

THE JUDGE FIGHTS BACK

After a season of frustration and disappointment,

THE ADVOCATE finally scored her first win of the season in a closely fought battle with GOPHER BROKE in the return from Yarmouth on Sunday 23rd September. In light westerly winds PENROSE III lead all the way from the start to take line honours. THE ADVOCATE finished a few minutes later closely followed by GOPHER, guest boat LIZA of LANGSTONE and RIMAU. A full report from the pen of Andy on RIMAU should appear in the next issue.

THE LYMINGTON DRIFT

A report from DUCHESS on the Lymington trip.

With a forecast of NW4 becoming 3 the winds before we left harbour did not bode well for good competitive sailing. As the boats gathered off Chichester for the start the Committee boat indicated PNC61. The wind then coming from the south east died away and came back southerly so the start was altered to the north of Delta off Spit Sand Fort. MARIGOLD, the Committee

boat lead the way and most boats went under power except DUCHESS who demonstrated her spinnaker technique reaching at five knots across Hayling Bay.

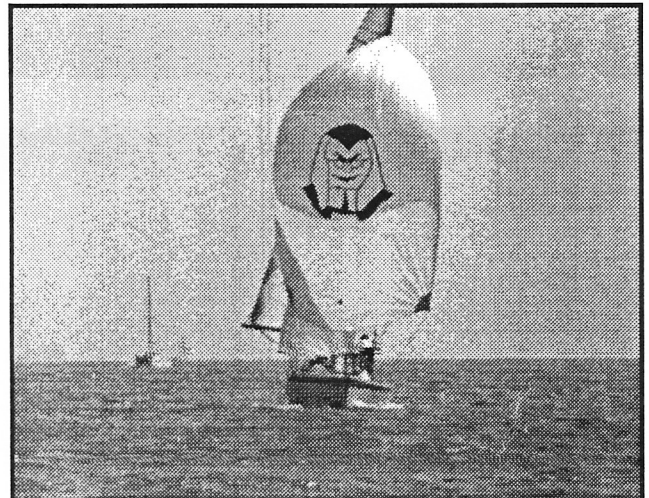
The start off Portsmouth was made with an unchanged course and the hazards of commercial shipping. Both classes started together on a spinnaker reach. TOO MUCH made a good start but threaded the eye of a needle between TRUE LOVE and DUCHESS minutes earlier. DUCHESS was well behind the line at the Committee boat end to save falling foul of the tide so we watched the fleet pull away from us whilst MARIGOLD bestowed upon us the honour of writing a race report!

The boats at the south of the line got the greatest benefit from smoother water as they pulled ahead of the fleet.

Ahead of us we saw a luffing match as a boat carrying a red and white spinnaker attacked the Commodore in BROWN BOMBER by sailing across his stern ("That's very interesting!") and taking his wind. Meanwhile we sat uncomfortably in a confused sea having the wind shaken out of our sails by the wake of one ferry after another including the experimental cross channel SEA CAT.

With RIMAU south and GOPHER BROKE further south most of the fleet took a course south of Ryde Sands. We hugged the north shore across Stokes Bay and for a brief moment in the fluky airs we heard a snatch of church bells from Alverstoke for a 3.30 wedding. At this point DUCHESS was level and to the north of RIMAU

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This is the view of the Judge they all wanted, but none but PENROSE got to see.

THAT ALDERNEY RACE by Geoff Maskall

It was eight in the evening when the few started on the Channel Isles crossing. At that stage it was not so much a race as an exercise in firstly crossing the line then attempting to make progress eastward

against a foul tide. Dusk gathered and the nav. lights were switched on. TOO MUCH lead, her stern light growing slightly fainter as the minutes ticked by.

Eventually the VHF chattered with ship to ship traffic. Walter Brown, OOD and taking part with ARD RIGH, suggested that perhaps an alternative destination was called for since "the other side" seemed as far away as when we started. Reaction was mixed.

"It's OK by me."

"We'll go along with the others."

TOO MUCH were for continuing (but they were well in the lead!). GOPHER, masochistic to the end, thought it a bit early to throw

in the towel and voted for crossing.

We drifted on and gradually separated from our fleet which became a sprinkling of green and white lights. But what was this? A collection of reds silently glided up on us. A large craft flying a spinnaker turned out NOT to be PENROSE III trying some fancy strategy. We were tangled up in a rival race for who knows where. In fact PENROSE and others were lying comfortably at anchor at this time, and, no doubt, enjoying their supper.

We saw a lot of the Nab light, mainly on the starboard side! A breeze got up in the early hours and at last we were making sensible progress.

We
Continued Page 2, Column 1

had no idea where the rest of CCRC were. Later, when our Decca packed up, we were hard pressed to know where we were ourselves. (Why had I been so dilatory in having the log fixed?)

The night passed and the best part of Saturday morning when over the VHF we heard RED CLOUD calling a passing yacht.

"Contessa, this is yacht on your port bow. What is your position?" Alan Froom was also without electronic aid some five miles or so behind us.

Mid afternoon found us closing the French coast. We had sailed farther than my conservative estimate and needed the strong west going tide to help us the last few miles from the Cap de la Hague to Alderney.

At five o'clock GO'HER BROKE reached the northern tip of the island. So did the fog! A bank of enveloping bad visibility just when we were looking forward to showers and dinner. Never having been to Braye before we were apprehensive of the rocks in the approach to the harbour so stood off the shore. The fog horn boomed out four every 20 seconds and seemed to be coming from the same direction each time we fixed onto it. We were in the Alderney Race!! Not daring to close the land and needing to keep station on the light house we set a spinnaker and ran north.

Still that horn kept the same bearing.

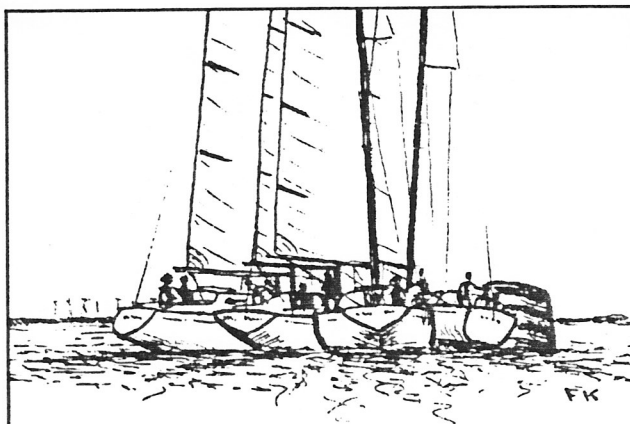
After a further two hours of broad reaching in a good breeze we estimated ourselves to be in much the same position. With darkness not far away a decision must be made. Should we try for Braye now that the ebb was diminishing or should we run north away from the dangers? Fortune smiled on us at last as the fog rolled away as quickly as it had arrived. Fifteen minutes and we were round the corner slipping into the harbour.

As you might imagine the engine refused to start since we had flattened the battery by over use of lights, radio, etc. but nevertheless we managed to find where CCRC was moored and to get alongside ARD RIGH. Everyone had arrived safely - mostly before tea time. RED CLOUD suffered in a similar way to ourselves but prudently opted to motor out of difficulty.

Bill Cartlidge came to our rescue. PENROSE can generate power and charged our battery for which we give our grateful thanks. That proved to cure the Decca problem also.

Was it worth the effort? You bet! An attractive island to visit and a pleasant cruise home in the company of RED CLOUD made up for That Alderney Race.

GEOFF MASKALL
GOPHER-BROKE



IS THIS A FAIRWAY TO ROUND
LANGSTONE

A Kemp eye-view of "Coming To The Crunch" - see last issue of the News of the CCRC World.

A TALE FROM THE LAND OF TELL

A ten-day motoring holiday in Switzerland, Maggie thought, seemed secure from all threat of nautical activity beyond a short ferry crossing to Boulogne. The outward journey was reassuring enough - fine weather, a smooth crossing, and the only minor hiccup of a two hour wait at St. Quentin for the weld-up of a fractured exhaust pipe (bill carefully preserved for the Volvo garage which had given the car its annual service the day before!). A night at St Dizier, with only passing interest in the Canal d l'Est, and so on the next day via Belfort into Switzerland.

The plan was to spend at least part of the holiday with Bob Hopkirk and Christine at their flat at Männedorf, just a stone's throw from the north shore of the Lake of Zürich, and about twelve miles from the city. Bob has accompanied me on a number of the CCRC cruises and did the Fastnet and qualifiers with MONS MEG last year. The arrival of their lively young son shortly afterwards has, however, somewhat curtailed his maritime sailing for the time being, since both he and Chris have fairly demanding jobs.

Bob, (who is now enrolled as a Crew Member of the Club) has a micro-tonner of his own on the lake, called BITS 'N' PIECES, of the Pop-

corn class, slightly smaller than a Sonata but with an inboard 5hp engine and an extremely bendy fractional rig with runners (You wouldn't lend him to me would you, Hugh? I need someone who understands those things! Ed.). Being of very light displacement she is well suited to the summer zephyrs which prevail on the lake. (Strong winds do strike suddenly at times, and the authorities have mounted special flashing beacons (careful, Uncle John) on prominent points to give warning of these.)

During the course of the holiday, which was superb, I made a couple of excursions with Bob, once on our own, and once en famille. I had remembered to pack the Club burgee, and duly flew it at 406m above sea level, is this an altitude record?

The lake is about fifteen nautical miles long (to the bridge at Rapperswil beyond which masted boats cannot go) and no more than two nautical miles wide, but it is deeper than the English Channel in most parts. Swinging moorings are restricted therefore, Bob has one, and there are a lot of marinas, all quite small. The yachts run to much the same sort of size as those in the Solent, but are lighter in

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The Lymington Drift - Continued from Page 1

and ELECTRONIQUE a little behind. The others were too far away to identify clearly.

While most of the fleet passed close to Cowes and RIMAU crossed to join them, DUCHESS stayed close to Bramble Bank and headed for Beaulieu River. As DUCHESS passed north of East Lepe her spinnaker came down. Most of the fleet held theirs as they passed Gunnard Ledge in the stronger current. The wind became progressively lighter and more flukey as the fleet moved west with the tide, MONS MEG gybed her spinnaker to get north across the tide as the paddle steamer WAVERLEY headed back up the Solent.

All the fleet struggled, mainly in vain, to get to port of West Lepe. The Committee boat was anchored towards

the Beaulieu shore displaying the shortened course signal, a most wise decision!

Ahead of us CRISS CROSS and TOO MUCH were the only Alpha boats to make the line. LYNX 2 and ELECTRONIQUE dropped their hooks to prevent themselves from drifting off on the tide. As DUCHESS drifted down on the three knot tide along the north shore boat after boat failed to make it. We crossed at 17.15 heading north at 0.1 knots, the only Beta boat to finish!!

As we rushed back to Emsworth to file this report and enter the ESSC regatta the STS LORD NELSON passed us heading out of Southampton.

Richard Sadwell
DUCHESS - Crew

Sunday Sailing by Richard Creer (with apologies to Peter Tinniswood)

CCRC's oldest competitor reflects on the golden days of yachting, before the advent of alloy winch handles, slab reefing and vessels of foreign manufacture.

As I sit here on the shady side of our sturdy little craft, bobbing about in a flat calm in the vicinity of East Lepe, I find it hard to believe that these very waters were the scene of one of the most gruelling, arduous and exacting yachting events of the memorable summer of 1990.

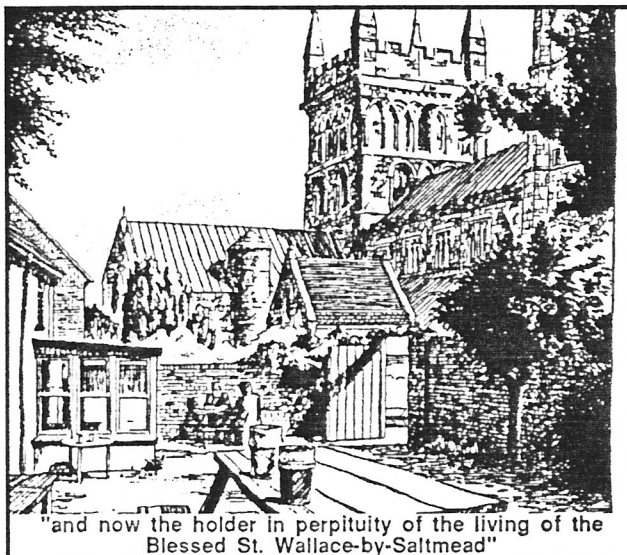
I refer of course to the CCRC Crew's Race.

Let's face it, all the omens were clearly against it. The inexplicable dragging of the Committee Boat's anchor; the unaccountable running aground in deep water of one competitor even before the start; the mysterious disappearance of a major navigational buoy and mark of the course, must all indicate, in the euphonious words of Skip Novak, brother of the delectable Kim, that this was "not a good idea". Only the need to return to their home ports, a desire to add to their collections of garishly decorated china plates and a lack of alternatives in the sailing instructions could have induced those who did take part to subject themselves to beating nearly 20 miles against a brisk easterly and an ever increasing ebb.

On our sturdy little craft I was consoled only by thoughts of my old friend and mentor the Reverend Tarquin "Slack Sheets" Chiversdale, formerly chaplain-general to the Sigma Association and now the holder in perpetuity of the living of the Blessed St. Wallace-by-Saltmead, and by recollections of his memorable sermon given, due to press of weather, in the snug bar of the New Inn, Shalfleet.

The Reverend Chiversdale, or "Slackers" as he is affectionately known to friend and foe alike, was in his time a commanding figure in religious yachting circles. His prowess at helming, or "guiding", his Vestry One Design

DIVINE GRACE was renowned throughout Christendom, and his knowledge of the racing rules was legendary. The latter stood him in good stead during the finals of the 1947 Ecclesiastical Team Racing Championships. Sailing for Archbishop of Canterbury's 'A' against the Seventh Day Adventists Yacht Club, the result hung on a protest concerning Novationism, Semi-Pelagianistic doctrine and luffing rights before the start. Suffice to say, after prolonged deliberation, deep prayer and reference to the



"and now the holder in perpetuity of the living of the Blessed St. Wallace-by-Saltmead"

works of St. Thomas Aquinas, Slacker's superior knowledge of the International Yacht Racing Rules, canonical law and the RYA prescriptions thereto carried the day.

As to his sermon, I shall let the Great Man speak for himself.

'My text for today is taken from Genesis part IV, verse 42.1(a) - "And God said unto Moses, if thou knowest what is good for thee, thou shalt not go to windward".

'And what do I mean by "going to windward"?

'I mean, do I not, that process by which, against all odds, the elements, natural justice and the wishes of his crew, a skipper induces his vessel to progress, albeit slowly, in the direction from which the wind is coming.

'Life is like a yacht race, isn't it?'

The hectic activity at the start; the grim determination of a beat; the heady joy of a run; the tranquillity of a reach; until we cross the finishing line of life to be greeted by the seraphic Officer of the Day.

'And what do I mean by "Officer of the Day"?

'I mean, do I not, that person, selected from amongst his peers, to whom has fallen the unenviable task of awakening early, dropping his hook, breaking out his pennants, tooting his horn and motoring flat out to the vicinity of Chi buoy in the hope that TOO

MUCH an example to us all. If we want to get the most out of life, let us tweak our Cunninghams, tend diligently our main sheets, mark carefully the position of our footlocks, and never, never hoist our spinnakers by the clew.

'What do I mean by "spinnaker"?

'I mean, do I not, that vast expanse of brightly coloured nylon, which to the non-sailor epitomises all that is bright, carefree and gay, yet to the yachtsman epitomises all that is unmanageable, troublesome and wayward.

'Friends, as you trim the spinnaker of life, let the love of God be your Lewmar winchhandle.

'Let His mercy and unbounding wisdom be your backstay tensioner.

'Let His guiding hand be your Decca Navigator, and for His sake never, ever finish the course with the Committee Boat to port.

'Next week my text will be: "And Peter sayeth unto Colin, lo thou art luffing again....."

And so, as the sea breeze begins to ripple the waters around West Lepe, dark mutterings from my skipper awakened me from my reverie.

What's that? What happened in the race? This I cannot tell you, for on our sturdy little craft we saw little of note. I will let the results speak for themselves. You too can contemplate the dominance of vessels of foreign manufacture; wonder at the retirement of such stolid competitors as MONS MEG, ALEXIS and TRUE LOVE; ponder upon the exact whereabouts of PENROSE when her time expired.

But the skipper is becoming increasingly agitated and it is time for me to go. Whither I know not, but for pity's sake don't let it be 20 miles to windward.

**RICHARD CREER
GOLDENEYE**

MUCH has not arrived before him.

'Life is like TOO MUCH, isn't it?

'The fine starts, the leading of the fleet, the line honours, only to find that despite all one's efforts the great hand-capper in the sky has relegated one to the ranks of the also-rans. But are we saddened? Are we downhearted? No - we are furious and roundly condemn the officers of the Royal Ocean Racing Club and assorted members of the Chichester Harbour Conservancy who between them had the audacity to develop the Chichester Harbour System of handicapping with its in-built bias against French yachts with light displacements and long water lines. Er, hem, but I digress

'And is there not in TOO

A Quiet Weekend Cruising to Lymington

8th/9th September

Conversation at the Itchenor Casket dinner:-

"It's about time we had a contribution from you for the CCRC News"

"What me?" came the reply (speaker having had several pints of Itchenor's excellent ale)

"Delighted - any time"

"Well how about next weekend when we race to Lymington - thank you very much" said Mr Dandridge

A Week later:-

"I'm sure I heard you promise Brian that you would write the race report this weekend" said the navigator

"What me?" came the reply (speaker having hangover from dinner at Itchenor Sailing Club the previous evening)

"Delighted - anytime".

The promise of a beautiful

autumnal weekend with a forecast of NW 2-3 becoming perhaps NE 2-3 on Sunday attracted some 16 boats (difficult to count it was so busy at Chi beacon).

As we buzzed around our OOD, MARIGOLD, resplendent in lots of flags with curious meanings, two things became apparent. Firstly there was no wind, secondly C.Y.C planned to use the same start line and time for their race to Lymington (why don't we do it together?).

Thus John very sensibly decided to take his fleet to Spit Sand Fort in the hope that some wind would fill in. His decision was justified and about 14.30 he managed to get both fleets away together on a spinnaker reach to the first mark, W. Lepe.

On A.L. we made an "interesting" start. At the gun, the starting line ahead of us

was obscured by the huge hull of PENROSE, broadside on. To avoid collision (which Bill would not have noticed but which would probably have sunk A.L.). We sailed below her only to spend the next ten minute's trying to get out of her lee.

A new boat, X99 JEKYLL, also underestimated Penrose at the start, and returned to restart, presumably having hit the buoy. It did not take her long to catch up again however - formidable speed in the light winds - I hope she has a huge Channel handicap.

From our position at the rear of the fleet it seemed that MAJOR GAMBLE and CRISS CROSS had made the best starts along with TOO MUCH and BROWN BOMBER. The wind, such as it was, seemed to be S-SE, a sea breeze which might die in the early evening we feared. Most of the fleet edged towards the Island to give both better tide and a better point of sale, but one or two stayed in the middle, including CRISS CROSS, TOO MUCH and DUCHESSE.

Fortunes on the long reach to the West Solent came and went with the fluky breeze but passing Prince Consort, MAJOR GAMBLE and JEKYLL led the southerly pack but CRISS CROSS and TOO MUCH were ahead on the Northerly course.

In the event, CRISS CROSS and TOO MUCH from Alpha succeeded in leaving W. Lepe to port at the first try as did DUCHESSE in Beta. Most of us then retired having been carried the wrong side of the mark but the two Freds, Kemp and Portwin decided to kedge in the hope that wind or tide would eventually come to their assistance. They were both rewarded, with ELECTRONIQUE the last to finish just before 1900.

We found Lymington very crowded and no moorings had been reserved for us at the Yacht Haven so we had to moor on piles above Berthon Marina. Much cheaper but less convenient than the yacht haven. Despite few of us having dinghies (with the notable exception of PENROSE)

we all managed to get ashore and back to our boats later either by ferry or with Bill's help, so that we could enjoy a pleasant evening at the Lymington Town Sailing Club.

Sunday dawned the most beautiful day with sun and a gentle N.E. breeze. By 8.30 a.m., however, the tide had emptied the Lymington River such that TOO MUCH was firmly aground. She eventually came off with the aid of a tow from LYNX and we all followed BROWN BOMBER out to Delta for the start, not without bumping the bottom a couple of times in our case.

It seems we lost the odd boat or two overnight, GUNSHOT and JEKYLL for sure, because I could count only 13 boats for the return race.

By now the wind was N.E. 3 and with a smooth sea, a roaring flood tide and sunshine, a super day was in prospect. Paul got the Beta fleet away at 9.30 on a port tack start and we followed at 9.45.

Once again A.L.'s start left something to be desired as I tried to come across on starboard and then tack on to port for clear wind. As it turned out I managed to get myself into both CRISS CROSS's and MAJOR GAMBLE's dirty! We had a lovely leg across to Gurnard in the company of LYNX who tacked before us but TOO MUCH, CRISS CROSS and MAJOR GAMBLE led the fleet having pointed higher. We stood on longer than Freddie in the strong tide by the Island and when we crossed tacks with LYNX found ourselves well ahead.

Approaching Cowes, however, the wind became very light and fickle. Those closet to the Island lost out badly and once again on crossing tacks, LYNX was ahead of us. Approaching our first mark, E Bramble, we could see BROWN BOMBER very sensibly flying the S flag. It became touch and go as to whether the wind would hold to allow us to finish but in the end we managed together

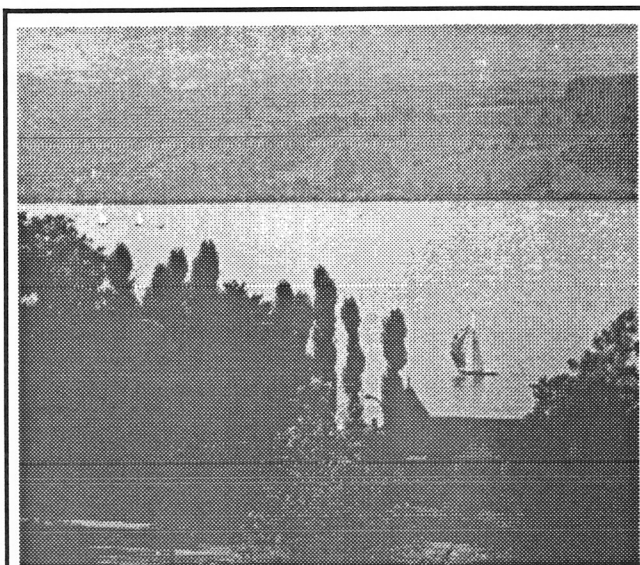
Tale from the Land of Tell Continued from Page 2

general - Aphrodite 101s and the slightly smaller M1s and M2s are popular. Cruiser racing, however, does not appear to have caught on, and I have suggested that Bob should establish a Swiss branch of CCRC, since the local yacht clubs are rather stuffy and expensive, it seems.

Day sailing is fun, though, and no-one seems to mind, or

charge for, a temporary berth in one of the marinas while one goes ashore for a lunch of Bratwürt and salad in a lake-side restaurant. Zürichsee being one of the lower lakes, its water is not too glacial in summer, and bathing from the boat on a hot summer's day is a delight.

H.A.C.



"The lake is about 15 miles long, 2 wide and deeper than the English Channel."-

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with Lynx but behind CRISS CROSS and MAJOR GAMBLE. TOO MUCH seemed to have lost out over by the Island and finished behind us.

Further back we could see ELECTRONIQUE, PENROSE, THE ADVOCATE and MONS MEG all struggling to complete the short course. I am afraid I could not see the finishing order in Beta.

There followed a gentle motor home in time for a pint at Itchenor Sailing Club. A relaxing end to a peaceful weekend. Many thanks to our two O.O.D's for imaginative reactions to difficult conditions.

RPM

EDITORIAL

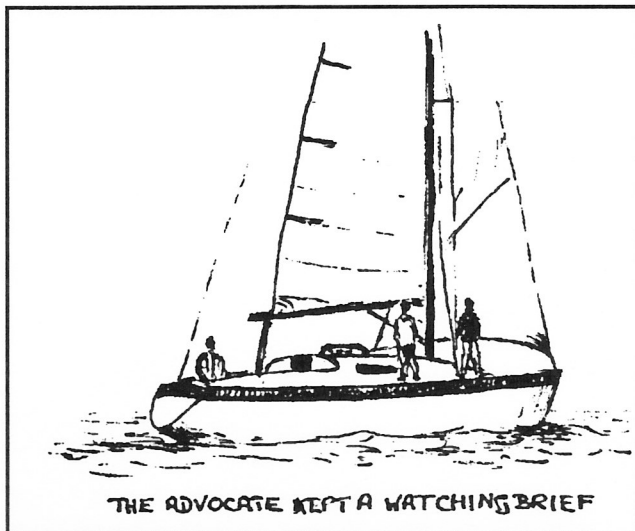
Once again I would like to thank all the contributors for the material you have provided for this issue.

You will have noticed, I am sure, the two cartoons from Freddie Kemp. These were originally intended for the last issue to go with John Dunkley's description of the Langstone Fairway "Crunch" as seen from THE ADVOCATE. I hope Freddie will be a regular contributor with similar input inspired by your stories of everyday sailing folk, the Mike Peyton of the CCRC!

I hope to have sufficient material for one more issue this season, but perhaps some of you may feel inclined to provide reports on your activities in the Winter Series, in which case there may be more.

Thanks again for all your time in putting these reports together.

Brian Dandridge



CCRC RACING FROM BOTH ENDS OF THE FLEET

Race 20

The Itchenor Casket.

Finding myself at a loose end this Saturday because my usual crew were away I decided to ring Trevor Rose of TOO MUCH to see if I could crew for him. Be at Bosham Quay at 10.00am was his prompt reply.

Being ever so keen I found myself on the quay at 9.00am whiling away the time observing the Bosham Club members preparing and launching their dinghies. At ten to ten Trevor and Monica arrived with Vaughan, another crew member.

"Looks as though we'll be short handed," said Trevor wondering if Andrew and Lindsay would turn up. Not wanting to be late we all piled into the Bosham Club launch and were taken out to TOO MUCH on her mooring. Once aboard Trevor took TOO MUCH back to the quay to find the wayward crew members waiting for us.

The sails were hoisted on leaving the Bosham Channel. Shortly after I received my first lesson, half a hundred-weight of aluminium swept across the deck to remove anything that might cause extra windage. My head which was about 4" above the genoa winch was about 1" too high so was smartly hammered into position!

We arrived at the start line to find the course was No. 8. Trevor announced that the

line was biased in favour of the buoy, but in the event approached from the Committee Boat end on port. Sheets were hardened as we rounded and this thoroughbred of the sea leaped forward straight at a wall of alphas on starboard. With another smaller alpha to starboard we seemed hemmed in. When I opened my eyes a few seconds later we were in the clear. TOO MUCH must have gone through with only inches to spare. Lindsay had programmed the Decca and it was found that Dean Elbow, the first mark, could be laid in one go. All the starboard tackers had to tack which allowed us to move into second behind a leviathan called TRILOGY II.

Half way to the first mark we came up to THE ADVOCATE. Sheets were hardened up and we took her to windward. At Dean Elbow, jib down, spinnaker up, we ran off to Langstone dealing with the remaining Betas. Round Langstone, kite down, jib up, chased after TRILOGY now a long way ahead. Three tacks and we were back at Dean Elbow, jib down, spinnaker up, for another go at Langstone, then back to East Winner and then Chi. Never did catch TRILOGY, although it is not surprising that TOO MUCH is fast because at three and a half tons she weighs as much as our kit on RED CLOUD.

Back in harbour I was given the helm and told to take her home. (I was probably given the job as we were over the speed limit!). Back on the mooring with everything stowed away we caught the launch back to the quay.

Thanks Trevor, Monica and the crew of TOO MUCH for a pleasant and interesting day.

RACE 21

Back on RED CLOUD

On Sunday I arrived late at the marina to find Dot and John already there. (They never did get to visit their father, their car broke down!) Clearing the lock we motored down the harbour raising sail on the way. We arrived at the Committee Boat under sail

and were told the course was 'A' with Dean Elbow in place of Dean Tail.

This being the Pursuit Race our start was 10.48. Sailing down the line on port we were too near the buoy when our gun went off so we came about onto starboard and crossed the line like a tortoise compared with the thoroughbred of yesterday. Not making much progress on starboard, tried port, before deciding starboard was best after all! Rounded East Winner, now behind MARIGOLD. We held our own out to Dean Elbow. On the down wind leg to Chi under spinnaker we kept within range of MARIGOLD. At Hard the boat we suspected was ELECTRONIQUE left it to port and made off towards Hayling Island. GOPHER BROKE, ahead of MARIGOLD lowered her spinnaker as if to follow. Realising her mistake the spinnaker blossomed again as she came back on course to Chi. We were overtaken by CARAGH and RIMAU on this leg and also GUNSHOT just before the buoy.

We lowered our kite on rounding and took a course towards Hayling following RIMAU. On approaching East Winner for the second time we were most surprised to find that we were in front of MARIGOLD, that's never happened before! Rounding East Winner our delay in getting the 'Chief' flying allowed MARIGOLD to draw level. We stayed close to Hard and John pulled ahead. By this time the thoroughbred was bearing down on us. Willing RED CLOUD onwards we crossed the line a few lengths behind MARIGOLD and only just in front of TOO MUCH. In fact so close that TOO MUCH had overtaken us before we reached the Red Chi Buoy. There were still a number of boats behind us so as I had seen a race from the front on TOO MUCH we were lucky not to see a race from right at the back this time.

Alan Froom