

Aquatic Occurrences, Watery Happenings and Things That Go Bump Out At Sea. A Review of the Jersey Long Distance Swimming Club in 2007

- Jan** FFF-Fifty fff-frozen fff-fearles ssss-swimmers accompanied by a brass monkey, complete with welding kit, welcomed the New Year in with the traditional plunge into a brand-new January's bracing yet less than welcoming waters. A small multitude of watchers and wonderers lined the rails gasping at the fool-hardy courage of the frozen fifty. Hot soup, mince pies and left over Christmas cake soon reached parts which Jack Frost's icy fingers had earlier stunned. The only Christmas crackers on display were those taking to the brine!
- Feb** Pete Blandin (Senior) instigated near epidemic proportions of 'brain fade' and 'cranium melt down' as we met in the sobriety and grandeur of Grouville Parish Hall for one of his special Quiz Nights. For my fellow 'numpties' unable to list every world cup referee since 1749 or how many in the Jackson Five our evening was saved by 'taste and tipple' a traditional frenzy of choosing which tasty presentation deserved a second helping. What wonderful value of good taste the ladies of the parish bring to these occasions, us chaps are lucky to find a bottle opener amongst us, but its value is just as important! Later in the month a cunning plan saw a letter delivered to The British Olympic Association inviting the British squad to train their open water squad in Jersey as preparation for both the Beijing and London games; an initial knock-back did not deter your scribe and behind the scenes probing of the ASA hierarchy continued. Watch this space – over the next few months / years!
- Mar** Wendy Prunty, husband Mark, Sal and I were in attendance at the Channel Swimming & Piloting Federation annual awards dinner in Dover. 'The JLDSC Special Recognition Award' was presented to Alan Macleay for his 21 hour Channel swim. It is presented where a swimmer successfully completes a Channel swim in conditions of extreme physical 'pressures' where it was not thought possible by the Federations committee that success was a possibility. Always a superb gathering of Channel greats, who for some reason struggle on through more and more tempestuous seas as the evening progresses! A storm in a beer glass was never truer. Just a few days later bow ties and posh frocks were again the rig of the day at the Jersey Sports Council Awards Dinner. 'Certificates of Merit' were awarded to Wendy for her Channel swim; Sally for her Catalina outing along with Alice and Kelly for their Round Island swims. I was incredibly chuffed that the club felt so disposed as to forward my name for such a prestigious sporting award as the 'Sid Guy Award' for services to sport over an extended period - however not being quite old enough, by a considerable margin, I was still a mere youth compared to other nominees, I'll have to wait a few more years yet! To be nominated by my fellow club members for doing something I really enjoy is more than sufficient recognition for my efforts and is much appreciated. Thank you, but without a great team effort we'd have little to celebrate, we are a team and that is very evident by the roll of honour on our club website. The Lions Club organised the 25th Swimarathon at Les Quennevais – the usual rowdy mayhem was followed by a spectacularly unhealthy nose bag at Chicago Rock. Well done to all swimmers, Team Captains, 'rounderupers' 'whiperiners' and the financial experts who collect and count the filthy lucre.
- Apr** Away from normal Club activities an incredibly brave or should it be fool-hardy Martin Strel from Slovakia, a land-locked parish just down the road between Poland and Hungary ended a ten week swim on April 8th which began on Feb 1st following a mere 3375 miles down the less than friendly and in-hospitable Amazon River. We forgave him for wearing a wet-suit, discretion and personal safety being the priority in avoiding some unmentionable beasts and their equally unmentionable effects on the human body made it all too necessary. It was to be a further five months before a deadly parasite was found in his blood system which could have ended the life of one of the world's great eccentric explorers. The JLDSC sent him a good luck message before and a congratulatory message on completion of his epic voyage. I can't see too many swimmers attempting to emulate his achievement. Did you know? – It's Uncle Charlie's smart-arse hour children, pay attention; Scientists from the National Geographic have now discovered a new source for the Amazon in southern Peru making it longer than the River Nile which has always been claimed to be the world's longest river. All club members of school age and those who indulge in quizzes of the public house variety are urged to 'put teacher right' next time they have a class/pub quiz. Nothing at all to do with swimming but where else would you amass such riveting facts where you can win an argument with 'bossy boots' teacher? Not many people know that! Should the teacher not believe you just give them Mr Strel's name!

Easter Monday; 9th April and the first open water swim of the year. Flat seas and warm sunshine greeted the 'ice breakers' who'd been beaten to it by Dee and Kelly who have been swimming since the turn of the year in preparation for personal goals.

On Saturday 23rd April we received the dreadful shattering and tragic news that Club life member Dave Parcels had died of a cardiac arrest whilst competing in the 24 mile Tampa Bay swim. 49 year old Dave who had conquered the English Channel on no less than four occasions two of which were a two-way. Dave was due to visit Jersey to attempt a two way Round Island swim to raise funds for Multiple Sclerosis a debilitating disease with which he had recently been diagnosed as suffering from. His courage was enormous, his inspiration of others legendary, his achievements truly outstanding. Sally was able to travel to Connecticut to represent both our club and all British open water swimmers at his funeral for which Dave's family were very appreciative of her being there. There are plans afoot to replicate his intended 'Double Round Jersey' swim with a relay race between American and British swimmers in 2008 raising funds for investigation into MS; a fitting tribute to a legendary sportsman. We shall miss him and I'm sure if all swimmers of that calibre could choose their departure point they may well agree with Dave.

May A few swimmers with sights on distant shores saw their immersion times rise to over ninety minutes then saw it all come to a wind and rain disrupted halt during the first week of May leading to the clubs first swim cancellation at Havre des Pas. Previous weeks of increasing good weather during which water temperatures had risen to 13.5°C and were later in the month to creep above 15C before nose diving back to more modest figures. The Dover branch of our fraternity was just embarking on its annual punishment squad for this seasons aspirants due to cross the Channel, whereas 'Our Dee' had been taking to the waters for months, her style, times and general approach to her forthcoming task was great to witness and confidence in her ambition were high.

Mick and Ann Le Masurier after spending a considerable amount of their valuable personal time re-launched the clubs impressive website; you should all know it off by heart now:- www.jerseyseaswims.org. Updated regularly with swim results, news and times for our various functions it has to be a 'must' for all club members and those thinking of a Jersey swim. Thanks to Helen Barker who has fought against the odds to control the beast for several years and who has kept the world abreast of our 'goings on' through its medium. The website attracts much interest from around the swimming world and is a regular discussion point when we meet up with like minded souls on our travels. Mick and Ann also produce the riveting read of the Club's Newsletter a superb piece of journalism and informative facts. On a less than cheerful statistical note, May had been the wettest on record, here's hoping! (In retrospect; "you ain't seen nuffin' yet!")

Jun 'Sea Swimmer' took to the waves for the first time in anger as the sun shone and the sea temperature crept back above the 14C peg. Mick and I took Dee for a three hour swim in preparation for her forthcoming Channel attempt accompanied by Kelly in/on her kayak whilst Sally escorted Tasmin at water level for an hour and a half for her forthcoming Albert Dock swim in London's historic dockland alongside the London City Airport. Later in the month 'Channel Girl' also joined the fleet afloat as we tentatively cast off for a proving trip, not becoming too waterlogged and the new power unit purring on all cylinders we called it a successful shakedown cruise and moored her back on her boat park berth until required. A new trailer was desperately required to replace the one built by Robert de St Paer, a Channel swimmer from the Club's halcyon days of 1976, which was suffering from advanced salt water corrosion in its nooks, crannies and crevices, a similar fate has befallen some of the clubs senior members. Through Mick Le Guilcher we were fortunate to find a manufacturer on the Rock who has built us a superb bit of kit which is an all singing all dancing model and is just what the trailer doctor ordered.

Meanwhile on the Isle of Dogs, soon to be transformed into the 2012 Olympic Wonderland, in the very dark and murky waters of the Royal Albert Dock in deepest East London where bloated bit part actors from East Enders floating face down are more likely to be accompanying your swim than a homely salt water 'jellie'. Tasmin Powell competed in the 3Km Junior event in the British Swimming International Festival of Open Water Swimming. In a field of 25 swimmers between 13 and 17 years old and as the youngest competitor it was a daunting prospect but unfortunately due to circumstances Tasmin did not quite complete the full course. However she gave her best, for which she is to be applauded. No mean feat to 'go in cold' against a very strong international field of very fast young swimmers. She will benefit from the exceptional experience and all credit to her for taking on the challenge on her own volition, she let no one down and I was very proud to cheer her on. She drew praise from the race officials who commended her for withdrawing in the correct and sensible fashion without making a drama from it.

June sees the annual competition for the Ann Flambard Trophy presented to the young swimmer that catches the eye in the Havre des Pas pool. This seasons eye catcher was young Isobel Kelly of whom great things are now expected No pressure then Isobel; congratulations!

Remember my February letter to the British Olympic Association? Incredibly several senior members of its open water technical committee recall me buying them a beer when they were all young handsome Servicemen, as we were in the previous millennium, they invited me to participate as an official at the same

London venue. I was ever present over the weekend in the guise of a swimming official for the three International events, 10km; 5km and the Junior 3km, this now entitles me to the Freedom of London and allows me to drive my sheep across London Bridge. First I've got to find a resident flock in Arizona. The experience for me was also an aquatic culture shock as exceptionally fast swimmers, making six miles (10km) in one hour fifty, showed me a quite different aspect of our sport. The approach and aggression is quite alien to our purist ideals however their commitment and swimming ability has to be applauded. I found it a bit like waterpolo without a ball. The idea I had proposed is not completely lost as several worthy members of the technical committee were in favour of establishing a competition at some level in Jersey at a future date and I'm confident that Jersey will benefit from a visit by members of the International squad to swim in our coastal waters – one day.

At a prolonged Club executive committee meeting held in the guise of a BBQ at 'Wendy's World', your committee totally agreed to re-instigate the Clubs ambitions in sending Juniors into the fray of 'mainland competition'. We decided to send a team of three very promising young swimmers to compete in the five and a half mile BLDSA Junior Coniston championships later in the year. At this moment we are still in the logistical and financial planning stages, but I'm sure in the September log we'll have a tale to tell. It really is good to see our Juniors given the chance to measure their progress against their peers from the mainland. The longest day of the year is now well gone, the nights are closing in, ready for Crimbo and the weather more like October; (mind you re-reading this in October the weather has been superb since the schools went back in September!) in an attempt to swim Dee for her six hour Channel qualifying swim we choose a less than perfect day. Along with Wendy Prunty the two set off in a supposedly sheltered St Catherine's Bay as a Force 4 roughed up the water beyond the harbour limits, water temperature fortunately had risen to 16.3C. After two and a quarter hours the two called it a day in consideration for the safety of Kelly on her kayak along with Mick and I in a very wobbly 'Channel Girl' all three of us were pleased to come ashore as the weather deteriorated beyond Force 6 making for 'lively conditions' within our training ground. Both girls were still smiling and laughing at the discomfort of their escorts and unaffected by the lumpy conditions as we made light work of mugs of tea and bacon rolls which never tasted so good, however very relieved were the aforementioned escorts. Respect is due to Marc Nicol who has joined us from the sporting twilight world of triathlon in order to progress as a swimmer. He went from Speedo's to wetsuit and back again to Speedo's in some unpleasant conditions without a word of complaint. Stick at it mate, you'll make a great open water swimmer before too long.

Jul

Fortunately we were able to do the business a week later in conditions which were only marginally improved. Wendy squeezed a five hour 'quali' in for her forthcoming Round Island with husband Mark riding shotgun on his ocean going kayak. Rising at five am three times a week to swim at St Catherine's and a lay-in other mornings before a six o'clock visit to the gym became 'normal' for a select group all with sights on various swims, we can only hope that the deprivation of sleep pays dividends, it's certainly a tremendous commitment and I for one enjoyed the extra hours of enthralling Breakfast news from Auntie Beeb! Just when will normality return – if ever?

The de Caux trophy, awarded to the youngest competitors of the day, gave the assembled throng a chance to test their surfing abilities at an early morning gathering at a wild Ouaisne Bay, quite unsuitable for swimming in the ASA text book fashion. New names appeared on the trophy as William Allen-Le Bas and Alana Powell were declared the rightful winners. Huge breakers rolled in and all swimmers took advantage of the rough conditions to improve their body surfing skills. Lilly Powell, only three years old, enjoyed conditions as much as anyone, despite being a Labrador! The swim was followed by a totally new form of après swim festivities as an early visit, minus the usual delights, to a public house, 'The Smugglers' where an excellent breakfast organised by Wendy was woofed down by everyone bar Lilly. Several adult Club members were seen skulking away from the pub in the full glare of the pre midday sun; they looked totally confused as they were able to drive away totally legally.

Mon Dieu! I hear you cry, it must be time once again for Tour du Roc; a venue synonymous with getting as wet on the inside as out, but not at the same time I hasten to add. Any involvement by home grown garçons was for some perverse reason again denied. So what occurred will forever remain folklore and fiction. A sheer translucent muslin veil will be delicately drawn over any conjecture. Not for the first time however the French reverted to their war time military planning strategists and managed 'Le Grande Up-cocking!' Ancient Sea Dogs and even folk with rudimentary nautical knowledge will tell you that tides reverse direction approximately every six hours twenty minutes; to be fair you've got two opposing choices which do complicate matters, but to help you there are tidal atlases and tide tables. Then they merged three separate FINA rules to suit themselves and ruin an otherwise usually fun swim. Jenny recovered from a nasty bout of 'something' to claim first Jersey swimmer home followed by Sal. A large percentage of the remaining swimmers were saved from being swept back to the start point by the strong arms of French lifesavers and hauled unceremoniously into escort boats. "A good training swim" said Dee as strong matelots provided an unexpected pull. Oh er Missus! Marion, Dilys and Alison Foot elected not to swim due to the chaotic pre-swim rulings. Let's hope future years are preceded by organisers consulting the readily available information. But then again what else can you expect from a nation which builds a national revolution on releasing just seven prisoners from the Bastille, one the Marquis de Sade, another nutter who thought he was Julius Caesar. I rest my defence. Still, always a

handy occasion if your Mum needs to finish that Woman's Weekly knitting pattern in a gregarious atmosphere.

Back home Anthony Smith and Ian Jones swam for four hours on the neap tide from Havre des Pas to St Catherine's a rather cool training swim, all part of Ant's build up for a very physical summer of an 'amateur' stage of the Tour de France, solo swims from Jersey to France and a Round Island, besides no less than two Iron-man triathlons. I'm sure he's not the full shilling, but I doff my tattered Captains tittfer to his bravery - and lunacy. Whilst eight year old 'Billy the Fish' AKA William Allen-Le Bas swam non-stop but with vocal accompaniment as he chatted his way across the 0.76 of a nautical mile - 0.87 statute mile to Archie from the slip under the watchful eye of Wendy; if you're going to talk your way through a swim, none better to swim and chat with. 'The Blandin Boys' did the honours as escorts with 'Channel Girl' an ideal vessel for these occasions.

The annual Jersey Swimming Club, Green Island - Havre des Pas swim took place on a full spring tide with flat calm warm shallow water ensuring all swimmers finished inside the hour for the 1.3 nautical mile swim - 1.5 miles in real money. Green Island attracts the usual mob of pool sprinters and long distance swimmers complaining that the distance wasn't enough time to loosen-up. A new course record was set by Katherine Lowe who had earned an eighth place in the recent London swim which Tasmin had competed. A record set in 1994 was reduced to 30 minutes 24 seconds. Ian Jones was our first Club swimmer in third place; Jenny was first of our lady swimmers home followed closely by Lucy Biard and Martine Le Guilcher. Pete Blandin and James Buckley second and third of our representative males. In all 17 ladies and 8 gentlemen club members took part, a good showing from all. A shame that so many rogue swimmers were accepted, ASA Laws are made for good reason and those of us who pay our dues are being cheated by the free-loaders.

The last 'pool night' before the club de-camped to its summer training ground at St Catherine's saw a lively water polo session led by the chaps from the JWPA previous to the now traditional bun-fight at Pizza Hut. Our pool sessions have been constructive and beneficial for those who took advantage of the facilities. The seniors have regularly logged over six thousand meters in their two hours; meanwhile juniors have improved their endurance and stroke techniques with some hard sessions.

Seymour to Gorey with various intermediate starting points for the little people again saw Jenny taking the chequered flag, another first for the amazing swimming Mum. A great sheltered, shallow Bay ideal for a warm swim as always with good conditions along the east coast.

News of the seasons first two Channel conquerors were filtering through from Dover as the Clubs' sole Channel aspirant for the year prepared her final arrangements before flying out of the Island. Our great mate Dee, well supported by Kelly, Wendy and Sally travelled to Dover in order to present herself before the court of King Neptune in order to give account of her years of training and long lonely miles of slogging towards that elusive day-dream. It was to be Dee's third attempt to swim the Channel following two weathered out attempts in 2006. However the British summer conspired to ruin the plans and lives of thousands as incredible rain-storms, floods of Noah proportions and up to Force 9 winds left a great deal of the country under water and Dee's dreams in tatters along with nearly twenty other Channel hopefuls, some who have flown in from as far away as the USA, Japan and Mexico let alone one each from Guernsey and Jersey. After nearly ten days holed up in Dover and at Lee and Chris's gaff near Gatwick the team ran out of the necessary neap tide, so important to achieve success. The cost in personal financial terms is enormous over a years training, travel and dedication, the drain on senses unbelievable, the rewards for tough luck well they can never be explained unless you've experienced it. At the same time Anthony Smith's plans of a Jersey to France on the same tide were blown to smithereens by the uncompromising weather.

But are we down-hearted? Answers on a postcard please.

Dee had returned home on a day that a Force 9 lashed the Channel, still smiling and in a very positive frame of mind. At the same time good old reliable Metcheck was forecasting that three days ahead nothing higher than F2 would worry the waters around the Island. As soon as the tides reverted to springs, so the weather changed, the cruelty of our sport is unimaginable as it almost takes the micky out of the tortured minds of the ever hopeful swimmer. Step forward Mr Smith, your moment has arrived. Having waited patiently since last year his endeavours being beset with weather problems, even as recently as the last tide when he was booked for a J2F swim, again postponed by atrocious weather. Anthony 'Action Man' Smith set off into a blinding rising sun on a sea like glass. Apart from the sun lifting off to a brilliant zenith the ocean remained flat, the winds rose to 3 mph gusts! Never an easy day out, it had its moments when legs trained for The Tour de France competed with groin muscles set on a long swim. Much pain at times, but a very gutsy swim with a final hour of pressure to get to the wall. However 10 hours 53 minutes following an early start saw the ever cheerful Anthony celebrating his successful swim with the usual unique JLDSC welcoming shore party. Thanks to Mick Le Guilcher and Ian Jones for their support on a day which only a week ago we felt would be lost again to the weather. The last swim I witnessed in July, the evening of Anthony's homecoming, was young Tom Nerac accompanied by Kelly Le Bailly ending an hour and a half's choppy trip to Archie and back to the slipway. Hope for the future with our superb group of younger swimmers, encouraged by the more experienced seniors training, planning and preparing for the Club's successful years ahead. Weren't like that when I were a lad! Lucky to find wet water those days!

Aug So much had happened in July to have left us tired and weary, but in such a short season, deprived by the British weather of much of our schemes we push on relentlessly filling every available tide with swimmers. First day of the month and the Club's President once more takes to the skies, this time heading for Lake Zurich in Switzerland, or it was last time I saw it, for a relay swim with fellow Club members Laura Lopez-Bonilla and Cliff Golding. The Anglo-Spanglo-Jerglo team were competing in the 25 km swim along with approximately 30 other Channel swimmers based in Dover. Sounds like a bit of a 'jolly' to me. But then what would I know about being jolly? They thoroughly enjoyed their day on the lake, despite the quite different approach of their pilot who, shall we say enjoyed a smoke!

'Sea Swimmer' as most of you know is a small 18ft day boat and is definitely not up to the standard of the full sized Channel swimming escort vessels, nor its grumpy old skipper and yet we aim to provide a similar service on 'reduced budgets and physical limitations'. Dee Richards had celebrated her umpty something birthday the day previously and so a cunning plan was therefore hatched to give this sparkling lady her 'dream day out' and feel a French beach under her feet with a Jersey to France 14.7 nautical mile outing. Our club ruling has always been not to set out in a Force 4 or if the conditions are forecast to deteriorate to that level. Being a stupid boy I took into account a clutch of various weather web-sites all showing less than four and my good old reliable 'Metcheck' shouted at me that it was out there, lurking, so I ignored that one! Leaving Jersey mid morning we headed out on what was expected to be a nine to ten hour swim. After four hours Force 4 arrived from the north-west and instead of running for home we elected to carry on. For the next nine hours she battled on across 'La Manche Two' with our goal in sight. The only redeeming moment of the day came after about seven or eight hours when a pod of twenty plus dolphins including very young ones came to visit. Breaking up into smaller groups they came at full speed from every direction diving within touching distance of her, occasionally making contact as they sped past, surrounding our boat. Dee said she could hear them talking to her, tinnitus plus salt water creates a very dodgy ear 'ole! They put on a brilliant show of synchronized swimming for well over five minutes before disappearing as soon as they'd come. Back to the reality of the swim; Dee ploughed on into the falling light until she came across the elusive beach spot on target after 12 hours and 55 minutes. She's swum for best part of eight hours through a F4 at times rising above that to realise her dream and we on board are very proud of her, she was quite incredible! The journey home, usually a three hour 'drive' itself turned into an epic of six long worrying hours as we were blown about off course by wind and tide, heading for Jersey's notorious south east corner of lunar landscape. But what amazed every one of us was when we reached our berth at well gone four in the morning where we were greeted by no less than ten club members who had waited by the dockside all night for our return and to welcome their hero Dee Richards; what sort of club is that !?! Fantastic support as always from a fantastic club, for a fantastic swimmer. Dee was superb, as was her back up crew of Mick Le Guilcher, Sally Minty-Gravett, Kelly Le Bailly, (apparently I slept most of the day!) also thanks to Jersey Coastguard who kept a close eye on us throughout the long day and night, as always a close relationship ensuring our safety. Next time Force 4 means just that. Stay at home and be called a wimp!

The appearance of Lisa Howley, 'Dublin's second most welcome export after Arthur Guinness', is always a worrying moment for me, normally it precedes a massive verbal assault on my person for no reason other than she distrusts me. However this visit coincided with what should have been Jenny FitzGerald's Jersey to France swim. Before being banished from Jersey Lisa had notched up a Round Jersey swim which led to her visiting Dover and being swept across the Channel and now she'd returned to witness Jenny's assault on the Normandy beaches and assail my lugholes. However Jenny in the true spirit of sportsmanship had stood aside to allow Dee to fulfil her dream of landing in France. Fortunately Dee's 'dream team' were subsequently invited to Jenny and Ed's for a banquet to celebrate Dee's achievement and the Irish colleen responded accordingly.

The Force 4 rule again came into it's own less than a week later when Nic Millichip a freelance journalist and features writer with English Channel solo and relay swims to her credit, besides a recent Windermere success waited patiently for her Round Island swim to kick off from the Castle breakwater. By extending her stay by several days to be on hand for an opportunity Friday weather wise, although still marginal was selected as a possibility to get round. Weather forecasting even for the professional is a hazardous occupation unless they live at the north pole or on the equator, therefore for us amateur pundits the chances of success rely on all help we can get from whatever source. Taking advice from as many weather sites as possible besides the Jersey Coastguard a decision was made to 'go out and have a look'. I was away undertaking family commitments on the mainland and so Mick Le Guilcher stepped up to the plate and skippered the operation with the help of Sally and Mark, Nic's husband. Mick has earned his spurs as a regular helmsman on many other swims both around the Island and across 'La Manche Two' and so there was full confidence in his ability. The top end of a Force 3 greeted the intrepid team as they set off from the Castle breakwater just before half seven. Nic as her pedigree suggests is a strong swimmer and that was certainly required on this venture. Progress around the Island initially was well on schedule and the lumpy conditions were dealt with as you would expect from such a swimmer. I was keeping in touch by phone and although the team hoped for a decline in the windy conditions before lunch time as forecast the resulting westerly winds increased and progress was looking doubtful. As the swim inched towards the 'Grosnez swell' the half way mark was passed at Egypt just after the fourth hour. It was becoming obvious that the

swim was unlikely to be completed successfully. Progress was becoming very difficult for both the swimmer in the water and the ship's crew. Despite weighing in at best part half a ton 'Sea Swimmer' bounces exceptionally well and makes life 'uncomfortable'. Just before the fifth hour Nic was taken from the water after a very brave effort and the party endured a tortuous return journey to our berth in St Helier harbour. The club had done all its power to achieve a swim for our visitor but once again man's frailty against the elements has ended with a result for Mother Nature. However we live to 'fight' another day and that fixture is yet to be rearranged.

The week before our President's 'half a telegram soiree' we hoped to achieve at least a couple of crossings to the Normandy coast. Five times Channel swimmer Nick Adams, head of the faculty of mathematics at Eton College with a nice little side-line in organising TV spectaculars with cross Channel relays between Eton and Harrow schools, besides a natty line in credit card holders for Channel swimmers undecided on that last minute decision on 'Should I turn round at France and attempt a two way or leave the water at Cap Gris Nez and take a hansom-cab home!' Nick's height and credibility as a marathon swimmer is most welcome in our tiny Clubs credentials. Also 'on the cards' was a rearranged fixture of Manchester City's loyal son Anthony Smith. Not content with a tough circumnavigation around the Island only a matter of weeks previously, he was also pencilled in for a trip to France. Could the young fillies of France cope with these two hunks descending on their shores from across La Mer? We shall try this only once! A nasty attack of sea breeze curtailed their plans but that didn't end Nick's local swimming career. Along with Cliff Golding who had set up camp at 'Wissant Towers' in preparation for a free beer at Sal's party they were regularly to be seen encouraging the younger element of our Club at St Catherine's. Club members have plenty of opportunity to become blasé about Channel swims and those who are successful in various high profile swims worldwide have every reason to be proud of our Club. However when the likes of Nick and Cliff can give their time so freely to encourage our youngsters with such enthusiasm and humour their visit wins far more than a mere jaunt around the Island. Our youngsters are very fortunate to have such talented swimmers to escort and encourage them and I trust they appreciate and remember those moments for when they become champions in their own right.

The afore-said party was attended by many of the Clubs members from 'Saga louts' to the beautiful people, in my case failing miserably in an attempt to combine the two extremes! Fancy dress seemed appropriate and many were cajoled into appearing like caricatures of bathing beauties and beasties of bygone days. The jury is still out on the mental condition and over beautification of one or two individuals. Cliff Golding's mother certainly wouldn't have recognised him/her! Good to see the Senorita Lopez-Bonilla fly in from Spain via Dover to cast a quizzical and unbelievable eye over her 'partner'. A great night was had by all and a dreadful morning followed for the majority who hung their heads with both disgrace and pain from over indulgence, just in time to compete in the annual JSC Castle to Harbour swim. Timed to a little less than perfection the swim eventually got away an hour behind schedule with just about sufficient water to float a fairground goldfish, certainly not enough to float our boat. Congratulations to all who competed especially those direct from the rear end of the pantomime horse of the previous evening.

A wild and windy evening witnessed Sally and Cliff escort 'Billy the fish' across to 'Archie' and return with young Alana Powell ; both juniors aged eight years old, a superb effort by the two youngsters and a sure sign that the Club's future is secure with talent so young. There are plenty of adult swimmers who would have balked at the prospect of such a swim. Well done kids, we were very proud and impressed by your dedication and ability that evening.

Mike Cross a double Channel; three-way Windermere and best part Loch Ness (in 7°C for 10 hours!) flew in for his Round Jersey attempt having returned to deepest Essex the previous year snookered by the weather came through some 'sticky patches' to record, not as fast a time as we'd hoped for but at 11 hours 26 min and the all too necessary 27 seconds a very creditable time for a good effort in the conditions and state of health he suffered on the day. Thanks to Kim; second and observer supreme, Mick Le Guilcher a great mate at sea; and of course the Met Men for their sense of humour and allowing us at least two hours initially 'just like the good old days!'

Sep Within two days we were at sea again, this time with Wendy. Watching her swim I realised why she had swum so well in rough conditions across the Channel last season. Wendy's time was 10 hours 51 minutes and 50 seconds. Timed by my Timex beetle drive Boy's Own timepiece. The traditional reception by Club members, slightly thinned out by involvement in the BLDSA Junior Coniston and 'Jersey-Live' was no less subdued and I'm sure Wendy would want me to thank those gathered especially Pat the 'landlady' and Denise Le Pennec 'our instigator of all things wet' on the island; along with her crew for the day, Dee Richards provider of succour, Pete Blandin a very involved Captain's mate and 'Charlie'.

Back in May, it was a Committee decision to take youngsters away on a swim trip to the UK - for experience. We looked at the British Long Distance Swimming Association swim programme where it became apparent that the only Junior swim was Lake Coniston on Sept 2nd. It turns out that Junior swims are very few and far between these days due to many reasons - Child protection, health and Safety etc etc. As we knew the organiser, Stevie Smith, the Channel

swimming London Taxi driver, Sally called him to ask various questions, he would do his utmost to help us with entries etc and so the decision was made to give it a go. As always, it is difficult to choose just a couple of swimmers from those who'd like to go - and so it was decided that the criteria on swimmer selection would be made on those who trained regularly, constructively and were staunch members of the club and have been for many years; they also needed to be under 16. We therefore asked Chantelle le Guilcher, Tasmin Powell and Tom Nerac - all are 13 - and have trained hard for many years through the winter and are at every given training session - guaranteed, unless they are off Island. We all had a meeting with the swimmers parents. All agreed it would be a convenient weekend as far as school was concerned, and also it would be a great experience for them all - especially as Tom had already booked his Round Jersey swim for 2008 as well.

The race began in earnest at 12.10 - and the girls started as advised, nice and steady, and stayed together virtually all the way, Tasmin just pulled slightly ahead after about an hour, but that distance stayed the same to the end after another half hour. Tom was at the back but doing well. At this point, it is important to remember that personal best distance for each of these young people was Archirondel and back - so 2.6km really (1.52 nautical miles) plus a little bit more, although they had built up their 'time in the water' comfortably to 3 hours before they went away. After the girls relaxed, they seemed to really enjoy their swims; they finished their 5.5mile swims - walked out unaided, smiling, roasting - and starving! They had been so nervous before the swim, can you believe Tasmin and Chantelle going without food, even though they had practised - they both had a warm drink and Tasmin had a small milky way at 1.5hrs. Tasmin's time - 2hrs 55mins and Chantelle 3hrs 0 min 55secs. Nothing in it - a superb swim from both girls - and very much personal bests. Martin, Luke and Sal went back out in the boat to escort Tom in - to discover that he had decided to come out at 3rs 15 - also a personal best. He was very cold and in pain too. Your very own Madame President issued the following communiqué. "I am extremely proud of all 3 "Young Achievers"; for Tasmin and Chantelle for getting on with the job in hand, despite the nerves etc. and completing it with a smile and enjoyment. But especially - Tom; he did not want to come out - but realised that on the day - it was just not possible. He has come out vowing to go back next year - and finish it - and on his own volition, asked Charlie to postpone his round Jersey swim for one year. He is a superb young man with courage and determination many of us do not see very often. These three young people have showed great determination, strength and character over the weekend; plus they'd been great ambassadors for the JLDSC and Jersey. Our President made another short statement "(My husband and I) On behalf of the Club and the Committee, thank you for being great sports, great company, helping each other and now, becoming exceptional role models for many others. I know your parents and families are extremely proud of you - and so am I. Here's to many many more swims ahead of you." Praise indeed.

Out in the States (that's Uncle Sam's not Uncle Frank's) off California's sun kissed beaches patrolled by 'Baywatch Babes' JLDSC life member, Channel swimmer and Round Jersey hero Dennis Dressel returned to the battle ground between Catalina Island and the Californian mainland. A year ago Dennis had, due to sea sickness, abandoned his initial attempt to swim the 22 miles together with Sally who had conquered some inhospitable conditions to swim ashore after 9 hours 51 minutes. Again unscheduled storms wrecked his dreams and it remains a goal for future ambitions. The right decision was made as his support crew were also being compromised by the conditions. It's a sad fact of our sport but this year alone so many swims around the world have fallen foul of recent weather conditions that I wonder when and if we'll see a full season again. As for Dennis, he lives to fight another day and those who know him will support his future ambitions. We await his arrival next year as part of the USA Channel team around Jersey relay in honour of his great friend and training partner Dave Parcels.

The annual 'Serco Junior Series' transferred from Havre des Pas pool to St Catherine's this year to escape the mindless lunatics who infest the town pool and have made it unpleasant for the rest of us. Also the timing has moved from early season to the back end of our open water swim year so that it's altogether more pleasant. The first competition said something about 100 meters, but with a damp piece of hairy hemp it equated to more like 400. But never mind, it made it all the more worthwhile to go to all that bother. Wendy P was present as an aquatic roundabout at the turn and a multitude of little people made it safely there and back. I guess there must have been some semblance of order of finish, but it all looked very involved to me. Perhaps at the end of the series there'll be a winners and riders list issued. The following day a small flotilla of boats, canoes and kayaks assembled off the slipway as again the little people took to the water and covered immense distances. Some made Archie and back, others to far away Gorey harbour and back in a very creditable three hours something. Well done one and all, with additional thanks to the waterborne escorts, so very necessary for these outings.

September 11th and we're back training in the pool, apart from Dee, Kelly and Wendy who care little for lane markers and a warm shower; whilst outside we have a veritable Indian summer. So much so that 'Sea Swimmer' may well see another couple of swims before the month is out. Serious consideration is being given to Nic Millichip's ill fated Round Island being completed and should the weather hold for yet another week Anthony Smith may well taste garlic in French waters before the clocks fall back to the deep, dark nights of winter. Regular checks on weather sites plus some direction from John Searson at Jersey Met

guided us towards a fine windless weekend. And how long is it since we've had one of them?

Heartless, moi? Not a word I would prefer to use after my Papworth experience, yet one which crossed my mind at the end of Nic's twelve hour experience. I'm getting used to platitudes of worshipfulness and adoration from young females of the aquatic variety after my services around Jersey and across the oceans to France; rather in the manner, yet to a lesser degree I'm sure in which love and affection is poured upon the curly head of Capt Oram and his merry band of pilots after a days honest toil. Yet twelve hours earlier I was worried that such a slight delicate frame was up to the task ahead as Nic regaled us dockside of her sickness and pain, about the sick husband she had left on his death-bed in order to joust with the weather gods yet again in her attempt to conquer our sceptred Isle. But 'Horlicks' thought I as we cast off and headed out into the wide blue yonder. I was up early at some ungodly hour, so why not give everyone else grief! My accomplices on this adventure were Sally, a young slip of a girl, Mick my good buddy and co-driver, along with Andy our escort kayaker, together with a very supportive mob of local club members both at the dock to see us off and phoning in requests for updates at a faster rate than Wogan receives them.. Great swim Nic; enjoy a good well earned rest, hope Mark gets well soon and come back and see us for a gargle before too long. Nic will be writing an account of her swim in a forthcoming issue of Swimming Times. I'm sure her account will be a tad more factual than the rubbish I churn out, so something to look out for.

Hardly had we had time to draw breath than we were back again the next morning, a bit too bright and early for me, at St Catherine's for the annual Club Championships combined with the JASA Champs as is normal. This year we saw four 'outsiders' join the merry throng and very welcome they were too. Katherine Lowe a fine young distance swimmer as I witnessed at the Albert Dock back in June entered as a junior; I was looking forward to see how she coped in real open water and wasn't disappointed. Also joining us was Bruce Bridel, Dave Le Clercq husband of Gail, President of said JASA and Cedric Bird a peripatetic swimmer who toils under the flying banana logo during the working week with Mrs Jones (nee Sarah-Jane Stirling). I was mightily impressed by them all. Banished to the far wastelands of Archirondel as turn judge my view on things was head on as small splashes became recognisable strokes and then filled the screen as 'smiling faces' hit the wall before turning into ever decreasing figures as they 'sped' back from whence they came. Bruce came storming across the bay when I had expected to see our own Ian Jones setting the pace. I had forgotten Bruce's previous swims. Ian, Dave and Cedric all turned in quick order as did Katherine with Sarah-Jane and a very swift junior Chantelle Le Guilcher leading the pack. The seniors have a decent 3.25 nautical miles to cover with the juniors measuring 1.53 of a similar yardage. Some very tiny people swam an outstanding 6-700 meters. I sat and sucked my thumb in between laps. I suppose the JASA champs take precedence over our own club competition and therefore I declare in true Eurosplash fashion; the results of the Jersey jury is as follow: Girls 12 -15 age group Katherine Lowe of Tigers; Boys 12 – 15 Tom Nerac JLDSC; Senior Ladies Sarah-Jane Jones; Senior Men Bruce Bridal. The JLDSC Championships again as follows: Under 10 girls; Alana Powell; Under 10 boys William Allen-Le Bas; Junior girls 10 – 12 Rebecca Brooke; Girls 13 15 Chantelle Le Guilcher; Boys 13 – 15 Tom Nerac; Senior Ladies Sarah-Jane Jones; Senior Men Ian Jones. There were of course many others who are needed to swim to create these champions and to them I doff my straw boater and congratulate them on many outstanding efforts and also the fantastic support the swimmers received from kayakers, canoeists and boat crews, not forgetting the untiring work of secretary Jenny FitzGerald and her merry band of officials. Everyone; take the rest of the week off!

Anthony Smith had experienced a gruelling sporting year so far; including a Round Jersey swim previously recorded, within this journal.. Now once more with a flat calm sea and perfect conditions he struck out for the French coast, this time not from Shakespeare Beach at Dover but La Coupe Point, much closer to both home and France, a mere 14.7 nautical miles away. Our target, a large house which can be seen from St Catherine's and never seems to grow beyond Wendy House size until we land. Supported by Mick Le Guilcher, fellow Channel swimmer Ian Jones and I when we spotted the ubiquitous dolphins which we've happily shared the ocean with for the last three of our crossings. This time though they keep a couple of hundred yards to our stern, except one large fish which came speeding toward us only to disappear, heading for the sea bed several yards from Anthony; Mick, Ian and I were fortunate enough to see them, but not Ant, the object of the big fella's interest. Usually our course swings south as the tide pushes us away from the Les Ecrehous until east of the rocky outcrop the tide changes and we pull back toward the north. Today however the tidal run is minimal and we were able to plot a far more direct course with an almost constant heading of 91° until we were within the last three or four hours of our journey when we had to vector the swim to compensate for the flow of water northwards. In touch with Freda Streeter on the sea front at Dover she tells me that there are three solos and a couple of relays out across the Straits. The brotherhood of the CS&PF is indeed on the move! Anthony plods on caring little for some huge jellyfish which grow larger and more numerous as we approach the waft of garlic. Ian has dropped in beside him on two occasions and he too has seen the white flash of the jellies as they pass within inches. The sun shines and the wind has never risen above 2.5 knots all day a quite unnatural scenario for the course. After seven or eight hours his hip flexors which had caused severe pain on his round

Island swim were again causing discomfort There is a definite slowing of progress, a couple of Neurofen soon relieve the pain and he digs in for the tough fight across the tidal run into shore which is trying all the time to move us bodily towards Carteret. Just seven minutes under the ten hour mark he wades ashore a mere 1000 yards north of our intended aim point. Exhausted but a hard won title, another good swim under his Speedo draw string. Our trip back a mere two hours and five minutes beat by over four hour our previous return journey with Dee and was a darn sight smoother! The return of 'Sea Swimmer' to St Helier harbour however took a little longer. Due to Force 6-7 gales on the Sunday it was a full seven days before Mick and I moored our trusty bateau back in French Harbour; to sit on the mud and bob about securely tethered until next season.

The annual club Masters competition was played out from Mike's Slip to Archie and back with Dee Richards and John Asplet taking the respective crowns. Two very smiley people saw their efforts rewarded with two very shiny cups.

For our club September had drawn to a very pleasant conclusion. At the beginning of the month summer officially slammed shut in our depressed faces as bored-stiff students returned, or began schools, colleges and universities and parents at last had time to sit a spell and stop worrying about where to take the kids on a rainy day. Rainy days had dried to a halt and the winds roared to a pleasing zephyr. The horrors of a complete season trashed by the weather had been salvaged by glorious Saturdays made for swimming. The gods of winds, light to variable, smiled upon their wretched subjects and the fluid extension of our roll of honour became possible. On the subject of students, but not necessarily the point in case Martine (but Mum I can cook a tin of beans!) Le Guilcher left our golden shores for a life of study, misery and self imposed exile with a curfew of six o'clock (in the morning?) in Plymouth to study Marine things. She joins a small but growing band of 'exiles' dotted around British universities. We wish her and all the others well. Martine has led the little people on charity raising round Island swims, taken part in a Channel relay, organised various 'things' on behalf of the club and most recently been spokesperson for the clubs juniors at committee meetings. We know her attraction to all creatures great and small that move about below the surface and wish the creatures well! We'll look forward to her dazzling smile returning to the Island and hope she continues her undoubted swimming success around the campus's of Britain's universities. Fortunately we have Chantelle to fill the void; win some lose some!

Oct The annual 'jolly boys outing' to Lamballe and St Malo planned, conducted, overseen and 'paid for' by Reg Roberts who has that certain 'je ne sais quoi' although he doesn't really have a clue what it's all about. Nine slightly over-aged jolly boys enjoyed a weekend of kart racing and social contact outside the usual confines of the Club. Pete Blandin won the karting adventure; we reckon only because with his power weight ratio at nine stone soaking wet in a powerful lawn-mower he was scientifically guaranteed to win against some pretty chubby opposition. We all managed to return in one piece relatively unscathed and relatively well apart from Mick Le Guilcher who'd had a nasty coming together with a salmon. The fish probably objected to our exuberance but what are you supposed to do when it's the only thing we could safely get our teeth into. Fortunately a slammer from Martin Powell during the race created a whiplash which freed Mick's long term 'crick in the neck' so clunk click did the trick!

Sadly we said a formal farewell to Ilse Eiselen and husband Jan who due to Jersey's archaic employment regulations meant the Island could no longer employ a fully trained psychiatric doctor, what a waste! Ilse had completed both a Round Jersey and Channel swim during 2005 quite a feat of endurance in the one season especially tied in with an unbelievable work schedule but she confidently took it all in her watery stride. A band of her fellow Channel swimmers from that record year, Sal, Sarah-Jane, Ian and Ant held a very tasteful meal in a bijou little café in town before her return to Bloemfontein in South Africa. Jan had preceded her south and is to be the editor of the SA version of Hansard, the text version of all that transpires in their Parliament. We thank them for their input to our Club especially Jan's vast frame aboard his kayak! We hope they're taking happy memories back home and look forward to hearing of Ilse's aquatic prowess to add to Bloemfontein's other sporting hero, Zola Budd.

October also saw the final, definite article, I hope; after many evenings spent polishing up of next years swim time tables. After transferring tidal data, sunrise times and moon phases and water movement calculations (thank you doctor!) into one table. The addition of names begins by sorting out those left over from 2007, those who have applied for 2008, those that have paid deposits, those embarrassingly impecunious and sorting wheat from chaff in an aquatic manner whilst at the same time being as fair as possible. Just hoping I've pleased a good percentage but always managing to ruffle a few feathers in the process. Fortunately our season can be extended by a month more than usual due to my being put out to graze from any further honest living. Tidal information for October has also been prepared; just in case!

In the last couple of days of the month Mike Renford the son of the late great Australian Channel legend Des Renford visited Jersey on a flying visit. Sally and I, both having met his father in his heyday, caught up with him and his family, welcoming them to Jersey and giving them the full SP on a Jersey swim hoping they might return before too long for an extended visit with a decent swim thrown in. Earlier this season Mike had swum the Channel emulating his Dad; I can

only think of one other father and son combination, the Erickson's of Chicago USA, Ted and John who had performed such a family feat, with John accomplishing the second ever three way crossing in 1981. Des who once held the King of the Channel title in the late 70's and early 80's with 19 solo crossings was a great rival of Kevin Murphy and they fought out some classic swims between them both in Australia and across the Channel. It doesn't appear that at present Mike has similar yearnings.

Nov It's November with water temperatures falling below 14°C and Dee is still in there! Mr Neptune, you've got a fight on your hands next season mate! And so to last night's Annual Club Dinner; this year graced by the attendance of no less a personage than Mr Kevin Murphy 'King of the Channel' and his good lady the irrepressible Jane. I have been privileged to know Kevin since 1975 when we were considerably younger, slimmer and darker of 'Barnet' I recall; and no that's not like 'Angry of Surbiton' or 'Worried Blue Eyes of East Cheam!' Even in those far off halcyon days Kevin was a man to respect having knocked off a considerable number of highly rated swims. His name synonymous with grit, determination and courage. His record today is a mind blowing litany of marathon swims around the world from the shark cages of Sydney Harbour (with the above mentioned Des Renford) to the high altitude of Lake Tahoe in the States. His mammoth battle with the self styled 'king' Mike Read across the Channel has King Kevin on the throne with a magnificent 34 crossings. On Friday evening previous to the dinner a spell bound audience hung on every word as he regaled us with just some of his watery experiences. We have been very fortunate to have Kevin and Jane with us this weekend and hope that some future tide may see both of them knock off a Jersey swim now that Jane has become a force to reckon with in her own right.

I'm sure, nay certain that being forced by circumstances to write this a month in advance of reality we've enjoyed another spectacular evening both having fun and recognising the wealth of talent which abounds within this club. Our thanks to Marilyn and Pat for their extraordinary dedication to detail in presenting the evening, they put a full twelve months into planning from one dinner to the next, a not inconsiderable task by any measure. Thanks also to the staff at the Ambassadeur who serve up some tasty grub and keep the bar open way beyond my bedtime! Also thanks to one of life's great characters, Cliff Golding for acting as MC for the evening gave my 'Hobson' a bit of a rest. Thanks also to our good friends from the mainland for taking the time and trouble to come over, beside Kevin and Jane, our very special guests, it was a great pleasure for us to welcome back successful Round Island swimmers Nic Milichip with husband Mark; to Mike Cross and partner Kim; to prospective but blown out 'Manche-Two' aspirant Nick Adams and Ali; and to Little Lee and Andy, who's smile is always welcome back amongst our assembled throng. To all of you; come back and swim with us - soon.

Congratulations to all the outstanding recipients of glittering prizes. In fact well done to every one who holds membership of the JLDSC; a very special assembly of some of life's odd-balls, but everyone a gem. A new, bright, shiny trophy was on display last night. For many years the 'Walla Brooks Trophy' had been presented for outstanding swims outside Jersey's territorial waters. Initially presented by Mr Walla Brooks the one time manager of the Merton Hotel in the early 1970's when the Merton pool was our only land locked training area, his trophy had become in need of repair having served us well for over 30 years and was now looking a little sad and tired. Sally and I felt it was worth updating and have replaced it with the "Gravett Award" which has been awarded this year to ah, wait and see!

Further sad news this month with the untimely passing of Michael Lucas a life member of the JLDSC, not only the top man at Channel Television but a world ranked triathlete. Michael only took up the gruelling sport as he moved into his forties and yet his dedication to training and competition made him world champion in his age group. The club sends its condolences to Michael's family.

Please allow me, one very personal and special thanks; to Mick Le Guilcher who helps make a great deal possible for those out at sea, one of a team but not only ultra reliable but a connoisseur of fine music. Thanks Mick.

Dec December is traditionally a month when your scribe prepares for hibernation and like all good door mice snuggles down into a soft bed of straw, smoothes his whiskers and keeps his furry head well down, not intending to have to put in another appearance until at least Easter. (Well Hurrah for that Baldric!) Thanks for suffering at least the last month of this epic account of our/your club; a very special club to which I trust you're as proud as I am to be part of. May I finally thank Jenny FitzGerald and Marilyn Le Guilcher who spend hours proof reading this dross to ensure I don't swear, duplicate and that my spellin is correct; also to Sally who checks for technical detail. Anyone else fancy writing it next year – it only takes a year of your time! Have a good Christmas and New year and we'll all meet again next season when we have, at present reckoning, a bumper season of swims, a new look club and JASA Championships, Plus at present at least fourteen Round Island and Jersey to France swims which includes the double circumnavigation by two teams of Channel swimmers from the USA and Britain remembering the life and achievements of a great friend, competitor and club member Dave Parcells.

JLDSC ANNUAL AWARDS FOR 2007

ANN FLAMBARD TROPHY *Isobel Kelly*

DE CAUX TROPHY *William Allen-Le Bas & Alana Powell*

MASTERS TROPHY

MENS:- *John Asplet* **LADIES:-** *Dee Richards*

CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS

JUNIOR BOYS:- *William Allen-Le Bas*

JUNIOR GIRLS:- *Alana Powell*

BOYS:- *Tom Nerac*

GIRLS:- *Chantelle Le Guilcher*

MENS:- *Ian Jones*

LADIES:- *Sarah-Jane Jones*

MASTERS:- *Dee Richards & Marion Harvey*

ENCOURAGEMENT TROPHIES

JUNIOR:- *Bianca Kempster*

SENIOR:- *Marc Nicol*

ENDEAVOUR TROPHIES

MENS:- *Ken Huish*

LADIES:- *Sylvia Trehou*

BOYS:- *William Allen-Le Bas*

GIRLS:- *Alana Powell*

ATTENDANCE AWARDS

BOYS:- *William Allen-Le Bas*

GIRLS:- *Chantelle Le Guilcher & Tasmin Powell*

GRAVETT TROPHY FOR OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT OUTSIDE JERSEY

Thomas Nerac ,Chantelle Le Guilcher & Tasmin Powell

LESLIE MINTY TROPHY *Sally Minty-Gravett & Charlie Gravett*

PRESIDENTS TROPHY *Cliff Golding*

THE VIBERT FAMILY YOUNG PERSON SHIELD

Tom Nerac

THE JLDSC JUNIOR SWIMMER OF THE YEAR

Tom Nerac

donated by Cliff Golding

THE JLDSC PEARL ANNIVERSARY TROPHY

Marc Nicol

For the most outstanding novice swimmer donated by Marion Harvey

DENIZE LE PENNEC AWARD FOR THE MERITORIOUS SWIM OF THE YEAR

Dee Richards

JERSEY TELECOM CLUB MEMBER OF THE YEAR

Marc Nerac & Martin Powell

LLOYDS TSB PRIVATE BANKING AWARDS

Anthony Smith & Wendy Prunty

For the fastest local male and female round island swimmer.

JLDSC COMMITTEE AWARDS

For a solo Jersey to France swim

Dee Richards

For a solo English Channel swim

not awarded

Presented by Lloyds TSB Private Banking .

WENDY PRUNTY INTREPID TROPHY *Mick Le Guilcher*

TOUR DU ROC SUPPORTERS TROPHY *Marion Harvey, Dilys Maletroit & Alison Foot*

JLDSC THANK YOU

Peter Blandin Snr, Mick Le Guilcher, Mick le Masurier, Ann Le Masurier, Marc Nerac & Charlie Gravett