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# NEWS OF THE CCRC WORLD

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Issue 2 - August 1989

Edited by BRIAN DANDRIDGE

*As you all know the Chichester Cruiser Racing Club has no club house, but nevertheless succeeds in generating a great spirit of camaraderie amongst its members. This is largely because of the regular Race Reports and after race social gatherings both in the Solent and across the channel. During the last few weeks there has been a long break and I know many members have been off cruising or racing in other waters.*

*Earlier in the season we heard from Denise out in the Med on Penrose III, now here is a fascinating account from Alan Froom on his cruise to the Scilly Isles, so come on all you others, lets hear what you've been up to during the past few weeks. Ed.*

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## The Chief Goes West

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Saturday 1st July was the first day of our holidays, so it was decided to head **RED CLOUD** west. To get a good start, cousins Dot, John and myself arrived at our berth in the Chichester Yacht Basin at 4.30pm on Friday afternoon. After spending one and a half hours unloading two car loads into the boat we were ready to leave at 6.30. As there was little wind in the Solent we motored to Osbourne Bay for the night.

We weighed anchor early Saturday morning and sailed down the Solent and out passed the Needles. By the time we were off St Albans Head the wind was gusting to 28 knots with rain showers. We finished the day motoring to Lulworth Cove to anchor for the night.

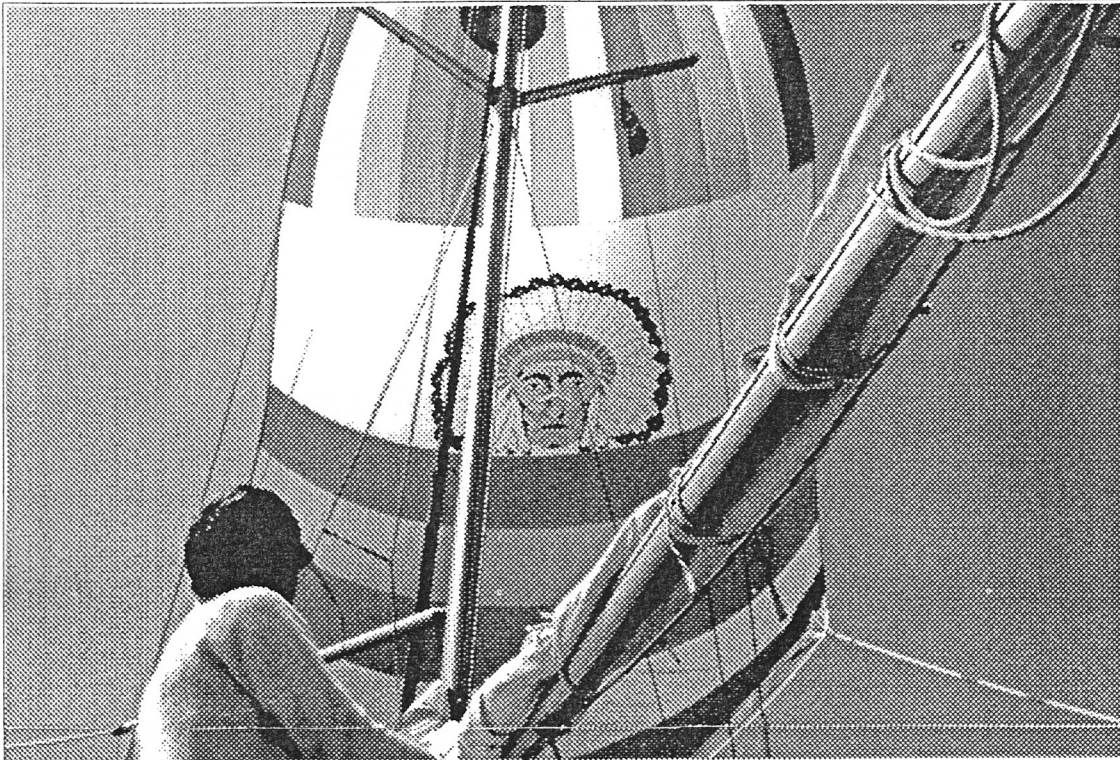
We left Lulworth at 8.30am Sunday to catch the tide around Portland Bill. It was a lovely sunny day but the wind had died during the night, so we ended up motoring all the way to Salcombe in winds of only about force 1. Myrtle, our autopilot, did all the work while we spent the time eating and sunning ourselves. We anchored in the splendid estuary because it is only 10p per ft. instead of 20p for a mooring!

Monday morning, at 8.30, we visited the town pontoon to top up with water, while Dot nipped ashore to find some bread and milk. By 9.30am we were out in the channel to find eight knots of wind from the North East. I decided to leave the main furler and just fly The Chief, our spinnaker. This worked very well, giving us six knots without the danger of the boom gybing unintentionally, as we were again steering on autopilot. Another sunbathing day livened up by the appearance of the type 21 frigate, HMS Ambuscade steaming straight towards us head on. As she came nearer we could see her aldis lamp flashing away. This puzzled us for a while as we don't know anything about Morse Code, until we looked behind to see another warship answering. To amuse ourselves we thought we would dip our ensign as she passed, but she was too busy talking to her friends to notice and didn't acknowledge. Later we passed HMS Argus, an aviation training ship.

At 5.30pm, near to the Lizard we lowered the kite to negotiate the race on the engine. The Chief had been up for 8 hours, the longest we had flown it. The race wasn't very rough so we were soon through it and heading for Mullion Cove on the west of the Lizard. We anchored there at 20.30 with the log reading 226 miles. This was a delightful

anchorage between a small island and a tiny harbour, which we couldn't enter because the tide was unsuitable and there is no overnight berthing. After dinner we watched a glorious sunset. This anchorage was exposed from the west so we were lucky the wind was North Easterly and the water was deep.

We entered the Isles of Scilly by St Mary's Sound when suddenly the sea became choppy and the wind arrived at twenty knots. Although the main was still set, we continued to motor into St Mary's Harbour, where we anchored with one metre under the keel. Ninety percent of the yachts there were French, anchored very close together but this was



The chief had been up for eight hours, the longest we had flown it.

On Tuesday we left at 6.30am, bound for St Mary's. We hoisted the main and spinnaker and fitted up Myrtle. Two or three miles out the wind freshened. Myrtle was having a rough time so she was disconnected and we steered by hand. We were now over 8 knots. This gradually eased until about 11.00am, when we had the Wolf Rock abeam to port and Land's End to starboard, we were moving too slowly. So we lowered the Chief, and again started the engine, set Myrtle on course and had breakfast!

not a problem as we faced the same way the entire time we were there. The log was now 275 miles.

We spent Wednesday sightseeing on St Mary's including a boat trip to the Eastern Isles to see the birds and seals. We also had to replenish the larder, so while doing this we called into the chandlers to get some of those rubber straps that hold the hood down. The assistant said that he didn't have any, so we asked him where we could get some.

"Try Halfords." said the assistant.

"O.k." we said, "Where's that?"

"Penzance." he said. That's thirty five miles away!

**W**ednesday evening, the weather changed and we had a thunderstorm with heavy rain while we were ashore so we all got wet.

**W**e had asked the harbour master about refueling and we were told to use the berth used by the Scillonian III between 8 and 11 as the ferry arrives at noon. Thursday, therefore, we weighed anchor and at 7.30 arrived at the quay. The harbour master lowered a couple of warps for us to use, then along came a man pushing a small tanker. We took on board 10 gallons pumped to us by a hand pump which registered in good old English gallons. After taking on water we cast off and headed out across St Mary's Road to Tresco. The storm had by now gone but the weather was now foggy and although Tresco was only three miles away we couldn't see it. Visibility was, however, good enough to hop from marker to marker. We duly arrived at New Grimsby Harbour in New Grimsby Sound and dropped anchor off the quay. The sun by now was burning off the fog, so we launched the dinghy and went ashore to a pleasant surprise in that landing fees and anchorage dues were not required from yachtsmen.

**W**e spent the morning exploring Cromwell's Castle and the north end of the island. Later we visited the Tresco Abbey Garden started one hundred and fifty five years ago by Augustus Smith. This garden is famous for its tropical plants, palm trees, bamboos etc. and well worth a visit. We were going to take a dinghy ride to Bryher after dinner but the thunderstorm returned and we stayed on board.

**F**riday 7th July dawned windless and very foggy and we wanted to return to the mainland. We decided to proceed, so up came the anchor and with the radar running we motored back to St Mary's Road and left the Scillies by Crow Sound to the north of St Mary's. Visibility was about two hundred yards for most of the voyage, so a good lookout was kept while I spent most of the time looking at the radar screen. We had to stop twice because the radar showed that we were on collision

course with ships, but we couldn't see or hear them. The Racon on Wolf's Rock shows up very well on the screen and confirmed the Decca reading. We passed the Runnelstone to port about three quarters of a mile and followed the coast at the same distance off shore all the way to Mousehole without seeing a damn thing! Mousehole has an island about three hundred yards off the harbour entrance and still using radar we motored between the island and the entrance to anchor when the fog suddenly lifted as we dropped the hook.

**W**e had a late lunch cum early dinner while waiting for the tide to enter the harbour which we did at 6.00pm. Yachts berth against the North Wall and when secure we went ashore to explore the village. Mousehole is what looks like a typical Cornish fishing village, a small oval harbour with massive stone walls. The harbour is drying so we had to stay up late adjusting the warps as the tide ebbed until we bottomed out.

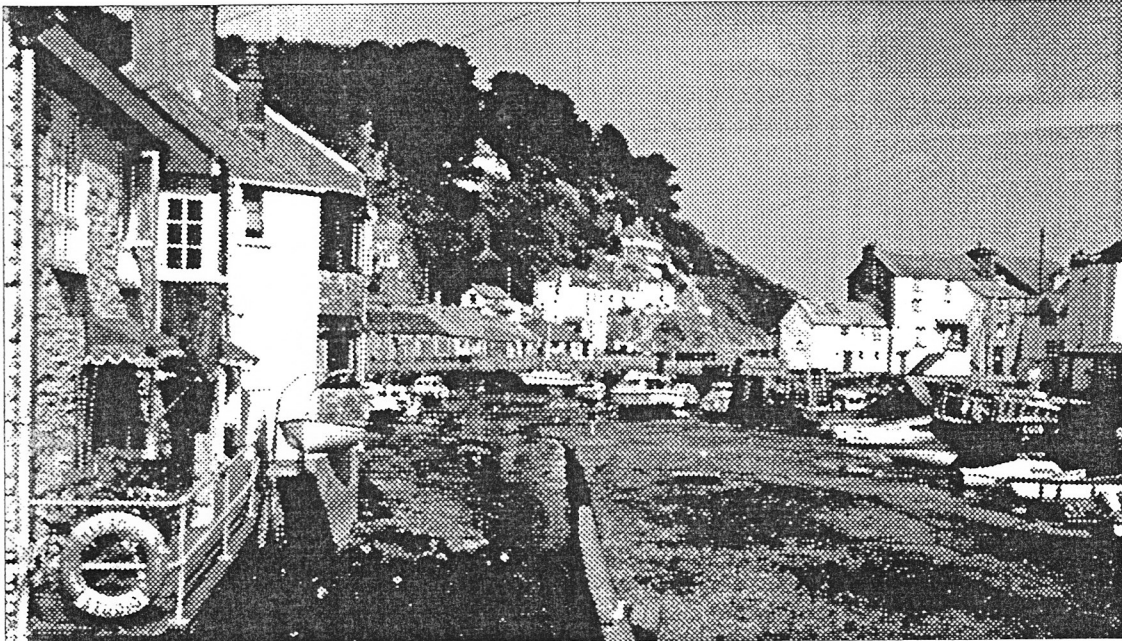
**S**aturday was a short hop of four miles across Mount's Bay to St. Michael's Mount which also has a very small drying harbour. The wind was gusting to 25 knots over a choppy sea on the way across but the harbour was snug and we dried out onto a firm flat bottom. This harbour, topped by the castle, has been owned by the St. Aubyn family for 300 years and was once the most important in Mount's Bay. Nowadays it is totally deserted at night. There were only two other yachts there including a fin keeled French yacht who managed to fall away from the wall as the tide went down! Of course we had to pick a day when the castle was closed.

**A** sparkling sail was enjoyed on Sunday across the Bay around the Lizard and up to Helford River. We spent Sunday night there, although we were a little disappointed as the river was full of moorings without even a fairway. Perhaps another day we will get a better impression.

**M**onday was the day we went to Polperro. I had been looking forward to that for some days. I had calculated the H. W. Polperro was 11.00am and that we could enter plus or minus half tide. So we were there by 2.00pm. It was thirty three miles, say

six and a half hours, so at 6.30am Monday morning we were heading down the Helford River and set course for Polperro. As the wind was again light we stayed on the engine where seven knots could be maintained. We arrived at Polperro in five hours entered the harbour through the narrow gate and berthed against the wall on the starboard side in one of the two berths reserved for yachts, just inside the entrance.

minibus down. There are a high number of cafes and restaurants there so to give Dot a change we had dinner ashore. At the top of the harbour somebody had built a small raft on which two swans nested with their five cygnets. Each morning the male swan could be seen leading the brood in line followed by the female. They even ventured out of the harbour into the channel that leads to the sea. At night they headed back to the nest. First the female waddled



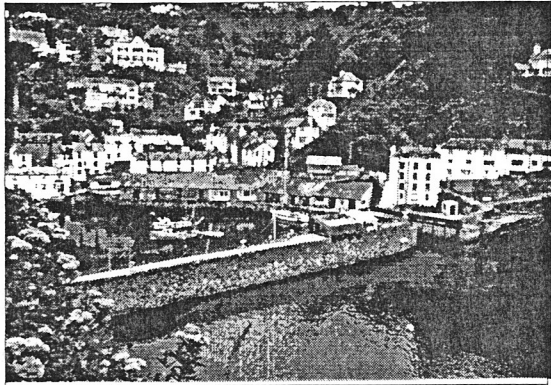
Polperro is another drying harbour

Polperro is another drying harbour and whilst we settled down onto a nice firm base slightly bow up, the most disconcerting part was a five to ten degree list to port away from the wall which made moving about below feel distinctly odd.

We were not disappointed by Polperro. It was a delightful place, a lovely harbour full of small colourful fishing boats, loads of seagulls squawking all the time and narrow alleyways between the small houses. The fishermen were very friendly in spite of the tourists getting in the way as they tried to unload their boats, although others were giving the tourists short trips along the coast. There are few cars in the village as nearly everyone has to park one mile up the narrow valley and either walk or take the

up the ramp followed in line astern by the five young ones. When all bedded down the male would go off by himself, sometimes to practice his take-off and landing.

We stayed in Polperro Tuesday as well. So more time was spent exploring the village and a walk over the cliffs to Tallard Bay where some modern smugglers, drug smugglers, were caught ten years ago. In the evening we were joined by a yacht whose skipper had sailed solo from Essex. We met up with him in one of the village pubs later, where my crew had conspired to get me drunk, with some success I might add. On expressing their concern on my ability to helm Red Cloud out of the harbour next day, I ventured the opinion that as the harbour was 32' 9" wide and Red Cloud was 32' (Why the



past tense, Alan, is there something you are not telling us? Ed.) we could go through sideways, a fact which I was reminded of by our neighbour next morning.

**W**e left Polperro Wednesday morning as soon as we had floated at 9.45am. Fifteen minutes later the main was up and we prepared to hoist the spinnaker as the wind was a light Nor' Westerly. At the last moment I noticed the pole was on the wrong side of the forestay. So the pole was lowered, swung under, and raised when the uphaul seized. The kite had blown back against the mast and got caught in the sheave. No amount of tugging would free it. We managed to lower the halyard and bundle the sail together to control it while we contemplated the situation, and had a cup of tea.

**T**he only solution was to go up the mast. Not having a spare halyard, the genoa was up and furlled, I lowered the main and ascended on its halyard. Although I couldn't pull the sail free, I found it was only caught around the top of the sheave and if I could reverse it all would be well. We shackled the uphaul to the downhaul and, while I gripped the sail to the rope tightly, winched it down. All of a sudden it came free with only minor damage to the sail. On returning to the deck we hoisted all the sails properly.

**B**y midday we were once again sailing quite slowly and approaching the gunnery range of HMS Cambridge, so the engine was started to get across as quickly as possible, and by 13.15pm were sailing

again. at 15.00 off Salcombe the wind was getting quite fresh, so we changed from spinnaker to genoa, then we took off in the twenty knot wind out of the Salcombe estuary. Not for long though, by Prawle Point the wind was again zero. Using the iron topsail we proceeded to Dartmouth. We spent the night alongside the town pontoon ahead of a very large, brand new, American yacht called Mandalay. This boat had Inmast Main reefing, Furling jib and staysail, and jib sheets as thick as your wrist.

**T**hursday, we pointed Red Cloud for home, crossed Lyme Bay on engine and anchored in Chapman's Pool. The only interesting interlude was when HMS Illustrious steamed passed us after flying off some of her Sea Harriers. It was our first time in Chapman's Pool. We found it was a nice little cove surrounded by cliffs sheltered in the Northerly wind although, like Lulworth, there was a little rolling. We had anchored in two metres of water. After dinner we had our own gun practice, firing at tins floated away from us on a piece of string.

**F**riday, sailed at 8.45am, found twenty two knots of wind round St. Albans and Durlston Heads, boat speed eight to eight and a half knots. The wind gradually eased as we made our way towards the Isle of Wight until about half way it was zero again. The engine took us to Osbourne Bay.

**S**aturday was a quick trip back to Chichester, with the log now showing five hundred and ninety miles.

**A**ll in all a very good relaxing cruise. A pity that the wind was too light for sailing a lot of the time, but the sea was smooth, especially in the races and we were not stuck in harbour by bad weather. Particularly west of the Lizard there are very few yachts compared with the Solent or the "other side". There are a lot of places we would have liked to visit that will have to wait for another cruise.

**T**hat is, until they catch me for another Race Report.

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**Alan Froom**