

Caption competitions

Please send your suggestions to the editor at the usual address. Funniest entries will be published in issue 47



JIM ENSOM



DUSTY MILLER



RICHARD WILLIAMSON

Letters

Please send your Letters to the editor c/o Stour Sailing Club or email: BowspritSSC@hotmail.com



The 'caravan' picture was taken at the Col de Joux Plane which is above Samoens in the French Alps, at about 6,000 ft.

ME AND MY CARAVAN

Dear Editor,

It is with a twinge of regret that I have to inform you of my decision to withhold this eagerly awaited article from the readership of *Bowsprit* – I have received a far better offer from a rival publication.

However, I am prepared to release a unique photograph of the van taken this year, just before the brakes caught fire whilst descending from the location pictured here. Technical tip for the practical caravaner: if your brakes start to smoke, like mine did, pull over, put the kettle on, have a cuppa, and if they don't stop smoking on their own just pour the remaining contents of the kettle over the smouldering wheel hub.

Sincerely
ROBERT COLES

Samoens, France

BUOYS AND GULLS

Dear Editor,

As a keen bird-watcher along The River Stour, I am writing to complain that the last issue did not appear to have anything to do with Seagulls.

Yours
Mrs D. BYRD

Via email

RED TOP

Dear Editor,

I cannot understand why you chose to change the format of *Bowsprit*. I much preferred the past size as I did not need to rip it in two when I chucked it in the bin. Now I have to expel unnecessary energy.

KEN MASTERS

Hamble

FAIR WEATHER SAILORS

Dear Editor,

I am thinking of setting up a small pensioners sailing team, dedicated to not going out in anything above Force 2. Never when it's raining. Never when it's foggy. The team will consist of a few dedicated older people who will meet on a regular basis to talk about what needs doing on board their boats, but never actually get around to doing it.

We are thinking of building a new type of boat designed to be sailed in light winds – never raining, never foggy – which can easily be manoeuvred by old fogeys who have become gout-ridden old codgers with arthritic hips with no chance of getting on the water in a month of Sundays. We're thinking of calling them "Pessimists".

Yours
HUGH CUDDLIT

Via email

I-Spy



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