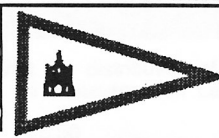


# NEWS OF THE CCRC WORLD

ESTABLISHED 1988

NO.90/04

SEPTEMBER 1990



## VICE COMMODORE DOES IT AGAIN WITH VICTORY IN THE SCHRODER CUP, 1st Contessa 32 and 2nd Class 5.

A full report from Hugh Caldwell follows.

*I had not competed in the annual JOG Cowes - St Peter Port race before, but had heard such enthusiastic accounts of it - and of the subsequent party - that I decided to "blow" the*

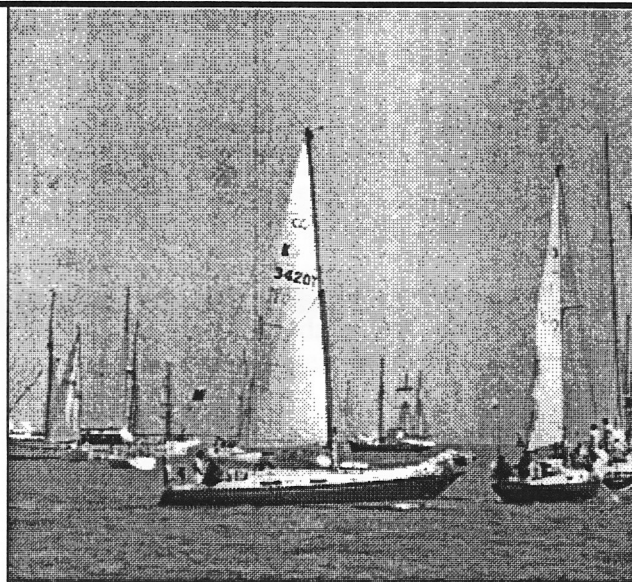
remains of my annual leave on this as my final long-distance race of the season. And a jolly good decision it turned out to be.

There was as ever, the nail-biting in the preceding weeks over crew. Half-a-dozen "maybes" are not a lot of use. But in the end, a good bunch came on board that calm and sunny Friday morning. Frank Hetherington, fresh from a stint at a Glenans establishment near Marseilles, Phil Girling, another Irishman but from the north, Andy Roberts, a Fastnet veteran, and his flatmate John Parsons, the only Englishman, a newcomer to the boat whom I hope to see back again.

Light winds were promised, and we topped up with fuel before motoring down

from Northney. A good battery charge was needed, and it was not until we reached the Forts that the kite was set to a light southerly breeze. GUNSHOT overtook us under power. At the start area the wind had come westerly force 2 with a rip tide running off Egypt Point to the westward. It was going to be a tricky start. A series of large inflatable buoys had been moored at 100m intervals along the shore, possibly for a powerboat slalom. One was more or less in the middle of the Squadron line, and we found them useful for checking the rate of drift down to the line. The technique we used was to motor two buoys upstream, stop the engine just before the

Continued Page 5, Column 1



Hugh and MONS MEG jostle for position at the start of the 1990 Fastnet Race.

"I'm going to put this one up it matches FOHN WIND" said Darling.

**RACE 17 - PASSAGE TO PORCHESTER as seen from PENROSE III**

"But Darling" said Denis "You can't fly Blue Peter without a Class flag." "I don't see why not - they do on Television" and so saying she hoisted it with her old fashioned look that renders Denis speechless.

It took GUNSHOT to look Darling in the eye and ask politely for a class flag. That sorted out the Beta fleet lined themselves up for a Spinnaker start. DUCHESS, GOPHER BROKE, ARD RIGH, SAREEMA, RIMAU & PENROSE III manoeuvring in the lightest winds eased over the line on the tide and started drifting Westwards. Before long the Alphas FIRST SIGHT, ANNA LOUISE, GUNSHOT, BROWN BOMBER, LYNX 2 and ELECTRONIQUE were trying to steal what little wind there was.

It was about here - half way to the first mark that the following exchange was heard on the radio:

BROWN BOMBER: "Hello Peter, I know there's been a problem with Porchester sailing club - could you tell me what the dining arrangements are for tonight?"

GUNSHOT: "We're rafting up on the piles at Porchester and PENROSE and ourselves

are doing the catering."

BROWN BOMBER: "Oh good, could I book five please?" (You'd think he was booking a table at the Ritz wouldn't you?)

GUNSHOT: "Yes - I think we can manage."

PENSHOT AND GUNROSE exclusive caterers to CCRC was formed twenty-four hours before this exchange to wine and dine 35 to 40 people. To hear that we are accepting late bookings in the middle of the briney while approaching the first mark was not music to my ears.

"Let go the Spinnaker" Bill called - I took the opportunity while hauling the spinnaker below to do a quick inventory and decided we were short of potato salad. You realise - all some people have to do is race their boats - others have major worries like a potato shortage.

We noticed we were bringing up the rear and PENROSE was the only boat having to tack to the Cambrian Wreck. FOHN WIND hovering nearby to see fair play said we could go direct to Lucas as we were so far behind. I accepted his kind offer on the grounds that I had to get some more potatoes but Bill didn't.

## EDITORIAL

Well, dear reader, the observant ones amongst you may have noticed that the piccies are back! I am now pleased to say that I have invested in a small hand scanner for my DTP (Desk Top Publishing) system, and so will be able to accommodate any suitable material you may wish to contribute.

Storage of images on a computer is very expensive in terms of the amount of memory they consume, so I am limited to one photo per page of a size typically illustrated above, so please don't be offended if I am unable to use your individual contribution. Secondly, due to the limitations of the technology, pictures should be as "bright" as possible and not too cluttered. I am only sorry no one had a camera to hand to capture the

"Crunch", (See John Dunkley's report on the Itchenor Casket).

Once again I would like to thank all those of you who have provided input for this and the next issue. Please keep them coming.

Finally, we have another new column in this issue, namely The TREASURER'S TIPS. I am sure many of you will have already heard how Jim discovered that the show-ers at one end of St. Vaast are one franc cheaper than those at the other end. Well, Jim reveals two more money saving tips, and assures me he has more to come.

Brian Dandridge

Round the wreck, spinnaker up, and with a little extra wind we are in hot pursuit of the fleet. We're closing the gap - they're rounding Lucas dropping their spinnakers - they've slowed up - lost the wind - they're drifting on the tide - yippee we're catching them - just a minute we're losing the wind - the tide's got us - we've got no steerage. Lucas sits tantalisingly close. "Get out the Sweeps" yells Bill. This is a command not heard before on any PENROSE and it confuses the crew. "GET OUT THE SWEEPS!!" Stu, humouring the Skipper, produces an oar from the lazarette.

"I can't reach the water" he says, precariously balanced on the toerail. "Try paddling off the stern" Bill advises. Dead in the water and fascinated by this departure from normal routines - the entire crew is hanging over the stern watching Stu's attempts to influence the direction of the boat.

"Are you in trouble" says Solent Rescue hopefully as they whiz alongside in their inflatable looking for customers. "We saw everyone hanging over the stern - have you got a problem with your rudder or prop?" "No" says Bill with dignity. "We're fine. We're racing actually - just having a spot of bother rounding this mark."

"You could give our bows a push" I said, still worried about the potato shortage. Bill glared at me and Solent Rescue pointed out that this was against racing rules. I went below and counted the lettuces and decided I was one short.

It was about this time that LYNX decided to head for Ryde and the rest of the Alpha and Beta Fleets, pointing East but travelling West, spread over much of the Solent. Suddenly a 180 degree wind shift. Spinnaker up - and there blossoming ahead are all the betas having private luffing battles. A dash to North Sturbridge a respect-

able gybe at Saddle and there was FOHN WIND waiting for us at Boyne.

I had taken steps to alleviate the potato problem whilst spending a quiet half hour looking at Lucas. I had radioed GUNSHOT, who were crossing the line sideways at the time, they promised to acquire 6lbs of new potatoes and a lettuce in Gosport.

At Portchester BROWN BOMBER thoughtfully parked between GUNSHOT and PENROSE providing a useful buffet area. GUNSHOT was a hive of activity. Two Barbeques were set up on her stern, marinated chicken and sausages were soon cooking while the famous GUNSHOT Pimms was being prepared. The pimms bucket was quite clean, Peter assured me, as it had been very calm in the Solent. Many helpers descended on PENROSE the potato salad, green salad, vegetables & fruit were all washed dealt with appropriately. Pizza's and Garlic Bread filled every available oven then Peter arrived with the biggest tin of Baked Beans I'd ever seen - they'd been on GUNSHOT for about a year and this was an ideal opportunity to get rid of them! Gradually everyone drifted over to the central raft and the party began.

From the moment we tasted the pimms we knew it was going to be a classic CCRC evening, need I say more? We ate, and talked and drank and sang only interrupted briefly when we realised nearly all the boats were aground and ELECTRONIQUE was trying to make love to LYNX. The Party culminated in a disco aboard PENROSE with, at one stage, about 20 revellers raving below.

And the answer to the question you've all been waiting to ask....Yes there was enough potato salad.

Den PENROSE III

## TREASURER'S TIPS.

- 1) If you intend to spend more than five days in St. Vaast during any calendar month, then it is better to pay for a month's berthing. We recently stayed there for a total of six days in two three day visits, and later discovered we would have saved around fifty francs if we had paid for a whole month!
- 2) Those of you who, like me, are concerned at the rapidly increasing marina fees we all face here in the South of England may be interested to know that the annual rate for a 31' Dehler in CARENTAN is just £700. The trouble is it is rather a long way to the start line! Perhaps the C.C.R.C should become the Carentan Cruiser Racing Club!!

## C.C.R.C. Ties & Flags

Members may be interested to note that the distribution of club ties, burgees etc. is now handled by our treasurer, Jim Laing.

Currently there are available:-Ties	£5.50
Small Burgees (10")	£5.00
Large Burgees (15")	£8.00

Extra large burgees, such as worn by Penrose III, may also be ordered, please contact for the price.

Jim can be contacted on Horsham (0403) 67522, and, of course on most C.C.R.C weekends.

## RACE REPORT FOR JULY 29TH 1990 from your correspondent aboard Brown Bomber 2.

Before the start of today's big race, we join our correspondents for their re-race comments.

"I feel awful" - Kate 'Caroline' Adie - Guardrail  
 "Do we have to race?" - Ian 'Mike' McCaskill - Foredeck  
 "Why don't we just toddle off home - John 'Clive' Cole - Cockpit

"There's no way we're putting up the spinnaker" Kenneth 'Paul' Baker - Helm.

So, as you can see, our correspondents are all ready and keen to take part in today's race from Portsmouth to Chi, unaffected by last night's revelry.

And now its over to JCC and KPB reporting from the cockpit:

JCC "... its coming up to the Beta start and its a very close run thing. PENROSE III, MARIGOLD, RIMAU, SAREEMA, GOPHER BROKE and ARD RIGH are all vying for the best position in the opinion polls, sorry the start line followed by TOPPY TOO"

KPB - "That's very interesting! They're not line shy are they?"

Over to KCA for the action as seen from the guardrail.

KCA - "...there are guns going off all around me now at exactly five minute intervals. They appear to be coming from a dark blue boat and I've heard five shots so far."

And back to the Cockpit where KPB is returning from the Inner Browndown Outfall.

KPB - "That's very interesting! I should perhaps recommend at this point in time, that a sail may be useful at the front."

After the sixth shot the Alpha fleet, GUNSHOT, FIRST SIGHT, LYNX, ELECTRONIQUE and BROWN BOMBER, sets off towards Lucas. Up ahead kites are appearing and SAREEMA briefly adopts the wine-glass style made to popular by BROWN BOMBER this season.

KPB - "That's very interesting!"

Turning now towards Langstone Fairway we go back to JCC in the cockpit;

JCC - "There are some very exciting swings on the Kiteometer. In the last few moments we have seen Gunshot, Lynx and First Sight all swing from left to right and back to right again."

Over to KCA as there seems to be some action at Langstone Fairway.

KCA - "...and we've just seen a brief but fierce confrontation between Gunshot and her crew. It appears that the boat is determined to continue towards Chi and won't let the crew take the spinnaker down. I think the crew are now regaining control."

We go back now to IMM on the foredeck for an exchange of view with KPB at the helm.

IMM - "GUNSHOT and LYNX are definitely catching us"

KPB - "That's very interesting!"

IMM - "MARIGOLD's coming across on Starboard - we need to tack"

KPB - "That's very interesting!"

IMM - "The tide is taking us the wrong side of Dean Elbow"

KPB - "That's very interesting!"

Let's go over to KCA now for the latest report on the situation.

KCA - "From my position here I can see Penrose rounding Dean Tail with SAREEMA and RIMAU in pursuit. We have just seen ARD RIGH, GOPHER BROKE and MARIGOLD still engaged in this contest in spite of potentially damaging hangovers".

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And now, as we proceed towards East Winner under kite, we go over to IMM on the foredeck.

IMM - "The conditions here are quite windy, as I forecasted earlier. As we pass close to this parked tanker I'm sure we will see a reduction in wind strength. Er.. you have seen the parked tanker?"

KPB - "That's very interesting!"

As we head towards Chi, its back to JCC in the Cockpit.

JCC - "One again we have a slight difference in the opinion poll: PENROSE, SAREEMA, GOPHER BROKE and GUNSHOT are all continuing to carry their spinnakers. In my opinion the wind has gone round now and we could have flown the kite"

KPB - "That's very interesting!"

Back to KCA for a final look at the action.

KCA - "We are approaching CHI now and, yes, we are again under fire from a dark blue boat. It is all very exciting!"

Thank you, "Kate"

Over to IMM - Foredeck

IMM - "It has been a particularly good day today and as I predicted we have had sunshine, clouds and plenty of wind -the baked beans last night worked well."

"Er..Thank you, Ian"

And a final comment from JCC in the cockpit.

JCC - "It is a most intriguing situation that we have here at Chichester today. Potentially a number of boats may have been successful in their challenge for the leadership of the party" "Thank you, John"

And finally a question for KPB on the Helm. "Tell me Kenneth, Why do you say 'That's very interesting' so frequently?"

KPB - "Well, I'm practising for when I have the children on board -every time I want to say "B\*\*\*\*\*!" I have to say "That's very interesting!"

Marion  
Brown

Bomber

**CLUB NOTICE**  
PLEASE NOTE THE  
FOLLOWING DATES.

**10 November.** The A.G.M. will be held at the Chichester Yacht Club beginning at 11a.m.

**17 November.** The Laying Up supper and Prize Giving at Frensham Pond Hotel, NOT the 7th as shown in the Year Book.

## CCRC CATERING CORPS TO THE RESCUE when Portchester has to pull out.

During the past few seasons the trip round to PORTCHESTER SAILING CLUB has been a popular fixture with a high turn out from the CCRC.

Unfortunately, this year their catering staff pulled out just ten days before our scheduled visit causing a major headache for our Sailing and Hon Secs.

However, into the breach stepped Peter and Di on GUNSHOT, and Bill and Denise on PENROSE III. Together, they formed the CCRC Catering Corps, and laid on the basis of a superb rafting party, providing ample

sufficiency for all present. As with the trip to the Normandie Restaurant earlier this season, a possible disaster was turned into a classic CCRC evening. The new Portchester night spot, the P III Disco, was unrivalled even by the more established venue within Port Solent!

On behalf of all, a very big "thank you" to Bill, Den, Pete and Di.



Denise and Colin sample the famous GUNSHOT Pimms off Portchester

## GENTLEMAN JIM BOMBED OUT!!!

**THE CITRON PRESSE DECANTER AS SEEN FROM PETRA.**

Billed as 'essentially a fun event' the pursuit race turned out to be anything but that for most of the competitors at one time or another. Most frustrated of all must have been the crew of CARAGH led by Jim Laing who stuck doggedly to the task of picking off those in front one by one whilst keeping a wary eye on those bigger boats trundling up from behind. Jim & Co. walked this tight rope for nearly three hours before being gradually overhauled on the final spinnaker run by the Commodore in BROWN BOMBER and then, in only the last few strides by the 'other' Westerly Storm 33 PETRA steered rather nervously by your scribe. To add

insult to injury the Race Officers report that Jim had lost more than enough time at the end of the first run when he seemed to have misunderstood the finishing arrangements and headed for the harbour half an hour before expiry of the time limit, instead of starting the second beat; however he soon realised his mistake, doused the spinnaker and returned to the fray without losing too many places (Ed note: Kay firmly denies any such misunderstanding but is having difficulty explaining how Jim expected to carry the spinnaker hard on the wind! and before receiving any such guidance from MONS MEG - see below!)

The day had dawned sunny and it must have

Continued Page 4, Column 1

## COMING TO THE CRUNCH or A LACK OF JUDGMENT AT LANGSTONE FAIRWAY.

Race 20, The Itchenor Casket as seen from MARIGOLD.

"It was no joke," said Andrew, the skipper of JOKER, which had the inside berth at the mark. Both the light south-westerly wind and the tide had been pushing the boats onto the mark, which was to be left to starboard. Five boats, their multi-coloured kites flying high, were converging on Langstone Fairway (the mark in question) and the nearer they got the narrower the gap became. And so they came to the CRUNCH!

MONS MEG, hassled, said Hugh, by the all-seeing GOLDER, attempted to put a warning shot cross the bows of HUNGRY TIGER, which was going for the overlap. The TIGER, angered by this show of aggression and unwilling to become easy cannon fodder, snapped hungrily at MEG's transome - crash, bang, wallop!

All this under the stern gaze of that eminent legal eagle, THE ADVOCATE, which - the bespectacled view from her spinnaker notwithstanding - resisted the temptation to take the offenders to court (ie protest committee) and nipped through on the inside as the protagonists sorted themselves and their spinnakers into some semblance of order.

At least, that was the story as told to us at the Itchenor bar that evening. We were, you understand, far too far away to see what really happened!! Which goes to show that being asked to write the race report takes your mind off things. There is no easier way of demoralising the opposition and taking the pleasure out of their kite flying.

It was the Itchenor open race for the Alpha Fleet and the Wallace Cup for the Betas. The omens were good. With the August heatwave stretching into the first days of September, MARIGOLD had conscripted her specialist light weather windward helmperson - Carolynne, an accomplished pot winner from the Laser fleet - who has won races for us before. A helpful postponement meant that for once we reached the start with time to spare. The sun shone, the sea sparkled, and the gentle SW breeze made for near perfect sailing. We sailed

Continued Page 4, Column 4-

seemed very lonely for TOPPY TOO when she set off at 10.30hrs a full eighteen minutes ahead of RED CLOUD, after whom another 14 boats set off at regular intervals under the eagle eye of Race Officers Tim Kinross and Ian Buxton who (having grappled with the course indicators and overcome a tide-rode anchorage) set a challenging course to the west into a fast fading breeze, but at least with the first of the ebb assisting the beat down to East Winner and the fetch onto Dean Elbow. This worked out fine for all but TOO MUCH, TRUE LOVE GB, and the late arrivals ENCHANTRESS and THE ADVOCATE who all had some difficulty getting away from the line only to find that the tide was rather too strong for the breeze when they turned the windward mark for the first time. Meanwhile, BROWN BOMBER II and the two Storms were the last to get to the leeward mark before the wind died completely and these three were then able to pursue their relentless task of overhauling the luckless smaller boats to windward. At one stage on the second beat

MONS MEG managed to set a shy spinnaker, having 'apparently' learnt the trick on the jaunt to Guernsey the previous weekend. Most of the others tried a more traditional approach and all were rewarded in the end as the wind filled in again from much the same direction as previously.

Somewhere along the way ELECTRONIQUE had hit the front but was then observed to have turned Hard instead of Chi Buoy so that although she crossed the line first, she had then to heed the advice of would be barrack room lawyers and retire gracefully.

The finishing order in the middle ranks was then 4th GUNSHOT followed by RIMAU, GOPHER BROKE, MONS MEG, MARIGOLD and RED CLOUD who just managed to hold off the fast finishing TOO MUCH in a strengthening westerly wind. There was then a bit of a gap until TOPPY TOO hove into view to finish some four hours and twenty minutes after getting the proceedings under way; she gave us a wave which we took to mean that they had all enjoyed the day's sail despite pretending

to be rather reluctant participants until a sufficient quantity of Itchenor claret had been consumed the previous evening!

After a further interval in the parade ENCHANTRESS arrived to be followed a little later by TRUE LOVE who had unfortunately found themselves the wrong side of Hard with the spinnaker drawing too strongly to allow the mistake to be easily corrected, thus GOLDENEYE (with Richard Creer sporting his brand new dayglow bermuda shorts) was able to slip through followed fairly closely by PENROSE III whose crew, as always, seemed to have enjoyed the race despite the result, indeed some two hours later she was observed to have set off again for a motor/sail up towards Itchenor for the second evening running. Sadly for the rest of us we then had to return home content in the knowledge that it was only a 'fun event' (what price fancy dress next year?) and that honour had been satisfied by (once again), diplomatically allowing the Commodore to take home the booty.

Glenn Jones

up and down the line to suss out the options: it was clearly a port tack start for the beat to Dean Elbow.

Foolishly, there are those amongst us who cannot resist a bit of aggro. The sight of all those hopeful port-tack starters bunching at the Committee Boat end of the line led to wicked thoughts of the mayhem we could cause as we charged down towards them on starboard. RIMAU and THE ADVOCATE were clearly gripped by the same compulsion.

The consequence was that CADENZA, KANDY, and JOKER all got clear away to an excellent start on port nearer the pin end of the line!

With Dean Elbow as the first mark, this down-wind group had some climbing to do and several found it difficult. CADENZA searched out a helpful lift about half way up the leg. GOPHER BROKE also benefitted, as did TRILOGY, leading the Alphas. They were followed round the windward mark by RIMAU, ARD RIGH and MARIGOLD.

Chutes were raised for the run to Langstone Fairway and the stately TRILOGY set a steady pace as she pulled out ahead on a more easterly course than the rest of the fleet. DUCHESS, TOO MUCH and DEUCALION followed, too early to witness the crunch, with CADENZA and GOPHER BROKE leading the Betas.

With little lateral tidal advantage in the gently freshening breeze, the fleet split tacks for the beat back to Dean Elbow. CADENZA consolidated her lead on the second run to Langstone Fairway with Ard Righ a clear second.

TRILOGY, meanwhile, was rounding East Winner - the penultimate mark - with the majority of the fleet still running down to the fairway buoy. But the advantage was not good enough to save her time. The Itchenor Casket went to SOLITUDE II on corrected time, with LAST STRAW second, DEUCALION third, and BROWN BOMBER fourth.

CADENZA tooltled home a clear winner of the Wallace Cup with GOPHER BROKE second, DUCHESS third and KANDY fourth. You could say the eight of them had it bottled up! As for the protests, they were heard at the bar and over an excellent dinner, and were mainly of the "We woz robbed" variety. The judge has yet to give his verdict on the crunch, but the "obiter dicta" could be interesting.

John Dunkley-

## PETRA, LYNX 2, and ALEXIS(?) head the fleet in windy conditions earlier this season

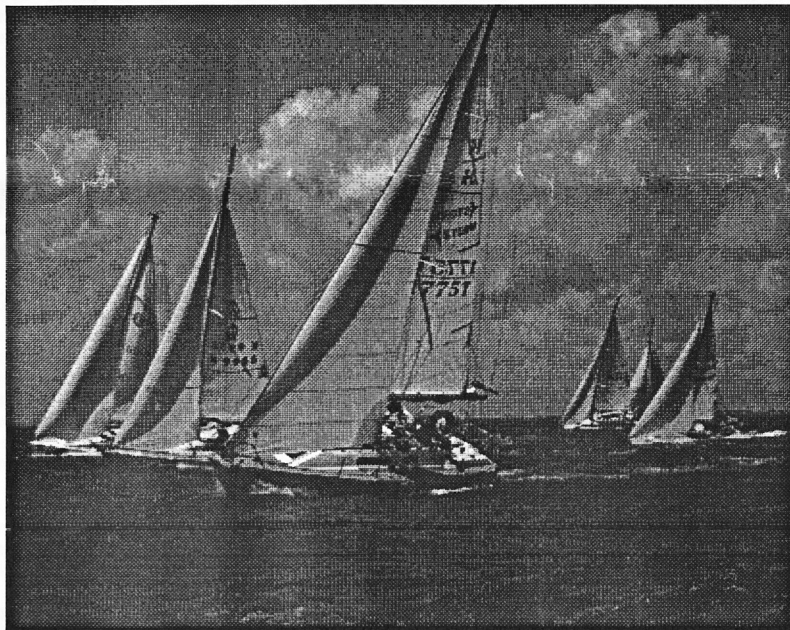


Photo by PAULINE CROSSTHWAITE taken from CRISS CROSS.



five minute gun and tack down. This left us about twenty seconds shy of the line. MAJOR GAMBLE was less fortunate. Over the line at the start, Mike soon realized that there was no hope of beating the tide, retired and motored back to Chi to join the CCRC race to Alderney! There's dedication for you!

The fleet contained about fifteen other Contessas, including ILEX OF UPNOR (who beat us in the Fastnet), and MOONGIRL (who beats us all the time.) and other CCRC boats SAREEMA and GUNSHOT.

It was a light weather beat down the western Solent, trying to find the best combination of wind and tide. The weather was sunny with a haze which reduced visibility. Approaching the Needles we tacked too far south and realized, almost too late, that we were in serious danger of being set the wrong side of Bridge buoy, a mark of the course. I had expected more west and less south in the tide. Desperately we bore away, and got just about enough boat speed to clear the buoy, with a foot to spare, by dint of flicking her tail round it. As my toes uncurled and the whiteness disappeared from my knuckles, I looked back to see that two other Contessas had been less fortunate and were setting their kites in a forlorn attempt to get back round the buoy..

Safely(?) into the Channel, we initially made a short port leg westward. Then, as the wind headed, we tacked to SSW and essentially remained on that tack for the remainder of the race.

Dinner (soup, chicken casserole and rice) was a civilized affair in the quiet conditions, preceeded by a 'happy hour'. By nine o'clock the wind had fallen light, but had freed a little. Mindfull of the advice of Freddie Kemp, that master of light weather sailing, to "keep the boat moving", we set the kite, very shy, and managed about 3-4 knots. The tide had by now set east and we knew that we had to clear the Casquets by nine the following morning if we were not to miss the tidal 'gate'. In the light conditions there was no way we could hedge our bets by making more westing since the extra miles to be covered would wipe out any advantage. We could only go straight for it and hope that the wind would give us half a chance.

Around midnight the wind fell so light that we lost steerage way and had to drop the kite after a wrap up. Fortunately the calm was

short lived and we had the kite set again, logging 4 - 4.5 knots for the rest of the night.

At 0300 the tide turned SW and we were soon making 8 knots over the ground towards our next waypoint, just west of the Casquets. As day dawned, we found ourselves in close company with a Sigma 33 and two or three cables ahead of another 32 which turned out to be TRADER JO. This was heartening as she is one of the more competitive Contessas in long races.

By 0915 we had achieved our first objective, being WSW of the Casquets, and we still had TRADER JO nicely covered. Since the tide was now setting strongly east, our change of heading was in fact minimal. The critical point passed, we took breakfast, while keeping careful tabs on the bearing of the next mark, Platte Fougere, and on our track over the ground. The tidal charts are a bit sketchy in this area.

We passed Platte Fougere and entered the Little Russel around noon, and found we could carry the kite as far as the next (starboard) hand mark, Platte. There the genoa was set as we hardened up for the finish line.

Readers of Admiralty Notices will know that a new beacon, Canupe, has been set up on the dangerous rock of that name, and for some reason the skipper decided that it was imperative to pass to the east (seaward) of the same. Thus we went out into the stronger tide and allowed TRADER JO to catch us up; she actually established an overlap, but some masterly luffing by Andy Roberts, who was now on the helm, held her off.

In a last desperate bid to pass us TRADER JO set her small kite, but we were just too high on the wind for it to be effective. We readied our own large kite for a quick hoist but did not need to use it. Still an exciting finish to the race, if unnecessarily so.

On entering St Peter Port we found we were narrowly too late to clear the sill and rafted up with TRADER JO on the waiting pontoon. How many Contessas and Class 5s were already inside? Gradually the rumours trickled through as we enjoyed our "tinnies" and lunch. The only Contessa to arrive ahead of us was SUPER C and she had retired; we were third in class; no, we were first in class.

After we had taken the ferry ashore, showered and bought our duty-frees, the truth emerged. We were first Contessa 32 and TRADER JO

of course second, with the third, BLANCO, almost an hour and a half behind!

In Class 5 we had been beaten (by 2 mins 42 secs) by AWHINA, the scratch boat, which was no disgrace since the tidal regime of the race certainly favoured speed through the water. MIN-O-DIN came 17 secs behind us on corrected time, with TRADER JO beaten for third place by 2 seconds in a twenty one and a half hour race!!

The apres-race "barbie" was held on the ramparts of Castle Cornet and was laid on by Schroder with a generous hand both foodwise and drinkwise. I had just polished off my platter when the prize-giving was announced and I had barely time to wipe the grease off my hands and sprint up to the dais to receive our two prizes at the hands of Chay Blythe - an engraved crystal rosebowl for the Contessa Class win and a decanter for our Class 5 position. The evening concluded with a superb firework display.

Mike Smith, having finished the CCRC race, had arrived in time to join the party. GUNSHOT had arrived about an hour before us, being placed 14th in Class 4, while SAREEMA came 17th in Class 5.

By agreement we left early the following morning for Cherbourg. With a light north-westerly we were able to reach off under spinnaker across the tide and by noon had rounded Cap de la Hague. Some of the Alderney fleet followed, notably PENROSE III, with twin down wind staysails boomed out.

Cherbourg was full as ever on a bank holiday weekend. PENROSE lay off on buoys while the smaller fry rafted up on a pontoon end. In the evening a cockpit-washing party was held on MONS MEG to christen the new rosebowl. In attendance were John and Brenda Rickard, former CCRC members, who happened to be moored up near PENROSE, and after the crews of the latter, GUNSHOT, MAJOR GAMBLE and also CRISS CROSS who were returning from South Brittany. In the evening we dined at the Ancre Doree (not to be confused with the now defunct Ancre d'Or). and at midnight set forth on the voyage home in company with GUNSHOT. In the very light conditions it was not until 0400 that it was worth stopping the engine and setting the kite for a peaceful voyage back to Hayling.

In sum, a blissful long weekend!

H.A.C.

## NEXT ISSUE

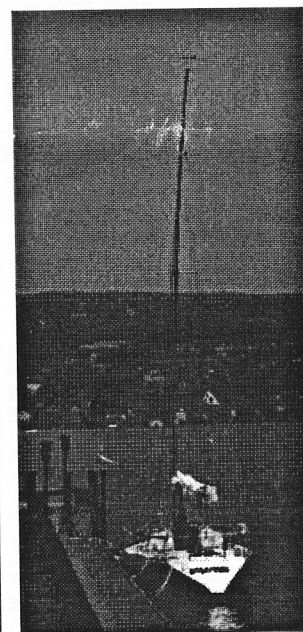
Since I started putting together this issue of THE NEWS OF THE CCRC WORLD, I have been swamped with material, and I am very grateful to all of you who have taken the time and trouble to write the reports.

For the next issue there will be a report from Geoff on GOPHER BROKE on the Alderney race, Alpha and Beta versions of the Lymington weekend, reports on the Ladies Race from that beguiling all girl crew on RIMAU, and on the Crew's Race from Richard "Scarface" Creer, he with the GOL-DENEYE.

Hugh has provided another contribution covering sailing in very different waters (See picture below for a clue), and Alan Froom has provided another view of the Itchenor Casket weekend.

I hope there will also be reports on the Yarmouth and Seaview weekends.

Brian Dandridge



Bits' n' Pieces at Thalwil