

NEWS OF THE CCRC WORLD

ESTABLISHED 1988

NO.90/02

MAY 1990

LIGHT WINDS CAUSE CHAOS AT SEASON OPENER.

After the long winter lay-off renowned for a succession of vicious storms, the C.C.R.C.'s 1990 season kicked off with a succession of light weather races over the May Bank Holiday weekend.

In race one down to Cowes over half of each fleet were forced to retire as failing winds and adverse tidal conditions stalled all but a few with in yards of the line.

First Alpha blood went to GOLDENEYE,

whilst the Betas were headed home by one of three welcome newcomers, GOPHER BROKE.

GOPHER were unable to repeat the success on day two when another newcomer, MENACE, not only won the race with embarrassing ease, but whilst becalmed off Cowes found time to go ashore, stock up with beer, rejoin the boat, and sail on!!

How does that effect the handicap, Charles!?!-

GOLDEN EYE WELL STITCHED

Richard Creer had an unfortunate accident and was forced to retire GOLDENEYE from the St. Vaast Race. Twenty miles south of the Nab GOLDENEYE made an unscheduled gybe. As the boom crashed across the boat the mainsheet collected Richard and dumped him headfirst on the deck.

Although he retained consciousness the bleeding from his head wound was profuse. His plucky crew managed to stem the bleeding and successfully contacted Solent Coastguard, who were very helpful, arranging for an ambulance to be standing by at Northay Marina,

GOLDENEYE'S home base. Richard was rushed to Queen Alexandra Hospital in Portsmouth

He was X-Rayed by a sympathetic Sigma 33 sailor and stitched (more than twenty of them) by a "charming young lady from Manchester called Helen" (Richard's sight and senses had obviously not been impaired!) Apparently he was in the pub by 8 pm.

Richard has made a remarkably quick recovery - he was back on the water for the Round the Island Race with his dignity intact and his beauty only slightly marred.

MARIGOLD'S FRESH NEW BLOOM.

It would appear that certain members of the CCRC have been putting in a little more elbow grease during the winter months brightening their boats for the coming season. John Dunkley has done a splendid job with MARI-GOLD. Gone was the orange of old, here she was at the recent Sunday Bay Race splendidly liveried in a bright yellow.

"I was assured it was going to be a perfect match" John told me, "however, I think the paint mixer must have been colour blind!"

Not only does she look pretty, John, she seems to go pretty fast as well, being beaten only by MENACE in her first race this season.

But I'm afraid with that new colour you can't go on calling her MARIGOLD, perhaps DANDYLION would be more suitable?!

STU - THE HERO

Stu Hunt saved PENROSE III from a very embarrassing situation during the race to St. Vaast. Skipper Bill called for the spinnaker to be lowered - the well honed team leapt into action. "Let go the Halyard" - the final command. Nothing happened.

"Let go the ***** Halyard". "With respect Sir" said Uncle John "I have let the ***** thing go, I think it is stuck". The conversation deteriorated culminating in Uncle John throwing 17stn in many directions and the Skipper throwing 17 tons of boat in many more.

"Someone will have to go up the mast" states the Skipper obviously. We all eyed 60ft of waving stick with acres of flapping spinnaker without much enthusiasm. "The problem is we don't have a spare halyard to get up the mast." Observed a nameless member of the crew, "Shall we drop the main?" "Drop the main? Drop the Main? We're racing!!!"

"I'll free climb" said Stu. All eyes turned to him with a mixture of disbelief, hero worship and relief. "I'll need about 20 minutes to get organized". "Take all the time you need" said Bill generously.

So Stu rigged himself as if to climb Mount Everest and set off for the ascent. At base camp our hearts were in our mouths every time the boat lurched. At last he reached the summit. The block had broken and the halyard was stuck fast. He tripped the spinnaker which kindly dumped itself in the sea.

Continued on page 4

RACE 1, 5th MAY From SAREEMA

The race started in a light South Westerly, the first race of the new season. The start was rather confused and we were almost over the line. RIMAU did make a false start and had to return to the line.

Having made a reasonable start ourselves on this occasion, we then made slow progress towards the Forts. MENACE and GOPHER BROKE, both welcome newcomers to the C.C.R.C. Beta fleet, crept away and we were overtaken by the majestic PENROSE III, and THE ADVOCATE to windward. RIMAU also overtook us and was pointing much higher.

"Why is RIMAU pointing higher and going faster than SAREEMA?" commented one rookie crew member.

"Different wind direction and stronger wind out there." was the skipper's response.

Nearer the Forts, the wind shifted to a SSW

and gave us the lift needed to clear Horse Sand Fort. The spinnaker was hoisted and we began our pursuit of RIMAU and the other leading boats. The navigator had tried to do his homework on Friday night with regard to the tides, and it seemed favourable to stay out in the deeper water. This appeared to pay off as we closed on some of the leaders.

The Alpha boats were coming through slowly. Norris was rounded and we beat towards S. Ryde Middle in light winds. Round Mother Bank and back towards the finish under spinnaker. The majority of the fleet went inshore and came badly unstuck as the wind died completely in Osborne Bay. We just managed to keep going under spinnaker. At this point we were quietly enjoying ourselves and coffee and sandwiches were

Continued on Page 2, Col 1

EDITORIAL - Well, here is the second issue of the NEWS OF THE CCRC WORLD 1990. Once again I would like to thank all the contributors for their valuable input.

On the opposite column you will read the first of ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, reports kindly passed to me by Freddie Kemp for redistribution. I hope they stir fond memories for long standing C.C.R.C. members, and interest for those who, like me, are from a more recent intake.

I am delighted to announce that the editorial team of this publication has been increased by the appointment of Denise Cartlidge to chief reporter. Her valuable seek out and type it in skills have already provide much of the input for this issue. I would also like to thank Peter Wallace for typing in Jim Laing's contribution and supplying it on disk.-

Continued from Page 1

served. Now, I have heard said that Brian always creates activity aboard THE ADVOCATE just as food is in the process of being consumed by his crew. Today he was obviously getting board or had run out of food of his own as he began to harass us, trying to overtake to windward. A furious luffing duel ensued during which our own light refreshments had to be discarded while we kept the unruly Judge in his place.

The wind was almost non existent as we approached Norris for the second time. It had paid off to stay slightly further out than the leaders and we crept ahead of the fleet with THE ADVOCATE glued to our transom. Surprisingly we had also got ahead of RIMAU who had stayed further out still. She was, however, closing on us fast, but then sailed into the hole everyone was in.

Positions were changing every few minutes as the fleet painstakingly made for the line against a building foul tide.

RIMAU passed ahead of us and went inshore. We then decided to go for it, and kept moving. To our immense frustration GOPHER BROKE

appeared in our midst having had a lift right round the outside of the fleet, and pipped us to the line. TOO MUCH was first over for the alphas as we went for the line and inched across. A loud cheer went up from the crew when we did eventually make it.

It was one of those rare occasions when those aboard SAREEMA could look behind and see the majority of the Alpha and Beta fleets still sailing to the finish. Amongst the mass of spars and spinners, the infamous Judge hung limp, all wind taken by a cruising Southerly which had crept across behind him goosewinged. I totally refute the suggestion that I have been looking for the owner of said vessel ever since to pay him off! Anna Louise had anchored and as THE ADVOCATE, GUNSHOT, LYNX 2, MENACE etc drifted back towards Hayling more and more engines fired up in frustrated retirement.

Although the conditions had been very light, the sun shone all day and made for a most enjoyable sail.

Robert McLeod

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

Race Report from DEVASTATION. September 4th, 1976. Itchenor Casket / Wallace Cup

I. MISFORTUNE STRIKES

Crawling from our sleeping bag at eight o'clock, we listen expectantly as Solent Radio gives the forecast as NW quarter 3-4, fair, good. After the usual fight for "the blue bucket" and a hearty

breakfast of cracked boiled eggs and gin, we pop our heads over the side for a quick scrub with jeyes fluid and harpic. A glance around the moorings reveals the Flush Poker and the Red Scampi on the piles the night before, their now smooth bottoms concealed beneath the water. We mentally kick ourselves for forgetting the pinking shears with which we had planned to trim the growth of trailing weed from our own boat's waterline.

An urgent cry of "quick, hide" is too late to save us being spotted by the smartly turned out O.O.D. boat Sinbad, bearing down upon us with the obvious intent of delegating the day's race report. Bill (the Dook) Vincent, a cruel smile slashing his handsome features, stands astride Sinbad's quarterdeck as she creams towards us. A sharp word of command, and signal flags break out at her crossrees: "The C.C.R.C. expects every man to do his duty". We're lumbered - well and truly!

II BATTLE ORDER

Sailing to the start line we observe with interest the pre-race tactics of ageing C.C.R.C. star of earlier years, Paul Taylor on Cochise. Desperate to make a comeback and still sporting the famous full frontal whiskers (for extra windage downwind) he has now removed the once familiar heavy gold earring (to save weight). With an apparent casualness (achieved only by years of constant practice and nerve straining effort) Cochise's spinnaker balloons out impressively as she leaves her mooring.

Behind Cochise, fresh from their success in last year's Beta division, promising newcomers to the big-time, Jenny (Kaitmandu) and John (Haiti) Bence in Discount (supplied by the Houndsditch Warehouse) appear to run up East Hayling beach for a quick two-minute polish to supplement their early morning "Scrub off".

Little is known of the secret preparations of other competitors, though it's rumoured that two divers from the North Sea oil rigs were flown down to the Hamble the previous week, where they spent several

hours under cover of darkness working on the bottom of a certain C.C.R.C. boat.

We are pleased to see the club's resident P.R.O., Dennis Sumner, and his ladywife in their immaculately turned out Folkdram, ploughing a friendly furrow through the milling fleet, which scatters at his approaching gentlemanly calls of "Port", "Water", and "I've got the wind behind me" etc! With several notable (though unofficial) "firsts" to his name already, including 'first skipper to achieve by active debate the foregoing of normal visitors mooring fees on the H.I.S.C. trots' (the complete text of the debate has never been recorded for posterity, but the 'active' element was reputedly an exceptionally thick mop handle); 'first race reporter to condense a race report to less than one word' and 'first O.O.D. to appear on the yachting scene to give 10 minute, 5 minute and start signals to the fleets after the race had commenced'; Dennis, (with 15 years dedicated yachting experience behind him) is indeed a force to be reckoned with and it is not without some excitement that we wonder what this jovial larger-than-life character has in store for us all today.

III ROUND ONE

A good turnout, with the Itchenor boats helping to swell the numbers to 28. Sixteen Beta and twelve Alpha boats mill around the line. Sunbeat II appears to have a squad of American speed cops aboard (recognisable by their distinctive dark glasses). Course No. 7, a good choice by A.S.S. Roger Morris - should give us a race with almost every point of sailing, if the forecast holds good, but we'll need to be careful of the shoals around Langstone buoy approach - we should know, we've been gaily bumping our way across them at regular intervals for years now!

"Jam and plaster his blackberry eyes", mutters one of the courier members of the crew, "it's ebbing today, we'll need to be extra careful!"

Beautifully executed signals from Sinbad, (supplemented by coughs and wheezes from a half dead 'hooter') and the Beta fleet is off.

Continued from page 2

Most start from the Chichester Buoy end, a few, ourselves included, from the middle or Committee boat end. Though one of the first over the line we go over on port tack, when we really meant to do it on starboard - "ah well, um, er, ready about" and starboard it is. Then minutes later we appear to have done nothing but sail up and down the line at a "Distance-off" of about ten feet approx! Can't make it out, wind's dropped off and is coming from first this way and then that! Huge Caldwell on Salty Whittetyre finally decides to stop hobnobbing with the Alpha fleet (who have stood off for Beta boats' start) and join in the race too. Shandie seems to be going very well, as always, with a blue Itchenor S.C.O.D. up her transome and the majority of boats in a bunch with them. Patstoo obviously not at her best in these light and fluky conditions. Listang of Burnham going fast and free towards Bembridge Point.

We opt for open water too, hoping for both a wind and tide advantage but heading up much higher, though slower than the Listang. A higgelpiggle of boats nosing about, adjusting to the wind's whims.

As we converge on West Hayling and Langstone, a lot of short cross tacking. We can see the Alpha boats bearing down on us fast - did they get a wind, or are they all just more clever than us? Hmm - thought we'd got ahead of most of the Beta fleet, but here's Contessa Anna Louise tacking across and just ahead of us (friendly waves, silent curses!). Never mind, she goes too far out and on the next tack she's a comfortable twenty yards behind us again.

We watch in surprise, that slowly turns into wonder and finally disbelief and worry, as Contessa Anna Louise holds her inshore tack towards West Hayling beach. Surely she must be aground any minute?

We have one eye glued on the echo sounder and one ready to put about "all standing" with the crew to leeward and orders to stay there, if we touch bottom. What's Anna Louise doing? Still going strong? She must be nearly up the beach by now! Perhaps she knows a secret channel? Discount's touched twice behind us, but each time gone about quickly enough to get off. Likewise Carisma now ahead and Shotgun too, but behind us. Joker's not so lucky - she has to start her motor to get off and retires.

Anna Louise at long last is seen to ram herself firmly aground, and although uncomfortable for several hours we

later learn she suffers no damage.

Meanwhile at Langstone buoy Carisma is first around in fine order, spinnaker up and away showing us the familiar sight of her red transome. We overstand the mark, judging the tide to be stronger than it is and go about to bear down on it in a fast reach taking it wide with Discount, closely followed by Shotgun, Windy and Cochise. A fast spinnaker reach to Nab East with the Alpha boats finally powering past us when we down the genoa as the wind eases a point or two. Drawn along in the vacuum of the leading Alpha boats fighting it out ahead, we see nothing of the Beta fleet again for the rest of the race, except the spinnakers of White Saltire, Shandie, one of the Itchenor S.C.O.Ds and the Listang, recognisable in the far distance. Spinnaker gybe around Nab East to Chichester with the wind heading us more and more - only Cochise appears to hold on to her chute for the whole leg. First triangle completed!

IV ROUND TWO

A nice beat to East Winner, on which Sunbeat II walks all over us, spinnaker again to Dean Tail, followed by a fast reach to Chichester (no spinnakers observed except for Peter Cooke who appears to be taking the opportunity of using Windy's star cut).

On to the Hayling Club finish, with the wind heading us as we cross the line, closely followed by Bill of Birdham, to be welcomed by polite hoots from the "Dook" on Sinbad.

V THE PHILISTINES STRIKE

Just to top off the day properly, upon the slurred advice of messrs. Rotherhithe Rooster & Co. (recently black-balled from three leading Hayling Island Bingo Halls), we drunkenly bluff our way into the lovely Itchenor Sailing Club by claiming to be respectively blood relatives of "Big Nige orf Grizzmo", "Aaandy Gunson orf Jokeabout" and "Bill Courty orf Sunbat I, II, III, and IV"!!! They must have been impressed, for we are made most welcome and spend a slap-up evening, winning and dining, eventually making good our escapes with Freddie Kemp 'orf Potshot clutching the coveted Itchenor Casket, bottles of scotch, and the Wallace Cup to take back to rival H.I.S.C.

JONAH'S REPRIEVE

Race 3 Hamble to Chi - 7/5/90

After we retired from our second race in succession on Sunday, 6th May I was convinced I had a Jonah on board namely one Phillip Sasson. I had first invited Phillip

and Debbie to crew on The Advocate back in September for the Winter Series. As it turned out Phillip was only able to make one race, the first, and as many of you will remember the majority of the entrants, including yours truly, retired as with no wind we drifted off on the tide missing the finishing line. Deja vu, Phillip? So as we motored out for the start on Bank Holiday Monday Phillip's impressive racing record was three starts, zero finishes!!

After two of the most glorious days, Monday dawned bright and sunny but with a cooler fresher North Easterly air stream, certainly more suitable for the race home.

"Today, Phillip, I guarantee you not only a start, but also a finish" I promised.

The start was definitely not one of my better ones. In fact, I confess to confusing a small yellow buoy well back from the line with Coronation. This coupled with a cautious spinnaker hoist some ten seconds before the gun left us trailing badly behind Menace, Gopher Broke and Sareema, though we quickly out dragged Rimau, Penrose III and Red Cloud.

In the light north easterly the Beta fleet quickly settled down for the long drag to the first mark, Peel Bank, and we slowly reeled in Sareema and Gopher. Unfortunately for us Sareema had the advantage of being windward boat, and not wanting a luffing match which would allow the leaders to get further ahead I decided to gamble on a gybe taking us to the westward of the fleet.

It was a nerve wracking decision as we set off on our own but as we converged with the others again near Peel Bank I was relieved to see that we had overhauled all but Menace, and it would be a close thing between us.

This light wind racing has to be one of the most frustrating

sports ever devised, and I soon realised I had misjudged the tide. As we struggled to reach the first mark first Menace then Gopher, and finally Sareema squeezed past accompanied by the leading Alpha boat, Too Much. However, as Too Much and Menace cleared the mark and set off for Browndown we got a little lift and retook second place.

It was with great relief we felt the breeze fill in to send us speeding to the second mark. Rob McLeod fainted at us several times trying to pass to windward, but we saw him off and kept Sareema firmly in her place! With the tide building most of the fleet continued well past Browndown and headed inshore before turning towards the forts. As we passed Gilkicker Point and headed out across the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour the new Criss Cross passed close to leeward, closely pursued by Gunshot, First Sight, and other leading members of the Alpha fleet.

The final long close reach to the finish proved for us to be the most exhilarating part of the race. With the wind steadily increasing to around sixteen knots, the two Fulmars began to reel us in, and with just a hundred yards to go Rimau swooped past to windward, and Sareema to leeward. The result of their close tussle being resolved in Rimau's favour by just three seconds. I'm sure both Fulmar crew's are looking forward to close racing during the rest of the season.

For our part we managed to maintain our lead of just one hundred yards over Gopher Broke right to the line.

Well, Phil finally broke his duck and finished a race, and I'm sure it won't be his last!

Brian Dandridge.-

NEXT ISSUE:- will contain a report from LYNX 2 on the ROUND THE ISLAND RACE, and PENTECOST IN HONFLEUR from CRISS CROSS, as well as a further issue of ALL OUR YESTER-DAYS. Please keep your contributions coming. Denise Cartlidge is helping me by typing some of the articles in and letting me have them on disk, so please send anything in to either Den or myself.

I regret that for the time being I am unable to get photos scanned in, but I appreciate all the offers.-

MEMBERS SING FOR THEIR SUPPER

I think the place was called the Normandy Hotel. I cannot be sure. Things were a little hazy that night which had nothing to do with the weather. There were about forty of us - St. Vaast, that was it - on a Saturday night with nowhere to eat and expectations running high. But Peter Wallace of GUNSHOT never lets us down. So there we were all crammed into this little bar and he is having a tete-a-tete with the Monsieur.

Somehow the Cris-thwaites of CRISS CROSS had got there before us and were already seated, patiently waiting, not for us but for food.

Never mind - what's another forty to a pucker French Pension who's entire resources consist of Father, Mother and daughter? We were pressed into a side room where we were not alone. A long table stretched down the length of the room well backed up to the wall and on the other side civilians on separate small tables were preparing to be fed. They eyed us with some alarm.

The first problem was to get seated. For those attempting seats with backs to the wall it was either over the top or underneath the table.

The charge was fairly evenly divided with those more used to ending up under the table choosing the latter route. I won't reveal who they were as they revealed themselves quite adequately with an authentic demonstration of their prowess later in the evening. The civilians looked on warily. A cursory glance at their tables revealed that they were still not eating.

Never mind, that notorious sommelier "The Wallace" was procuring the beverages, and an interesting mixture of bottles quickly appeared. Clearly Peter has asked for red, white and rose but it seems had not specified the vintner. Bottles of this,

that and the other spread down the long table and the scene quickly took on the appearance of a wine tasting although I noticed no one was spitting it out!

More than anything else this is what contributed to the eventual tone of the evening. It's true nobody was able to eat anything until it was too late but basically once the wine tasters of the club took hold (and I haven't found anyone who is not) the rest was inevitable. I'll try and put this as delicately as I can.

Frankly, everyone got pissed! That is not to say that the evening degenerated into a shambles. Rather that we all took a leaf from our Victorian forefathers and decided to entertain ourselves whilst waiting for the elusive food which, when it did eventually arrive, seemed to interrupt rather than soothe the proceedings.

The trouble started from a light challenge by a small table of civilians who turned out to be a party of yotties from some "by appointment" club up the solent. They produced a fairly weedy warble which was all too much for "The Bert". In no time he had the club whipped up into a frenzy of choral cadenza. We didn't hear much from the yotties after that - I think they decided to join our side. At this point - still no food but we were past it by then - many talents revealed themselves. Roger Morris of ANNA LOUISE

sang a beautiful solo to words which must have made Alan Jay Learner turn in his grave. Uncle John told some risque jokes but even the sensitive were too far gone to be offended. At some point the Commodore left and I can report that he was one of the ones who slid under the table.

But - the highlight of the evening must surely be Trevor Rose of TOO MUCH for his performance of "We're climbing up Sunshine Mountain" which for you posh lot is probably a new song. Nevertheless class will out and I am happy to say that the Chichester Cruiser Racing Club Choral Society gave a rendition which would have warmed the cockles of an Eastenders heart. (Incidentally there is a little dance that goes with it which helps to keep you fit).

Congratulations to Trevor and the charming Monica for introducing the CCRC this admirable ditty. You can rest assured you haven't heard the last of it. For those of you with a curious nature you had better be at the barbeque.

Finally you ask, what was the food like when it did at last appear? I haven't the faintest idea and nor has anyone else. All I can tell you is it all cost a tenner and you can't get a cheaper sore head than that!

Bill Cartlidge
PENROSE III

RED CLOUD - WINNER AT LAST

Such is the spirit of CCRC that when the news spread of RED CLOUD's win in the Beta Class in the St. Vaast Race everyone, including those he had beaten, were really delighted. In far from easy conditions Skipper Alan Froom with only one crewman beat a large fleet of experienced sailors to take the prize, his first with the club.

This is Alan's third season with CCRC prior to which he had never raced. RED CLOUD has turned up for nearly every race and he has at last been rewarded.

When interviewed on board RED CLOUD Alan and crew had just finished a celebratory lunch. In reply to the probing questions of how he had achieved this magnificent result Alan was unable to string two words together but his delight was shown by a grin from ear to ear that was impossible to conceal.

Congratulations Alan - there will be a very special cheer when you collect the KINROSS BUCKET at the laying up supper.

Continued from page 1

Stu began an even more perilous decent with the Skipper's words of encouragement ringing in his ears "Don't fall on the deck - blood stains are too difficult to scrub out of the teak".

We were back in the race.

Denise Cartlidge
Penrose III