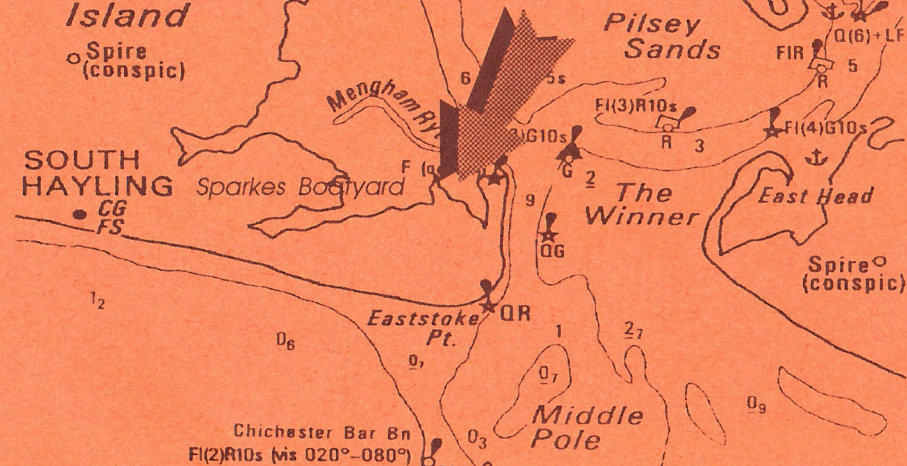


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CHICHESTER CRUISER RACING CLUB



December 1992



THIS EDITION

Brittany Cruising with the Morris's
Petra & Gunshot in CCRC 1-2 in Storm Nationals
Fowey Week with Lynx 2 & Tarquah V
Chichester Cycling & Rambling Club Part 2,
The Yeoman Challenge at QMSC,
Coronation Cup, and other reports



**The Club For Yacht Racing Enthusiasts
Throughout Chichester Harbour**

CHICHESTER CRUISER RACING CLUB



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COVER PHOTO: "We're All Going on a Summer Holiday!" The CCRC knows how to enjoy a Force 8 gale on the top deck of an open top bus

Sailing Secretary's Column



Let's face it, 1992 has not been one of the greatest weatherwise, so it is a measure of CCRC member's enthusiasm and masochistic hedonism that despite everything the climate, both meteorological and economic, could throw at us numbers of starters in this year's races have been only marginally lower than in recent more clement summers. And we ran all but three of our scheduled fixtures.

To me the August Bank Holiday weekend epitomised the whole season. On the Saturday we had an excellent, if unscheduled, race to Yarmouth only to find that the finishing mark had gone missing. (Fortunately everyone found a suitable alternative.) On Sunday we were gale-bound and went for a walk instead. On Monday there was no wind at all, but we still got a race in after motoring to Cowes. Other events which I particularly recall are the trip to Cherbourg with a superb spinnaker reach nearly all the way, and the final weekend of the season when we went no further than Gosport but with just the right conditions to finish the season on a high note.

Elsewhere in this issue you will find the results of the CCRC Season and Bay Race Series. Congratulations to the winners, commiserations to those who nearly made it, and *nil*

desperandum to everyone else - there's always next year!

In addition to our own points races we enjoyed our traditional combined events with other clubs in the harbour. An innovation this year was to conduct our fixture with Chichester Yacht Club entirely under PY. This resulted in a magnificent start of nearly thirty yachts - and CCRC claiming the new Bramidge Trophy for the winning team. We look forward to defending it vigorously next year.

Being somewhat on the fringe of things here in Chichester Harbour it is interesting to see how CCRC fares against the supposed centre of the yacht racing world, just a few miles to the west. In fact what we find is that in events such as RORC and JOG Races, Cowes Week and Round the Island CCRC members consistently do well.

Congratulations to all who have carried the flag and, while it is difficult to pick out any for special mention, applause must go to the following members and their crews who have both distinguished themselves and brought reflected glory to CCRC

Glenn Jones and Peter Wallace - 1st and 2nd respectively in the Westerly Storm Nationals,

Rob McLeod - 1st in JOG Class 5, Cat. 3

and our Commodore *Hugh Caldwell* - 1st offshore Contessa 32.

I must also mention Tony Glover (Deucalion) and his crew who, by doggedly finishing a near windless Round the Island as 4th Sigma 33 and 19th overall, single-handedly secured CCRC

3rd place in the CHS2 Teams.

I am reminded from time to time that CCRC can have the image of being a club for 'hard-nosed' racers only. Let me assure anyone who is reading this and who is not a member that this is far from being the case. Many members of CCRC race purely for fun, and the first time legs are seen over the side is on the way to the pub. So if you fancy a bit of competitive cruising with great parties don't be intimidated - come and join us. On the other hand, if you are already a keen racer but don't keep your boat in Chichester, consider a move. Moorings are (relatively) cheap and plentiful in the Harbour and CCRC offers high class competition.

That about wraps up my first season as Sailing Sec.; one which has not been without incident yet one which I have thoroughly enjoyed, and I hope you have too whatever form you sailing takes. Next year's programme is taking shape with our usual mixture of serious races, fun events and furious socialising. In particular I commend our Open Race on 8th May to everyone who keeps their boat in Chichester Harbour. It is in aid of the RNLI, so let's have a huge turnout to support the Lifeboats.

GOLDENEYE is taking a well-earned rest this winter. She and her crew look forward to meeting friends, both old and new, on the start line for CCRC Race 1 on 1st May 1993.

Richard Creer
Hon. Sailing Sec.



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CIRCUISING IN SOUTHERN BRITTANY



When the mast fell through the deck on "Anna Louise" last July on our way to St Malo, it put paid to our plans to cruise the N. Brittany coast with the family. There was much disappointment amongst the little Morris's (not to mention their parents) and so we decided to see if we could charter a boat in S. Brittany instead. "Her Ashore" got on the phone and located a Jeanneau 36, "Mira" in La Trinite; that holiday was such a success that we repeated the formula again this summer in a Jeanneau Sunfast 39, with the unlikely French name of "Seaside". What follows is a series of jottings about those cruises, our personal observations rather than detailed passage information which is better obtained from the pilot.

Chartering

This is a very relaxed affair. We chartered our boats through Bretagne Location who have some 30 boats ranging from over 50' down to 30'. They are mostly operated for other owners although they have 8 boats of their own. The fleet is modern and well maintained. Having signed the contract and paid up, we were handed the keys and allowed to get on with it. Only at our request did they come to the boats to explain anything to us. We were never asked about our experience!

La Trinite is an excellent centre with a huge marina. It is only about two hours drive across Brittany from St Malo and so lends itself to going over by car - an essential with all the gear that a family needs. Located on the north coast of the Quiberon Bay, La Trinite gives easy access to the Morbihan as well as the lovely Brittany coast and offshore islands. For the gastronomes, it also has a superb fish market in

the same building as the Capitainerie.

Eating

This area is the centre of the oyster industry with the famous Belon River a few miles to the North. Most of the ports have a good range of restaurants as well as interesting markets. As usual in France, children are welcome in the restaurants which all feature a menu enfant at about 40 francs. Seafood everywhere is excellent. In my opinion one should stick to the simple restaurant (often in the local hotel) or, for a treat, go to the best restaurant. There seems to be a group in the middle where you pay extra for the decor without getting any better food.

Navigation

Both boats had sophisticated systems, one a Decca type, the other a G.P.S. In each case the instruction books were in French, of course, so I never got beyond a current position fix. This is really all you need anyway. Many

of the ports are quite small, and all are crowded in August. Although the coast is famously rocky, everything is very well buoyed.

In August, the weather tends to be hazy in the mornings with a breeze developing during the day, clearing the haze and possibly getting quite strong from the North overnight (the Vent Solaire). It is worthwhile remembering this when anchoring overnight.

The tides tend to be circular rather than in one direction for 6 hours before reversing as in the Channel. Except round headlands, where they can be strong, I found that I could pretty well much ignore the tide for passage making although not, of course, for entering shallow anchorages or particularly, navigating in rivers. The Morbihan is something else!

The Islands

Iles de Glenan - About 10 miles south of Benodet, this is an archipelago requiring some



Houat

skilful navigation. It is very beautiful and extremely quiet. There are no shops and the only inhabitants are the members of the huge sailing school. Go fully provisioned, only in settled weather, and when you feel like a relaxing time.

Ile de Groix - South west of Lorient on the mainland, this island has only one secure harbour, Port Tudy. For an object lesson in chaotic French mooring this is hard to beat. One lies in huge rafts, moored fore and aft to large buoys. The harbour gets absolutely solid in August and it is advisable to arrive before 4 pm to be sure of getting in. Having achieved this, do not expect to extricate yourself with ease. The mooring is made more exciting by the frequent activity of the ferry to Lorient which turns in the harbour within inches of the moored yachts.

Notwithstanding the mooring situation, Port Tudy is an

attractive town with a number of good restaurants and bars on the quay. The supermarket, however, is a long walk uphill into town.

Worth a visit despite the crowded anchorage.

Belle Ile - This is the largest island off the Brittany coast, about 10 miles long. Belle Ile lies south west of the Quiberon peninsula. There are two ports on the east coast, Le Palais, the capital and Sauzon to the north. Le Palais is large, crowded and suffers from frequent ferries to the mainland, although the town is interesting.

We prefer Sauzon which is very reminiscent of a Cornish fishing village. Steep cliffs fall to an inner port which dries, an outer port in which one can moor in trots and a sheltered anchorage just outside the harbour entrance. The village is most attractive with sufficient shops to provision, a fish market

each evening and some excellent restaurants. The "Hotel du Phare", with a terrace overlooking the outer port, has an excellent and inexpensive menu.

Bicycles can be hired on the quayside and the island explored by bike although it is rather hilly in places.

Houat and Hoedig

About 10 miles south of La Trinite, Houat is the most delightful little island with many anchorages and some excellent beaches. Go there in settled weather and anchor off a beach rather than trying to get into the very crowded little harbour of Port de St Gildas. We very much like the huge sandy curve of Treach e Gouret from where it is an easy stroll into the little village for provisions. We have eaten well in the simple Hotel Les Iles overlooking the Port. Beware of the Atlantic swell on

*La Vilaine*

the beaches to the west of the island. Definitely a place to visit,

To the south east of Houat lies the tiny island of Hoedig. Rockier and less interesting ashore than Houat, it is still worth a visit. Argol Harbour on the north side is crowded and shallow (we grounded during the night); I would recommend anchoring off the southern harbour in settled weather but the approach is very rocky. The island is overrun with campers

The Rivers

La Vilaine - This very pretty river should certainly not be missed. It is dammed at Arzal, where after the lock, it becomes like a lake. Go on up to Roche Bernard, a most delightful town with two small marinas. Here is one of the best (if most expensive) restaurants in southern Brittany, the "Auberge Bretonne". The lock at Arzal provides all the usual fun of such affairs; when all the boats are finally crammed in, the road

bridge which crosses the middle of the lock is raised, everyone moves up to the other half of the lock, and a new wave of boats fills up the vacated section! Much more fun in someone else's chartered yacht than in one's own pride and joy.

The Auray - This lovely river flows into the north west of the Morbihan. It is navigable at all states of the tide up to Le Bono, below which there is a delightful anchorage. The little town of Le Bono has a tiny harbour to which it is well worth travelling by dinghy for dinner at "La Chaloupe" overlooking the port.

Above Le Bono, subject to tide, one can go right up to the delightful medieval port of St Goustan. We found that we could not quite get under the new bridge but moorings can be picked up just below it.

The Auray is a must.

The Morbihan

This is an inland sea of about

50 square miles with numerous islands. It has only a narrow entrance and the tides are fierce in the extreme. This year we motored flat out at 8 knots and barely made headway to get round from the Auray to Larmor Baden! Last year the ex Commodore had the wheel ripped out of her hand by a whirlpool and we did an involuntary 360. Maybe the fact that she was steering one handed with a glass of red wine in the other had something to do with it! However, using the tides to your advantage it is a most beautiful cruising ground with numerous peaceful anchorages only a few yards from the strong tidal streams. There are lovely beaches, quiet little islands for barbecues and some interesting towns.

In particular, I recommend a visit to Vannes where the yacht basin is close to the lovely

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

CHICHESTER CRUISER RACING CLUB

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Name _____

Address _____

Telephone: _____ (Daytime) _____ (Evenings) _____

Occupation: _____

Yacht Details (Please note, Multihulls are not eligible.)

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Where Moored _____

Sailing Experience
Membership of any other Sailing Clubs _____

I wish to become a FULL/CREW member of the C.C.R.C.

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Signature _____ Date _____

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BILL AND THE GIRLS ROMP HOME

The Yeoman Trophy (soon to be renamed the Yeowoman Trophy) was again ruthlessly fought over with good grace and humour at Queen Mary's Sailing Club on Saturday 31st October.

To ensure fair play and no jury rigging each helm drew their boat's name from a hat. Amongst rumour and counter rumour of which beat was fact and/or slow the helmspersons located their crew and their boats.

All the usual suspects were in attendance with an excellent turn out from the girls. Helen, Karen, Monica, Liz, Trev, Walter, Pete, Glenn & young Nick, Bill, Rob, Rich, Hugh, Tim, and Jackie defending her title

The morning race was a fairly laid back affair due to lack of wind. Despite this the start was attacked and the Olympic course sailed with no quarter for friend or foe. Bill, Peter, Tim and Helen eased ahead of the crowd and managed to stay there finishing the first race in that order.

There were mutterings over lunch, Words like "fluke" were flying about until someone remembered that Bill won the first race last year, and only lost the second (he says) because he had had too many celebratory drinks.

They plied Bill with alcohol.

It was just too embarrassing to have the maverick of the beta fleet well placed to take the trophy, not to mention that dark horse, Helen The Helm heretofore only recognised as balman to MAJOR GAMBLE.

Bill and Trev had an "incident" - Bill stuck his spinnaker pole into Trev's rigging

The afternoon race was altogether a move serious affair. There was more wind (nothing to do with the Chilli con Carne lunch) and the gauntlet had really been thrown down. A more aggressive start has yet to be seen. It made the Yeoman owners have palpitations and question their sanity. Jackie, Bill and Helen charged the line "upping" all the way causing some of The lesser maniacs to be barged off the line, Monica sprang out of nowhere and chased the leading pack. Jackie, teaching her crew how to sail while racing, seemed to drop back a little while Helen and Bill fought for the lead hotly pursued by Monica.

Helen The Helm, realising that Bill was her main rival, entered into a luffing match pushing him

and herself way off course and allowing Monica to sneak through to take the lead round the leeward mark.

Round and round the triangular course they went jockeying for position, luffing, calling "Starboard", "Water", "Mast Abeam,"- Bill and Trev had an "incident" - Bill stuck his spinnaker pole into Trev's rigging. Bill, being windward boat exonerated himself with a 720 and Trev found it useful as this was his excuse for the fact that Monica beat him. Another "incident" occurred between Walter, Glen and the starboard rule. Glen apparently did not do a 720.....

Meanwhile Helen The Helm had outmanoeuvred everyone ahead and Crossed the line first, hotly pursued by Monica then Bill.

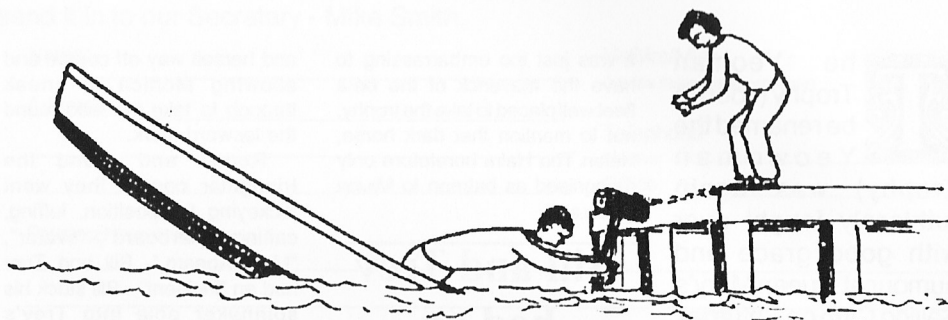
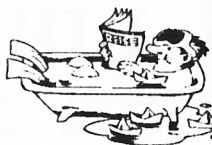
With a 1st and a 3rd Bill was overall winner and took the trophy but Helen The Helm's magnificent 4th and 1st giving her 2nd place delighted the female supporters, who were also celebrating Liz's 3rd place, Monica beating Trev, Karen beating Rich and Jackie beating most.

A cherubic Pickwickian fellow was heard to wonder what the world was coming to....

Everyone had a great time and Hugh thanked QMSC on behalf of CCRC for their hospitality. We look forward to QMSC crewing for us sometime next season.

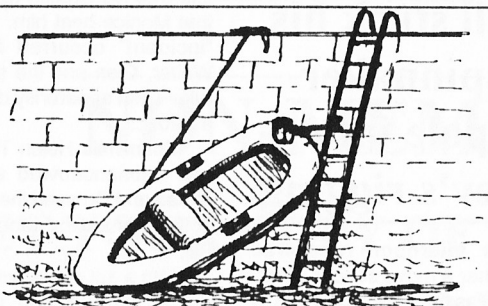
Denise Cartlidge

Kemp's Kartoon Korner



Even Editors aren't Kartoon proof!

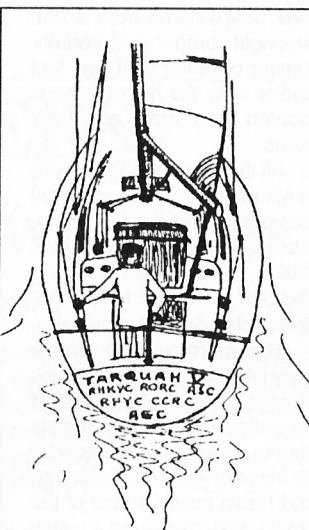
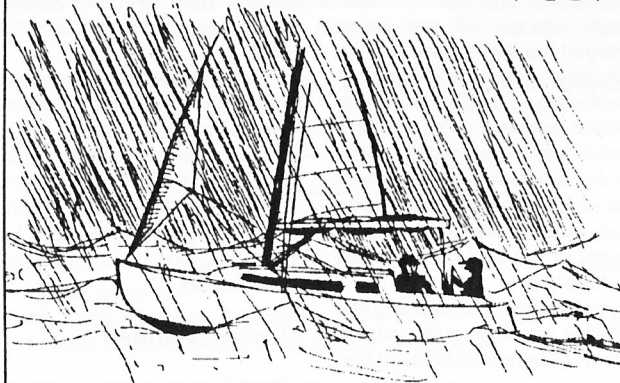
See Club Confessional in July issue where B.D. confessed to his misadventures with dinghies, outboards and swinging moorings



45 degree incline

A sight seen by F.K. in Torquay - not his he claims!

COME TO SUNNY DEVON



Steering seems very stiff.

Peter W. (Royal Honk Kong Y.C., Royal Offshore Racing Club, Alderney Sailing Club, Royal Fowey Yacht Club, Chichester Cruiser Racing Club, & Alderney Golf Club) reportedly attempted sailing off his mooring with the steering lashed!

BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A TANNER?

Passage to Lymington

BELAZOR worked hard to get to the start on time fighting against a flood tide. We stopped the engine at the five minute gun like good boys and girls and sailed across the line ten minutes later. All hope of making a nice interesting list of starters had gone.

It looked as if the Beta fleet would clear the forts without tacking but a wind shift had us slipping up the side of the submerged barrier. All the Alpha's seemed to make the forts without any problem so we waved them goodbye as usual.

The breeze (speed unknown

due to lack of instrumentation) seemed to increase as we entered the Solent and with wind over Spring tide BELAZOR was doing her impression of a submarine. Uncle John struggled onto the foredeck (yes there is room) to change to a smaller headsail making himself and the crew very damp.

We made our steady progress up the Solent going round all the required buoys. We had a moment of ecstatic excitement when we thought we had caught up with the Alpha 2 Fleet but it was just someone else's race going the other way! Oh Well.

Tanner did not appear on any of our sophisticated navigational plastic so resorting to the Solent Year Book, held at

arms length due to lack of glasses, Uncle John convinced himself and the rest of the crew that some name changing had been going on. Wrong.

Bereft of anyone to follow or a committee boat to aim for we rounded several buoys and it was not until we got to Lymington Marina we found out that the bony had sunk without trace although Bill Cartwright swears he picked it up on sonar and went round it.

That evening there were some long faces at the Lymington Town Club but in true CCRC fashion everyone - almost cheered up after a good meal and plenty of wine.

Race result:

Null and void



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AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY STORM FORCES CCRC TO YARMOUTH

Gemma and Michelle had been at a party somewhere near Tunbridge Wells and didn't leave until 4:30 in the morning. They arrived at Sparkes marina at around 5:30 and slept in the car until we arrived at about 7:45, and were joined by Colin, David and Robin, the latter two having got up at some ungodly hour to get down from London.

As we left the Marina at 8:00 we heard shouts from MAJOR GAMBLE and GUNSHOT telling us the race was postponed for an hour! The crew is outrage at having got up an hour earlier than necessary was overcome by the thought that they could now have a relaxed cup of tea and a snooze!

The forecast for Sunday was force 8 or 9 and the general feeling was that it would be better to play safe and stay in the Solent rather than go to Poole as originally planned. So at 10:00 RIMAU opened the start gate and off we headed for Yarmouth. We started with a pleasant, gentle beat towards Cambrian and the forts, with the tide almost slack. HELIOS was the fastest rated boat in the fleet and we duly reached the first mark with a bit of a lead over MAJOR GAMBLE.

Then it was off to S. Bramble with the tide beginning to help and the wind beginning to freshen. HELIOS was revelling in the stronger breeze, but so was GUNSHOT, who took a crafty

tack into the Island shore, where the tide changed first, and caught up a bit on us and MAJOR GAMBLE. Towards Cowes things were getting interesting with the wind gusting and shifting all over the place. At one point we were virtually put about by a strong gust which broached us and then headed us as well. By the time we reached S. Bramble and, had to bear off for a short close reach to Prince Consort, the wind had increased to around 20 knots, but with stronger gusts.

The forecast for Sunday was force 8 or 9 and the general feeling was that it would be better to play safe

We tore off down the very close reach with the number one still up, but setting up the number 3 for a tack change round the mark. The number 3 kept getting stuck in the track and there was a pebble trapped under the genoa car which stopped us moving it. Desperate work on the foredeck and at the car track (using a screwdriver) saw us ready for our tack change one length from the mark—a pretty—lose shave. By now we could only just see MAJOR GAMBLE and GUNSHOT. We were missing TOO MUCH who normally keeps us company)

Then another long hard beat to Tesco. By now we had a reef in the main as well. This beat posed an interesting problem. The tide was one of the highest of the year and was pushing us

along at a phenomenal rate; we wanted to stay in the deep southern channel for as long as possible, before crossing to Tesco on the North shore. Judging when to "go" was difficult and resulted in much discussion among the afterguard. As it happens we got it spot on, but it was more by luck than judgement as we couldn't get a visual on the mark even with binoculars until we were pretty close to it.

By now the sea was really rough with a strong wind against the rushing tide. HELIOS was much easier to drive through this than our old First 30E, FIRST SIGHT, and I felt some sympathy for the problems the smaller lighter boats, like ORENDA, would have. (Some sympathy, but not a lot! They have their chance when the wind is light and they waft along while we wallow.) PENROSE was no doubt enjoying the conditions as presumably were the Westerlies like GUNSHOT, PETRA and RIMAU.

The bearing from Tesco to the next mark, Hempstead Ledge, was about 50 to the wind if you ignored the tide. But the tide was so strong you needed to point off by another 30 degrees or so. Thoughts of spinnakers were overruled due to the wind strength and the closeness of the reach. Nonetheless when we got close to Hempstead Ledge we wondered if we should have been more adventurous. The tide looked like a waterfall and must have been doing between 4 and 5 knots.

Somehow we scraped past and hardened up for the last leg to Bouldner, just off Yarmouth. We had taken out the reef for the

reach and only put in a flattener for the last tide-assisted short beat to the line. Not a good decision I think; we would probably have gone faster if we had not been so hard pressed.

Meanwhile we were straining our eyes to see whether any of our rivals had kited from Tesco to Hempstead Ledge and were relieved that no spinnakers at all were visible anywhere. It was the one point where we thought others might have stolen a march on us, if they'd managed to hold it.

As we potted up to Yarmouth we still couldn't make out any of the rest of the fleet, but we discovered later that GUNSHOT had finished close behind MAJOR GAMBLE, so would have done well on handicap. (Later we discovered that GUNSHOT had indeed beaten us on handicap, taking first place with us second and PETRA third.)

We finished the race just after 2:00 having taken only 4 hours to get from Hayling to Yarmouth, despite having to beat all the way and make the odd diversion across the Solent. Shows you what the tide was like!

So the crew had ample time to get some sleep before enjoying an evening in the Bugle and the Kings Head. They had a lot more time to rest the following day when racing was called off due to force nine winds and the highest tide of the year making sea conditions impossible.

Later we got the results and found that RIMAU had won the Alpha 2 fleet. But in the Beta, we found PENROSE had not quite lived up to our expectations and had only managed 3rd behind the amazing Sonata IMPROMPTU and the bilge keel Fulmar, RED CLOUD.

**Tim Mtichell
HELIOS**

SKIPPER'S BRIEFING

With the majority of CCRC boats rafted close together on the first group of piles near the Yarmouth ferry terminal, a message filtered round as many of the fleet as possible that a skippers' briefing had been called by the Hon. Sailing Secretary for 6.30pm in the Kings Head. Shortly before the appointed hour Richard Creer, Mike Smith, Peter Wallace, Glenn Jones, Andy Reynolds etc. were observed leaving their craft for the appointed

rendezvous.

At 7.30 we (the crew of MAJOR GAMBLE that is) went ashore to join our skipper to find a suitable eating / ale house for the evening. We discovered the "glassy-eye'd" skippers had spent their hour well and had reached the joint decision that the Sunday race would start off Yarmouth, go to a mark that some had heard of but wasn't on the chart, round a second mark which no-one had heard of and finish off the Hamble with an evening planned for entertainment at the Jolly Sailor. - All in the full knowledge that their would be no racing on the Sunday with the absolute certainty of Force 8 to 9 winds in the Solent!!

'RACE' REPORT FOR SUNDAY 6th SEPTEMBER

'Brown Bomber, this is Major Gamble. As the race has been cancelled we're looking for a venue for a party. There are 6 of us; do you have any suggestions? Over.'

'Major Gamble, this is Brown Bomber. We are just going to have a quiet lunch at a little pub with a log fire, real ale and great food. Over'

'Oh yes, where is it? Over'

'In Elsted, leave Midhurst to starboard and Petersfield to port.'

'Brown Bomber, this is Rimau. Is that the Three Horseshoes? Over'

'That's right, Bert, do you know it?.....'

And such are the communication and navigational skills of CCRC members, especially Helen Smith who bought an OS chart specially, that many of them managed to find the pub in a remote area of the South Downs without help from Decca. There they enjoyed a wonderful lunch which just about compensated for not spending the day at sea in howling winds and pouring rain!

The race results are not altogether clear but points should certainly be awarded to Penrose, Ard Righ, Caragh, Major Gamble, Goldeneye (on a solo voyage) and Brown Bomber. Bonus points are definitely awarded to our very own Good Pub Guide, Ron Aspinwall, who's expertise in such matters is much appreciated!

RACE REPORT

CORONATION CUPS

All that was certain was that the wind was going to be light and variable.

In the event, as the Betas and CHS2s approached the start, it set light and westerly,

11 O'clock and off goes the gun and as they set off in line abreast across the Solent towards Dean Elbow, we indulge ourselves in idle conjecture on the time and duration of the dreaded lunchtime lull.

Then it is time for the CHS1s to jostle for position at the favoured pin end of the line. The tide is against us for perhaps another hour and we settle ourselves for battle with the mere mortals of the fleet whilst TOO MUCH and HELIOS lead the way. Round Dean Elbow and on to Outer Spit with the wind dropping all the time; one boat behind us has more wind and gains quickly, then slows to a halt while we get going again - it's the same for everyone - hope and then despair.

There is still a little flood tide against us, but soon to be slack. Shall we stay in the shallow water and risk the wind shadow of Horse Sand Fort or is there more wind out there in the channel? GUNSHOT is behind - not at all her weather, and Freddie must be cursing a light airs beat without a large headsail. ALEXIS is sticking to us like chewing gum on your shoe and will not go away. Positions change and change again as boats slowly round the fort and approach the mark, Freddie's been through

the Dolphin Passage and picked up some breeze inshore, making major gains on almost everyone.

TOO MUCH and HELIOS are round and off towards Norris. TOO MUCH stays with her headsail but HELIOS has her spinnaker up and the, wind is filling in now. We decide to stay with the No 1 and are pleased to see HELIOS getting knocked and finally going back to her headsail.

**TOO MUCH has it first
- all that signalling
with the spinnaker
must have worked**

The tide is with us now but the wind has died again. Shall we stay with the tide or will there be more wind inshore? In the absence of any wind we cannot go anywhere so we decide to stay where we are. Anxious glances over shoulders - but no one else seems to be faring noticeably better and HELIOS and TOO MUCH are drifting on a mirror smooth sea. Time passes - sandwiches are eaten - time passes - beer is drunk - time passes - we put some music on. Trevor has obviously decided that a busy crew is a happy crew and they hoist and lower the spinnaker a few times to threaten the wind gods into activity - a request they completely ignore. On we drift, filled with frustration, wind 0 knots, boat speed 0 knots, and on we drift again,

But wait, there is wind here, not much - keep still, put the beer away - gently please and then we creep forward, boat speed 0.1 knots, now 0.2 knots.

And HELIOS is falling behind; doesn't she look different from the front, and I think we are pulling away from Too Much. Who has a compass? Yes we are, ever so slowly, but we certainly are.

And then the wind dies, and TOO MUCH puts her spinnaker up - oh no - has she got breeze inshore there, and then she takes it down again - it's not doing any good and anyway its' keeping the sun off the crew,

Then we begin to worry - if the wind doesn't get up soon we are not going to lay the mark. Memories of Lymington two seasons ago flood by like a bad dream - will Freddie kedge again and miss supper or will the crew mutiny? And then, as if to reward us for our efforts, the wind gods wake up from their siesta. There is wind on the water - but TOO MUCH has it first - all that signalling with the spinnaker must have worked, across the line she goes and slowly, ever so slowly, we begin to gain speed - and still it's close, if it drops now all is lost. We harden up and harden up and at last we slip inside that beautiful red buoy.

But they have all got it now and up they come, storming towards the finish - but have they saved their time - it must be close. There's Freddie, he must have done better than us, and HELIOS, I don't think we've quite done enough and, oh God!, there's ORENDA - she does love these light airs - and she does, and she has won the day.

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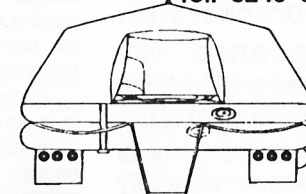
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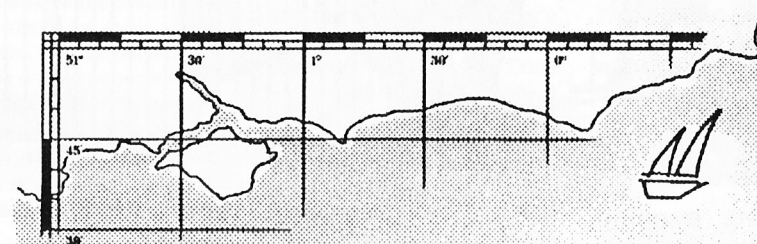
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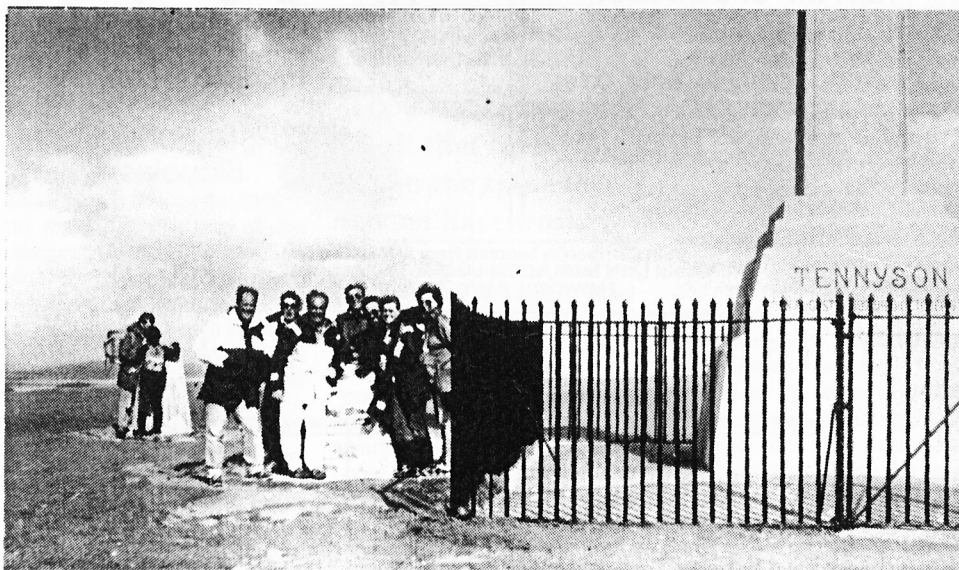
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AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY

SUNDAY lived up to the forecast with a vengeance with southwesterly gale force 8 to 9 through most of the day. It goes without saying that the race carefully



planned the evening before at the skippers briefing never even entered the conversation the following morning.

Although the wind blew, the sun shone and Peter Wallace was soon rallying the troops for some "yomping" across the marshes to Freshwater Bay.

At around 10.30 a large party of CCRCers including the PETRAS, the GUNSHOTS, the GOLDENEYES, the RIMAUS, the ARD RIGHTS, the

ORENDAS, the MAJOR GAMBLES and various other crews set off across the Island with Peter striking out at the front, Ordinance Survey map in hand, to Freshwater Bay. Here we spent a happy half-hour in the company of other sight-seers playing chicken with the waves as they crashed over the promenade sweeping all before.

By the time we had had lunch in a small pub at the foot of Tennyson Down some had had enough of the route march and decided it was time for a taxi

as the English Channel.

Unfortunately, the sunshine did not last and as we got close to the Needles the rain sheeted in sideways with all the ferocity the Force 8 wind could muster. Between squalls we took in the views and various photos before allowing the wind to assist us in the direction of the cafes and souvenir shops overlooking Alum Bay.

The bus from Alum Bay to Yarmouth was one of the open-top variety and as it was full down below and we were all

back to the harbour whilst others more hardy, or was it more fool-hardy, decided to round the trip off with a climb to the top of Tennyson Down followed by a stroll along the cliff top to the Needles.

I decided to go with the latter party but soon regretted it. I admit to not being at my fittest, and the steep climb to the top of the Down was a real struggle. However, the view from the top was well worth the effort as we stood in the sunshine looking down at the heaving cauldron below more commonly known

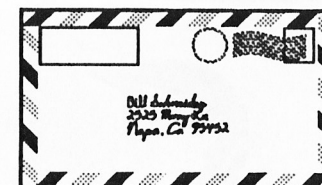
wearing oilies the conductor sent us up top.

The locals must have thought there was an escaped party from the local loony bin as we passed through various villages. The sound of "We're all going on a Summer Holiday" sung with gusto by the entire party from the top deck in the pouring rain caused one or two eyes to be raised to the heavens as we swept past.

As can so often be the case adverse conditions resulted in a memorable weekend break.

Brian Dandridge

Letters



Dear Yeoman Sailor

You have contacted me as your fleet captain with a view to be included in the next CCRC event. You have also asked for an outline of what to expect if we get invited down for another weekend with them next year. I can only give you a few pointers from my personal experience.

We were introduced to our host Peter and the intrepid Di and their delicious Storm 33. First the boat. This is a large, spacious creation. Much like a Yeoman only more so. It even has a cuddy which contains among other things a double forward cabin, a double aft cabin, heads (which really should be called tails) a galley (complete with kitchen sink) and a saloon. The latter is about the same size as a Yeoman. The vessel is docile, tractable and very good natured, whilst in the marina. One leaves the marina and despite the force 7 wind it placidly makes its way, driven by engine, out into Chichester Harbour.

There, hove to, we raise the sails. Oh I forgot to say the boat is called "Gun Shot". That about sums it up. It did not actually utter a war cry as the sails went up, but it would have done if it could.

Our host Peter has a similar temperament.

As one creams out to the open sea, one may if one chooses wave to the folk watching from the beach. This should be done casually, much in the manner of

the queen on a state occasion. This may be the last chance you get of having a spare hand to wave.

Do please keep clear of the other class when it starts the race. Penrose, which you thought was a bit of a gin palace has now metamorphosed into a killer whale. It goes through 33's like we go through wind surfers (Can't get enough to satisfy the appetite). Penrose will charge the line, spinnaker up, from about 1/2 a mile - and cross on time. The only boat brave enough to go near it is one which looks like its tender but is in the same start. Rather like a Corgi dog trying to round up a bull.

After our start, Di our owner's very good lady heaves up from below a very large bag. Don't worry, she assures us sweetly, it only the small spinnaker. Up on the foredeck she declines our help. Its only force 7 she says with a re-assuring smile. Once up it is enormous. The other one does not bear thinking about.

As it is a weekend event we are all invited to dine at Bosham S.C. and after the race we thread our boat up to a mooring adjacent. Changing for dinner is not as ominous as it seems, especially as I forgot my smart gear but no one noticed. The "cab" to take six of us ashore to the club turns out to be a tender large enough to take two in comfort

and off we go to a very pleasant

evening at the club. This was culminated, some would also say nearly terminated, by the return trip to "our" boat in total darkness in the aforementioned tender now with its performance enhanced by a second outboard to accommodate the extra weight of food and beverage.

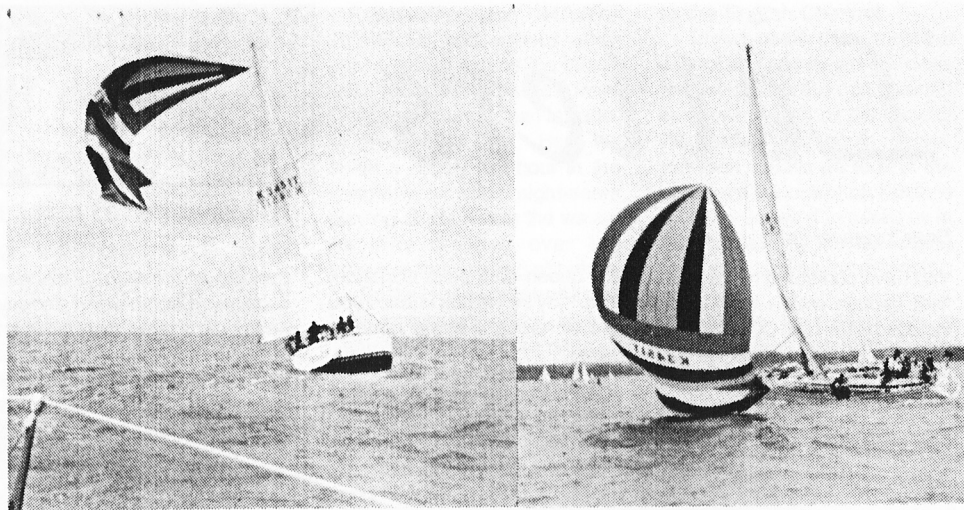
Sunday dawned to the friendly cry of "Gunshot. Gunshot - you're on my mooring." Without so much as a tilt of the coffee cup or a drip of the frying pan we were on some one else's mooring to finish our breakfast and consider the day before us.

Light airs and much conferring to set us a course for the race. Not Gunshot weather this. Though I must confess I thought she went quite well in the lighter winds. "But not on handicap she doesn't." said Peter. We all enjoyed the day nevertheless and came back happy to the Gunshot roost in Sparkes Yacht Harbour.

My wife Patricia gauges a sailing event by the number of bruises she gets. The CCRC rated 13 bruises in two days, one of which was light airs. Now that is pretty good sailing.

Thank you CCRC and hope to see you all again on 31st October at Queen Mary Sailing Club to have another day in Yeoman.

Brian Shipman



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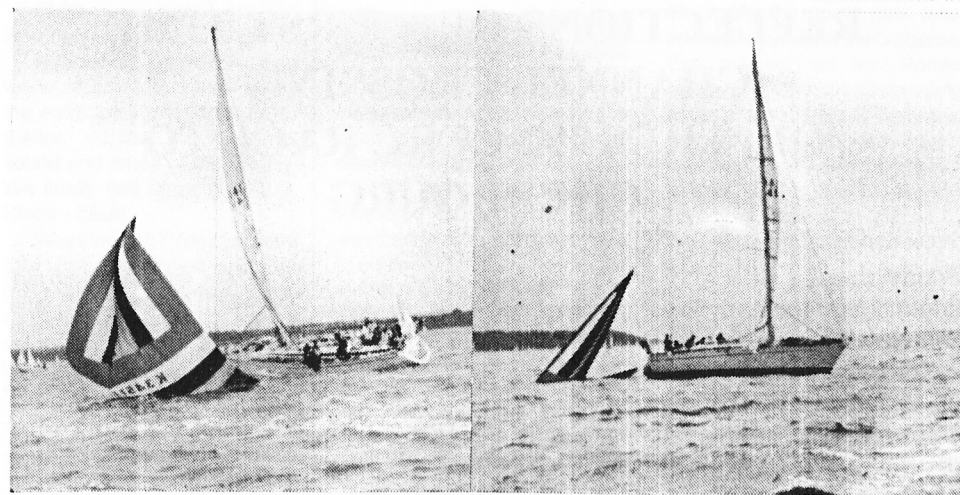
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REFLECTIONS OF A FIRST TIME CHANNEL CROSSING - OR, THE 1992 CCRC RACE TO CHERBOURG

Friday dawned clear and bright but far too early for some of us crew who had motored down from north of Watford the night before, to take the place of the two four-legged variety usually to be found on "Ard Righ".

Unfortunately, the captain wouldn't listen to any excuses and we were up and away before anyone had time to really awaken, let alone jump ship, given that this was to be the first time either Lyndsey or I had sailed in a yacht across the channel.

Does 4.45 a.m. always look like this?

We headed for the open sea, calling in on "Rimau" on the way to pick up the start flag, then off to the line. By the time we arrived, many of the boats were already stoozing around. At the critical moment, modern technology failed us and our five minute hooter was greeted with howls of derision and cries of "can't hear it" or worse. Undeterred, as pathfinder "Ard Righ" completed the gate start, 1st mate Chris put in a performance to outdo John Peel using the old fog horn, and the yachts were away. However, we were obviously not moving quite fast enough for at least one boat (> 40ft < 43ft) in Alpha. We caught the whites of their eyes as they roared through the line, in a spectacular start missing our tail

by inches, and did not get a glimpse of them again until over a gin and tonic 36 hours later. In fact, since we all did jump ship in Cherbourg to join Tim and Liz we got to know quite well this particularly fine example of French engineering over the next week - but that is another story.

Spinnakers were hoisted, a course of 210 degrees set, and we settled down for a comfortable run, confident of a sunny, warm day with a predicted breeze of up to F5/6. Unfortunately, the latter never appeared.

"Too much" and "Helios" had led the bulk of the fleet, including ourselves and "Rimau", away on an approximately straight line course to Cherbourg, "Lynx II", "Gunshot" and a few others including "Penrose III" (Beta class's only entry) held well to east hoping for the forecasted change in the wind direction, whilst "Goldeneye" sailed off far to the west just hoping? All too soon it seemed these and the other faster yachts "Brown Bomber", "Anna Louise", "Tarquah V" and "Petra" vanished over the horizon. Meanwhile, a seven strong convoy flying the skull and crossbones passed the other way possibly going to invade Britain on a Bank Holiday weekend? What good planning we thought. We sunbathed, ate (anything going, from chocolate to stew, including Bombay potato pasties - well we had to get the wind in the sails somehow!)

As the day stretched out, "Orenda", "K-Vector II" and "Mons Meg" remained visible in the distance for hours. At 5.00 p.m. we turned westwards, in readiness to go east with the tide around 9.30 p.m., playing alongside "Gophor Broke" for a while and finally passing them whilst we were mackerel fishing (no catch).

By now, Cherbourg had been in sight for hours but never seemed to get any closer. Why not put the engine on I thought (but dare not voice it). Where on earth was that promised breeze? I was convinced I saw a submarine, hotly disputed by the captain, but the Decca believed me and started to behave very contrarily, finally refusing to function. Night began to fall, the lights of the coast (still not nearer) grew brighter and the air colder. My shipmate nursing a virus retired to bed. Wouldn't I have loved to follow suit, but instead I dressed up like the Michelin man to keep warm on deck and impeded our progress on several occasions by nodding off at the tiller and steering a course for Jersey or thereabouts. At some point "Gophor Broke" put on her engine and peeled off, I think convinced that we had already done the same. With 4 miles to go (still 4 miles!) we gybed back to our original course still in the grip of the strong east going tide and with a quarter of a mile left, dropped the spinnaker and put up our No. 1 genoa to effect our passage across the line

(3.09 a.m'.) just in time before the tide changed.

No sooner were we over, then we were promptly swept out of the entrance again, but it didn't matter. At last, the wonderful sound and smell of the engine. We finally tied up at 4.41 a.m. Sleep - bliss!

Was it worth it? Yes of course! Can I come again next year? But then again, perhaps I am remembering the subsequent cruise and not the almost 24 hour crossing!

SHELAGH FRENCH.

Continued from page 6

medieval centre. Care must be taken with the tides because the channel up to Vannes is very narrow in places.

The Morbihan offers a sheltered cruising area if the weather deteriorates and no visit to southern Brittany is complete without several days spent exploring it.

This represents notes on only some of the places we visited.

Generally the coast gets less interesting south of the Quiberon Bay, although we liked Pornic which reminded us of Salcombe. In general southern Brittany is a delightful area to visit, much warmer than the northern Brittany coast. It offers a wide variety of interesting places to visit, wonderful seafood and lots of sunshine even this year. Do it!

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CCRC GOES WEST

Fowey Week with Lynx2 & Tarquah V

 On Friday 14th August, a break in four successive days of rain and strong winds enabled LYNX to sail the 20 odd miles from Plymouth to Fowey in light winds and sunshine.

On Saturday the team for the Regatta, Jane and Dick, appeared via the water taxi to join Pam and I. I understand they had had a frustrating drive from their rendezvous at Northney Marina but nevertheless were in good form for dinner at the Royal Fowey Y.C.

Sunday was the passage race to Falmouth. Milling around at the start I looked distastefully at the light South Westerly wind and popply sea which meant a beat all the way to Falmouth. We had a good start at the right end of the line but it wasn't long before most of the fleet were

streaming past us including, much to my disgust, a Saddler 29. Before Dodman we put in a long board out to sea, which seemed to pay dividends, but a repeat performance promptly lost any gains we'd made.

We finished at the Flushing Yacht Club where, after picking up a mooring close by, we rowed over to the Club for food, a few jars and prize giving. Our finish two thirds of the way down the fleet gave no cause for celebration, but at least we weren't last.

The return trip to Fowey the next morning saw a fleet of 44 boats including the old 12 meter, Victory 82. The light wind now North Westerly meant a downhill ride all the way - much more to my liking.

Spinnakers up at the start, a lot of boats and don't they love luffing in the West County; we were luffed more in the first mile than I have been in the last 5 years in CCRC. In fact the winners of the race to Falmouth came way above his course to the first mark to luff us head to wind. It must have cost him at least 30 seconds whereas to let us slip by well to windward would have lost him no more than a

second or two, if that.

We gybed in a goodly scrum at the first mark, then a long broad reach to the Dodman, the big headland before St. Austell Bay. TARQUAH V and ourselves, in fairly close company, worked our way well up towards the front of the fleet to a point where there were only three boats in front of us. TARQUAH provided some entertainment by hoisting a blooper, but as showed no benefit it soon came down. Coming up to the Dodman, Kemps' tactics came badly adrift. With the light wind coming offshore I felt there would be the grand daddy of all wind shadows under the headland and the inshore boats would grind to a halt in the adverse tide. Furthermore, with the wind getting decidedly soggy, there was a strong chance a sea breeze would fill in. At this point TARQUAH and ourselves parted company, they heading inshore and LYNX out to sea. The best

laid plans can go riotoriously awry, with no wind shadow of any significance and the breeze filling in to the of the headland TARQUAH sailed to glory while we went down the pan to finish 12th. Peter Willoughby's second place plus his 9th in the race to Falmouth was enough to win him the Visitors Trophy, the Trophy he had presented to the Royal Fowey YC only the previous year.

The next three days racing off Fowey was in predominantly light winds in a slight but choppy sea which, without a big genny, saw us struggling to make any sort of headway on the beats. However fortune did smile on us in the second race when the sea breeze filled in to turn what would have been a beat to the finish into a spinnaker run. With TARQUAH first and us second it was a good day for the CCRC boats.

With racing usually over by lunchtime we were able to keep up with the festivities ashore. On Monday, amongst other things, there were raft races with fireworks in the evening. Tuesday saw the Gurkha Pipe band in action. The carnival procession on Wednesday through Fowey was quite something; a mixture of floats, carnival queens, bands and the towns folk dressed in a variety of costumes, the whole being lead by the Fowey Town Bugle Band, this year clad in Elizabethan outfits. The requirement to become a bandsman is that you can't play a note of music, so along they march with drums beating and blasting away like mad on their bugles, noisy but amusingly effective. Stops are frequent to sip draughts of the local brew. The carnival must require the involvement of all the inhabitants of Fowey, whether in the planning, making of costumes or taking part in the

procession. The great thing about Fowey is that it is not just a seasonal seaside resort but a vibrant year round working port. Ships of up to 5000 tons are regular callers passing up the estuary to the China clay wharfs.

Thursday, after swimming races, saw the Red Arrows in action with a marvellous air display. The day finished with the largest pastie in the world being brought across from Polruan the other side of the estuary to the town quay accompanied by blood curdling blasts from the Town band. The pastie to be finally cut up and distributed to all the children.

During the afternoon a wide range of dinghies, local one designs and Falmouth work boats could be seen racing. The position of the Royal Fowey YC fronting onto the estuary has a grandstand view of all that was happening.

The weather for the week, in contrast to the rest of August and in spite of the forecasts to the contrary, was generally good with a fair amount of sunshine though returning from RFYC on Monday night in the pouring rain meant wet jeans, shoes and socks. The next day we got a further soaking when some miserable so and so decided he wanted the same dinghy slot at the pontoon that I

was already halfway into. His inflatable mounted the quarter of ours. It was only my rear end that kept the sea from filling our dinghy - more wet clothes for yours truly.

On Friday Jane and Dick departed by car and Pam and I, sailed to Plymouth where we were storm and rain bound for a further three days. Finally, patience exhausted, we made our way back to Northney via Dartmouth and Yarmouth in less than perfect conditions.

Somewhere in Lyme bay our ensign and staff parted company with Lynx. If any of you, holidaying on the beaches of South Devon or Dorset, come across an ensign and staff - it's mine.

Freddie Kemp
LYNX 2



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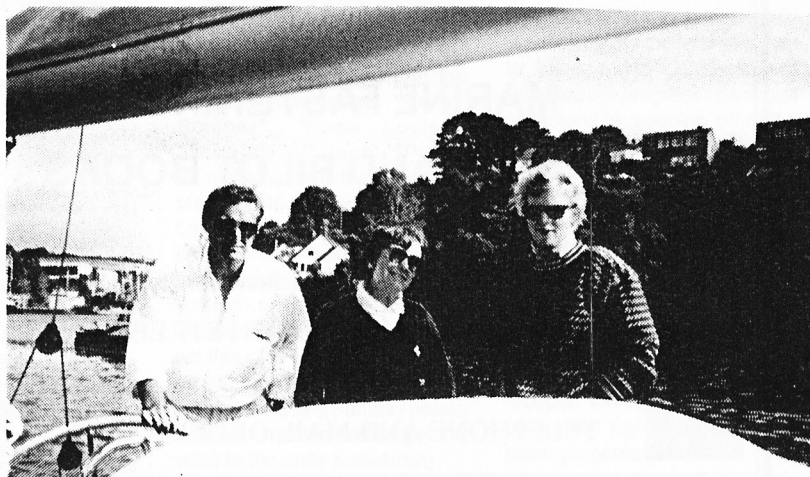
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Petra Powers to Premier Place

(Report of the 1992 Storm National Championships)

The 1992 Storm Nationals provided another indication of the quality of sailing within CCRC, as first and second places were taken by CCRC boats, with PETRA at last managing to win the championship, and GUNSHOT maintaining her continued presence in the frame by taking second place. The event was run at Cowes by the ISC, and consisted of three races run over the last weekend of September.

The weekend started for PETRA with a certain lack of confidence being exhibited by the skipper, who (a) insisted that everyone read a Yachting World article on how to make a Storm go fast (written by arch-rival CLOUDS, who eventually finished third in the championship), and (b) failed to make provision for any kind of celebratory liquid.

Unfortunately this latter omission was not discovered by the crew until after the final race, otherwise the we might have had less enthusiasm for the Sunday event.

The first race was a two lap affair involving Ratsey, Meon and Clipper. In light southeasterly winds of around 10 knots, PETRA found good boat speed from the start, and managed to lead the fleet for the whole race to win from EXEAT by almost 3 minutes, with GUNSHOT a further 9 seconds behind in third place. During the interval between the first and second races, most of the fleet shambled off to watch the British Steel boats go past, except for GUNSHOT, who embarked on the much more purposeful quest of shipping an extra crew member. The identity of this mystery man was never revealed, although opinion on PETRA varied between him being David Campese (Australian rugby player!?), or a heavily disguised Lawrie Smith. More certain was that he was not Captain Legless. In any event the afternoon race proved to be much more to GUNSHOT's liking. In a slightly heavier breeze of about 15 knots, she fooled

faster than PETRA, and from a starting position slightly behind and to weather, gradually eased ahead. The course again kept the fleet on the north side of the solent, generally in the E. Bramble, Hill Head, Clipper and Ratsey region. Despite frantic attacks PETRA was unable to break GUNSHOT's hold on the race, so that at the finish the order was GUNSHOT almost 2 minutes ahead of PETRA, with CLOUDS a further 21/2 minutes behind in third place.

The interval between the second and third race was occupied with the championship dinner, held at the ISC, and about which it is probably best to say little. Sufficient to tell you that Toby managed to offend one of Associate's lady crew to the extent that she moved six places down the table. Glenn tried to pretend that Toby was not with him, but I think that he may find his standing with the Storm Association at a low point next AGM! Eventually most of us retired to prepare for the third and deciding race, but the rest for those on PETRA, (and probably on all of the boats in the marina), was disturbed by the return of Toby and Malcolm, who having

spent a fruitless 45 minutes trying to gain admittance to various (closed) pubs, managed to trip over the spinnaker boom, the jockey pole, and the cockpit winches, before knocking over the washboards and falling down the companionway, where they sat on the cabin floor discussing the days racing, the company on the other boats, and the potential availability of the landlord's wife in the Anchor Pub.

And so we came to the Sunday race. Pressure was on GUNSHOT more than PETRA, for GUNSHOT had to win the race to take the championship, whereas PETRA had rather more options. (I leave it to you to work that all out). The course caused some concern on PETRA as it involved Bowring Rose, a mark not only omitted from all of Glenn's charts, but also whose coordinates were unknown. (No, we didn't have the Solent Year Book with us). The game plan was therefore to let someone else lead us to the first mark, (Bowring Rose), after which we would overtake them and go on to win. Quite simple really. The start was a repeat of race 2, with GUNSHOT starting slightly behind PETRA, but to weather and in the driving seat,

so that after the first half-mile, GUNSHOT had eased ahead. PETRA's efforts to break away from GUNSHOT's cover were aided by a starboard tack boat that put GUNSHOT about, following which the two CCRC boats split, PETRA going inshore to look for less tide, GUNSHOT going further out hoping for more wind. At this point the plan began to go awry, as we in PETRA found ourselves in the lead, but not knowing where to go. Some navigational guess-work took us to the mark which we rounded in first place, GUNSHOT having rather oversteered, which let not only PETRA but also CLOUDS through to first and second places. GUNSHOT's overstand was not as much as EXEAT's, however, who having missed the fact that the race committee changed the course during a start postponement, was more interested in going to Browndown. From Bowring Rose the course took us to the well-known sea-marks of Jardines, Ossory. Browndown, and back to Bowring Rose before dashing across the solent to S. Ryde Middle and on to a finish at MDL. GUNSHOT in company with MELTEMI took a flyer on the Ossory to Browndown leg by staying well out in the Solent and working their way through the lesser tide found over the banks, whilst the rest of the fleet stayed on the England shore. This manoeuvre was surprisingly successful despite involving a double crossing of the tide, and GUNSHOT pulled back to second place, rounding Browndown about 100 yards behind PETRA, but then made her Big Mistake, as she set off for S. Ryde Middle without going to Bowring Rose. This tactic caused considerable anguish on board PETRA, whose crew engaged in vigorous discussion as to the competence of their navigator before noticing

that third placed CLOUDS was following PETRA not GUNSHOT. Being a family publication, we are not allowed to report the discussions that took place on GUNSHOT at this time. Sufficient to say that the comments were adult.

Once round Bowring Rose the course took us across the solent spring tide, but not without some entertainment. Petra deciding that the tide was just too strong to allow the spinnaker to be carried all the way over, went for a sail change. Having tripped the kite at the pole end, the kite then tripped itself at the sheet end, leaving us with a very large and colourful pennant flying from the mast head. The only remedy was to allow Toby to make amends for his previous night's behaviour by sending him up the mast to retrieve the spinnaker, which he achieved in a remarkably quick time, allowing us to have it repacked and ready to reset for the final run to the finish. At the finish PETRA led CLOUDS by 29 seconds, with GUNSHOT third almost 8 minutes later.

Celebrations on PETRA were rather muted by the absence of suitable refreshment, but having shared the can of lager, we set off back to Northeney, where our celebratory mood was further enhanced by having to wait coffeeless, tealess, beerless and wineless for 45 minutes until the tide made sufficiently for us to enter Northeney. What an organisation!

And so the results of the 1992 Storm National Championships will go down in history as PETRA first, GUNSHOT second and CLOUDS third. All we need in CCRC is for another club Storm to contest the championships so that we can have a really clean sweep.

Pat Morrell

EDITOR'S NOTES

Well, it looks like we've made it successfully to the end of another vintage season, with the plans for next year already well in hand. I am particularly pleased that this final issue of the News of the CCRC World for the current season has had to be expanded to 28 pages to accommodate all the material you have sent in. In fact I already have two articles for next season - both Confessionals. I'm not sure what we should read into that!

I would like to thank all the members who have contributed to the club magazine during the course of the season, and in particular to Denise who has typed some of your hand written material on to disk for me, and of course, Freddie, who continues to come up with an almost endless stream of Kartoon Komments on members misfortunes and other misadventures.

I would also like to thank all the commercial organisations who have advertised with us this year and hope you will be with us again next season.

As I write, the AGM and Prize Giving are but days away, Penrose III is providing a mobile club house to a number of CCRC members who go out to spectate in the HISC Winter Season; Surry Bill, I should have said "compete" in the winter series. It's all those bacon butties, gin and tonics, deck chairs etc; gave me quite the wrong impression.

We wish all readers a very Happy Christmas and a good season in 1993.

Brian Dandridge



LEAGUE TABLE



TABLES SHOW THE TOP 6 ACCUMULATED SCORES FOR RACES RUN TO DATE TAKING INTO CONSIDERATION DISCARDS

Results Service Courtesy of Mike Ware

ALPHA 1

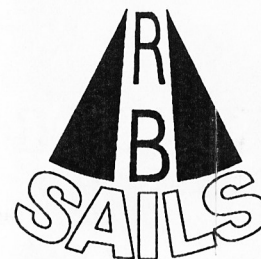
SEASON SERIES		BAY SERIES	
YACHT	POINTS	YACHT	POINTS
HELIOS	175.75	ANNA LOUISE IV	80.00
TOO MUCH	175.25	TOO MUCH	76.25
ANNA LOUISE IV	174.00	LYNX 2	71.00
LYNX 2	159.00	HELIOS	69.75
GUNSHOT	157.75	GOLDENEYE	67.00
PETRA	151.25	TRUE LOVE GB	58.25

ALPHA 2

SEASON SERIES		BAY SERIES	
YACHT	POINTS	YACHT	POINTS
OBVIOUS CHILD	144.00	OBVIOUS CHILD	62.75
GOPHER BROKE	132.50	RUSH HOUR	61.00
ARD RIGH	119.25	GOPHER BROKE	59.50
RIMAU	116.50	ARD RIGH	54.00
MONS MEG	104.25	RIMAU	50.00
ELECTRONIQUE	96.00	MONS MEG	46.25

BETA

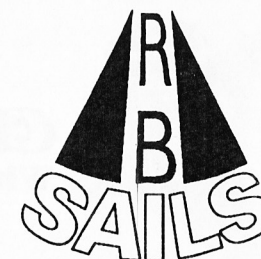
SEASON SERIES		BAY SERIES	
YACHT	POINTS	YACHT	POINTS
PENROSE III	117.00	PENROSE III	46.25
IMPROMPTU	108.25	KANDY	43.25
BELAZOR	96.00	BALAZOR	38.00
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KANDY	73.50	IMPROMPTU	35.25
DUCHESSE	41.25	ZEBEDEE	27.25



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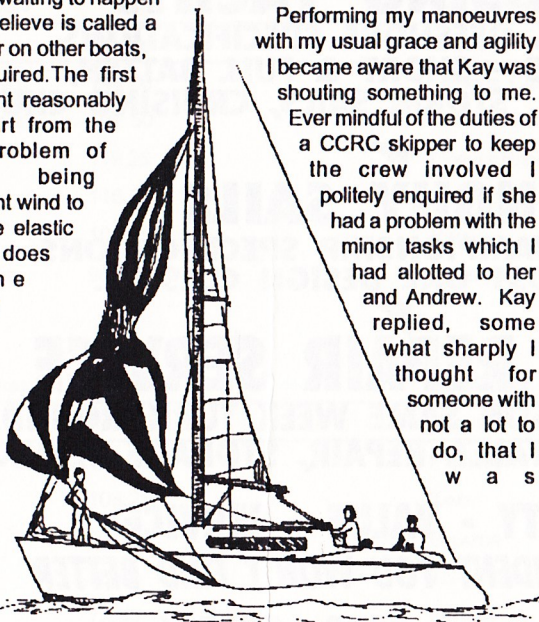


CLUB CONFESSIONAL

With appologies to Yachting Monthly

It was a lovely sunny day as we gathered at CHI buoy for the OPEN RACE on 16 May 1992. For once Caragh had more than Kay and I as crew as a colleague Andrew had actually volunteered to crew with us despite (or perhaps?) his wife being 8 months pregnant.

From memory the first mark was Dean Elbow and the "disaster waiting to happen" which I believe is called a spinnaker on other boats, was required. The first hoist went reasonably well apart from the usual problem of there being insufficient wind to break the elastic bands - does anyone know where one



Is this the meaning of being poles apart?

can buy weak elastic bands? The mark approached at a leisurely pace and like all CCRC skippers I calmly and quietly explained the manoeuvres required to gybe the spinnaker. As I knew what I was doing (!) I would go up the pointy end and deal with the difficult bit while I left my motley crew to do the easy bit of keeping the spinnaker full, gybing the mainsail, steering round the mark and attending to the up-haul, down-haul, sheet and guy. They had it easy after all I had to unhook one end of the pole and attach the other end to the mast in a force 2!

Performing my manoeuvres with my usual grace and agility I became aware that Kay was shouting something to me.

Ever mindful of the duties of a CCRC skipper to keep the crew involved I politely enquired if she had a problem with the minor tasks which I had allotted to her and Andrew. Kay replied, some what sharply I thought for someone with not a lot to do, that I was

attaching the pole to the wrong piece of string. As we do not have lazy sheets and guys on CARAGH I (im?) politely pointed out to the crew that she was mistaken as would become clear if they could see their way to gybe the main. This was duly done and I turned to contemplate a beautifully executed gybe when I became aware that something was amiss. The pole was attached to the guy alright BUT BY BOTH ENDS! so that was what my erstwhile crew had been trying to draw to my attention.

I decided to drop the kite and hoist the number 1 genoa, but I managed to rip both sails in quick succession so that is why CARAGH retired from the open race.

Apart from pride goes before a fall, the moral of this story seems to me to be that we CCRC skippers should listen to our crew more often. Another way of looking at it, of course, is that skippers should never venture on the fore deck.

Jim Laing
CARAGH

Do you have any confessions you are prepared to admit to? I am sure there are many stories locked away waiting to be told. Don't be shy, we can keep a secret.

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