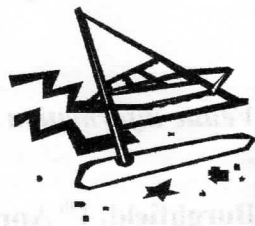


NEWS AND VIEWS

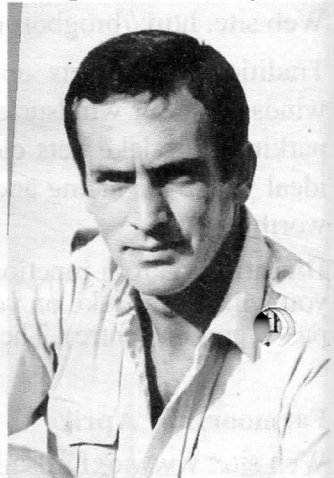
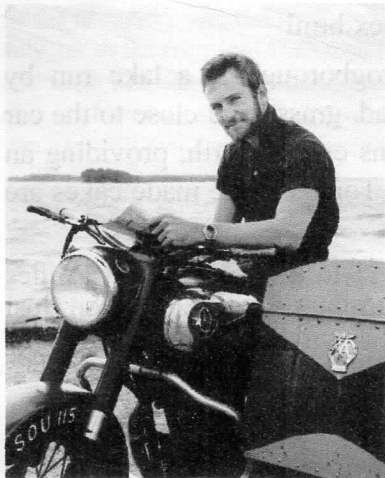
Many of our members have had very interesting careers and have pursued their hobbies with great enthusiasm but few of us will have had the experiences of our contributor for this edition of the News and Views column. Russel Polden is well known to the Seavet Racing fraternity, and we are very grateful to him for this lively article.



A glimpse of the life of Russell Polden

National Service as a young officer in 40 Commando Royal Marines was the start of it all, 52 years ago. Active service in Cyprus, and later Malta became a starting point for various exercises in Libya, Sardinia and Sicily. I trained in parachuting, 'Frogman' underwater warfare, snow warfare, cliff assault, small boats and covert exercises from submarines.

BSA and World Books I was able to off with £100.00 in travellers' cheques, driving a motorcycle working my way around the world. There are too many adventures to mention here but the biggest eye opener was, and odd today now we live in a world heavily influenced by terrorism, how friendly all peoples were, no matter what creed, colour, sex, age or nationality. Per-



Motorcycling around the world.
Singapore 1960

Barren Lands NW Canada
above N of the Arctic Circle
(a bit knackered) 1962

Agency Shot UK 1965

National Service over, I was expected to join the family printing business, Gale and Polden, but this meant regular office hours! My only interest in print was design and graphics. Restless, I hankered to see the world. With the help of several people,

haps because I was a stranger alone there was no threat. I was taken in by paddy field workers in Japan, treated to ambassadorial entertainment in Bangkok, given a roadside meal by a lorry driver in Pakistan. There were many other acts of kindness, hospital-

ity and friendship wherever I travelled. The world was a friendly place. Only on Malibu beach in California was money stolen.

Two and a half years, 76,000 miles and 31 countries later I returned to the UK and joined the family business but in 1962 managed to get leave to go on an expedition to The Arctic. As a four man team we travelled 1,000 miles down the Great Fish River into the Arctic Ocean in an attempt to solve the mystery of the disappearance of Sir John Franklin's 1875 ill fated expedition search of the North West Passage. We took nine weeks to reach our objective but failed to solve the mystery.

Back in the UK I expanded the design studio and for sometime this was fulfilling until we were taken over by the British Printing Corporation some three years later. New management told me to take to the road as a salesman. I resigned!

From here life became take it as you find it. I cannot remember the exact dates but desperate for cash I spent 6 months lumber jacking in Sweden. Good loot, hard work, lovely ladies and good fit making fun. I then spent a summer setting up a water sporting club in Malta called the Villa Rosa Club. Again good fun and hard work but not well paid.

I learnt to water ski in Florida. Joining a Water Ski Circus, I designed and built stunts, performing in many of them. It was at one of these shows a model agent approached me. Now my main income was from TV commercials and quite lucrative. Sport interest now changed to underwater. I qualified as a BSAC National Instructor and doing a professional deep sea diving course with Siebe Gorman my qualifications took me to Libya, working for Divcon International, a Houston based submarine engineering company, working on and surveying various terminals along the Libyan coast, during 1968/9

In 1970 I realised a dream to sail the Atlantic and as navigator helped to deliver a 1934 56ft Herreshoff yawl from Mallorca to Tor-



Ready for a survey dive. Libya 1968

tola in the British Virgin Islands. Later that year I bought a semi condemned house in Hammersmith and took three years to convert it into three flats, this funded by work on the production side of television commercials and some modelling. Still longing to travel, a friend and I set up an enterprise to build a 65ft ferro concrete schooner. The idea being to charter, but specialising in SCUBA holidays. Two years later with only the hull complete and no funds, sadly, we sold out.

Meeting Barbara added a new dimension to life. We get married in 1975 and start a family. We planned to start a furniture making business but I take a job as woodwork master at Port Regis prep school. Our new sport is windsurfing. Bergasol, sun oil, sponsored those early windsurfing days.



Water Ski Circus 1965

About 20 of us raced at Holme Pierrepont where the RYA finally accepted that windsurfing was more than a fun activity. Teaching became a challenge and I gained a place at Brunel University to read Design and Technology. Teaching practice took me to Eton, where in 1982 a vacancy occurred and the job was offered to me.

In 1983/4 we joined Seavets at one of the Crystal Palace Dinghy Exhibitions I started a windsurfing club at Eton sailing at Datchet every Thursday throughout the year. Teams sailed in four Round Hayling Island Marathons raising about £1,500 for the RNLI. Sadly we were only able to compete in one 'four schools' competition aided by the RYA and BIC.

We left Eton in 2002 and now retired, live in Wiltshire. Since leaving Eton I'm more



On Location Spain 1966



Eton 2002

able to attend race meetings and the occasional Norman Haddon cruise, when work on the house permits!

Russell Polden