



WILD WEATHER AFFECTS THE COMMODORE'S MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR

Warnings had been given in the week leading up to the Commodore's final bash that weather might be a trifle less than clement. Gale warnings were doled out on the 5th October and, my God, were they accurate. However, your Commodore and his sturdy crew valiantly staggered down Chichester Harbour, against a spring flood spray lashing around, the engine going full bore and making approximately half a knot over the ground. The anemometer was reading between 30 and 35 knots consistently, nudging up to 40 in the squalls and at one stage, managing to go to the top of the clock at 50 knots.

We arrived off Hayling Island having decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and a beat to Beaulieu was not on for most of the CCRC boats (including ourselves), so we flew a variety of flags from the top set of spreaders. These read in order, Nover AP, over 3, over 4, over L, topped off with a CCRC burgee.

As we were a bit early for the one o'clock start, we decided to put up a small amount of sail and reach up and down, poking our nose out of the harbour for a bit of fun. Fun it was too! The boat creamed backwards and forwards with some very exciting bursts of speed down the fronts of the waves, from half way out to the bar beacon back inside the harbour again.

Four other sturdy crews turned up in ALEXIS, RED CLOUD, FIDRA and GUNSHOT. A certain amount of head scratching took place over the signals, but they were finally understood, if only by asking and following for some.

We decided that north seemed a nice place to go rather than the Beaulieu River, and duly made our way there. On the way, BROWN BOMBER very kindly donated a crew member to GUNSHOT, who were only two, to help them tie up to the pontoons at Northney.

The intrepid little band foregathered, and your Commodore, having celebrated his 49th birthday two days previously, dutifully invited the assembled party on board for a pre-lunch drink at about three o'clock in the afternoon. This seemed to go on till nearly four,

when lunch was about to be served. The guests were kicked off BROWN BOMBER as was the Commodore! When he was allowed to return some ten minutes later, he discovered that his kind crew had organised a birthday lunch for him - complete with Champagne, lots of booze, food, balloons and the saloon was dressed overall in party gear. A longish lunch, with alcohol, was then enjoyed.

The evening, which started about five minutes after luncheon, opened with another party being thrown aboard GUNSHOT to celebrate the Commodore's birthday yet again. What seemed like a couple of dozen of us settled down inside GUNSHOT to yet more alcohol, snacks, balloons and party gear. Colin Wallace must have spent most of the afternoon on the portable phone because arrivals by road included Peter and Di Wallace, Ron Aspinall (by train and bike!), Burt and Annie, Jim and Kay, Glen from PETRA and Walter and Chris Brown.

There was no let-up in the consumption save from a brief break whilst we walked over the bridge to the Ship Inn by the side of Langstone Mill. A pleasant meal and yet more alcohol was enjoyed by most, some having to return home in the meantime, and a very convivial evening was had by all.

We travelled back across the bridge in various different ways and states. Some walked, some were given lifts in cars, and one rode his bike. Some fool invited the assembled

Continued Page 3, Col 3



GUNSHOT on station at the Queen Mum's Review. See "A Work Day in the Solent" by Chris Brown

A WORK DAY IN THE SOLENT

Here it is, a Monday!, and "Ard Righ" sets off from her mooring once more. What, you may ask, has brought about this strange occurrence, for Walter to take a day off work? The answer is the Queen Mum of course.

For us to participate in her 90th birthday review of yachts we had to leave our mooring by 08.15. So you can see no slackening here.

Having raced to Portsmouth and back at the weekend, we cleaned the boat and exchanged crews. Thus on Monday morning we set off; that is Walter and myself plus a friend called Andrew. First port of call was Gosport ferry terminal to pick up John, the fourth member of the party, who had travelled down from London.

The sail to Gosport was great, with good visibility, and although we arrived early John was already there to meet us. Thanks to the tender loving care given to our engine by Walter, Bert and Mike at Portsmouth the iron topsail was be-

having itself and we made the pick up without a hiccup. Whilst fuel was being purchased I was sent hot foot to buy more film. A dash to Boots in Gosport High Street met with success. But when I returned - no boat. The men were conducting their own review of HM ships in Portsmouth dockyard. Fortunately they came back for me, but I think that their stomachs may have influenced them.

A close fetch took us to Osborne Bay for lunch. John and I took refuge down below when the heavens opened leaving Walter and Andrew to get wet. However, by the time we had anchored, the rain had stopped. Thank goodness!

Over lunch we plotted our approximate station as de-

Continued Page 2, Col 3

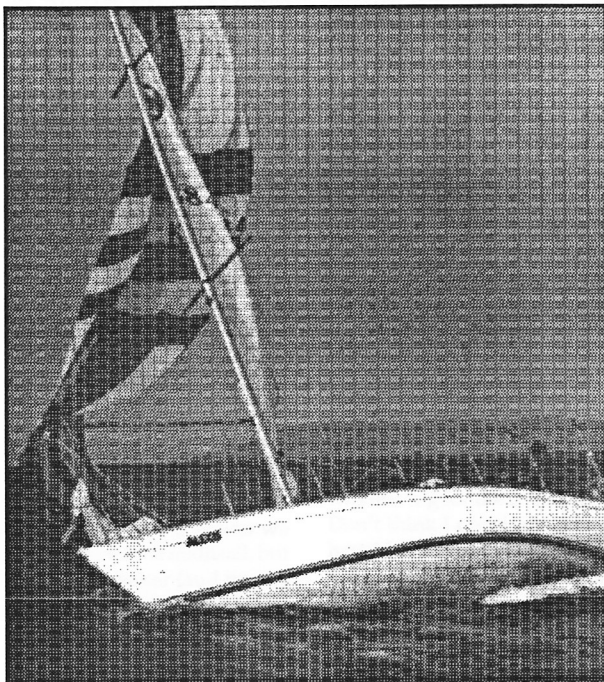
ALEXIS JOG'S TO FECAMP

So many disasters occurred before the start of ALEXIS' first JOG race to Fecamp, that it's amazing we made it without sinking. I know everyone likes to read of other people's yachting disasters, so I'll tell you about them!

The first relatively minor problem was that one of our crew, David "the kiwi", failed to turn up at the allotted time at Itchenor. We waited three quarters of an hour but had to catch the tide to the Cowes 7pm start. He called us on the cellphone and we tersely told him to get his ass over to the Island Sailing Club by 6pm latest. The next problem was going aground at the ISC pontoon waiting for him - I had no

case overboard. Trying to pick it up, crashing around and flailing the boat back, (yes, I must have been nuts) our new crew Charles received the benefit of a wildly gybing mainsheet over his face, removing quite a bit of skin (shades of Golden Eye).

And now for the final horror. We'd re-fitted our roller genoa to get a lower rating (after all, it was going to be a force 6 downhill sleigh ride).



"Getting ALEXIS up and running was extremely difficult" - Paul Dale.

idea you could go aground there! So, everyone leaning out, we graunched and ground our way off. Our poor battered keel. We went to pick up a buoy to relax and get sorted out before the start - but third disaster - we got the pick-up buoy round our propeller! What the hell. I'd just about had it at that point so I revved up in neutral and engaged forward. A horrible grinding noise and we chopped it off. (Could have torn the shaft out of the P bracket, of course).

By now white knuckles doesn't quite describe my mental state. Out at the Line, with about forty five boats jilling about in a force 6 sunset, Kim the Canadian drops his camera

Unfurling it at the five minute signal it completely jammed. At precisely five seconds to the gun, obligingly if unexpectedly, it rattled out, and looking around we were well positioned (relatively speaking). A bit of barging (I wasn't in a mood to chicken out - "Come on, come on are you feeling lucky?" and we crossed in the first third of the fleet.

Then, everything went amazingly smoothly. We reached out to catch the best tide, set out small spinnaker and broad reached to the forts, surrounded by Sigma 33's, doing about 7.5 kts. By the time we had got to the Nab it was

Continued Page 3, Col 1

A Work Day in the Solent - continued.

creed by the organisers, needless to say it was on the other side of the Solent, so that Desmond could direct our return. We also discussed the necessary bunting and watched lots of other nearby yachts get dressed.

Up anchor and off again, weather improving, to find J4, an arbitrary yet defined block of water West of Browdown buoy. On the way over I found the flags and linked them together. We were amazed to find the area allocated to CCRC with no other boats in it, but having chatted to someone in J3 decided we were right and dropped anchor in line for a

Who should turn up but Peter and crew aboard GUNSHOT
grandstand view.

Very sloppy and choppy but down to the serious matter of cooling the bubbly provided by John and getting the "hoist" up. Our anchor held and we were able to watch the arrival of later yachts. The boat to our west was having practise cheers and hat-doffing, when who should turn up but Peter and crew aboard GUNSHOT. More bubbly came aboard as they made a pass whilst ascertaining that they were not in the right place for the HISC station and that they did not believe they had time to get there. Without much persuading they dropped their anchor to our East; miles of chain went over the side.

We watched with amusement as GUNSHOT's crew got their flags out and topped them all with an enormous CCRC one, talk about one-upmanship, but at least they were now flying the correct club flag for the station. Peter and his guests all seemed to be enjoy-

ing themselves.

Finally, glasses charged, cameras to the fore, the procession was spied steaming from the east. BRITANNIA came by, escorted theoretically by 81 small boats and HMS BROADSWORD. Now the water really became choppy, as did the skies with helicopters and small aircraft, glasses were raised and hearty cheers given to the Queen Mum standing in full view to all.

There seemed to be yachts all the way from Portsmouth to Calshot

As you visually followed the procession there seemed to be yachts all the way from Portsmouth to Calshot and back up the south side of the Solent to the Forts. An hour was given as the time for the review but I'm sure that it took longer.

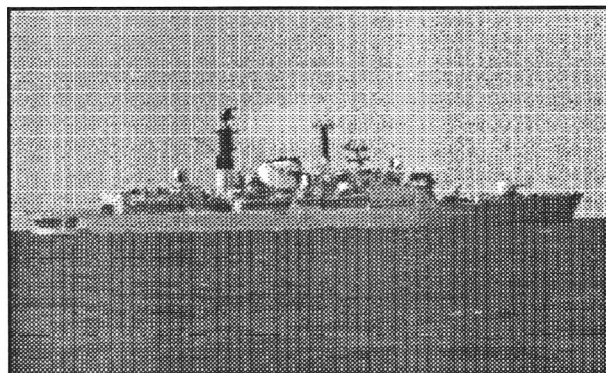
However, having a tide bound mooring we had to hightail it back to Emsworth, leaving Peter on GUNSHOT who had time to kill (and to drink more "champoo") before going to Bembridge.

Yes, we just got into the marina. With everything pulled up as far as it would go, ARD RIGH scraped across the sill. But I don't think any of us would have missed the day, especially as it was one of the few events which the Queen Mum had specifically asked for herself for her birthday.

Apparently over 2000 yachts turned out and surprisingly made orderly rows. We later found out that other CCRC boats were there including RIMAU and ANNA LOUISE.

Three cheers for the Queen Mum!

Chris Brown



HMS Broadsword - escort to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother during her 90th Birthday Celebrations.

entirely dark, with nav. lights all around us and phosphorescent bow and stern waves.

The wind increased to a true 24-26 kts as we settled on to the run to Fecamp, wind just on 120-130 degrees. Our small spinnaker seemed very stable and as the full moon rose we could easily see to trim it. Imagine, a wild, tumbling moonlight sea, surging along at 10 to 12 kts, and all around us, ghostly spinnakers. Unforgettable! Even the wind was - unexpectedly - warm! Waves reared up behind us, the crests seeming to tumble above the helmsman, as we surged down into the abyss. We took turns at helming - David "Kiwi" spun the wheel so vigorously it was exhausting watching him! Apparently one of our competitors, OBERON, a Feeling 30, rammed a basking shark whilst surfing, somewhat changing the shape of their bows and the shark I expect.

Running in such an awesome (for us) wind gave us a relatively small arc of manoeuvre. No real problem, until we closed on a collision course with a tanker. At the last minute, and in semi-desperation, I put the boat over on to a purposeful broach and we just laid her over, and kept her down. The ship rumbled by. Getting ALEXIS up and running was extremely difficult. On the next near collision we simply gybed the mainsail, but not the spinnaker (and no one wanted to do that!), which was a better manoeuvre.

At about 3am Carol announced the Decca had switched itself off. I spent the next hour completely dismantling it - dripping hot in my thermal underwear and feeling somewhat nauseous. Ah well, back to dead reckoning.

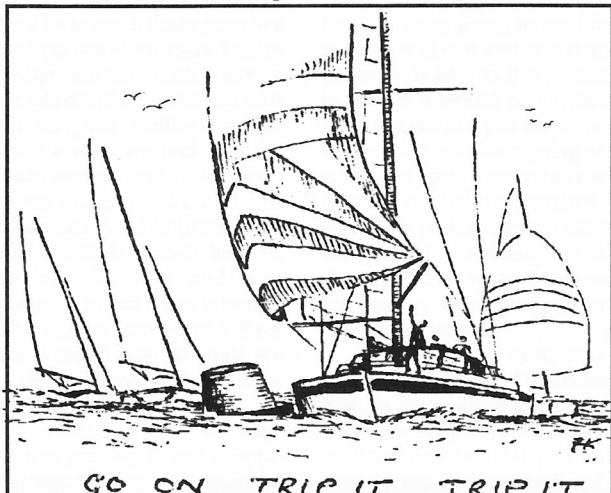
At 5am all the instruments went dead. Someone suggested switching batteries. Everything - including the Decca, came back on! Amazing, since I had had it down to its funny little component bits (never did find the loose wire).

At first light, the wind eased off and we could see the lights of Fecamp. As the sun came up the cliffs turned from brown to white and the town became visible, from quite a way off. The last hours were a very slow reach, then beat, at about 4kts. However, we crossed the line at 8.53am, with an overall average, over the 92 miles, of about 7.0kts. Although we'd passed Sigma 33's all night (and other things too) we couldn't believe the four or so Sigma 33's who'd finished ahead of us. The JOG Sigma 33 fleet is somewhat competitive! At least we'd beaten the other two Sigma 36's in the race. We'd come about twelfth over the line and about midway in the forty five strong fleet on corrected, so we were happy (we don't expect too much on ALEXIS).

Champagne and fried potatoes for breakfast and into our bunks for a deep deep sleep. Later that evening as we headed for the "Viking" restaurant, we couldn't believe how the bulk of the JOG fleet was leaving for the return trip. Don't think I physically could have! Later, we crawled gratefully back into our sleeping bags.

Overall, It was a truly memorable trip, and I do recommend JOG to other CCRC skippers - (I know Peter, Mike, Hugh and Robert have all done well in JOG). We'll certainly be back for some more cross channel JOG races next year.

Paul Dale - ALEXIS



ALL CHANGE IN 1991

At the recent A.G.M. CCRC members confirmed the appointment of Hugh Caldwell as Commodore, Peter Wallace to Vice Commodore, and Brian Dandridge to Sailing Secretary for the coming season.

With a strong vote of thanks, Paul Chivers hauled down his flag for the last time, and informed those present that now he would "no longer have to behave!!".

Subsequent to his appointment as Sailing Secretary, Brian has confirmed the "Secretariat" for 1991 to include Glenn Jones and Richard Creer to join John Dunkley, Walter Brown and Andy Reynolds as the A.S.S. team. I am sure the Club will join in wishing all the new Committee members every success in their roles in the coming season.

Both the A.G.M. and the most recent Committee meeting saw one subject in particular debated both long and loud, without any conclusion to date. This is, of course, the subject of handicapping.

THE COMMODORE'S MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR - continued

company to a last drink on BROWN BOMBER which carried in to 1.30ish in the morning. Peter Wallace managed to occupy the pilot berth and have a quick doze (not surprisingly as he and Di were off to America, leaving home at seven o'clock in the morning to catch a plane from Heathrow to Boston).

A fitting end to Commodore Chivers and thank you all very much for the wonderful send-off.

Many of the members currently sailing under the P.Y. system in the Beta fleet have voiced their desire to race under CHS. However, this could have the effect of creating a large Alpha fleet and potentially decimating the Beta. Various proposals were put forward including the running of a CHS subseries within the PY fleet. Whatever system is utilised for the coming season, there are two essential requirements which, I believe, everyone agrees upon. Firstly, there must be a PY fleet to encourage new members who may not have a CHS, may be coming from a cruising background, and for whom the adjustable system provides a suitable introduction to the sport.

Secondly, the Club has a responsibility to provide the members with the style of racing they desire. Brian and Hugh have the task of looking at the possibilities for 1991, so if you have any strong views please contact Hugh and Brian as soon as possible.

PS. If we had gone to Beaulieu, the race instructions which would have been circulated prior to the start, are reproduced elsewhere in this News of the CCRC. No prizes will now be awarded for the solutions, as these were worked on during the afternoon and evening of the 6th October, and all the prizes were consumed, although not necessarily by 23.59.

P. C.

FASTNET STORM

No, this is not a repeat of 1979, but the account of how GUNSHOT was raced from Cowes to Plymouth via the Fastnet Rock last August.

We, the owners of GUNSHOT, being fairly keen club racers, had often thought about doing the Fastnet Race. It holds a special position in the racing calendar and we thought all the effort would be worth the achievement of completing the race.

When we bought GUNSHOT (Storm No 13) in November 1986, we had a yacht that would not only be capable of attempting the race, but also very suitable and probably a lot more comfortable than most. So, we decided to enter the 1989 race.

There is a lot of organisation involved in doing the Fastnet Race. The boat has to

be equipped with safety, navigation and gear inventories to R.O.R.C. category 2 races, and the yacht, together with the skipper and 50% of the crew has to qualify for the race.

Amongst the extra equipment we had to put on board was a second bilge pump (fitted on the starboard engine compartment bulkhead, just inside the steps) and a storm

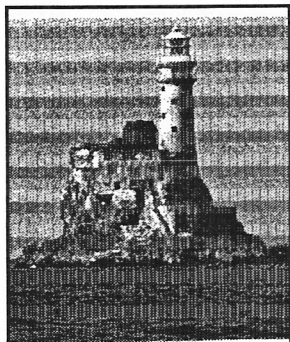
trysail. If anyone saw a Storm last year in a strong force 1, sailing up the Solent with a storm jib and a trysail up, it was us practising!

We also decided to fit a digital compass which fitted on the wind instrument panel and this was found to be very much easier to steer by, especially at night.

GUNSHOT is not known as being a particularly dry boat

Not many of the out and outracing yachts carry alcohol on board but GUNSHOT is not known as being a particularly dry boat and, if my memory serves me right, we carried about 5 cases of beer on board, enough for 3 beers per person, per day. I think we rationalised the extra weight by requiring it for crew morale.

The actual race started off as an anti-climax as there was very little wind. It took us 2.5 days to reach Land's End and, during this time, we had to kedge 3 times, once in 82



Above: The Fastnet Rock and lighthouse, around which the contestants must sail.

metres of water when most of our mooring warps and spinnaker sheets and guys had to be bent on to reach the bottom. we had on board an extra lighter kedge anchor with only a couple of fathoms of chain on it for just this contingency, as once before we had put the main anchor and all its chain down in deep water and had taken nearly 1.5 hours to raise it! The light anchor held us against the tide and was weighed in just a few minutes. The Round the World Race boats sailed past us while we were anchored, which was a bit demoralising.

After Land's End, the wind started picking up and eventually reached force 7-8 when we

decided to put the third reef in. This involved dropping the main and lashing the boom on the deck while the no. 1 reef pennant was re-reeved as the no. 3 reef. This was the 1st time we had used the third reef and, in that sort of weather, it was needed. Luckily, the wind had veered round to nearly north and we were able to fetch all the way across the Celtic sea to the Rock and the boat was reasonably comfortable.

Approaching the Rock in poor visibility and rain at night was a bit traumatic as the Decca went dead about 7 miles away. The relief we all felt when the Fastnet Light was seen was indescribable, as at night it is very difficult to estimate what the visibility is.

Rounding the Rock gives you a great lift as you feel you are now on the way home and as the weather eased off, life became almost pleasant again. The wind eased so much that we had to hand the spinnaker as it kept flapping around the forestay due to the heavy seas we were in. Storms do not like these light airs and we virtually stopped for 4 hours.

Eventually, we rounded the Scillies and still in very light winds approached the Lizard. During this period, many yachts appeared over the horizon behind us and eventually caught us up as the wind was still too light to make us move. At last the wind filled in and under the full size spinnaker we set course for Plymouth having been over 5 days at sea.

It was now that GUNSHOT really showed what she is made of, as all through that last night, the wind increased to Force 4-5 south-westerly and we started flying. No-one went below the whole night and as we started surfing at over 12 kts, we began to wonder how we were going to get the spinnaker down and whether we could hold it as if we were to broach it would be a mega one. But she just put her stern in the water and kept going as stable as a rock. To say that the crew were slightly apprehensive is to understate the case considerably, especially as at about 3.00 a.m. we realised we were going to have to gybe to make the finish!

We decided not to attempt a spinnaker gybe and so about half an hour before the finish, we started to get the spinnaker in. It was then that it all started to go wrong. We broached, and

The Commodore's Mystery Tour Saturday 6th October, 1990

Alpha and Beta Courses and Special Instructions.

Start: The start will be at 13.00 approximately. The Committee Boat, BROWN BOMBER, will not be stationary for the start as he intends to take part.

BROWN BOMBER will be the southernmost boat at the start. All boats in front of a line from BB to Chi Buoy, approximately due North will be disqualified.

Finish: Any boat finishing in front of the Commodore will be subject to protest and may be expected to retire gracefully. The protest committee will consist of the Commodore whose decision will be final.

Course: Set off with a signal from the Commodore's coo-lies, waving to half a GIANT PANDA(S), keeping the FORT FOR WOMEN ONLY to (P), make haste to FREDDIE'S PLACE (S). Then passing near where a CLOSE RELATIVE MAY KEEP HER ACCOUNT IN THE RED (P or S), go and get yourself WELL DRESSED IN YELLOW (S). Leaving the DUKE OF ED-INBURGH to (P), go GREEN BLACKBERRY PICKING IN THE SOUTH (P). Avoid the FLAGELLATOR, but going on past the BIG FISH, near the PYRAMIDS (P or S), go round the next mark, KEEPING YOUR YELLOW ONE ATTACHED TO YOUR BOTTOM (S)! Don't bother to take the RED ORIENTAL JUMP, but proceed to the YELLOW SINGING ENGINE (S) where you might be met by a BLONDE BOMBSHELL. And, of course, you did remember to leave the EQUESTRIAN'S GREEN FUNNY-BONE and BRIAN'S (S) MAC on your right didn't you.

Prizes:

Some prizes may be given and may include one for the correct identification of all the marks. There may also be a prize for the completion of the course. All prizes will be at the discretion of the Sailing Secretary. Any prizes which are given must be shared and consumed within sell by time and date of 23.59 on 6th October, 1990.

it was mega. But we didn't go over all that far as there was a big bang, a ripping noise and then lots of noise of flapping canvas. Yes, the spinnaker had blown out. We managed to get the remains down into the cabin and gently carried on to the finish under main alone. The sail had, we found out, blown out at the head, all down one side and along the foot and we crossed the finish with tatters flying from the mast head..

Crossing the finish line gave all of us one of the most satisfying senses of achievement we had ever experienced and put us on a high for the rest of the day.

Would I do it again? I suppose if GUNSHOT did the race again, I would find it hard to stay behind.

Not only did we do the race for ourselves, we also sailed for charity and through sponsorship nearly £4,500 was raised for the Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

C.D.W.

EDITORIAL

Well, here we are folks, the end of another season, time to put our toys away, visit the Boat Show, and dream of yet another balmy summer to come.

With regard to The NEWS OF THE CCRC WORLD, it is the end of my first full season producing this little publication, and I would like to thank all the contributors for their pieces, in particular Freddie Kemp for the cartoons and "All Our Yesterdays". I am delighted so many of you have enjoyed the publication, I have enjoyed producing it, and look forward to rolling out more next year with your assistance.

Someone suggested a FOR SALE column in future editions, and I will be happy to include one if I get any inserts.

May I wish everyone a Very Merry Christmas and a Good Sailing Season in 1991.

Brian Dandridge.

RIMAU'S SUMMER WANDERINGS by Bobby Black (age 2)

I wasn't allowed to take very many toys because Daddy said the boat would sink. Still I did have Teddy, a kite, my Lego, my tricycle, 5 litres of squash, paddling pool, fishing rod, lots of books, and 100 disposable nappies. Mummy said there wasn't room for her, but she still squeezed in all my sand toys, especially my big spade and bucket.

Having loaded the boat and stowed the extra crew, Nigel and Gail's gear, we set off. It was time for me to go below - like all seasoned sailors the noise of the engine made me feel like a snooze. Yarmouth was our first stop. Mum and I had a swim off the dinghy while the others

cooked tea. We had an early night as we were leaving early in the morning for Guernsey. A fine North Easterly breeze gave us a super sail out past the Needles and well on our way for St. Peter Port. I woke up at 3 am and had a cuddle with Mum, we looked at the stars and saw some lights from other boats.

St. Peter Port was its usual busy self, we stocked up on mum and dad's drink stuff and I had a nice ice-cream. I gave some of my lunch to the ducks at the jetty. We left Guernsey later that morning and arrived at our next destination in time for tea. It was the Isle de Brehat and we anchored in a bay just to the west of Le

Chambre, near to a lovely beach with sand and rocks, there was also a cafe/restaurant behind the beach where we could buy ice-cream and cold drinks. The village in the centre of the island was about fifteen minutes walk away and we had a very nice meal in one of the restaurants. Daddy said it was 'good value'.

A couple of nights at anchor and the grown-ups wanted showers, I was alright as I use my toy box as a bath. Dad decided to head for a new marina called St. Quay-Pontreaux, it took a couple of hours to sail there along an interesting coastline. It was a huge place with outer marina walls made of granite blocks, and lots of nice big pontoons for me to ride my trike along. We all went exploring and found a lovely beach nearby, also plenty of good shops, cafes, restaurants etc. There was a little train that took you for rides to the main town and round the harbour. On the marina complex there was a lovely cocktail bar that sold delicious ice creams and it had a real parrot on a stand. Daddy liked the fact that if you stayed two nights you only paid for one.

We left St. Quay for Jersey and had a good sail north reaching St. Helier in time for a late tea of fish and chips. The marina was quite quiet so we were able to get a pontoon berth, as we were staying for several days this was very convenient. The weather was beautiful and we hired a car so that we could visit some of the good beaches, as well as the zoo.

On Monday we left and headed south again for St. Malo where we spent several days as the weather took a bad turn and it was too windy to go anywhere. Eventually the wind dropped to a N.W. 5/6 which allowed us to leave, heading west for the bay of St. Briac. It was a bit rough and we had to reef the main and use a small headsail, however by mid-day the sun was able to change the headsail, in fact we soon had the engine on to beat the tide. It was an interesting sail close along the cliffs and as we approached our next port - Dahouet, we were surrounded by dolphins for several minutes.

The entrance to Dahouet was a bit like going in to

Beaucette marina, fairly narrow and not very obvious until you are close in shore, but there weren't any off-lying rocks. Once into the river you proceed up the channel for about 1/2 a mile and then turn sharp to starboard across a sill into the new marina. The visitors pontoon being the end one on the right as you enter. Although the port was quite pretty and had plenty of cafes etc it was a bit short of shops for general supplies. There was a boulangerie and an excellent fish wholesaler but other items had to be bought from Val-Andre about 1/2 hour walk away. The new showers were not finished so it meant a walk round the harbour to the harbour office on the old sea wall where all the fishing boats tie-up, we didn't bother!

Our next port of call was Binic, where again we had to pass over a sill. Once inside the wet lock we met up with several U.K. boats and enjoyed the beach, the little train, and a barbeque. There were a good supply of shops but we felt the restaurants were a bit touristy and over priced. Soon it was time for us to start heading for home and we spent the last week in Guernsey, Herm and Alderney. The weather was glorious except for 'fog patches', which seemed to worry Mum and Dad. I liked Alderney best because lots of people spoke to me, and we went for a bike ride. I sat on the back of Dad's bike! Uncle John and Daddy had to stay up part of one night to stop our boats from hitting, I didn't hear them, nor did the people on Too Much even though their boat was bumping us too!

The sailing club provided us with a very pleasant place to meet fellow C.C.R.C members who had raced across for the weekend. Unfortunately the harbour was very busy and there were problems finding places to eat. We had a lovely meal on our last night at Nelly Grey's garden where they do a barbeque. Thanks to Jackie and Roger on Anna Louise for recommending it.

Our crossing back to England was fairly quiet, I think I slept most of the way, we had to motor sail most of the time and that engine does make me sleepy!

I wonder where we'll go next year?

THE LADIES RACE

by Jackie Black

Having persuaded, bribed, cajoled, and even bullied my friends (are they still numbering me on their friendship list I wonder?) to join me in a real ladies race. i.e. all female crew. We all duly arrived at Northney and prepared to depart for the start. Crew members compared notes - "She said we wouldn't use the spinnaker unless it (the wind) was less than force 3" "Oh! she told me we wouldn't use it all!" other remarks like "Let's leave the awful thing in the car" were floating around but in fact we departed from the marina with all the sails still on board.

Going down to the start jobs were delegated and a quick lesson in spinnaker handling was given as we realised that much of the race was going to be "downwind".

Having managed a reasonable start in the company of a strong Beta fleet including MARIGOLD, ARD RIGH, GOPHER BROKE, PEN-ROSE111, SAREEMA and THE ADVOCATE. All went well and all eyes were searching for the first mark - Cambrian. We had various objects in view and comments like "I can see the mark - oh no its another yacht trailing a dingy" abounded. Suddenly the skipper yelled "We've got a wrap" "What's that?" cried a less experienced crew member. They were soon informed it was just a ploy to avoid getting to the first mark in the lead as we didn't know where it was anyway!

As we dealt with our sail problems various Alpha fleet boats passed by and comments like "need a man?" crossed the water much to our disgust. We were pleased to see RIMAU was not the only boat to suffer

spinnaker problems!

The race progressed with boats passing and repassing each other, the tide and wind playing their usual part. The lighter boats showed us their heels on the long downwind leg from East Bramble to Champagne Mumm.

A very strong ebb tide meant the leg from Champagne Mumm to Saltmead was a close fetch by this time. The penultimate leg of Saltmead - Porsche required short tacks almost onto the beach to keep out of a very strong tide. Several of the Beta fleet were passed at this stage but after Porsche we managed to have further spinnaker trouble, and ended up the wrong side of the finish mark but that's another story! The crew were magnificent in their determination to finish correctly, so 40 minutes later we did, Having passed Saltmead at least 10 times!

After all this frivolity everyone was able to get on with the more serious business of eating, drinking and swimming. A jolly evening was had by all.