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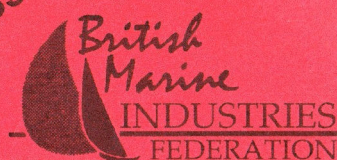
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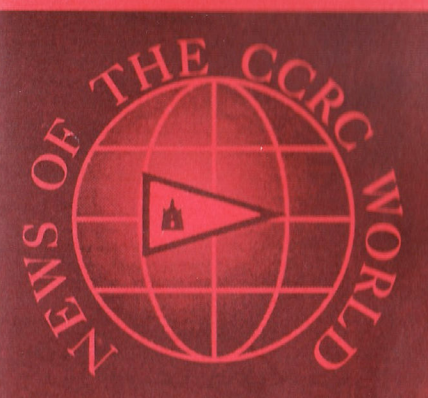
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CHICHESTER
CRUISER
RACING
CLUB

Autumn 1993



THIS EDITION

FASTNET '93, 1st of two CCRC reports
ROUND BRITAIN RALLY Part 2,
TREVOR ROSE MEETS THE AMERICAS CUP
& other News, Views, Reports and Tips
from Chichester Harbour's leading Cruiser
Racing Club

The Club For Yacht Racing Enthusiasts
Throughout Chichester Harbour

CHICHESTER CRUISER RACING CLUB



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Vice Commodore	Peter Wallace (0483 721563)
Hon Secretary	Mike Smith (0883 345081)
Hon Sailing Secretary	Richard Creer (081 995 5525)
Hon Treasurer	Jim Laing (0403 267522)
Publicity Officer	Brian Dandridge (0273 846132)
Crew Register	Sue Dearden (081 847 2012)

Editor
 Brian Dandridge - 0273 846132
 Deputy Editor
 Denise Cartlidge - 071 328 5052
 Race Results
 Peter Barham - 0243 573914
 Resident Cartoonist
 Freddie Kemp

PPS PERSONAL PUBLISHING SERVICES
 52 ADASTRA AVENUE
 HASOCKS
 WEST SUSSEX
 BN6 8DR
 Tel: 0273 - 846132
 Fax: 0273 - 843095

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FRONT COVER - The Beta Fleet maintains a strong turn out as the season reaches the halfway stage. The start of the race to Hamble.

Sailing Secretary's Column



Why is September like the windward mark?

Because in August CCRC members and their boats go there own ways, spread out across the sailing scene, but in September they all converge again to compare notes and embroider exploits.

Talking points this September include Cowes week, the Fastnet Race and the Round Britain Rally.

Five CCRC yachts started in the Fastnet, and all five finished - no mean achievement in a race that all agree was a "classic", i.e. somewhat gruelling. Excellent CCRC results include Helios - 8th in CHS2, Sareema - 6th in CHS3 and Mons Meg - 14th in CHS3 and first Contessa 32. The latter two are to be particularly congratulated. I can personally vouch for the fact that six hundred miles, and most of it to windward, is a long way in a 36 foot boat. The same thing in a 32 footer must call for a special kind of fortitude'.

The Round Britain Rally, was of even greater distance, but more sensibly it was tackled in a

series of easy(ish) stages. You will no doubt read of Penrose III's exploits elsewhere, including the national yachting press. Lest modesty overcomes her skipper and crew (seems unlikely - Ed.), I will just mention here that in between parties the Mighty Penrose won best overall sailing performance.

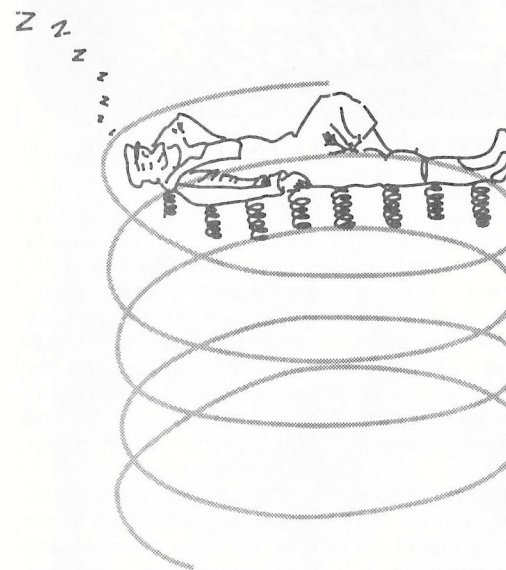
Well done to these and all other CCRC members, whether competing in some remote regatta or simply enjoying a relaxing summer cruise. Following aforementioned jaunt to the West Country via a certain Irish rock, the nucleus of the Goldeneye crew took themselves off to Turkey, where the Skipper lay by the pool for two weeks and stared at the mountains. Unless, that is, the pool got a bit choppy in which case he immediately retired indoors - the perfect antidote to

a surfeit of grey skies, lumpy seas and driving rain. Relaxed, refreshed and reinvigorated we returned for the remaining weekends of the Summerseries, including the ever popular Itchenor Casket and an excellent visit to Sea View YC for lunch with a grandstand view of the start of the Whitbread.

By the time you read this the 1993 Summer Season will be just about complete. Championships will have been won, and lost, and it is time to reflect on what went wrong and what went right. The press-gangs are out for the Winter Series and thoughts turn to laying-up suppers - I hope to see you at one or the other or, better still, both.

Richard Creer
Hon. Sailing Sec.

Springtime is here.....



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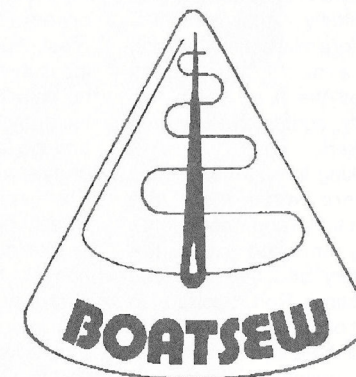
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BROWN BOMBER'S CHANNEL WEEK

(OR HOW THE UNCRUMPET SCORED IN FRANCE)

All night the halyards slapped against the masts, the wind whistled through the shrouds and sleep evaded even the soundest of slumberers. The six o'clock forecast promised more of the same...not a good day to set off for France for a week of hard racing.

As it happened, just after the start the wind died away leaving us wallowing in the Solent and drifting down on the tide to the Needles. Luckily the wind soon picked up and the race continued uneventfully - that is until a quarter of a mile before the finish when a nasty little squall flattened the fleet. Gunshot, naturally, continued to fly their spinnaker!

Locking through to St Malo we were eyeing up the competition (and the talent). Snugly moored near the temporary douches and loos ('disgusting', Ron reported, so the rest of us didn't bother!), we went ashore to sample the cuisine regionales (cider and crepes) before hitting le sac.

The prizegiving was held in le Yacht Club on Dimanche midi where we met up with other CCRC boats - Gunshot, Mon's Meg, Sareema and Major Gamble...and the gastronomic arrangements were made for later that evening.

But before those could be enjoyed, the week's racing instructions had to be translated...and understood...particularly the crucial difference between Barbord and Tarbord! Fortunately the Skipper's French classes came into their own (with a little help from Marian and a dictionary).

That accomplished, Skipper and Navigator attended the briefing where the rest of the crew then joined them to sample the first of many kirs of the week.

The next matin heralded the first day's race. We made a brilliant startjust a pity we were over the line by a hair's breadth (one on Mike's chest...?!) but a quick gybe round the committee boat kept us still up with the leaders. Marian valiantly plotted our course through les roches and various buoys with names such as EpauvelaPlace and Vieux Banc Ouest.

We moored in the Marina and at last had a decent douche. Coaches took us all to a gymnasium in Dinard where the most splendid, sumptuous buffet was awaiting us. Before allowing us to have even a kir...speeches were made by the various SOVAC organisers, Monsieur le Mayor and other dignitaries. Then the prizegiving - we were second!

Sharing a table with us were a crew of like-minded, fun-loving people from Jersey who were

just as keen to exceed our allowance of vin! The entente cordiale continued with le roc and roll avec nouveaux amis.

The next jour the race took us past Cap Frehel to St Quay-Portrieux. On entering the marina we saw a familiar sight - Criss Cross, although no one was aboard. Even better douches here!

Coaches were again laid on to take us to a local hall where more kir, more speeches and more presentations to another Monsieur le Mayor awaited us followed by a delicious buffet.

Walking back through the streets with our 'walkers' (water bottles filled with vin), we were entertained by fireworks on the beach...after all it was the eve of Bastille Day! The party continued on BB and Sue arrived back on board having won a cuddly toy!

Mercredi matin we raced onto Paimpol. Greeted by firecrackers and marathon runners, all thirty one boats managed to squeeze into the small marina. Extra nouveau douches here! The dress code for ce soir was crew uniforms and battle flags and we paraded up the street behind a piper to yet more kir, speeches and presentations to Monsieur le Mayor! Dinner was a real treat...traditional Breton food served by locals who were both extremely hospitable and entertaining. The singing of the Paimpolaise was countered by

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BLUE RIBBON PERFORMANCE

a rousing rendition of Ilkley Moor Bah'tat. Fireworks and drinking continued well into the night.

Fortunately an early start was not required the next matin. The long spinnaker run all the way back to St Malo was a gentle way to recover from our hangovers!

The final day - the Lobster Cup - and another quick thrash around les roches. It was not our day...but we did sufficiently well to retain our position - second overall in our Class for the week.

La grande prizegiving was held in St Malo's Casino where we celebrated with our new found friends our successes for the week. After the starter of a whole lobster (each!) the first of the speeches and presentations took place...and continued between every course...by 1.00 am we still hadn't had coffee!

We retired to a local hosteliere for a farewell drink with our friends from Jersey before finally hitting le sac at 3.00 am. After only four hours kip we locked out of St Malo and

set off for home.

Chef Chivers came up trumps again with Chicken a la Garlic followed by home-made rice pudding as we passed Cap de la Hague. Seven o'clock the next morning we were moored at Itchenor and enjoying 'one-eyed Texans' for breakfast.

A fantastic week; great fun, excellent racing and thoroughly to be recommended.

**Sue Dearden and
Marian Saltmer**

Prudence Pays Off!

On 30th June we were 6 miles off Cherbourg harbour, having left Northney at 0515 and motored all the way. We were particularly frustrated as the expected on shore breeze had not materialized and the NE F2 had disappeared leaving the sea like a mill pond. Apart from nearly being run down by a P & O ferry from astern, there had been little shipping in the channel; so that when what looked like a French Naval Offshore Patrol vessel was on course to pass half a mile in front, we were woken from our lethargy. However she changed course and stopped 1 mile off our starboard quarter.

We had the French tricolour flying and the mainsail still up

with no cone displayed. our decision to drop the main was hastened when Alice said that the French fined one on the spot for such an omission. From the bridge binoculars were trained on us and there was no doubt we were attracting undue interest.

However they moved off and we continued to motor at 6½ kts towards Cherbourg. We then noticed that they had stopped again about ½ mile off our port quarter; and were preparing to lower an inflatable. We watched as three people climbed in, the outboard was started and they made a beeline for Criss-Cross. Only one person was in uniform, an attractive bareheaded blond who was helming. She asked us to stop and the other two - a man and a girl who were scruffily dressed came aboard and said that they were French Customs.

Earlier in the year I was in two minds whether to get a VAT Exemption Certificate from the Dover Customs Yacht Team as Criss-Cross was built in Sweden; but after reading Jim Laing's advice I decided to get form

C88A in order to make doubly sure we had no problem with the French. We had been visited twice by them during our S Brittany cruise in 1992.

So out came the C88A, our SSR and passports to prove that the yacht was not on charter. There were smiles all round; but even so there were numerous questions asked. The girl's task was to complete a lengthy form. This she had difficulty doing because we were told that she spoke no English but was fluent in Portuguese. Therefore her companion had to translate all our answers. Perhaps she was on a French sort of YTS scheme to learn English!

After about ten minutes they left having declined to look below. There were handshakes all round and we felt that the L'Entente Cordiale had been maintained. It would not have been so friendly from our side if the wind had been strong and the sea rough. They made off at speed after another British yacht homeward bound over a mile away.

Ronnie Crossthwaite

"NEVER GIVE UP"

In November 1992 I found myself in Wisconsin USA on business trying to buy some good beef at a price which would make us a little profit. The weather was cold with snow falling, in fact, I was some miles North of Toronto, Canada. At the end of the weeks' work it was time to fit in some holiday. Where do you go for some sunshine at that time of the year?

As I have already been to Florida and as I was already most of the way there, I decided San Diego was the place to go. I had already asked for advice from one of CCRC's most travelled sailors, Bill Cartlidge, and he agreed that San Diego was a good place to go.

Monica flew out and we met up at Denver. She flew in as the snow arrived at that midWest State. We then flew out the next day for San Diego where we had five gorgeous days with the temperature over 70F each day as we explored, and we had a super room high up in the Holiday Inn overlooking the vast harbour.

What I need to tell is that a kind person had arranged for Monica and me to have a sail in the harbour. According to instructions we met Bent, an expatriot 72yr old Dane, 6'2", eyes of blue, skinny as a rake and very fit, who took us to San Diego Yacht Club where he

keeps his 36ft yacht, complete with huge Royal Danish Yacht Club Flag.

It was about 10am in the morning on a beautiful sunny still day. Bent dashed off to get some sandwiches to take out with us and Monica and I walked through San Diego Yacht Club which was very grand, pausing to admire the Americas Cup in its huge glass case on our way. Monica left me standing on the vast wooden terrace with its many white tables and colourful umbrellas overlooking the Yacht Club's only marina while she went back into the club house to take some photographs of the "Cup". Soon she returned to ask me to come with her because someone had volunteered to take photographs of the two of us standing by their triumph. This smart gentleman of retirement years ushered us into position and took several photographs. At this time a grand blond lady arrived, also Bent returned. Bent said he was pleased that we had met these senior committee members of the yacht club and

that in fact the lady was one of their most regular Race Officers. We were asked if we had a yacht so we told them of Too Much. They asked us where we sailed and of course we mentioned the CCRC. They then said that they had been to England in that Summer and in fact had sailed in the Round the Island Race in a Contessa 32. I mentioned that it had really been a slow old race and they agreed, remarking that they knew that the committee had shortened the race at Bembridge Ledge. I said yes, we thought that we were never going to get there and they exclaimed, "did you really finish!" and we said "yes".

The moral of this story is "Never, Never Give Up". It must have taken us four hours to get from St Catherine's Point to Bembridge Ledge and the only reason that we ever got there was because the tide went in that direction. You never know when hanging on can stand you in such good social stead.

**T. G. ROSE
TOO MUCH!**

RACE REPORT

As a recent full time member to the CCRC and this our first race report, I'm not quite sure where to start, however I feel that I must mention for the record the first class dinner which the Club enjoyed on the Saturday evening at the "Royal Albert Yacht Club". The service, food and locality all came together for a memorable evening even the price was reasonable. Let's hope this venue is included in next years programme.

So to the race, the day started with sunshine for those up at the crack of dawn but quickly became overcast. We all motored out to the line for the start at Morse, TOPY Too doing the honours of OOD, the next mark being Lucas to the West.

The start was an eventful affair, lack of wind did not help matters. The gun went, we were in clear air (probably in the wrong place). There was a loud thud to port, we turned to see that ARD RIGH had T-boned RIMAU on her starboard quarter, luckily no major damage, not even a red flag! RIMAU did her penance as ARD RIGH was on starboard and the race continued.

GOPHER BROKE was first round the mark, the wind by now had freshened and with spinnakers up we headed down through the forts to Nab East taking ferries and tankers in our stride. We were not the last Beta boat, however, we were well down in

the fleet and not surprisingly it's a good viewpoint to watch the others broaching and coping with the gusty conditions with plenty of time for us to prepare for the worst.

The Alpha fleet were by now hot on our heels and one by one starting with HELIOS then GOLDENEYE overtook us (pinching our wind in the progress) to disappear off in the distance.

The Beta fleet rounded Nab East and with foresails up made our way to Dean Elbow only RIMAU the brave kept up their spinnaker for the whole leg, the rest of us busy re-packing ready for the run down to Hard. Upright at last! "Where's my beer and sandwiches?" I shouted. We relaxed for a while and watched the Admiral Cup Fleet go by, looks like hard work to me!

At hard GOPHER BROKE with ARD RIGH in hot pursuit were first round and off we all sailed up to Winner. I can't remember the exact order of the fleet but the sonatas were doing well, too well for my liking!

We rounded Winner and spinnakered the last leg to Chi. and the finish. ZEBEDEE had earlier blown out their spinnaker (unknown at the time to us) so we managed to do a bit of catching up at their expense, nearly made it!

A good weekend was had by all. Good food, good sailing and good company.

Apologies to the alpha fleet for lack of reporting and commiserations to BELAZOR who lost a large lump of metal from the underside namely the rudder on Saturday.

Andrew Wilson
GIMIK

TREASURER'S TIPS

What do you do when your car needs a 12,000 mile service? Easy, buy a new one! What do you do when your boat needs new instruments? - Buy a new one. What do you do when you want two free tickets for the Boat Show? - Buy a new yacht!

You think I'm joking!?!

Well, I am reliably informed by the Hon. Treasurer that when Kay's car need servicing a couple of years back she bought a new car to save money. Now, when he felt it was time to update the instruments on Caragh, the obvious decision was to trade her in for something bigger.

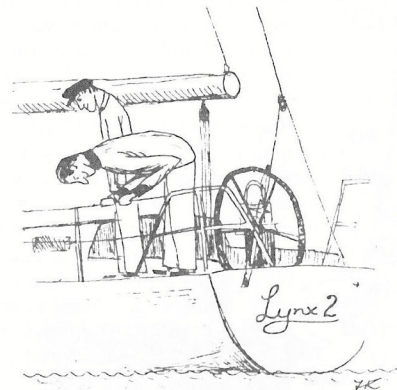
If all goes to plan the Laings will be on the line at the beginning of next season with Caragh III, a Grand Soleil 343. Jim tells me he chose this boat because, whilst she is 37' long the calss name makes sound like a 34' boat which should help reduce berthing costs whilst visiting marinas!!

ANOTHER NEW BOAT

1994 will see Orange Pippin, an ex ½ ton cupper out in the hand of "Uncle" John Hampton, and son, Billy. John reports that he was fed up with not having finished a race this year in Belazor, so he is aiming for the other end of the fleet.

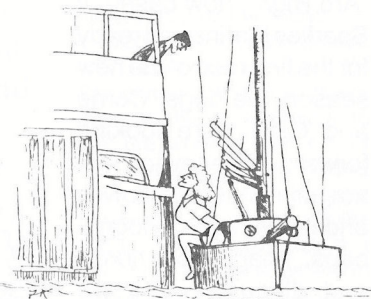
Orange Pippin is cold moulded in mahogany, and Billy has been working on her through much of the past season bringing her up to scratch. Once the wiring has been replaced she should be ready to go, and John plans to dry berth her from Sparkes Marina in the coming season.

Kemp's Kartoon Korner



WOT NO DINGHY!?!?

Freddie & Pam Kemp invited Peter Willoughby on board for a drink when anchored in Cawsand Bay. Unfortunately Freddie's clove hitch was not what it should have been with the inevitable result! After Freddie's cartoon of Peter sailing off with a lashed helm in a past issue of CCRC World Peter was insistent that the compliment was returned!



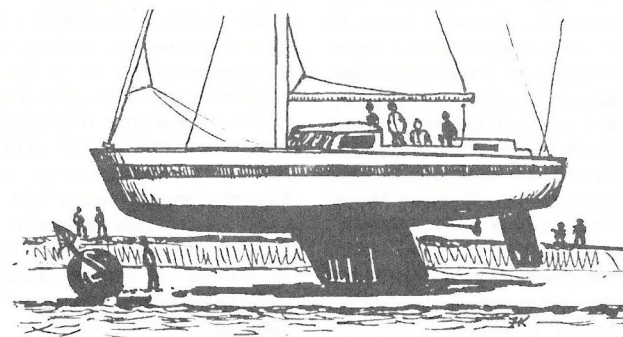
WHO NEEDS FENDERS?

See Pat Morrell's confessional on the back page

CAPTION COMPETITION THE WINNER

PENROSE IN WONDERLAND

*You are old father
William the young man
said,
and your hair has become
very white,
and yet you persistently
stand on your lead.
Do you think at your age
it is right?
Pam Kemp*



DOGWATCH

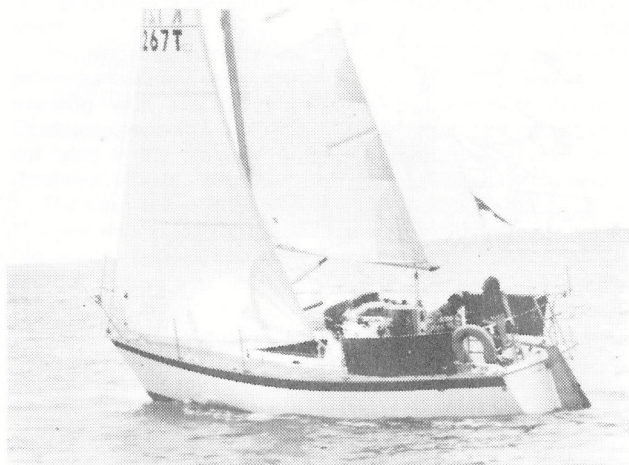
RACE 1, 1993

SURREY to ST HELIER.

With our weekend kennel "Ard Righ", now based at Sparkes Marina and ready for the first race of the new season, we dogs, Corrie and Glen were looking forward to renewing our acquaintance with Cowes and its high class doggy-bags. Imagine our horror and disgust, when we found ourselves being frogmarched to "Treetops" boarding kennels on the Friday immediately prior to the Bank Holiday. We think, however, that in the event we had the last laugh.

At 16.45 hrs. that day, Skip and his 1st Mate boarded the 40 minute BA flight to Jersey, complete with overnight bag and wedding presents. They were in festive mood and off to attend John Evan's marriage. Welshman John, was that once stalwart crewmember of "Ard Righ" and before being transferred to St. Helier by his employers, was the person responsible for the yacht's large yellow and red kite with the seal ensignia.

Two double gin and tonics later, the plane swooped in low for its approach to land at the island's airport and the eastern shores of Jersey could be distinguished clearly. Not so



the rest of the small land mass, which was shrouded in already dense and still thickening fog. The inevitable, unthinkable, resulted when a mere five hundred feet above the airstrip the pilot aborted his landing and informed his passengers that with only 30 minutes spare fuel they were returning to Heathrow.

We think that it was at this point that reality finally dawned upon Skip. You see, he was not just a guest at the 10.30 a.m. wedding the next day he was John's Best Man and when fog sets in the in Channel Isles, it tends to be rather slow to lift. Drinks on the return were confined to stiff Virgin Marys' with lots of Worcester Sauce.

Consternation turned to near panic when the Captain kept all the passengers aboard for over an hour after landing, on the off chance that he could make

another attempt. This at the same time as keeping Skip away from communicating with the outside world. By 20.00 hrs. the decision had been taken that there would be no further flights until the next day. About this time Skip had managed to purloin a Club Class passengers' mobile phone and explain, albeit briefly, to John what, as an Islander, he already knew. So much for their quiet evening dinner when the finishing touches would be put to their respective speeches. The real race was now on! 14.5 hours left to get to the Church. Well, Registry Office actually but the Church Service was to follow only 30 minutes thereafter. While the 1st Mate was organising the courtesy coach back to the long term car park, Skip attended to the formal cancellation of the now useless

flight tickets.

Up until then no one seemed to know the available alternatives, if any, but upon explaining the circumstances to the car park's receptionists Skip was given free use of their phone, whilst they tried to identify where in their field of hundreds of cards the Volvo had been parked, so recently before that it had not yet been registered on their computer.

By 21.00 hrs. phone calls to travel agents, AA, Ferry Companies, various police offices, and to John had narrowed the possibilities down to one; the new 50 Knot wave piercer catamaran service operated by Condor from Weymouth. Leaving John to determine space and times our intrepid owners jumped into now retrieved Volvo and set off to shorten the distance to the seaport.

At Fleet services on the M3, a further call was placed to John who reassured the pair. Yes, there was an 07.00 hrs. sailing. There was plenty of availability and the journey time of 2 hours 50 minutes, though tight, would still leave 40 minutes to spare. Unfortunately, given the time, 22.00 hrs. John had not been able to book tickets but had managed to determine that were they to check in by 06.00 hrs. all would be well.

Yet another discussion followed between Skip and Partner, following which it was decided to return home to Woking. Not only would this permit at least a few hours comfortable sleep but also enable them to pack the car with all the sailing gear. The forethought that would allow them to drive direct from Weymouth to Hayling Island on the Saturday evening, given their original aim to leave Sparkes early on Sunday to get to Cowes

for the start of the Club's second race at 11.00 hrs. on that day.

Consequently, bed became further delayed and it was not until well after midnight that two very tired individuals turned in with the alarm set for 03.00 hrs. Wedding time minus 7.5 hrs!

"Get them Aboard"
barked the
Captain's voice
over the VHF and
seven assorted and
rather pathetic
figures ran like
startled rabbits
down the tunnel to
the gangplank.

The best that can be said about the drive to Weymouth was that it was completed without incident and in good time. All was to change, however, at the Condor Check-in Desk. Upon their arrival at 06.00 hrs. the wide awake and cheerful receptionist advised that the sailing was fully booked. Despite strenuous appeals as to Skip's situation, she remained adamant that no space could be found for Best Men or anyone else not holding a blue Universal Ogden Boarding Pass. What seemingly had transpired was that British Midland, on having their Gatwick/Jersey flight cancelled the previous evening, promptly contacted Condor by some privileged means and overnight block booked all the remaining space. If grown men could weep - Wedding time minus 4.5 hrs!

As the minutes passed the "dejected queue" gradually grew by five. All business men with equally useless BA tickets but nevertheless hoping to get home

for the week-end. When the check-in desk closed at 06.55 hrs. with our heros' still left on the wrong side, it seemed that the race was over short of some act of piracy.

What Skip and the others had not realised was that one of their number was a personal friend of the captain of the wavepiercer and armed with his trusty Vodaphone made a call direct to him on the bridge.

Moments later, we overheard the Captain speaking on the Company's VHF to the officers manning the boarding gate, to ask the whereabouts of our newly acquired "Friend". At this juncture, our receptionist interjected to advise both the bridge and the gangway that she had the gentleman in question with her, as well as six other colleagues. As one eternity merged into the next over the space of mere seconds, whilst presumably some manifest check was undertaken to establish space, the silence was absolute. "Get them Aboard" barked the Captain's voice over the VHF and seven assorted and rather pathetic figures ran like startled rabbits down the tunnel to the gangplank. That payment was then demanded before boarding became almost an irrelevancy, cash, cheques and even the crown jewels would have willingly been parted with to win the sanctuary of those triple hulls. Wedding time minus 3.33 hrs.

With warps cast off and practiced ease "Condor 10" edged into mid channel. Before land had disappeared in the mist now rolling in from the sea the big craft was turned towards the south and gathered speed. "Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the Captain speaking, I must apologise for the slight delay in leaving Weymouth this morning

(no marks for guessing who were the contributory factors). Nevertheless, we expect to dock in Jersey at 10.00 hrs. I hope this short delay will not inconvenience anyone." Was he psychic as well?

Skip phoned John to tell him he was again making progress on yet another cellnet phone - this one supplied by the ship and available for anyone but at a cost! It ate £1 coins the way we dogs down chocolate buttons. With hindsight, we were to learn that this news was greeted with more relief by each of John's five possible Best Man stand-ins than by the great man himself who seemed to be unflappable. John agreed to meet the wave piercer when it docked, complete with Skip's morning suit and accessories hired for the occasion. No hairy knees and kilt for him today.

As Skip returned to his seat from arranging with the chief steward to first off the craft and started polishing his best shoes, being the only bit of wedding kit he was standing up in, he pondered the dense fog. The question was whether "Condor 10" could maintain 50 knots and a 2 hour 50 minute crossing when the Captain could hardly see the bow of his projectile. Meanwhile, the first mate had gone off in search of food. You see since lunch time the day before sustenance had been low on the Kepler-Tregal ranking of priorities and suddenly at 08.00 hrs. they both had a couple of hours to kill. Wedding time minus 2 hours 30 minutes. Regrettably 2 hour 50 minute trips do not lend themselves to five star cuisine but she did manage to procure a couple of rounds of egg mayonnaise sandwiches to go with the complementary teas. Skip chose to work on his speech and to rehearse the few words of Welsh he had painstakingly

learnt.

As the crossing was made within the allotted time, us look-out dogs leave you with one thought for the next time you find yourself on the rhumb line between Weymouth and the Channel Islands in thick fog. Make sure your radar reflector is up and effective. Taking avoiding action is not an option open to a yacht capable of travelling at five to nine knots!

Five minutes later both emerged, Skip having been stripped to the buff in front of an amazed audience and repackaged at breakneck speed.

"Condor 10" manoeuvred alongside St. Helier's quay just after 10.00 hrs. as good as the captain's word. Unfortunately, the port had decided that they would use this day to commission a new gangway. Try as they might, the two crew complete with the ship's hydraulic lifting crane and shore party could not get the contraption aboard. In the end the three dockers gave it a mighty heave. No sooner had it landed full square on the deck, than our twosome scuttled ashore as if the excise man was after them. Shouts of "Hope you get there on time" rang out from fellow passengers who had overheard conversations, as well as cries of displeasure from the dockers who had not made the gangway secure.

Running along the quay, the excise man was not of course behind them, he was, in fact, still ahead. The seemingly deserted Customs Hall was reached with

no let up in speed and the 1st Mate was left to answer the cry from the uniformed officer of "Where have you two come from".

"Weymouth" came the singular response. "But it has not docked yet" "Yes that's right". And so said, she fled out into the arrivals hall to the astonished look of her work colleague. We will never know what would have happened if they had searched her bags to find her own Commission lying on the top!

In the hall John, already appropriately attired, was to be found pacing the floor looking for all the world like that famous adversary of Batman - the Penguin. Deep in thought, he was carrying a large plastic bag with a similar outfit which he now thrust at Skip and hauled him into the Gents toilet. Wedding time minus 25 minutes.

Five minutes later both emerged, Skip having been stripped to the buff in front of an amazed audience and repackaged at breakneck speed. Dashing outside and greeting John's parents who were minding his triple parked car, they sped off in the direction of the Registry Office. Fortunately, John's thoughtful employers, Nat West, had sighted one of their office car parks close by the "Finishing line" and securing the car, the groom, best man, and party strolled round the corner to witness the Bride's limousine drawing up at the front of the Registry office. A quick glance at the time showed it to be 1028 and counting.

And the rest of the day? Well, it was just plain sailing but we dogs were quite put out that not a single piece of wedding cake was brought back for us.

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PASSAGE RACE YARMOUTH TO 'CHI'

Following an excellent dinner at the Royal Solent, 10 Beta and 8 Alpha crews came to the line early next day under the watchful eye of race officer Trevor Rose for the passage race home. A force 3 North Easterly apparently strengthened by a sluicing flood tide, promised fast conditions.

The Betas first away, swept off up the Solent towards East Bramble with Red Cloud fighting back from the down tide side after a PMS. Alphas clearly followed led by Such Is Life from the starboard side, all the bigger boats revelling in the conditions, as they made for West Lepe and the short fetch sideways to Saltmede. Racing was close at this stage although some were swept low of the mark and lost ground.

Towards Cowes the wind died as the incipient sea breeze offset the gradient wind. Tactics varied, new leader Brown (Pink?) Bomber, old fox Freddie

in Lynx and Alex followed most of the Betas northwards to avoid being swept past the mark. Major Gamble looked as if she was going up the Medina but didn't seem to lose much and Orenda stayed in the favourable tide near Prince Consort. This course paid, with the tide aided wind, as she was first to East Bramble with a good lead, quickly lost by failing to fly her kite. The tussle restarted at North Ryde Middle and again most went northwards. After a few quick covering tacks on Orenda, so did such Is Life, but the Island side paid with freeing breeze and stronger tide.

The welcome sight of Too Much shortening course at Saddle greeted the leader and her skipper was able to congratulate his 'orendous lot' on their stupendous efforts in trimming sails and boat so diligently and with good effect. Next were Lynx (sporting her new No 1) Such Is Life and Brown Bomber. Betas were led home by Ard Righ with Gopher Broke on her transom to save her time.

**Mike Tong
Orenda**

CONTESSA - THE VERY FIRST?

An interesting old boat has taken up residence across the finger from MONS MEG at Northney. Named CONTESSA, she is 26 feet long, of cold-moulded mahogany with a transom hung rudder. The name, and the similarity of her hull to that of CONTESSA ANNA LOUISE (owned by Roger

& Jacquie Morris way back when I joined the Club) excited my curiosity.

Her owner turned out to be none other than David Mitchell, the manager of the Northney Marina. He tells me that he has spent three years restoring her from a very neglected state (the garboard area was rotten and had to be completely rebuilt) to her present near pristine condition

CONTESSA was the

prototype and plug for the Contessa 26 class, now over 100 strong, and the David Sadler/Jeremy Rogers precursor to the 32. I understand from another source that she was campaigned by Jeremy Rogers for a season before he embarked on series production of her GRP sisters.

Perhaps her new owner, who has an impressive racing background himself, will turn out for a CCRC race or two.....?

H.A.C.

SATURDAY NIGHT & SUNDAY MORNING

May 23rd, 1993

PROLOGUE

In a small flat somewhere in Pimlico the phone is ringing.....

'Hello? oh Hi Sue!..... what a great idea! Of course I don't mind missing a night's sleep to go and greet 'Group 4'..... As guests on their boat leaving Ocean Village; sounds great! and the yacht is due to arrive at 2am Sunday. I'll pick you up at 5.30pm then. Bye!'

Act One, Scene One - Ocean Village, Los Marinas Tapas Restaurant.

Sue and Marian have arrived early and decided to go for a drink.

- S: *'So we're due to leave at 10pm; better have another beer then. Do you think all these people are coming with us on the boat?'*
- M: *'No, she can't possibly be going overnight on a boat in stilettos and a mini skirt, she'll freeze. What is the boat like anyway?'*
- S: *'It's one of the Isle of Wight tourist boats, I think, a catamaran with a bar and food - it might even have a disco to keep us awake.'*
- M: *'I shall need something, I'm starting to yawn already.....'*

Scene Two - the Group 4 hospitality tent.

Sue and Marian are chatting to four other people waiting to go aboard.

- S: *'Do you all work for Group 4?'*
- Sandy: *'Brian and Tony do; Shirley and I are here as moral support. Have you been following the race?'*
- M: *'Yes, we went to see them set off last*

September; it was so exciting! its hard to believe that they've been all round the world.'

Scene Three - aboard the 'Wight Scene' at about 9.30

- S: *'This is a welcome drop of Buck's fizz. Shall we sit out here? It should be fairly sheltered until we get going.'*
- M: *'Look over there, there's some blankets in those bags - should we nick a couple for later? Those people over there have.'*
- S: *'You mean those Group 4 people who purloined the sandwiches earlier?'*

Scene Four - 10.30

Sue and Marian have decided to move to a more sheltered position outside at the front end. Here they meet their friends Sandy, Brian, Tony and Shirley again.

- T: *'I gather we're not leaving until after midnight now, the wind has dropped and they're not making such good progress. Never mind, the caterers have sent out for 50 Pizzas to keep us going'*
- M: *'Won't that be a bit difficult to bring on the motorbike?'*

Scene Five - 1am and Wight Scene is casting off

Marian, Sue and their friends are still sitting outside, although the temperature has dropped considerably. A man comes out onto the deck

Stranger: 'Good Grief! it's cold out here - but at least you are avoiding the additional torture of listening to the band.'

The Curtain falls on our heroines who are huddled,

shivering, in their deck chairs and still motoring out to sea.

Act Two, Scene One - 4am and we are now out past the Needles in the faint glimmerings of early morning light and all eyes are peeled for the first glimpse of the Yacht.

Voice 1: 'There she is! Behind us! We've come too far south!'

Voice 2: 'Yes, that's definitely her! I can see Group Four Logo on the big sail at the back!'

Sounds of cheering and rejoicing as Wight Scene sets off on a converging course and finally catches up.

Voice 3: 'They have seen us! Hurrah! Hurrah!'

Voice 4: 'There's Nick, and Mike. Go! Go! Group 4!'

Voice 5: 'That's my boy!'

The emotion is incredible as the family and friends catch sight of the various crew members whom they haven't seen for months; some since they left the Solent nine months previously. Other boats and helicopters appear and join the triumphant flotilla following Group Four as they tack up the Solent against the tide. Off Gillkicker Point fireworks herald the shore-based celebrations.

Scene Two - Turning into Southampton water, it's time to hoist the spinnaker.

- M: *'Oh no! they've got a wrap! What a moment to do that!'*
- S: *'How awful for them! But they'll have to it get back up again really quickly as it has the logo on!'*
- M: *'These new spinnakers are so difficult to pack.'*
- Brian: *'Yes, older ones are much easier to handle; so much softer! (...giggles from all!)*
- M: *'There's the gun! They have won the leg! Ooh yes! I'd love some champagne.'*
- S: *'Look! They are trying to throw some to the boat! The fish are going to get drunk too at this rate!'*

Scene Three - entering Ocean Village Marina

- M: *'Listen to the hooters! and the fireworks! and the firehoses!'*
- S: *'What a way to spend my birthday! Oh yes! I will have another bottle of champagne, thank you!'*

Scene Four - in the hospitality tent having a mega breakfast with the Crews

- Brian: *'I don't know why you are cutting the fat off the bacon, Marian, you haven't stopped eating all night!'*
- Waiter: *'More champagne?'*
- Brian: *'Why not! Here's to Group Four!'*
- S: *'Well actually I've been following 'Nuclear Electric' as I used work in the same business. Oh! are you going already?.....'She turns to Marian, 'Was it something I said?'*

Epilogue - Later that day.

A white car is spotted tacking up the M3 taking its exhausted but elated occupants back to London with 'George' at the wheel!



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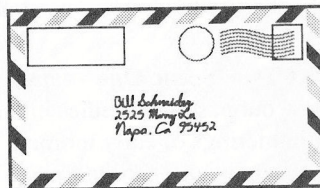
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Letters



Sharpening the Point

In the last issue of **News of the CCRC World** I made the point that adopting a Little Points system is fairer than our present Big Points system of scoring a racing series. Of course the illustration that I chose was obviously designed to support my case and in practice would not arise. After all, in a real series the right boat would triumph under either system. Or would it?

Two days after posting my article to Brian for publication I received the Cumulative Results as at 30th May 93 for the BETA Season Series. At that time five races had been sailed and three were to count. *Mons Meg* was in first place with the following results: 2, 5, 3, 1, DNS which scored 21.00, 19.00, 21.00, (17.25), (0.00) for 61.00 nett points. *Gopher-Broke* was in second place with: 1, 4, DNS (OOD), 2, 1 which scored 22.25, 20.00, 17.60 (average), (16.00), (12.25) for 59.85 nett points. However, using Little Points, RYA style, things would have been different. *Mons Meg* would score 2, 5, 3, ¼, 0 for 5¼ nett points whilst *Gopher-Broke* would score ¼, 4, 0, 2, ¼ for 3½ nett points and the position would be reversed. Does that not bear an uncanny similarity to the fiction that I invented?

Incidentally, in an attempt to fairly compensate the OOD for being deprived of points when he is on duty, this season sees the award of average points for his duty day. That is why *Gopher Broke* had 17.60 points that contribute to the 59.85 nett total. It would appear that my mistake was in racing to St. Vaast instead of cruising! Had I opted to cruise I would have gained Nil points to discard in lieu of 12.25 (actually discarding a first place). But my average for being OOD would then become 19.40, since only results from participated races are averaged, and my nett total would become

then 61.65 - back into first place! Another interesting twist to a Pointed Question.

If giving points to the OOD is deemed desirable, averaging Little Points might be fairer. In my case *Gopher-Broke* would then receive 1.9 for a nett total of 3.4 which is very close to the 3.5 Little Points previously calculated. Indeed, under our present system it would be possible, with foresight by the OOD in competing only in large races and if he were to officiate for a small one, to be awarded more points for not sailing than the winner receives of the race he times in!

So how about the declared objective of Big Points i.e. greater turnout of newcomers in our races? Taking the same five races as example the BETA fleet has consisted of 11, 12, 12, 6, 1 boats with 2, 2, 2, 0 boats in their first season with the club i.e., 8 new boat appearances out of 42 total. Of the 16 individual boats that have raced in the Season Series 4 are new this year. They hold positions 7, 10, 15, 16. I do not see any particular encouragement to them over Little Points scoring nor any evidence to suggest that there would have been fewer of them turning out for RYA style scoring races. Their rates of turnouts is, in any event, significantly less than the established CCRC boats.

How would the Lilliputians have solved the problem? I suspect that precedent would have prevailed and the Alpha fleet would have used one system and the Beta fleet another! Are we carrying tradition too far in CCRC by retaining Big Points?

Geoff Maskall
Gopher-Broke

ROUND BRITAIN RALLY

Part 2

Only Dave "the Animal" kept us company from Amble to Edinburgh and spent the whole time trying to recover from "the worst hangover in living memory" - presumably his. Luckily once the spinnaker was hoisted there was little else to do except steer, admire the awesome landscape and the plentiful wildlife. Bill, never able to resist a "Northwest Passage" navigated us inside the Farne Islands round Holy Island up the coast to St.

Abb's Head. A few jibes and gybes round Bass Rock brought us into the Firth of Forth and a steady breeze took us into Leith Docks and more parties.

The Shoreside activities of this Rally reminded me of CCRC passage race week-ends - by Monday all I want to do is go back to work for a rest. The only rest we had was every other three hours at sea!

Our crew for Edinburgh to Buckie, the most Northerly leg of our journey, were the Major Gamblers Mike and Helen, W. M. (Winkie) Nixon of Yachting World fame, the Animal (with new hangover), Skip and me. Winkie, the excellent writer, wit,

raconteur, merrymaker and sailor has written an article (in the October issue of Yachting World) about his trip with us so until we have read what he has to say We did however, achieve our world record speed of 12.48 knots under poled out yankee & full main in 35 knots of wind, kedged through an adverse tide, caught 8 fish, tacked (yes tacked) the spinnaker and finished in three days just half an hour within the time limit so it should make interesting reading.

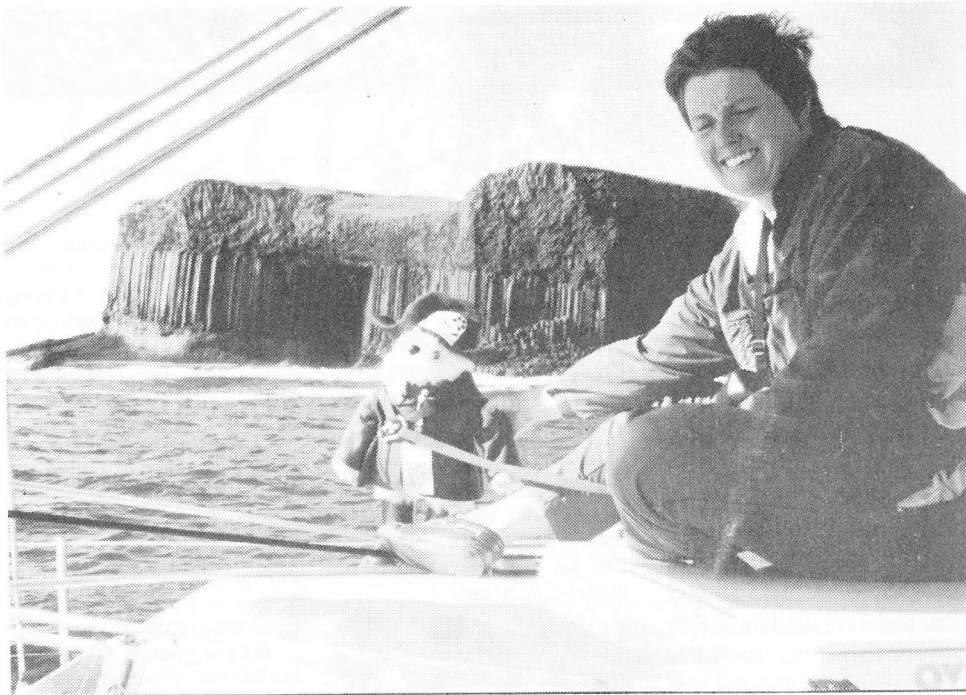
Buckie marked the end of the first half of the Rally. Ahead of us was ten days of cruising through the Caledonian Canal and the Western Islands so we chose our crew, Chris & Walter Brown, with canny foresight. We



Paddington enjoys typical Penrose hospitality

left Buckie in Company with the Ocean 60 GIFT HORSE and headed for Inverness to enter the Caledonian Canal. To enter the sea lock the procedure is to call "I!@%&!!ry" Sea Lock. I made several attempts with no response but one call from Walter and the gates miraculously opened.

We soon got used to hauling PIII though the locks but what we could not get used to was the rain. It rained so hard one day that the



Paddington is threatened with walking the plank

viz closed down to 50 yards. The Skip put on the radar. OTT do I hear? Not if you can't see the sides and have no idea where you're heading.

Lock-keepers all seemed pleased to see us. "Na'er seen so many big boats a'one time". (Imagine Jim Lad's accent) They kept insisting that the weather was quite good and were ready with pearls of wisdom such as: "If the rain don't get you - the midges will." and "Don't kill a midge - thousands of others'll come to its funeral".

Leaving the Caledonian at Fort William we sailed for Port Appin then circumnavigated the Isle of Mull with a small detour to Ardnamurchan the most Westerly point of the mainland. We played golf at Tobermory in the rain then had one beautiful day when we sailed to Staffa to see Fingel's Cave (Yep, we

played the music) and the Isle of Iona. We BBQ'd in the rain - twice, drank and ate too much and had a thoroughly wonderful time.

Croabh Haven, just South of Oban was the start point for the next leg. Needless to say we arrived in time for the Pre Race party and needless to say Kay, Stu, Adrian and Roz, our crew for the next leg, arrived in time too.

Here again we chose our crew cannily. Kay had everyone doing Scottish country dancing - what a hoot - you should see her strip the willow!

The wind had been howling for three days at Croabh Haven and the Weather forecast was not promising - S or SW 6 occasionally 7 perhaps.... Well the inshore one didn't have a perhaps but the prospect of having wind on the nose had us

literally battening down the hatches.

We tacked out trying not to get sucked into the gulf of Corryreckah then all the way down the Sound of Jura. It was quite rough but PIII, well reefed, took it on the nose like a champ. It rained, viz was down, overfalls, rocks, unlit islands - give me the Atlantic anytime.

The night passed, the rain continued and the Mull of Kyntyre (Yep, we sang the song) loomed. It took us ages to get through this notorious stretch of water tacking against the tide. There are times when I wonder why we go sailing and this was one of them but just when I was thinking "B..... this!" the usual miracle occurred. The wind backed to the West, we swept past the Isle of Man with the tide and had a magnificent sail all the way to Conwy.

"If you ever go across the sea to Ireland" Kay and I sang on our way to Dublin "If you ever go across the Irish Sea" We had to hum the rest as we ran out of words. A Seagull came to investigate, screeched, then rapidly flew away. Just Kay, Skip and me on board and we had a really great sail 7 knots and more all the way and sang every Irish song we could remember.

Winkie Nixon could hardly wait for us to arrive. He'd heard we won a bottle of Gin in a Raffle. Parties were arranged, dinners, drinking sessions, he even asked us if we'd like to go sailing. We accepted all except the latter. There was a sort of fog over our time in Dublin - Sean Davies from Gopha Broke loomed out of the mist and we acquired two extra crew; David Nixon, Winkie's son, and the Green Eyed Monster who had only ever sailed on Gift Horse (Ocean 60) and wanted to see what it was like on a little boat.

SW 6 to 7 as we left Dublin and everyone slightly jaded.

"Miss Molly" (Oyster 55) broached twice in the gusty old wind - that made us concentrate. That and the fact that "Here Be Dragons" the other Oyster 46 was sitting in our wake... But the wind soon blew the cobwebs away and we had another romping sail to Neyland off the wind all the way.

Jim Lad joined us in Neyland thinking that the roughest part of the journey was over. Ha! Ha! we had him fooled. We tacked out of Milford Haven in 35 knots of wind gusting more. It

had been blowing for several days (this was Fastnet time) and from the flat waters of the Haven we looked uphill to the roaring sea outside. Even I gulped as we rose over the first crest and slid down the other side, but we were off the wind, the sun was shining and it was much more comfortable than the North Sea Chop. We sped across the Bristol Channel to Lands End where the wind veered to the South and died just as the tide began to turn foul. We acquired a crayfish and a bucket of crab claws from a passing fisherman as we tacked back and forward making very little progress. Eventually we rounded the headland then the next and the next and each time the perverse wind stayed on the nose.

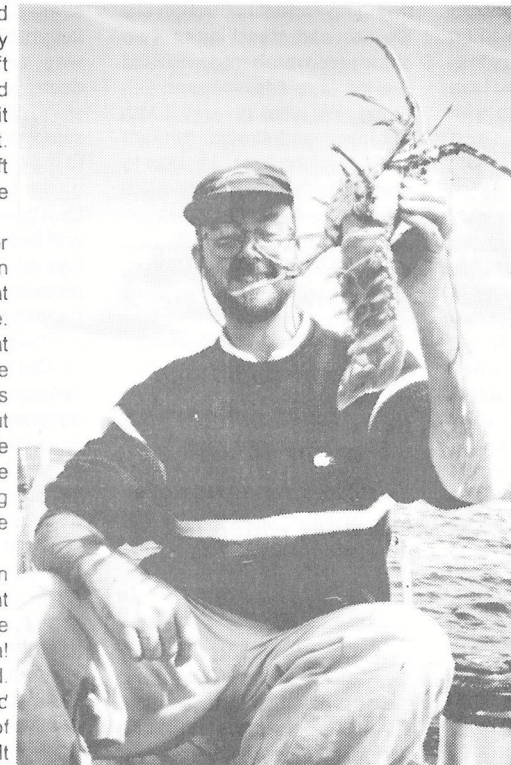
"Any sensible person would

put their engine on." said Jim. Skip ignored him. We were, at the time anchored in the middle of Fowey trying to reach Fowey YC and the finish line against the tide with no wind. Robert and Bobby from RIMAU came by in their dingy to offer encouragement and we talked to LYNX and waved to TARQUAR who were all in Fowey for the Regatta. We did eventually finish and Sean jumped ship to Lynx for a racing lift to Falmouth where he had booked a Sailing Course. Talk about well organised!

23 hours Fowey to Portsmouth, passing outside the Isle of Wight, including two hours at the start with no wind and tacking from Bembridge Ledge to Portsmouth against the tide means our log is fairly accurate and we were doing 11 knots most of the way. We certainly finished the Round Britain Rally on a high with the most wonderful down wind romp catching almost every tidal gate.

"Best Overall Sailing Performance" and "Spirit of the Rally" Award for PENROSE III was the icing on the cake. We made many friends, had some wonderful sailing, loads of fun and after nearly 2000 miles and 7 weeks we were back where we'd started. A motley fleet from 60 to 23ft had circumnavigated Britain without mishap. The rally is going to be organised again next year - its a unique experience and a perfect adventure - you should try it.

Den



FASTNET '93

On board Helios

The morning of the Fastnet Race saw Helios at Port Hamble. By 6.30 am Simon the Australian was up and about cutting up leather and stitching furiously a cover for the wheel (to give a good grip particularly for the down-wind legs). Sam the bowgirl was replacing the worn string on the bow between the lifelines with pretty pink cord, and adding elastic and hooks for temporary sail holding. The mast had been down during the week for replacement of halyard sheaves, and Martin and Colin were helping Tim set up the mast again and retune it. Steve the navigator was sorting and indexing charts. A good cooked breakfast was had by all and Robin our last crew member arrived. So we set off out of the Hamble alongside Fortuna, Yeoman XXX, Dolphin and Youth Challenge, on which our son Gerard is one of the watch leaders and helms.

The start was delayed 10 minutes as a large Vessel went through the line, and we were second off at 1.50 PM. We had a good start at the Squadron end planning to keep to the Island shore with the tide with us. We tacked back onto port and then had to duck a few starboard boats with lots of shouting - all competitors very fired up. Then suddenly we were into our first catastrophe. One of the other boats tried to duck under our stern, mis-judged it and put a hole in our starboard stern quarter. Fortunately it was fairly high and only about a foot long but the crew were a bit shaken. Up went the protest flag which we carried the whole race. (When we went to lodge the protest at the end of the race we found that the offending boat had retired, which saved a lot of hassle.)

On this same tack, approaching the Island shore, a spectator boat loomed up. It was a motoring Warrior 40 with an anchor hanging off its bow, which led to our second

catastrophe. It was motoring slowly, but then pivoted, swinging its anchor through our lifelines and stanchions. Two stanchions were bent double and the top wire line snapped like string. We were so lucky it was not lower and straight through the side of the boat. I began to wonder if we were going to make it out of the Solent at all!

On this same tack, approaching the Island shore, a spectator boat loomed up. It was a motoring Warrior 40 with an anchor hanging off its bow, which led to our second catastrophe.

Anyway we did not have any more incidents in the Solent and stuck pretty well to the middle for our beat. Whilst on starboard tack duct tape was stuck over

the hole and during our port tack the stanchions were bent straighter and tied in, and a length of green dyneema cord was used to replace the destroyed lifeline. At a later stage, beyond the Solent, we swapped the lower wire lifeline to the top and put the dyneema on the bottom, snapped off the bent bit of one of the stanchions and tied it securely in place; and half of Sam's pink cord was replaced. We knew disasters happen in threes and we waited for the next one.

Out through the Needles in a reasonably good position despite the disasters, we tacked towards St Alban's Head hoping for the forecast North-westerly but went too far and hit the overfalls. We headed for Portland intending to go inshore but were too late for the tide so headed out again. Portland Light showed all through the night with the wind going up and down so that on one watch from midnight to three we changed sail four times. Finally we got past Portland at dawn and then

we had our third catastrophe. The top spreader slit the No.1 and tore the leach-line stitching for about 5 ft, during a tack. So we spent nearly 3 hrs on the No.2 while crew members stitched the No.1. Then up it went again and we were almost back to speed.

Sunday morning and all our disasters behind us we reached into Start Point to avoid the tide. Briefly we tried the kite but then the wind totally died. Solent Oyster came up from behind and inshore and with momentum overtook us, but then she stood out too much into the tide. We stayed well in and when the wind picked up we never saw her again!

From here it was a fetch to the Lizard then, Mount's Bay in thick fog in the dark, the wind died again. Very disorientating and spooky when a boat loomed out of the fog. We hooted but it disappeared silently in the opposite direction. We headed out into the Celtic Sea with big swell and the wind building, as we changed to the No.2.

Monday dawned bright and windy. We sailed well to the right of the rhumb line still expecting a North-westerly. At this point we were accompanied by at least eight dolphins dancing along beside the boat and plunging across our bow; the previous day we spotted the fin of a lazy basking shark - all very attractive. We played the shifts in large seas and a lot of wind. We were down to our No.3 for a short while and a reef in the main.

Then we saw the lights of southern Ireland before we headed far left of the rhumb line after forecast of a South-westerly. By dawn on Tuesday the wind had moderated and we were back on No.1 when the Fastnet Rock came into view. We went round in sunshine at

about 2.30 p.m. We hoisted our large kite and then cracked a bottle of champagne and red wine and watched "With Integrity" come round the Rock 1 mile behind us! We peeled to the small kite when the wind increased and backed, finally back to the No.1 at dusk. We then had an outside change to the No.2 in mounting seas and winds without enough pink cord to prevent the sails going overboard - very difficult as the No.2 pulled out of the luff groove so we had to drop and rehoist. The wind continued to increase, so we reefed the main. When it was blowing a steady 30 knots and more we had a screaming reach which became very exciting and frightening when it blew 38 knots across the deck for several minutes. We had one severe broach when the No.2 had to be released before the boat would recover.

We hit an oil slick somewhere during the night and the foredeck and all ropes were covered with tar. And every sail that touched the foredeck has tar marks, very upsetting. By dawn on Wednesday we saw Bishop Rock and a debate ensued about our course around the lighthouse and rocks. It was decided we should go between the overfalls about 1 mile from the lighthouse. There was still 30 knots of wind and huge waves. We let out the reef in the main and hoisted the small kite in stops. We left the No.2 up to prevent wraps. Maximum speed achieved was by Simon down a wave at 15.8 knots. There was fierce competition between helms for the most speed!

We stormed back to the Lizard, dropped the No.2 and gybed. When the wind dropped a bit we peeled to the large kite, and then the wind got up again. Then, because of the possibility of crossed halyards after the

gybe, we did a very fast bareheaded kite change (not more than a minute) and then gybed. We were then into very large cross seas with a broad wind. It was at this point that we found we were converging with an old Dutch freighter which was really rolling in the waves and we did not know if she had seen us. We had several alarming minutes at quite close range before she suddenly altered course and went behind us. And another old freighter passed quite close in the opposite direction. For us to have tried to alter course with our kite up could have been a disaster. As it was we had a minor kite wrap followed later by 4 wraps which were very difficult to get out.

As we approached Plymouth heavy drizzle set in and the wind died totally and we actually had no boat speed at all. A few zephyrs arrived to carry us over the line at 11.35 p.m. After a cold shower we repaired to the bar until it closed at 3.00 am.

Our navigator Steve says that during our 605 mile race, although we had a 400 mile beat we only covered @045 miles through the water and 695 miles overland - pretty good picking of wind shifts and tide dodging. I was very impressed.

It really was a superb race and we were delighted to finish 8th in the largest class, which totalled 87 entries. We were very lucky to have such an outstanding crew. Simon the Oz, veteran of 19 Sydney/Hobarts, Colin and Martin as brilliant helms, Sam our veteran bowgirl at the age of 18, Robin, winch grinder and bowman and Steve the Navigator.

**Liz Mitchell
Helios**

The next issue will feature a second look at the rock from Mons Meg

Fun Frolics in Fécamp

with Major Gamble, Zebedee, Gopher Broke, Penrose III, Valhalla, Too Much, Petra, and Protocol.

*Once upon a time
When the weather was quite fine
Nine boats were moored on the quay;
Setting off from Hayling,
They all went a-sailing,
Crossing the English Sea!*

*With Fécamp in their sights
At the end of their plights,
Champagne corks flew in the air.
When the boats were packed away
Out came the breakfast array,
With Calvados for those who would dare!*

*Then with all the usual follies,
Like stealing shopping trolleys,
The alcohol was loaded up high.
Ignoring all the French
And the foul fishing stench,
The crews tried to drink 'Helios' dry!*

*With wine, Pimms and dips;
Wotsits and skips;
And beer both yellow and brown;
It didn't take long
Before everything was gone
And we filled all the restaurants in town!*

*The food was well worth praising
And the waiter quite hair-raising;
The table-wear was titillating too!
The British ran the show*

*As the noise began to grow
Till we staggered back, a very well oiled crew!*

*The following day
To ease the headaches away
Sunbathing was high on the list;
But with climbing in the rigging,
And Benedictine swigging,
Most settled for a few hands of Whist!*

*So, with Pastis at eleven,
Feeling drunk again by seven,
Sailing home was wonderfully merry.
With the wind fairly low
And the autohelm on go,
We had our own private cross-channel ferry!*

*Arriving back in dock We gave the
locals all a shock,
As we loaded our wares in the car.
But none can disagree
With weather so lovely This was tile
best trip to Fécamp, by far!*

Gemma 'Dungarees' Mitchell
"HELIOS"

TECHNICAL TIPS

with MIKE MOUNTFIELD

IMPROVE YOUR RATING AND YOUR PERFORMANCE

More use for that magic marker, plus, in this issue, a small tin of black paint and a new batten!

Until the early '80s there were no girth dimensions controlling the width of cruiser mainsails. The limiting factors were the stability of the sailcloth and the rather short battens allowed under the International Offshore Rule (I.O.R.). As technology helped improve the stability of sailcloth sailmakers pushed the roach out on the leech of mainsails gaining extra area. Unfortunately, as the sail aged the finish in the sailcloth began to break down and the battens were no longer able to support the leech and a hard line would develop down the forward edge of the battens.

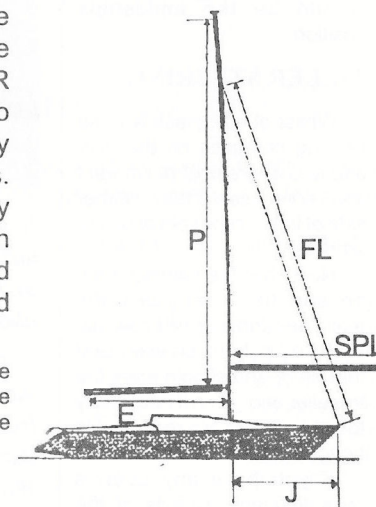
In 1988, partly in order to rejuvenate existing sails but more importantly to close the loophole, the IOR implemented two changes. Firstly, they allowed longer battens. Secondly, they introduced girth measurements at $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ heights which allowed wider sails.

Channel Handicap more or less follows the IOR rule governing rig sizes. These are:

- P - the luff of the main
- E - the foot of the main
- J - the distance from the

pin holding the forestay on the stem head fitting to the fore side of the mast at deck level

One original IOR



measurement "I" was extremely difficult to take and has been replaced under CHS by "FL", the forestay length.

The width of the spinnaker SMG and the spinnaker pole length SPL are a product of J. The girth measurements of the mainsail and the batten lengths are a product of E. The luffs of headsails and spinnakers are a product of FL.

The unpublished CHS law on sail battens is that provided the leech does not contravene IOR girth measurements any number and length of battens are allowed.

FULL WIDTH TOP BATTEN

A full width top batten can offer a big advantage, not just because it gives better flow shape in the upper part of the sail but because it holds the leech further away from the mast it gives a bigger

projected area. Longer lower battens may also be advantageous but have to be commensurate with better sail setting and increased weight.

The cost of fitting a full length laminated top batten will vary between £40 for a smaller boat and £75 for a 40ft yacht.

It is worth checking your P, E, J and FL. Indeed if you are racing under CHS you have to take these measurements in order to obtain your initial rating unless your boat is a standard class boat.

TIPS OF THE MONTH

Set the foot of the mainsail so that the shape is fast for downwind work, in average conditions. Remove the current black band at the outer end of your main boom and paint a new one further forward such that its forward edge is now in line with the aft edge of the sail. Use your flattener to flatten the sail to windward as the breeze increases.

Set the luff tension of the mainsail appropriate for light airs and re-paint the black band at the top of the mast. Then use a cunningham tackle as the breeze increases.

Measure the perpendicular of your No. 1 genoa. Is it equal to 1½ times your J measurement? If it isn't my telephone number is below!

WEATHER HELM

All keel boats should sail to windward with weather helm. In fact the angle of the rudder to the centre line of the boat should be between 3 and 5 degrees at all times when going to windward. Without this no hydro dynamic lift will be gained from the rudder blade and the boat will make increased leeway. A good helmsman will know from the feel of the helm when he has

too much weather helm, but how do the rest of the crew know, particularly the mainsheet trimmer?

CALIBRATING THE RUDDER

In order to avoid the helmsman giving a running commentary to the mainsheet trimmer the angle should be calibrated.

WHEEL STEERED BOATS

With the helm amidships, place a hand bearing compass on the quadrant (making sure there is no steel in the vicinity!) and take a note of the heading. Turn the wheel until the heading has altered 5 degrees and put some red tape at the top of the wheel. Turn the wheel back to amidships and repeat the operation in the opposite direction. To double check, measure the midway point between the two marks and this should be the amidships position.

TILLER STEERING

Whilst at rest place a hand bearing compass on the tiller and at 5 degrees of movement mark convenient lines on either side of the cockpit sole or on the aft deck.

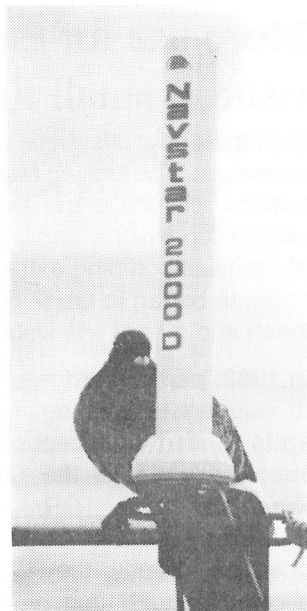
Now when the helm is moved beyond the 5 degrees the mainsheet trimmer will know that the boat is hard pressed and that he or she should ease the traveller and go on if necessary to call for a slab or a reduction in headsail size.

If you have any queries regarding any aspects of the points outlined above please contact me on 0705 463720.

Mike Mountifield

NAVIGATION

Hands up all those who thought the pigeon had a natural homing instinct. Well, we can now reveal the truth. This wayward specimen stopped to ask Hugh Caldwell the way home during a recent trip back across the channel.



It is here seen trying to find out how to interface its brain to the electronic wizardry aboard MONS MEG.

On the other hand, you may recall Hugh's recent fraternization with the ducks during the Seine Bay Cruise. Wicked rumour has it that not satisfied with Duck a l'orange and duck eggs for breakfast the Commodore now fancies pigeon pie!!
Ed.

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CLUB CONFESSIONAL

With apologies to Yachting Monthly

OUCH!

We had finished our A levels, but in those days weren't allowed to leave school until the official end of term, so that some sort of project based activity was organised to keep us out of trouble(!) One of the girls had a friend who would lend us his boat, kept in Yarmouth (IOW), and so she, Alan and I put in for a project involving a study of Solent currents and tides, to be carried out of course from the water.

The boat was a gaff cutter, built about the turn of the century with a plumb bow, long counter stern, and a 15ft bowsprit to compliment the 35 ft overall length hull. In theory she had an engine, but in practice it wouldn't work and had been removed for repair.

In those days (1962), Yarmouth was a good deal quieter than it is now, and we weren't much bothered about the lack of an engine. We rowed out to the yacht, tied the dinghy to the mooring pile and using just the staysail quietly slipped out of Yarmouth. It was a beautiful June day, and we pottered about the Western Solent, not learning much about currents but just enjoying the day's freedom, particularly Alan, who had designs on the young lady Lesley.

Eventually it was time to return, which was when our problems started. The ebb was running, and we found that when

we sailed into Yarmouth, the breeze became blanketed by trees and buildings, so that we lost way, and the ebb carried us out again. After two or three attempts we gave up, and decided to anchor to wait for the tide. That was when I learnt the painful lesson that the way to stop a running anchor chain is not with your hands, but the damage didn't appear too great, and the blood soon washed off the decks.

The tide showed no sign of slacking, and I began to be concerned. I'd just started an evening job in a pub, which was intended to last all through the summer, and I wanted to get ashore to go to work. We agreed that we would have another go at sailing into the harbour, and would tie up alongside the first pile or yacht that we hit. I would swim ashore and so off to work, and Alan and Lesley would wait for the tide to take them up the harbour to the mooring. Great scheme. So up anchor, up sails and do it. Unfortunately things were even worse on this attempt than on the previous ones, and we lost the wind at the harbour entrance, the tide carrying us gently down on to the car ferry waiting to leave for England.

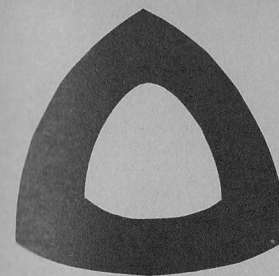
We might have been able to carry the situation off with some aplomb and nonchalance, had Lesley not panicked mightily. She was sitting on the side deck (no guard-rails on this yacht), and the lower part of her body had disappeared beneath the

wide rubbing stroke around the ferry, leaving the upper part in some danger of being used as a fender between the rubbing strake and our coach roof, so I suppose she had some justification for concern. Luckily the shrouds prevented a complete (and messy) catastrophe, but the noise attracted a certain amount of interest from the returning holidaymakers on the ferry, as well as from the ferry captain who seemed not at all pleased to see us. We were trapped, the very light breeze and tide combining to hold us pinned on to the ferry which was now anxious to sail. We were eventually rescued by the harbour master, who having access to Yarmouth lifeboat obtained a sufficiently long rope that we were able to warp ourselves off the ferry, and up the harbour to our mooring. Needless to say, we didn't repeat the exercise, nor did our comments about screaming women do anything to help the relationship that Alan had been patiently trying to build throughout the day.

And the project? We finished that off by lying on the beach and watching the seaweed drift past.

Pat Morrell

Do you have any confessions you are prepared to admit to? Don't be shy, we can keep a secret.



MOUNTIFIELD

Magdala Road, Hayling
Island

Hants PO11 0BH
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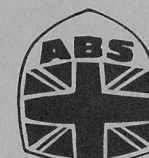
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