

NEWS OF THE CCRC WORLD

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January Storm Topples the Judge Many yachts knocked down by 100mph winds

Once again the South of England was hit by severe storm conditions reminiscent of the hurricane of October '87. However, unlike the previous time, several yachts parked in Sparkes Boatyard, Hayling Island, were blown from their cradles. One CCRC boat, THE ADVOCATE, winner of the 1989 Beta series, was toppled causing considerable damage to its cradle. Fortunately, the boat was virtually undamaged, and should be ready on time for the coming season.

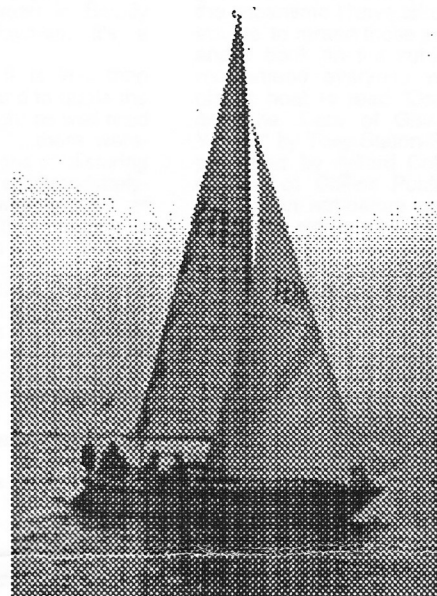
Not so fortunate was the owner of a 1989 Bavaria 30. This elegant yacht was severely damaged in the storm with one of its cradle legs breaking through the fibreglass hull into the main cabin.

Several owners will consider that they got off lightly when their boats were knocked over by a twin masted Evasion 30. Yachts still in the water also suffered severe buffeting, and the marina staff were placed in considerable danger in the height of the storm rescuing errant yachts whose lines had parted, or whose deck cleats had torn from their mountings.

"I have never experienced anything like it," commented yard owner, Basil Rizzi. "It was virtually impossible to get onto the pontoons during the middle of the day."

Perhaps one reason so many yachts were knocked down this time is the parking arrangement in the dry berth park. In 1987 the majority of the boats were placed facing North East, South West allowing the gale force winds to sweep past them. This year the boats are pointing North or South, exposing their broadside to the considerable wind forces. When questioned about the decision to site the boats in this manner Basil pointed out that Sparkes is also exposed to strong Northerly winds which he considered "heavier" and therefore potentially just as dangerous.

With further strong wind warnings in force and even more anticipated we can only hope the experiences of last Thursday are not repeated in February.



Latest News

Its TRUE LOVE in the CCRC

Congratulations to Colin and Christine on their marriage last autumn. Both have been members of the CCRC Crew Register during the past season, and now their romance has blossomed not just into the happy state of matrimony, but also their first new arrival, TRUE LOVE GB, a BAVARIA 390.

Colin told our reporter that he is looking forward to campaigning TRUE LOVE GB in the Alpha fleet this year and participating in the J.O.G. series. We look forward to seeing you on the water.

Further Additions to the Beta Fleet

Reliable sources indicate that Mike Short's GK24, NOR WESTERLY, is set to join the Beta Fleet for 1990, and unconfirmed rumours have it that SAREEMA will join RIMAU and RED CLOUD to make a trio of Fulmars, or is it a "flock". These additions together with FOHN WIND (see separate story) will make the Beta Fleet the most competitive it has been for several seasons.

Beta Wind in 1990

Latest recruit for the CCRC Beta Fleet is Dennis Coates' Nicholson 303, FOHN WIND. Expected to rate around 104 under the PY system Dennis informed our reporter during a recent interview at Sparkes Boat Yard that he is looking forward to "kicking the pants off the Judge in the coming season". THE ADVOCATE's response has been deleted by the Editor.

Dennis is taking a leaf from the book of BACKCHAT and THE ADVOCATE this season by dry berthing at Sparkes. Perhaps he too is looking for the "unfair advantage".

Less certain at this time is which fleet PENROSE III will sail with when she joins us in April.

Criss Crossed Up?

The Beta fleet says a sad farewell to staunch supporters Ronnie Crossthwaite and family who have provided consistent and hard competition for many seasons with CRISS CROSS, their Attalia. However, the Beta loss is an Alpha gain, as Ronnie and Co will be back this season with a new CRISS CROSS, an OMEGA 36.

Nature Notes

by Richard Greer (CCRC Nature Correspondent)

Congratulations to Walter Brown

for spotting a seal off Chichester Bar on 3rd September. It must be the first time for many years that this charming animal has been seen in our waters. Indeed this may indicate a general increase in the marine mammal population of the Solent. We ourselves observed a dolphin during the first race of the season. We were able to come within just a few yards of it and the creature seemed totally unmoved by the stream of vessels passing nearby in both directions.

Among terrestrial mammals, a herd of feral bovines appear to have taken up near-permanent residence on a desolate patch of land about a mile south of Prince Consort. Regrettably horses continue to decline, and yet again none have been recorded on the sands where they were once so abundant.

In the avian world, fulmars roost in at least three sites within Chichester Harbour. Their regular forays into the Solent are often observed. As the summer continues these journeys sometimes extend

much further west; indeed one was reported to have nearly reached the coast of Ireland before unaccountably turning back.

A species of seagoing duck - no doubt a straggler - has also been sighted. Its colourful, frenzied and sometimes noisy displays seldom go unremarked.

Passerines are infrequently encountered off-shore. However, a Greater Backchat was observed, late in the season, darting into a patch of brambles in mid-Solent.

Apart from brambles, examples of flora are rare, though one small garden annual has become well established. Its cheerful orange blooms provide a pleasant splash of colour throughout the summer.

Finally, a word of warning. Two species of large cat have been reported from the Solent area. These animals are dangerous and should be avoided at all costs. Fortunately they both like to distance themselves from any disturbance.

EDITORIAL

I don't know about you, but I can't say I find this weather particularly conducive to going down to Sparkes and working on the boat. Nevertheless, the year is already rushing away, and before we know it it will be time for the first of the annual jaunts down to Cowes.

With the start of a new season to go with the new decade I have volunteered to produce a new CCRC newsletter the first issue of which you are now reading. It is my intention, with your help, to produce this every other month during the off-season, and monthly during the season itself. I say "with your help" as I am relying on you all for contributions. Paul Dale will be chasing you for Race Reports during the season, and it is intended to make them the main feature of each edition. However, I would also like other short snippets, comments, items of news, etc. to give variety.

For those of you with access to a computer, it would reduce my work load if you could let me have any contributions on disk. I can handle 5.25" 1.2Mb MS/DOS, 3.5" 1.44Mb MS/DOS, or 3.5" 720k Atari ST formats, and files should be stored in standard ASCII. For the rest of you for whom the last paragraph was Black Magic Mumbo Jumbo I will type in whatever you send me!!

Please send contributions to:-

Brian Dandridge
52 Adastr Avenue
Hassocks
West Sussex
BN6 8DR

DIARY DATES

7/4/90 - ITCHENOR S.C.
5/5/90 - CASTLE ROCK
(COWES)
6/5/90 - R.A.F. Y.C.
(HAMBLE)

CCRC TO START A MOTORSAILING DIVISION?

MAJOR GAMBLE became the latest recruit to the fledgling motor sailing section of the CCRC late in the H.I.S.C. Winter Series when a spreader pulled out of the mast causing severe twisting of the section. Mike Smith's lightning reactions prevented the imminent dismasting, and MAJOR GAMBLE returned to SPARKES under motor.

Mike's late claim to the motor sailing trophy was thrown out in Committee on the grounds that he was not taking part in a

CCRC event, and in any case THE ADVOCATE's twenty hour motor return from Le Harve last May following her dismasting was a much more worthy winner of this much prized trophy.

Bill Cartledge's claim for motoring most of the way from Gibraltar to Geumsey was similarly rejected on the grounds that his boat, PENROSE III, had neither been damaged, nor, at that point, been accepted into the club.

A PLAGUE ON THE POX

The thing about disease is it's something other people get, that is until you become ill yourself. Preventative medicine is devoutly to be wished but usually that is about as far as it goes-wished. I fear the same can apply to boats. As you read this your thoughts if not your deeds are contemplating the start of the new season and with it the thorough refurbishment of your pride and joy. Weekends of scrubbing the bottom, tuning the rigging, washing the sails, fixing the engine, you remember, you did it all last year. But there is something you did not do and will not do this year either and yet it is probably more important than all the rest put together.

Let me explain. That famous, not to say notorious yacht PENROSE II was up for sale last year. Probably due to the fact that the owners were not paying attention, a genuine punter did not hove into sight until the end of the year. A demonstration sail was arranged and in typically perverse fashion, the British weather, after a perfectly balmy summer, blew a full gale. With three reefs in the main we shot round the harbour at great speed and our customer was mighty impressed. If it had not been for the Bar Beacon hiding behind a mountain of water he would have been off to his home on the East coast there and then, but alas we were obliged to return to the relative calm of Northay. We'd had a swimming day - literally - and our man was very happy - just the formalities of the survey and the whole transaction would be in the bag by Christmas.

But Christmas last year did not bring our ruddy faced, plump and jovial Santa Claus; it brought an altogether different sort of chap who was none of these things. He wrote a long report full of pointers to impending doom and through all the guff and technical jargon one single word sang out - OSMOSIS. My heart sank, presumably along with the boat and certainly its sale. Osmosis? What the hell am I doing with Osmosis and anyway what is it? I remember reading about it in one or two of the yachting mags, or at least I remember reading something before nodding off from the soporific effects of the jargon. Now I was wide awake and very interested.

And the bottom line my friends, is that your plastic boat lets the water in. Bluntly put to the layman, it's a sponge.

PENROSE II is less than five years old and to quote the report (you might as well read it - I had to) "...there were conspicuous signs of blistering in the gelcoat or immediately underlying it with blisters of oval or round type ranging in size from three to five millimetres. These blisters were widespread and affect the entire underwater hull surface". As I say Penrose is less than five years old, properly maintained (it comes out of the water for between one to two months in the winter) is antifouled, last year by the boatyard who built her and yet the osmosis appears extensive and expensive to repair. Now it could be that there is something inhe-

rently wrong with the way the glassfibre was laid up but in the meantime I have taken the trouble to reread those articles and a book on the subject. I recommend everyone with a plastic boat to read "Osmosis and the Care of Glassfibre Yachts" by Tony Staton-Bevan published by Adlard Coles, a division of Collins Publishing group. But not before going to bed - it's rather a horror story and could give you bad dreams - definitely X rated.

The first thing to realise is that Osmosis in its earliest stages (when it is easiest and cheapest to fix) is not within the scope of the layman to diagnose. Whatever is underneath the antifouling will not, in the early stages, reveal itself and by the time it does you are in big trouble. Tony Staton-Bevan says and I

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ALEXIS FORMS CLOSE RELATIONSHIP WITH NEW BUOY

The Hayling Island Sailing Club 5th race of their North Sails Winter Series was held on a sunny but profoundly cold 26th November. To say that polar bears were strolling on passing ice-floes would be an exaggeration, but the air temperature was below freezing. At the Class 1 start, the small but stylish Sigma 362, ALEXIS, was squeezed towards the pin by a bullying pack of 40 footers - the assembled crew of the ex-admiral cupper, TRILOGY, shouting their rights brings to mind a pack of Rottweillers.

As ALEXIS brushed the buoy, their relaxed and debonair skipper, Paul Dale, murmured that they'd have to go round again. To the crew's horror, the buoy suddenly lunged, jaws-like, towards her stern. ALEXIS had wrapped its anchor rope round her rudder. Pathetic efforts to tug it free came to nothing.

So, ALEXIS with sails flapping drifted off on the ebb tide, taking the pin with her. The line became 500 yards, then half a mile. "Can we have our buoy back?" radio'd the disgruntled H.I.S.C. committee boat "...we can't start classes 2 & 3!!"

"I need a volunteer" remarked the boyishly handsome but rather embarrassed skipper. "No Problem" said David, our resident Kiwi, as he stripped down to his Y-fronts and advanced towards the stern

clutching a boathook. "Och, poor wee thing" cried crew person Lindsey (was she peeking) as she went below to put the kettle on, warm the shower, and find the scotch.

The shrill scream as the freezing water reached David's nether regions could be heard in West Wittering (and Chichester, some say). As he shot, polaris like, up the ladder his head his head came into contact with the skipper's boot "Stay down you swine till you've finished the job". So, like John The Baptist, he went under and freed the line.

So, the buoy was returned to the committee boat and ALEXIS retired. Three weeks later David was still trying to find his crown jewels. The skipper started the next H.I.S.C. race wearing a brown paper bag over his head!

THE LADY FROM THE SQUADRON

When boats are laid up and there is time for reflection and remembrance, my thoughts turn idly to past events and people met.

Now it must be said that the vast majority of people that I meet whilst sailing are unfailingly courteous, helpful and observe strictly correct rules of conduct whilst at sea and ashore. They avoid all collision courses, whether social, moral or accidental at all costs.

Even the near misses whilst rounding marks are accompanied by fairly jocular exchanges which are intended to inform rather than insult the competition.

And the start line, with its trenchant repartee, is just another example of jolly sailors communicating with each other whilst stretching their skills and vocal chords to the limit.

So why did my thoughts wander back to the R.N.L.I. fun race which was organised by the C.C.R.C. back in 1987? Certainly I recall a fine sailing day with a big turn out of boats from all over Chichester

Harbour and a commendable cause well supported by subscription both ashore and afloat.

FOHN WIND was out there, sailing her heart out with Brian Dandridge helming and my sons and other ruffians heaving, pulling, swearing and trimming in roughly that order. We were running back to Chi when it became clear that a spinny gybe was called for. We were slightly ahead of the others at the time with a fat Westerly Ketch at the head of a roughly triangular fleet which was tightly bunched.

We were gybing from port to starboard and it seemed like a good idea to pass astern of the Ketch which we had observed to be flying the White Ensign of the Royal Yacht Squadron. We did not fancy the prospects of being run down whilst claiming starboard rights and opted for the pragmatic approach of avoiding collision altogether.

Like many Westerlies (Storms & Fulmars excepted), the Ketch had lots of keels and masts and no spinnaker, so we waited quite patiently for her to catch up. This seemed like an eternity as we sat with main pulling and spinny flapping, all keyed up and ready to gybe.

Giving in to the demon impatience (a fatal flaw in sailors) I addressed the Ketch; "Get a move on, we're waiting to gybe". The Ketch was driven by a large lady with hair bound tightly in a large floral headscarf, heavy tweeds and brogues. She looked a little like Margaret Rutherford on the bridge of a battleship.

Without lowering her concentration for a second, she



FOHN WIND AT SPARKES YARD

boomed in a voice which carried over the entire fleet; "What did that man say?"

One of the crew, an elderly and distinguished looking gentleman approached the helm. "He said, Ma'am, that they are waiting to gybe."

"Tell them" she informed the fleet, "to gybe away then."

We gybed, and it was definitely one of our better ones. Brian cut across their transom with a coat of paint to spare and I enjoyed the spectacle of her three sails collapsing in unison with her skipper and crew all leaning forward together like passengers in a braking bus.

My crew, however, were not very restrained in their comments. Even now I blush to recall some remarks made and directed to fellow human beings of the same species.

That should be the end of the story, filed away and forgotten, but it isn't.

More than a year later I was

walking down a pontoon in a well known I.O.W. marina. Coming towards me was an unmistakable figure, headscarf, tweeds, brogues with a retinue in close attendance like frigates round a battleship. We were doomed to pass at close quarters again and I prepared myself to return gunfire if hostilities commenced. The engagement commenced with The Lady from the Squadron beaming broadly with hands extended.

"Hello, how are you? How nice to see you again! Have you had a good season? Splendid, splendid." She shook me warmly by the hand and sailed on down the pontoon like the Royal Barge.

Most of the retinue gave me broad friendly smiles and a good time of day as they were drawn along in her wake. But one elderly, distinguished gentleman in their midst gave me a curt nod and no greeting at all.

Dennis Coates.

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quote " My own figures show that of all the GRP craft I survey, currently around 250 a year, 35%-45% suffer from blistering of some kind. But on craft 10 - 12 years old the figure jumps to around 70%* This is serious stuff and usually only reveals itself as in my case, when you come to sell your boat. What is the answer?

In the first place if you are buying a new hull and in spite of what the builder may claim, you should have the bottom treated with at least four coats of solvent-free epoxy resin paint. If you are already the proud owner of a sponge, the next time it is out of the water have it professionally surveyed. The cost should be under £100 and it is money well spent. Hopefully your boat will be free of the pox in which case get the antifouling off and bang on four coats of epoxy. On the other hand if you have a problem you might as well know as soon as possible as it is not going to get any better and one day you will want to sell your boat, not give it away!

Unfortunately there is no easy answer. All untreated boats are going to suffer sooner or later. That's the message and prevention is certainly better than cure as I have found to my cost. One way and another the whole thing is enough to get on your wick - and that's another problem "wicking...."

See you on the water -

Bill Cartlidge
Penrose III

*quoted with the permission of the publisher.

GEOFF'S NEW BLADES.

The saga of Geoff Calvert's propeller goes on. (Geoff swapped his Albin petrol engine for a Yanmar diesel last year, and changed from a left-hand to a right-hand prop, but has so far failed to get the performance he hoped for). On the Saturday before the latest gale Geoff and I put CORDONNET on the Itchenor piles, scrubbed off (surprisingly little fouling since midsummer, and, thanks to Micron, fairly easy to remove) and switched the three-bladed Mark II for the larger diameter but finer pitch Mark III. Mark II

was found to be loose on the shaft, the nut having bottomed on the shoulder before the prop was fully seated on its taper. This may have accounted for some of the "cavitation" noise which Geoff had reported.

Jean Frith brought us down some lunch. In the evening we left the piles with an offshore wind, and then had a bad five minutes in the dark, racing downwind and downtide through the moorings to find Geoff's buoy, which in the event we picked up without difficulty. Our troubles were

not over, however. In the dinghy, going ashore, we got a plastic bag round the prop almost immediately, drifted up harbour at two or three knots, lost an oar and recovered it, and eventually managed to get a line to a moored boat while we sorted things out. An object lesson in how not to do it, and how rusty one gets after a winter layup.

The full performance test will have to wait for another day.

Hugh Caldwell

HARBOUR JOTTINGS

By Hugh Caldwell

The Chichester Harbour area tends to come off lightly in even the worst of winters, but unless temperatures dive sharply in March, this will be the mildest since I moved into the area in 1974. Not only are the daffodils out in mid-February: the tulips are as well!

In terms of wind, however, I cannot remember a rougher start to a year. Thursday 25th January was merely the worst of what seemed an almost continuous storm lasting for the past 5 weeks.

SOLENT SHIPWRECK

During one of the less violent blows, a mere 6 to 8, occurred the worst marine tragedy in the Solent area for many years, the somewhat mysterious loss of the Greek freighter *Flag Theofano*, with all 19 crew. Laden with 4000 tons of dry cement from Le Havre, she sank during the night of 29th January, after having requested a pilot at the Nab. The request was refused because of the conditions, and she was requested to seek shelter in the eastern Solent.

That was the last contact. Wreckage and two bodies were washed ashore on Hayling and Wittering beaches, and the ship herself was located by helicopter sonar on the sea bed, about a quarter of a mile west of the Dean Tail buoy, which was known to have been unlit on that fatal night. It has been suggested that collision with the buoy, which was found to be badly damaged, caused the sinking, but it seems improbable that a 5 ton buoy could cause a large ship to sink so

rapidly that even a "Mayday" could not be transmitted. My own theory would be a catastrophic loss of stability, possibly due to ingress of water to the upper layer of the cement cargo via a leaky hatch. A sharp turn, and an awkward beam sea as she altered course for the channel, could have led to a sudden capsize. Perhaps the truth will emerge in due course at the D.T.I. inquiry.

The wreck lies in the deepwater channel and is not herself a danger to yachts, but the necessary removal operations to make the channel safe for shipping could cause us some problems during the coming season.

MARINA EXTENSIONS

Planning applications have been made for two marina enlargement schemes in the western part of the harbour. M.D.L. at Northney are proposing to dredge out an extension to their basin, making it L-shaped, and to lengthen their two northern most (A & B) pontoons to suit. Extensive rebuilding of the existing pontoons

has taken place and there are now actually fewer berths than before, but for larger boats. Re-vamping of the shoreside facilities, including demolition of the existing large octagonal shed, is also envisaged.

Down at Sparkes Boatyard, I understand, Basil and Nick Rizzi are hoping to dig out an extension to provide extra berths, including 30 earmarked for visitors. They would give up some of their swinging moorings as a "trade off". No doubt there will be opposition to both these schemes from environmental interests represented by the Conservancy Advisory Committee, and it may be that any decision will be held up pending the outcome of a forthcoming environmental survey.

The demand for moorings and berths is certainly on the increase, and the cost is rising accordingly. H.I.S.C., after a slack year or two are now fully taken up with a "genuine" waiting list. If you have a good berth, hang on to it!!

FOR SALE

LEWMAR 8 single speed winch - offers 07918 6132.

SPINNAKER SNUFFER ex Penrose II - offers 0705 831128

CRUISING CHUTE SNUFFER ex Penrose II - offers, 0705 831128

PANASONIC M1 VHS Movie Portable Video Camera. Offers around £600. 07918 6132

PRESS DAY

The next issue of **THE NEWS OF THE C.C.R.C. WORLD** is due out at the beginning of May. I would be grateful for as many contributions as possible, and would appreciate receiving them in plenty of time.

Cut off date will be the mid weekend of April.-



FOOTNOTE

Well, that's it folks, the end of issue one. I hope you enjoyed it, and I would like to thank everyone who contributed an article for their time and effort in helping me get this off the ground.

I hope also it will encourage others in the CCRC to put pen to paper, as it is only through your contributions that I will have anything to publish.

I hope regular features will include the Race Reports, Race Results and League Table, and Harbour Jottings (Thank you very much, Hugh). If there is sufficient interest - Articles For Sale, Open Letters to the Committee, and whatever else takes your fancy!