overlapped. Passing manoeuvres are not the norm in Americas Cup racing with the boat that leads at the first mark winning the race 90% of the time. So when the trailing boat does get close enough to roll over the top and take the lead it's not without a lot of excitement and shouting from both teams. As regulars on the London underground are oft told, 'mind the gap', we are always trying to get into a position to see the gap between the boats as that's where the action is at s the boats dance downwind the leeward boat luffing to stop the other team advancing and snatching the lead. You are always watching for contact between the sails and rigging or spinnaker pole and you head is filled with the calls from the wing boat constantly updating you with overlap and clear. This is where the third umpire earns his keep with a watchful eye on the blue umpire to make sure all is correct. Mistakes by the officials do happen like in all sports and every day the number one aim is to not mess up a call and subsequently get 'thrown under the bus' at the debrief. Big errors are often termed 'Boarding pass' errors indicating your next choice of transport.

At the bottom of the run there is a choice of marks with the boats passing through the 'gate' and round either mark. The Americas Cup course is four legs, two into the wind and two away from the wind with the finish line being the same as the start line. If there are wind shifts of more than 5 degrees then you can expect a change of course which might either be top to bottom or bottom to top. We listen in to the Race Committee channel to figure out if any changes are planned.

At the end of the race we'll head over to say hi and thank you to the Race Committee and see if a second race will go ahead or if we are free to head for home. On two race days if everything runs to schedule you'll be heading home at about 5.30 but with the vagrancies of the sea breeze it could be as late as 8.00. Early on in the LVC Round Robins there were days of flat calm which were pretty frustrating although my skill at Whist improved dramatically.

The trip back to harbour can sometimes be more eventful than the racing especially on the weekend when there are masses of spectator boats all descending on the entrance to the Port Americas Cup, it's like driving through a washing machine.

Once ashore with the umpire boats washed down and packed away ready for the next race it's time to reflect on the day, prepare any incident diagrams and talk with your fellow umpire about how you could have done your job better. I'll go and have a quick look at the TV footage from the day and see if any of it needs editing and then transfer the day's footage to DVD. Then, like any self respecting sailor, it's off to the pub to swing the lantern and catch up on how everyone else's day has gone.

{Craig Mitchell -
Craig is an international umpire and works for the World Match Racing Tour, based at Berthon}

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above: one of the most stunning views in the world, The North Face of Everest at dawn.

{Rescue on Everest} Everest is not somewhere that rescues normally take place. Not because people don't get into trouble but because at a height of 8000 meters everyone is fighting for their own survival and even the most selfless have little spare energy for others.

'Tap..tap..tap..' went the crutches on the tarmac, the sound was irritating me today. It was nearly 2 months since a freak accident on the farm had left my wife under a silage bale, fighting for her life for five hours. Now she was learning to walk again, something that she could apparently accept with much better grace than I. With an effort I reminded myself of some of the times when fortune had been more kind, a summer rockfall in the alps that had nearly seen the two of us plunge 600 feet onto the glacier; Philippa's icy slide during a ski tour, narrowly avoiding a head first plummet into sharp rocks, and then I thought of Everest. For a moment I was back on the ice slope, sliding out of control towards the cliff edge, pulled by the weight of 3 other climbers and the stretcher that we were attached to.

Everest is not somewhere that rescues normally take place. Not because people don't get into trouble but because at a height of 8000 meters everyone is fighting for their own survival and even the most selfless have little spare energy for others. But the spectre of helpless stricken climbers left alone to die elicits outrage, mainly from the armchair critics; anyone who has been up into the 'death zone' knows better than to criticise. That said, many people on Everest are there for very different reasons and have very different values to my own mountaineering ethos. A friend once advised when talking of expeditions to big peaks, "come back safe, come back friends and get to the top… in that order!" On Everest the order for many is different, 'get to the top, get to the top and get to the top'. Combine such ambition with the fact that many of the commercial climbing teams are made up of individuals who hardly know each other and have little real mountaineering experience and you have disaster in the making.

I had decided on my own expedition to Everest whilst on the train having failed to be selected to lead the British 50th Anniversary Everest expedition. I was in the Royal Marines at the time and the Services support such projects as a valuable training. After two years of putting a great team together and worrying about how to pay the bills we were at Base Camp and the scale of the whole project became all too apparent. The north face of the mountain is a full 8 miles away and yet it looks immense, terrifying infact, and the plume of ice particles streaming from the summit on most days indicates wind speeds of well over 150kts. Even the local people find it hard living at extreme altitude and Base Camp, at 5300 meters is at the absolute limit at which human life can be sustained. Initially you feel like you have the world's worst ever hangover, not to mention a persistent and hacking 'high altitude' cough and regular bouts of diahorrea; the temperature is always below zero in the shade and the wind howls night and day – have I sold it to you yet? But despite the austere conditions we managed a few parties with other teams (all in the interests of international relations you understand!) and the Chinese had thoughtfully put up a mobile phone mast. How incongruous it seemed to be talking to Philippa at home in Devon whilst watching the incredible scene of 'Chomolungma' through the doorway of my tent.

The acclimatisation regime worked well and by making the 34 km round trip to Advanced Base Camp a number of times, through the most breathtaking glacial scenery of ice 'penetantes' – giant sized toblerone blocks of ice shaped by the sun, we were ready to go! The team of ten climbers had broken down into 3 summit teams, with nature acting as the selector – it was pretty obvious from the start who was acclimatising the quickest. Dave and Rich formed team one, both of them having gone really well from the start, with the rest of us forming two further teams spaced a day and two days behind. By the morning of 22 May Dave and Rich were heading for Camp 5

at 7900 meters in poor weather when one of the other team leaders came to our Advanced Base Camp tent with news of an accident that had occurred to three of his clients. A computer analyst called Conan had fallen at 8500 meters, high on the North East Ridge and had broken his leg. I remember looking up towards where the North Ridge disappeared into the swirling cloud, knowing that a man was fighting for his life a further 1000 meters above. Nothing short of a miracle would see Conan returning to Camp 6. With gut wrenching drops of thousands of meters down the North and South faces of the mountain, atrociously loose rock and a constant screaming wind, people with broken legs just don't get down Everest from that sort of height. I reckoned that I was witnessing yet another tragic incident on this unforgiving mountain. But as the day wore on, a different story began to unfold. With his two companions Pete and Walid helping, one behind and one in front as the ridge is so narrow, Conan had begun the excruciating process of literally crawling back down the mountain. I remembered thinking at the time what a tough bloke he must be, something I was to find out at first hand within 24 hours. At around 6.00 pm success seemed to have been cruelly snatched away; the three of them had made it back to their tents but were unable to light their stove. One of the many challenges of climbing at altitude is staying hydrated. The only way to get any fluid is to melt snow, that takes time and fuel (which in turn must be carried up the mountain). If you leave water out of a thermos flask it soon freezes and in any case, a thermos flask is too heavy to carry when you are climbing. So the three men had had no drink since they left the tents at 2.00 am that morning and were dangerously dehydrated after 16 hours hard breathing the incredibly dry air at altitude. I felt there was little chance of Conan still being alive in the morning. It seemed unbelievable that, having survived so far he was now to die in his sleeping bag.

By the morning of the next day I was up at Camp 4 at 7000 meters with my two other teams somewhere above in the cloud. Dave and Rich were up on the summit ridge but I had only caught snatches of radio conversation. Then came the concerned voice of Rich Reardon, our base camp manager at Advance Base Camp, 600 meters below. He told me that Conan was still alive in his tent but his colleague Pete, who had helped him through the harrowing experience the day before, was now suffering from severe frostbite in his fingers and thumbs and had snow blindness. From previous experience in the Alps I knew of the excruciatingly painful albeit temporary effect of snow blindness. Totally blind for up to 48 hours you feel as if someone has thrown sand in your eyes. Frostbite I could only imagine. As the team leader of the only well organised and capable team on the mountain, I had to act fast. I knew the decision had already been made in the Italian Alps the previous summer when, as a team we had agreed that given such circumstances we would give assistance to other climbers. Even as I called Bill Billingsby the leader of team 2, on the radio, I felt that he knew what was coming. With one simple request I blew away the dream that he had cherished for two years – "I want you to see what you can do for Conan and Pete, but remain in a position to assist Dave and Rich if they get into trouble". You just don't rescue people at that altitude and then go on to the summit yourself – it's one or the other – Bill knew that. By that afternoon Bill's team had done a fantastic job. Swifty had found the blind and frost bitten Pete in his tent at Camp 6. Having given the stricken climber first aid he had single handedly guided him down the North Ridge, at times lifting him down rock steps, all the time tied to him by a short length of cord. If Pete slipped and fell the shattering 2000 meters to the Rongbuk Glacier below then so did Swifty. After stopping briefly for a drink with my team at Camp 4 the two climbers set off down the precipitous 600 meter ice cliff of the North Col, with Swifty abseiling, Pete fixed beside him, the same rules for failure applying. For this act of extreme courage Swifty was subsequently awarded the Royal Humane Society's Silver and Gold medals. Meanwhile Conan was heading down the ridge in an improvised stretcher made from climbing rope, with the rest of Team 2 being helped by a small group of sherpas. Carrying a casualty on any type of stretcher on flat ground at sea level is exhausting, to descend steep and loose rocks, at extreme altitude, in a howling sub zero gale with the consequence of a slip being catastrophic was no mean feat at all!

above and right: Nick Harding and team working day and night to get Conran down Everest as quickly as possible, working in some of the most challenging conditions you can face.

By early evening big 'Dave Cummings' had been left in charge of the stretcher with a handful of sherpas while Bill and Frankie returned to Camp 5 to wait for news of our successful summit team. As darkness fell Dave was having problems with his motley team so I set off up the ridge with Pat and Jake to help out. We climbed for about an hour and a half, the wind was blowing hard and the snow particles constantly stung our eyes, literally sticking our eye lashes together. I reckon the still air temperature must have been about -20 deg C. We met Dave's crew at 7400 meters on the ice slope. At the sight of our arrival the sherpas, exhausted from 3 days in the 'death zone' headed straight down to Camp 4 – I couldn't blame them at all, they had done a great job. It left four of us, with Conan bundled up like a 'mummy', to negotiate the 40 degree ice slope, criss crossed with crevasses, back to Camp 4. In an ideal world the procedure for such 'stretcher lowers' is well rehearsed; set up new anchors and use your own rope every 50 meters to lower the party to the bottom of the slope. 'Sod that!' we were about to freeze and besides, we hadn't enough equipment or rope with us. We just had to abseil down the blue fixed line that all the climbers use as a 'handrail' for going up. It was desperately hard to keep Conan on the line of the ridge as the slope fell steeply down towards the cliff edge, below which a 1500 meter 'cleen sweep' led down to the 'Rongbuk'. With the four of us fixed to Conan's bundle by alloy clips called 'carabiners' the inevitable eventually happened. One of the rope anchors 'pulled' and we were hurtling down the slope like a bob sleigh, out of control. One of the first things the novice winter mountaineer learns is how to stop an inadvertent slide down an icy slope using his ice axe. It is a manoeuvre called an 'ice axe arrest' that soon becomes second nature but it is extremely hard to effect on hard ice. It all happened in an instant, there was no time to be afraid; one moment we were wrestling the stretcher down the slope, the next we were away, gathering speed towards the edge, then suddenly we were still. Jake, who happened to be facing the slope, had carried out a perfect 'ice axe arrest', stopping all five of us on bullet hard ice! After that little scare we left 'big Dave' sitting on each new anchor as the rest of us, now just three, had to fight the stretcher even harder to keep it on course!

Eventually we got to the bottom of the slope. Just 400 meters of horizontal 'knife edge' ridge separated us from Camp 4. All the way down I had though this bit would be easy, we could just drag Conan along the snow. How wrong could I be? As we pulled the ropes Conan screamed. Now this was a man with a badly broken leg, who had let himself be manhandled 1300 meters down the mountain without uttering a sound, now he was screaming his head off. Something had to be wrong! I stooped over Conan, my lips beside his ear and shouted to make myself heard over the wind. "What's wrong, is it your leg?". "No" came back a hoarse reply from within his sleeping bag, "it's my balls!"… Further questioning revealed that the rope attached to his harness had been slipping down around his hips and a loop had

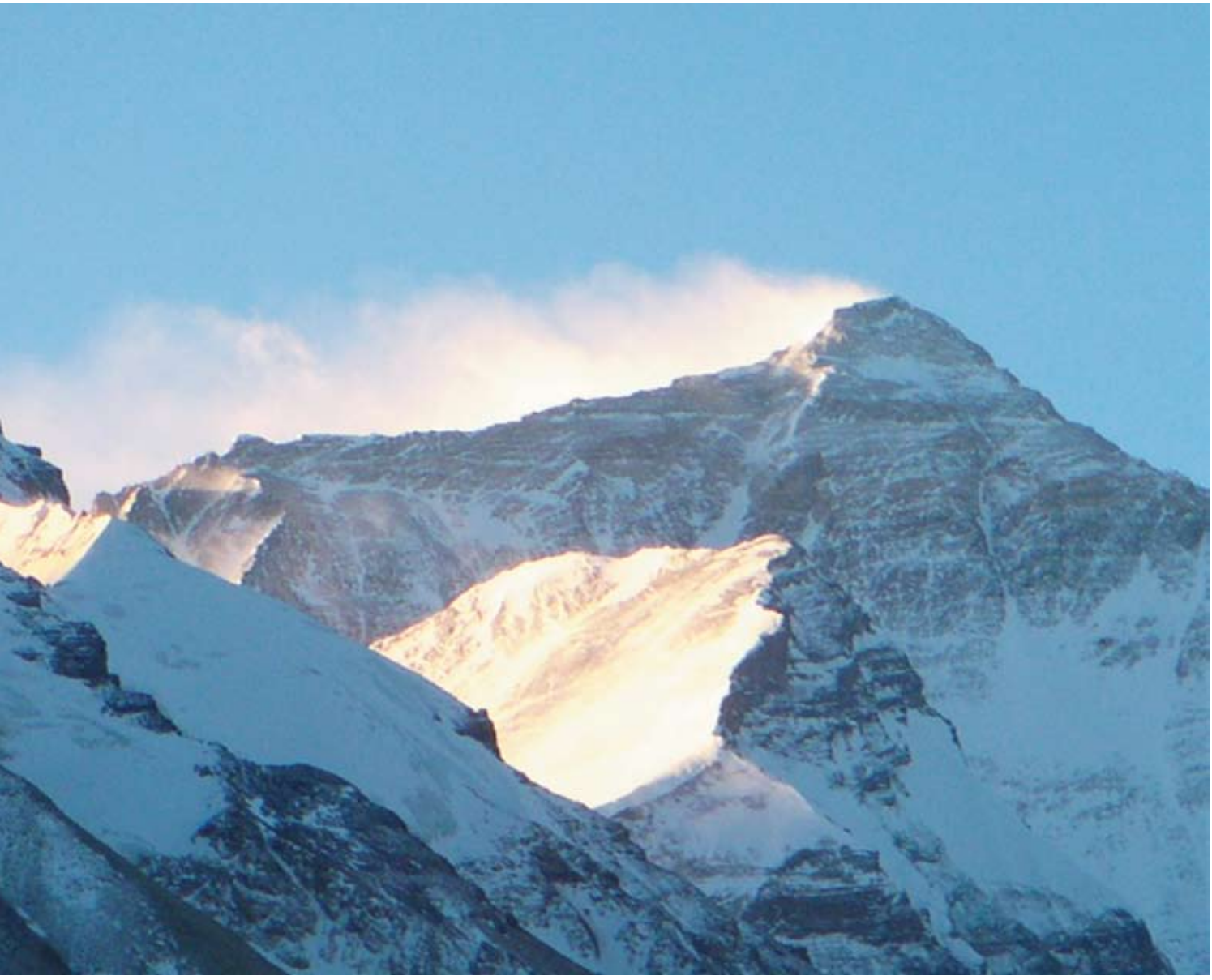
entangled his groin, any pulling we did was literally going to castrate him. I remember kneeling down, amidst the fury of the snow and wind, ice particles stinging my eyes, wondering what the hell we could do now. All this way down the ridge and now we were stuck. We hadn't the strength to carry him, and we couldn't now drag him and the four of us were dangerously on the verge of hypothermia. I almost burst into tears, how could we leave this man to die? Eventually my despair was replaced by a rising anger, thinking to myself "if he got himself to Camp 6 then he can bloody well get himself the last bit to Camp 4!" As we took Conan out of his sleeping bag I felt the heat from inside being blown away by the icy wind, Conan start to shake uncontrollably with the cold and I thought to myself "I've just killed him, there is no way that he'll make it to Camp 4". But it's amazing how hopping with a broken leg can warm you up. Conan got pretty hot and the four of us got absolutely knackered taking it in turns to help as a pair, one on each side of our casualty. Thankfully the awesome drops to either side of the narrow ridge were hidden by the darkness. The rest was easy. More help arrived in the morning, as did a proper stretcher, and we made it down to the glacier where bizarrely, members of a mountain rescue team from Catalonia of all places, met us with tea and biscuits and carried Conan the final 200 meters to the waiting assembly of team doctors.

Fortune had smiled on us in a big way, something I should remember more often and so perhaps be slightly more sanguine at the sound of my wife's crutches tapping on the road.

Having left the Royal Marines, Nick Harding is now a management consultant and mountaineering guide. He also works as a motivational speaker, to hear the full story and to book Nick for a motivational speech, please contact: lou@speech-mark.com or call 07769 944653

{Nick Harding}

below: Everest looking at its most splendid in the morning sun.



{Entertainment Afloat}

The UK Corporate Hospitality industry is a multi million pound market covering a diverse range of sectors, from the highest level of entertainment to the most modest team building activity. Within this market the marine sector occupies a small but significant niche.

above: EMG Demo days takes corperate guests out for some great fun.
above right: Skandia's hospitality at the Southampton Boat Show 2006

Geographically the Solent is the hub of UK marine based corporate hospitality activities, being within easy reach of the most significant customer base of London and the M4 corridor, with excellent road and rail links, a wide selection of ancillary services and a myriad of suppliers catering for all requirements.

The Solent offers an area of relatively protected water, a choice of venues and a variety of destinations, which offer facilities to cater for almost every taste, from modern marinas with purpose built event facilities to secluded anchorages offering a haven of tranquillity far removed from the office environment.

Sailing and boating in general offers many different opportunities to meet a variety of business needs from entertaining corporate clients or rewarding staff to providing alternative meeting venues and developing management programs.

The flexibility offered by the many types of yachts available allows the marine sector to offer a wider choice of activities to clients than other forms of hospitality. A large motor yacht is ideal for entertaining a select group of valued clients whilst a fleet of matched racing yachts provides the perfect platform for a company regatta or team building event.

Over the last twenty years marine based corporate hospitality has grown from being a sideline of the yacht charter industry to being an established market in its own right. Whilst many yacht charter companies offer corporate charters the industry is now driven by marine based events companies offering comprehensive event management

services to cater for the clent's complete requirements. To this end the actual charter of the yacht may only be a small proportion of the total event budget.

With a season running from April to October, there are plenty of opportunities for corporate clients to get afloat and enjoy an activity that meets numerous different needs. Unlike many forms of corporate hospitality, boating provides a healthy lifestyle activity, which is both rewarding and aspirational.

Many marine based corporate events are stand alone activities involving only the clients and their choice of yachts, from RIB treasure hunts to company regattas or a single yacht with a select group and lunch on board. However, there is

below: The Anglo Irish Bank Trophy.

top: 75' motor yacht Rum Jungle caters for up to 40 people on a day charter.

a constant cycle of events taking place on The Solent which in themselves offer excellent opportunities for entertaining corporate clients.

The high point of the season afloat is Cowes Week. Rivalling many of the major sporting events as a corporate hospitality occasion, the first week of August in Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, sees a gathering of some 8000 competitors and up to 1000 yachts of all shapes and sizes, from the most modest day boats to the sleekest ocean racers, providing a truly awe inspiring spectacle and a superb hospitality opportunity. Crews come from all walks of life, with club sailors competing alongside Olympic champions and Americas Cup heroes.

There is no other major sporting occasion, which affords corporate clients such a close up view of proceedings or the opportunity to actually take part in the racing. There is no requirement to qualify for the event, meaning anyone can enter a yacht and race for the week or just a day. Guests can rub shoulders with competitors in the marinas and bars of Cowes with very little restriction.

The ideal platform for viewing the racing is a large fly bridge motor yacht, a mobile grandstand on which clients can be entertained at the highest level whilst following the proceedings of the day and enjoying fine cuisine on board.
Aside of Cowes Week, there are a growing number of industry based corporate regatta events taking place in the Solent, offering clients the chance to take part in the racing as well as enjoy hospitality ashore. These events provide excellent business to business opportunities as well a being superb corporate hospitality occasions.
There are a wide variety of suppliers within the marine hospitality sector, ranging from multinational agencies to small local businesses, each catering for their own level of clients. However, the industry is principally dependent on the owners of private yachts in order to flourish. Without the availability of these yachts there is no product to offer.

For many yacht owners chartering provides a welcome source of income to offset running costs of their yachts. Set up properly it can be a tax efficient means of yacht ownership, with the potential to re-claim VAT on purchase and operating costs being one significant benefit. However, there are legal requirements covering the operation of UK registered yachts used for commercial operation, which must be adhered to before chartering. For yachts of less than 24m LOA the Codes of Practice for Small Commercial Vessels must be complied with. Administered by the UK Maritime and Coastguard Agency these regulations set the standard for all charter vessels, although in some areas of the UK Local Authorities operate slightly less onerous licensing procedures.

In summary, Entertaining Afloat offers an exhilarating and cost effective alternative to many other forms of corporate hospitality where the scenery is constantly changing and your clients will remember you for a truly memorable day out.

{Robin Milledge, EMG event management are based at Berthon}

{Yacht Ownership} When asked about the best structure to use for yacht ownership, corporate entities and particularly Limited Companies, have long been the preferred option. Personal ownership is not often advised (unless the cost of structuring is deemed disproportionate) due to the risk of exposure of the owner's personal assets in the event of any claim against the yacht.

Generally therefore, corporate ownership is recommended in cases where the beneficial owner's personal assets are significant and the expense of the corporate structure is unlikely to be disproportionate to the cost of yacht ownership.

A single-purpose vehicle company, whether on - or offshore, provides limited liability as such a company is recognised as a separate legal entity, distinct from its owner(s). Any claim arising in respect of the yacht would therefore be against the company and, if the company were insolvent, any such claim would be limited to the value of the single asset, the yacht. For the English courts at least, this principle of distinct existence is sacrosanct and will only be overruled in exceptional circumstances such as gross negligence on the part of directors or fraud. In certain jurisdictions the use of a company also provides anonymity, as it may not be necessary to maintain a register of shareholders or necessary for the beneficial owner of the shares to be registered as the legal owner.

There is however a downside to the use of UK Limited Companies in this way, as regards the taxation of benefits-in-kind. A director or shadow director of an English company will be liable for income tax based on the value of the yacht which is pro-rated for the amount of time that the yacht is available to that person for his own personal use each year. The authorities presume that the yacht is available to the director at any time it is not being chartered or actively marketed for charter.
An alternative is the use of the Limited Liability Partnership. This is increasingly being adopted as a vehicle for yacht ownership as it does not give rise to liability to tax on benefits-in-kind.

An LLP is a relatively new form of legal entity which is available to 'two or more persons associated for carrying on a lawful business with a view to profit', where 'person' can be either an individual or any entity with legal personality such as a company. The entity is made up of "members" rather than directors and shareholders and has no share capital. There is no Memorandum and Articles of Association. Although not strictly necessary, most LLPs are regulated by an agreement between the members which supplements the rules imposed by statute.

The LLP is designed to combine the limited liability of a Limited Company with the flexibility and tax transparency of a partnership. Hence, the LLP is structured as a body corporate by having a legal personality which exists separately from its members but, like a Partnership, the relationship between the members is governed by an agreement. This contrasts with the distinction there is between directors (managers) and shareholders (owners) within a Limited Company. The disadvantage is that in most instances the members' home addresses must be filed with the Registrar of Companies and can be viewed on a readily accessible register. In addition, audited annual accounts must be filed with Companies House in much the same way as with a Limited Company.

As noted above, the LLP is a body corporate and as such it may hold property, employ people, sue or be sued, and the assets, profits and liabilities belong to the LLP rather than the members. As the name states, the LLP affords its members limited liability. The LLP is liable for its own debts so that the members are not personally liable for any debts incurred by the LLP other than to the extent of their contribution to the assets. This is advantageous if the LLP encounters difficulties as each member only risks the investment that he has put in rather than having to contribute from his personal assets in the event of a catastrophic claim. The advantage of not being personally liable for the mistakes of other members (as with a Partnership) is tempered by the fact that, in the case of negligence, members may be personally liable if they have assumed a personal duty of care and have acted in breach of that duty. This additional liability will not, however, be shared by the other members of the LLP. Although insurance will provide considerable protection, liability limits may be insufficient in the event of an extraordinary or catastrophic claim. Exceptionally, there may also be situations where cover lapses or is ineffective. The LLP is taxed like a Partnership in that each member pays tax on his or her share of the income and there is no

employers' national insurance due on members' shares of the profits. NI contributions will however have to be paid if the LLP employs crew, whereas this would not generally be required if an offshore Limited Company owned the yacht (although this may soon change and the yacht's flag may become a more relevant consideration for NI purposes). The LLP also has the ability to register for VAT.

While both the LLP and the Limited Company provide the advantage of limited liability, the disadvantage of taxation on benefits-in-kind when using a Limited Company means that, increasingly, the LLP is becoming an attractive option for yacht owners. With several flags accepting this structure for ownership, we may increasingly see more owners opting for the LLP.

{David Reardon, Hill Dickinson LLP}

above: Patient Falcon the Able Marine 93' sloop is available through Berthon International.

top: the remarkable glaciers of Oscar II land.

{The Last Voyage North}

After eleven voyages north of the Artic Circle and one south of the Antarctic Circle, the time has come to hang up the sea boots and to live off memories rather than experiences. In 2006 we sailed from Howth to the Faroes for a final visit to Brendansvick and to re-visit the place where Brendan the Navigator called in about 580 A.D.

Brendan and the brothers had dropped in to see Paul The Hermit of Rockall as they passed that way. Paul was 150 years old when Brendan met him. Sailing on from Rockall to the Faroes the brothers came upon a small rock island. They were hungry and the brothers suggested to the Abbot that they should light a fire there and cook the porridge. Abbot Brendan agreed. They landed on the rock island, lit the fire and put the pot upon it. Before the porridge was cooked Abbot Brendan said

"Brothers I think its time to leave this island".

The brothers were still hungry and asked Abbot Brendan to wait at least until the porridge was done. Abbot Brendan said:

"We should leave this island now, without putting out the fire because the island is starting to submerge"

With that Abbot Brendan and the brothers leapt from the island and settled into their Curragh just as the fire beneath the porridge pot was extinguished by the sea. They had landed on the back of a whale and the brothers named the whale Jasconius. We sailed north from the Faroes to Svalbard.

At the seventieth parallel I looked into my old 1980 log book to see how we were doing at that time. We were on the way to Svalbard in Shardana II, a Nicholson 31. There were six crew aboard and we had stocked up in Lerwick. No provisions were available in Spitsbergen and our next provisioning port would be Howth. We would not need any stores by the time we got back to Howth. It was much colder then. Our feet and hands were cold and, without furling gear, the headsails were frequently changed. We carried five headsails. Work at the mast was cold and sometimes painful. There was more counting then. Counting the pips of Radio Colorado's time checks. Counting and noting the figures from the sextant and then delving into a sea of numbers in the almanac. Checking the mileage on the Walker log and crossing the morning fix with the afternoon fix. Calculating the observed position and moving from one observed position to the next. Waiting again for the sun to come out and counting the time when one could finally get into the bunk.



In 2006, the boat is always dry and warm. We sleep under duvets. The guess work is gone out of navigation and there is a well stocked supermarket in Longyearbyen with trolleys and all. Most significantly, it is not cold in 2006.

A fulmar flew straight into the mainsail. He fell down on the deck and jumped over the side. Pilot Roche cooked monkfish and pineapple for dinner and it rained and rained. Oliver was a little grumpy when he came on watch. After the rain the fog rolled in and we kept an eye on the radar. We were in a very empty ocean but there is an impressive statistic which records that in 1898 there were two cars registered in the State of Ohio. They collided.

We left Longyearbyen at 13.08 on Sunday. It was a damp afternoon and we rounded some nasty rocks off Daudmannsodden which peered at us through the thick drifting fog with a 'come hither' look. Perhaps some hapless bluejackets came to grief when they passed too close, thus giving that 'odden' its mournful name. Then we were into Forlandsundet with nothing to see but drifting mist. The dramatic Prins Karls Forland was to port and the remarkable glaciers of Oscar II Land were to starboard but all were well wrapped up and quite invisible. Ahead were the narrows of Forlandsrevet which we cleared just after midnight with no more than a meter under our keel.

The ice in the glaciers of Isfjord has retreated noticeably but as we passed the glaciers of James I Land and Albert Land the fog cleared and there appeared to be many glaciers with spectacular amounts of solid ice running down to the waters edge. We turned into Magdalenafjord which I had not seen since 1980. The change there is startling. The Hanging glacier no longer hangs and it does not come close to the water. The Waggonway glacier is hugely diminished and the entire mountain landscape is left with just small patches of snow and ice on it. The splendour of Magdalenafjord is curtailed.

We were soon north of 80°N. In 2003 our GPS had failed as we approached Ostrov Viktoriya at 80° 09'N. The satellites have improved and, on this occasion, the GPS was in good order at our farthest north at 81°15'49''N. We came into open drift ice at 81°N and although it closed in it was quite navigable all the

above: fog rolls down from the mountain tops onto the ice caps.

way. The wind was the problem. It blew from the northwest and loose ice drifted away from the polar ice cap to the southeast. The arctic winds are fickle and if the direction changed to anything between east or west of south, the open ice would compact and come right back on top of us. That is what happened in 1998 and it took five days to break free.

Mark, Oliver and I swam at our furthest north. The swim, as usual, was a cold, shrivelling affair. We could have pressed on to the polar ice front which, according to our ice chart of three days before, was at 81°42'N, but the chance of a wind shift dissuaded us.

The ice in the Arctic Ocean is shrinking and, at least, one-seventh of the average ice cover has melted since 1986. Nevertheless, the remaining ice is much thinner. When seen from satellite it looks as if it is filled with holes. In fact these are just pools of water lying on the surface. Nuclear submarines now find many more places to surface from under the arctic ice and that is a direct result of the melt. All in all the melt is expected to proceed at an accelerating pace. The east Greenland ice is a menacing challenge. As the permafrost retreats deeper into the earth and running water flows beneath the glaciers, what was once unshakeable becomes quaggy. The process hastens the inevitable and unstoppable march of the land ice towards the ocean.

We sailed back to Longyearbyen and provisioned there. We left on the 23rd July bound for Cape Tobin and the barren Greenlandic settlement which is Ittoqqortoormiit- "A place where there are many houses".

Very little happened as we dropped down the first five latitudes from 78°N to 73°N. We passed quickly across the spider-web longitudes, moving from 15°36'E, through Greenwich and on to 12°27'W.

The ice looked solid to the west and southwest as we tried to skirt around it with plenty of east and southeast heading. As we rounded a corner with high ice to starboard we suddenly saw a polar bear standing on a flow. We did not approach him but rather we drifted slowly and quietly by. The bear was not alarmed. He stamped about on the ice for awhile and then sniffed the water before jumping in. He swam disdainfully with his black toffee-nose held proudly above the water. It was a real privilege to see this astonishing animal in the arctic. This bear was 150 miles off shore.

Pressing or pushing through ice is laborious and disheartening. The unimaginative triumph in ice because they cannot see or feel the peril. For many years I ploughed on merrily with about as little care as a tightrope walker on the wire one foot above the ground. We were bold and carefree trespassers. Today, the words horror, panic and dread would come close to describing my involuntary feelings in ice. I have not suddenly become imaginative but I have become more familiar with this erratic and perilous environment. I am seduced by its beauty. I am intimidated by its energy and its potential to do serious damage at very short notice.

As we round Cape Tobin the fog lifts and we are in Scoresby Sund. We anchor at Ittoqqortoormiit on Saturday 24th July at 12.46.

The Greenlanders had fired at us with rifle shots in 1985 on our arrival but, on this occasion, two narwhals had been driven in to the shore from the bay by a fleet of a dozen or so big-engined speed boats. The narwhals are eventually killed by rifle shot but it seemed to take a long time. Adrienne, Mark and Oliver row ashore to get a closer look. A lot of bullets are needed to dispatch the narwhal but the Greenland hunters are clearly doing their best not to prolong the whales' agony. The dead narwhals are towed to a large ice floe nearby. They are hauled up on the ice with ropes and flensed with razor-sharp uluks. The entire process of finding the narwhals in Scoresby Sund and driving them back inshore where they are shot, together with the process of flensing and carefully dividing the shares in accordance with longstanding rules of village tradition, takes between seven and eight hours.

We heaved up at midday on Monday 31st July with seven bells of wind racing down from the hills above Ittoqqortoormiit.

above: a towering wall of ice awaits.
below right: The start of one of many glaciers.
below left: Sunset.

Our fortunes were mixed over the next three days. There was fog for a time but, for the main part, visibility was clear as we passed by a bleak and desolate shoreline. The ice troubled us and Pilot Roche spent long hours perched on the second cross-trees. Then the whales came by. They stayed with us for just over an hour. There were about ten to fifteen whales swimming, blowing and diving close to the boat. These were Sei whales or as you and I would know them, they were the Balaenoftera borealis.

The wind picked up and when we re-crossed the arctic circle, we had been north of it for 23 days. We were back into some hours of darkness with heavy dark cloud cover which emptied its cold watery contents on us. A fresh wind blew from the south. There was plenty of high-sided, jagged ice about and all of it had recently been dumped into the ocean from Greenland's shore.
If the Greenland ice cap melts completely, the consequent worldwide rise in tidal levels will be forty feet. If the same thing happens in Antarctica, high water will be another forty feet higher.

It may be coming close to the time when you should measure how high your home is above high water. If it is ninety feet or less you must advise your grandchildren to build their homes further up the hill.

These large, jagged ice floes moved at about 2.5 knots with the wind. We peered into the gloom towards the southwest and there was a lead. We headed for it listening to the growlers thumping along the underwater hull. Then the lead closed as pieces of ice crashed to form an impassable barrier. We looked astern but the way out had suddenly been blocked by another ice pile-up. The ice did an ugly dance on the ocean surface. Its ponderous rhythm was unpredictable. A new lead opened to the west. We took it. The important thing, in these conditions, is to keep moving for as long as you can. If you are forced to stop you will receive a hammering. This ice was no longer whispering caveats. It was in full battle-cry. West was not a good course and there was no sign of a water corridor that way. We used the bow-thruster to turn the boat quickly towards the south. We were head to wind and these ice mounds, which may have enjoyed thousands of years of relative ataraxia in the slow moving glaciers, were making the best of their recent deliverance from the monotony of their former lodgings. They came straight at us.

It took five hours to clear that ice. We hoisted the mainsail and unfurled the genoa. We started beating our way towards Reykjavik in a windy rainstorm. Later the conditions improved. The wind veered to give us a fast reach to the marina in Reykjavik harbour.

We sailed home from Iceland stopping in the Westman Islands, the Faeroes, the Shetlands and in various ports between Cape Wrath and Ailsa Craig and tied up in Howth on 29th August. We had travelled 5,055 nautical miles in 59 days.

{John Gore-Grimes}



above: various boats and yachts compete along the river Thames.

{A Historic Glimpse} Nowadays many yacht owners do not belong to yacht clubs, yet far from being in survival mode, the majority flourish. Why is this and what can a club offer the yachtsman? Perhaps a glance at the history of the British Isles oldest continuous club, the Royal Thames Yacht Club, may reveal an insight.

The beginnings

Before Yacht or sailing clubs came into being, no doubt yacht owners issued individual and private challenges to each other much in the way that owners of fast horses did. Just as such challenges lead to the present day horse racing industry, so private challenges between yacht owners lead to the formation of associations of owners with the objective of holding regular racing events. The first of such associations in England, formed in 1775, was the Cumberland Fleet, the direct forerunner of the Royal Thames Yacht Club.

Having thus scored a "first", the advantage was maintained and for many years the Club was regarded as the ongoing developer of yacht racing, globally, until this role was assumed, nationally, by the formation of the RYA and, internationally, by the formation of the IYRU (now ISAF) whose offices used to be within our London Clubhouse, based in Knightsbridge.

above: the way it used to be on the banks of the Thames.
right: today's modern yachts competing against each other in the Royal Victoria Dock.

Where it all happened

At the outset, our title, the "Thames" was very relevant, as London's river is where our members sailed. Initially Vauxhall, in central London was a regular venue but as silting, embankment of the riverside, rise in river traffic and the building of bridges took place our members' activities were forced further downstream. Nevertheless the Thames remained our water, with frequent and regular racing taking place in the Thames Estuary. A starting box was established on the end of Southend Pier. The annual showpiece was the race from the Nore to Dover for which the Morgan Cup, now the trophy for an annual RORC race, was originally awarded.

From the end of the 19th century, the Club had involvement in Solent-based yacht racing, possibly encouraged by Royal patronage and active participation. When, at the conclusion of the Great War, the decision was made to abandon racing on the Thames and to concentrate, albeit not exclusively, on Solent racing, there was wailing and gnashing of teeth from many members.

Whilst Cowes remains an important centre for the Club's racing activities we have, of late, almost returned to our roots, having run a number team and fleet racing events in London's Royal Victoria Dock including a large team racing event earlier this year with teams from Australia, Canada, the States and mainland Europe.

Race Management

The Club has, throughout its life, organised yacht racing and regattas. Initially this was done for its members but between the wars, when class racing came into being, alongside the established handicap racing, the Thames opened up its organised racing to all comers. In the period after the Second War the Club established itself as a leader in the organisation of National and International Regattas.

The Club's involvement in the organisation of yacht races still continues today and is one of the key elements in maintaining the Club's pre-eminent position. If any readers wish to become involved in this rewarding activity, we are always seeking to expand our race management side, by inviting more members to act as Race Officers and umpires and by organising appropriate training.

Cruising

Cruising has, from the outset, been part and parcel of the Club's core activities. When the Royal Cruising Club was formed it attracted many of the diehard cruisers. However, the Thames runs a number of cruises and rallies, both in Home Waters and internationally, which are enthusiastically supported but theses events tend to involve lesser distances and be more socially orientated than those of the RCC. Those on the calendar for the next 12 months include Maine, Grenada and Sicily.

Ocean Racing

Curiously, ocean racing was not a core activity of the Club's members. Very little organisation of ocean racing was done and the formation of the Ocean Racing Club in 1925 (now the Royal Ocean Racing Club) and its subsequent establishment as leading UK organiser of such events had little impact on Club affairs. This apparent disinterest in the administration of ocean racing should not detract from the significant successes of Thames members in such races and the Club still annually awards the Morgan Cup (originally for the winner of the Club's annual race from the Nore to Dover) for the RORC race from Cowes to Dieppe.

Motor Yachting

Yachting in mechanically propelled vessels has, since engines were first put into boats, been a pursuit of a number of members. An interesting aside is that we now administer the Mansura Trophy, an annual award for the greatest achievement in hybrid powered yachts – an area of growing interest with the advent of fuel cells and other alternative means of power.

Yacht Racing

Whichever way one approaches it and whatever conclusion one wishes to arrive at, the raison d'etre and the continuing fame of the Club has to be in the field of yacht racing. You have only to look around the walls in the Clubhouse to see the history there before you. There is little point in reveling in the glory of the days of large yacht racing and other feats and achievements that cannot be replicated now. In deed with the current level of activity on the water there is neither need nor the time for that! We hold a number of team racing and other events here and regularly send teams abroad to compete. This year sees the club returning to its roots with the UK's Team Origin America's Cup challenge under our burgee.

Members Yachts

Many of our members do much of their yachting, be it racing or cruising outside Club events and whilst not all members are yacht owners, it is interesting to see what changes have taken place in the number and type of yacht, owned by members of the Thames? I wish I could answer that in detail from records held but, suffice to say, we shall have to make do with guess work backed up by these rather meagre statistics:

1914	*499 yachts*	*Average 195 tons*
1919	*246 yachts*	*Average 191 tons*
2006	*697 yachts*	*No information*

You will note the dramatic drop in the number of Yachts owned by members in the aftermath of the Great War. Looking at the average tonnage of the yachts in those days, they were clearly different beasts to our average members' yacht today.

All in all, there is an awful lot going on in yacht clubs and we haven't even touched on the social side yet!

{Andrew Collins, Rear Commodore (Sailing) of the Royal Thames Yacht Club}

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