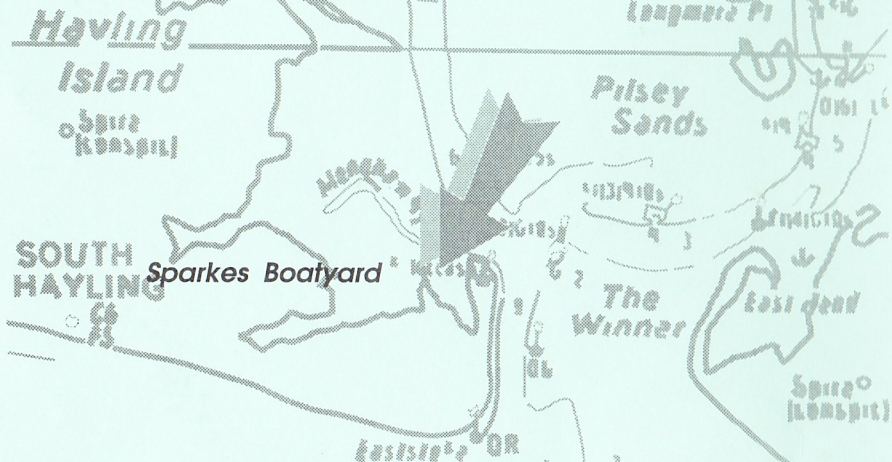


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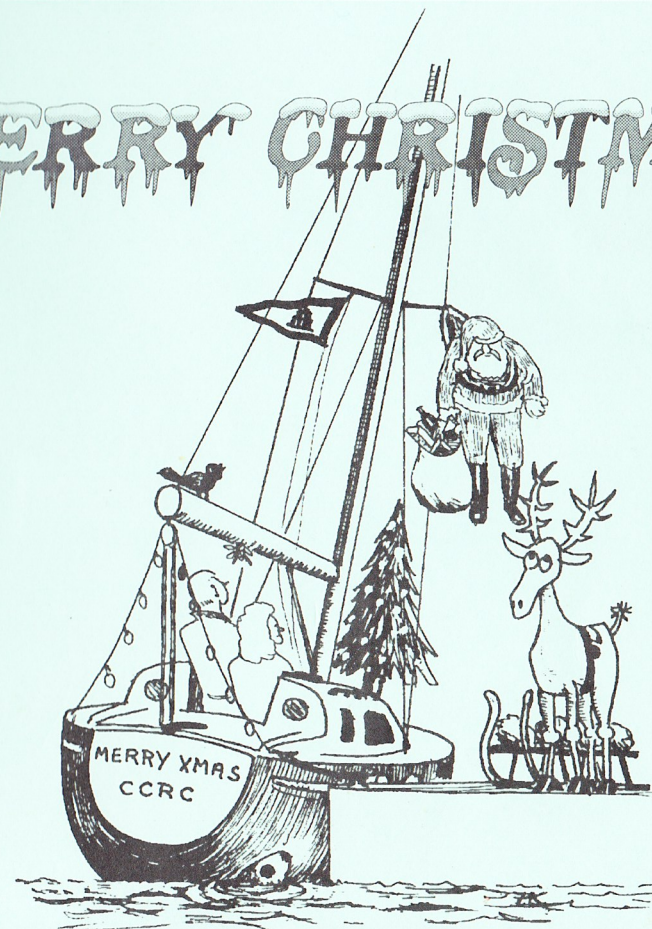


# CHICHESTER CRUISER RACING CLUB



December 1993

# MERRY CHRISTMAS



The Club For Yacht Racing Enthusiasts  
Throughout Chichester Harbour



# CHICHESTER CRUISER RACING CLUB



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NEWS OF THE CCRC WORLD is published by PERSONAL PUBLISHING SERVICES, 52 AdastrA Avenue, Hassocks, West Sussex, BN6 8DR, Tel: 0273 846132. While due care is taken to ensure the contents of NEWS OF THE CCRC WORLD are accurate, the publishers and printers cannot accept any responsibility for errors and omissions. Printing by PEP Ltd., 23-29 Tarring Road, Worthing, West Sussex, Tel: 0903 211948 / 823434

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**MERRY CHRISTMAS**



# Sailing Secretary's Column



## Part 1

*I am writing this column under false pretences, as I stood down as Sailing Secretary at the AGM, after two interesting and rewarding years. A steady turn-over of officers is, I am sure, an important factor in keeping any club progressive yet resilient by constantly bringing in new people with new ideas, while at the same time spreading the knowledge of how the club works throughout the membership.*

To the uninitiated it might well seem that there is really no need for a sailing club to be progressive. Winds and tides do not after all change significantly from year to year. (Though the weather of course was always better five years ago!) But the element of competition means that the yacht racing scene is constantly evolving, and racing clubs must change too if they want to stay in the main stream of their sport.

In the last two years alone this pressure has seen CCRC implement the best available race results computer program, and adopt a single measurement-based handicapping system, reflecting the predominance of CHS.

Nor of course is sailing immune from economic pressures. Despite, or

perhaps because of, the current gloomy state of the economy, seaworthy boats are readily available in all shapes and sizes. CCRC has responded to the consequent widening of the performance spectrum of its members' yachts by implementing a two-tiered course structure, so that everyone can enjoy a full day's racing and still finish in time for tea.

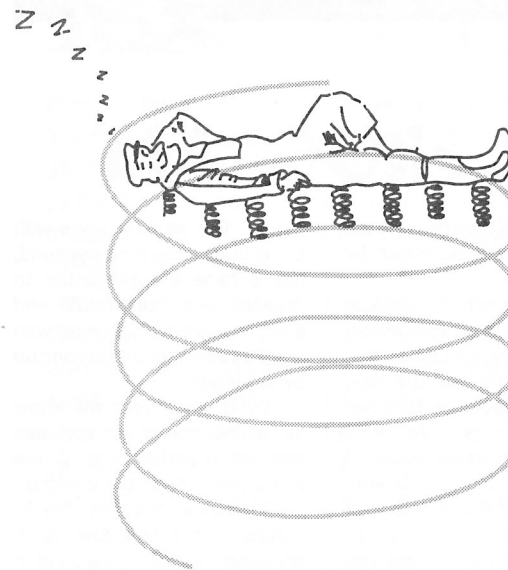
In these and other significant ways CCRC has progressed and I am sure will continue to progress under the guidance of the new committee, including my successor Mike Tong. The Club is indeed fortunate to be able to bring to the running of its races the attributes that have brought Mike such success on the water.

When I took over as Sailing Secretary I knew virtually nothing about race management so I took a

course organised by our friends at Queen Mary Sailing Club. In the first few minutes they taught me one of the most important things there is to know about organising yacht racing. In his opening remarks the lecturer said - "Always remember that the competitors are out there to enjoy themselves." Now I know that on a dark night in mid-Channel or a cold wet morning in late September it is sometimes difficult to figure out just exactly where the next bit of fun is coming from, but ultimately we sail because we enjoy it. I hope that during my tenure as Sailing Sec. I have helped to provide the conditions for you to enjoy your weekends' sailing with CCRC. I know I have enjoyed doing the job. Thank you for giving me the opportunity.

**Richard Creer**

## Springtime is here.....



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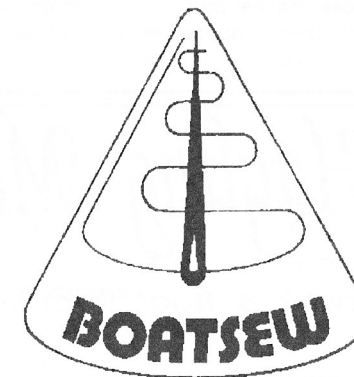
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# Sailing Secretary's Column



## 1994 CCRC PROGRAM

Outgoing stalwart officers, Richard Creer and Mike Smith, have arranged an active and attractive 1994 sailing and social program which is set out below for your eager anticipation.

The season opens with the usual 3 day mid Solent passage, this year encompassing Portsmouth and the Beaulieu River with a main social at Royal Albert whose 1993 dinner for us was memorable. Following 2 bay race weekends (including, we hope, a Storm 33 fleet and other visitors for the open races) the cross channel dash to Le Havre will precede another week

long gourmet's delight along the Normandy coast overseen by Peter Wallace.

Various bay and passage races come in the mid-summer period, including the Ladies' and Crews' contests and the new lunch time stopover at Ryde en route for Cowes. We look forward to the usual excellent hospitality from Cowes Corinthian and Royal Solent (at Yarmouth).

For insomniacs, over the August Bank Holiday there is the back of the Wight race by night to Weymouth (a newly revived destination) followed by a couple of restful days (hopefully) cruising back past St Albans, Swanage, and Solent

parts. The season ends with Lymington, a bay race weekend, the 3 race extravaganza to Seaview and Portsmouth and the Commodore's Bender with surprise assignments dreamt up by our leader.

CCRC members will know the excellence of the activities enjoyed by participants. Come along (and bring your friends).

What other club can offer 28 competitive races and such sociability for £45 subscription (and no additional race entry fees).

**Mike Tong**  
Sailing Secretary ('94)

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## RACE PROGRAMME - 1994

Date	Race	Start	High Water	Event	Series *
30/04/94	1	12:00	4.6 15:44	Passage to Portsmouth	s
01/05/94	2	10:00	4.4 16:36	Portsmouth to Beaulieu River	s
02/05/94	3	10:00	4.2 17:35	Passage return	s
07/05/94	4	11:00	4.0 10:19	Open Race	OPEN
08/05/94	5	10:00	4.7 10:59	Bay Race	s b
21/05/94	6	11:00	4.1 08:16	Bay Race with Chichester YC	
22/05/94	7	11:00	4.3 09:22	Bay Race / CYC reserve date	
27/05/94	8	09:00	4.5 14:11	Passage to Le Havre	s
11/06/94	9	11:00	4.4 13:32	Ladies Race	
12/06/94	10	09:00	4.5 14:11	Crews Race	
<i>18/06/94</i>			<i>3.9 05:05</i>	<i>ISC Round the Island</i>	
25/06/94	11	19:30	4.8 13:38	Passage to Ryde	s
25/06/94	12	14:30	4.8 13:38	Ryde to Cowes	s
26/06/94	13	10:00	4.8 14:25	Cowes to Chi	s
02/07/94	14	11:00	3.8 06:19	Bay Race with Bosham Sailing Club	
03/07/94	15	10:00	3.7 07:27	Bay Race / BSC reserve date	s b
09/07/94	16	10:00	4.5 12:35	Passage to Yarmouth	s
10/07/94	17	08:00	4.5 13:14	Yarmouth to Chi	
16/07/94	18	13:00	4.3 05:02	Bay Race with Itchenor S.C.	s b
17/07/94	19	10:00	4.1 06:06	Bay Race / ISC reserve date	s b
27/08/94	20	19:00	4.4 15:46	Passage to Weymouth	s
03/09/94	21	11:00	4.3 10:27	Bay race	
04/09/94	22	10:00	4.5 11:10	Bay race	s b
10/09/94	23	11:00	4.7 15:16	Passage to Lymington	s
11/09/94	24	10:00	4.5 16:03	Lymington to Chi	s
24/09/94	25	09:30	4.5 14:38	Chi to Seaview	s b
24/09/94	26	15:00	4.5 14:38	Seaview to Portsmouth	s b
25/09/94	27	10:00	4.4 15:10	Portsmouth to Chi	s b
01/10/94			4.1 08:57	Commodore's Bender	

**Start times are for guidance only. Members should check Race Instructions for actual start times.**

\* s = Season Series      b = Bay Series

*Italics denote non-CCRC organised events.*



# What am I doing here?

*So what was it like? The first question that I have been asked by people who either knew that I was going or have just learnt that I have been on the 1993 Fastnet Race. My initial reply is -Been there, done that, got the (Mons Meg) tee-shirt", which although rather too flippant for the Fastnet race, in at least nice and concise, and prevents my giving a lengthy blow-by-blow account.*

It all started for me at the laying-up supper last year, when Hugh asked if I would go on the Fastnet with him in 1995. This is a race that I thought I'd never do, my wife and I come from the Isle of Wight, and both our mothers knew people who had been in the 1979 race, (which you will remember turned out to be something of a disaster), so that the conversation had always been along the lines of "of course, you would never do the Fastnet, would you dear". On hearing that dear was going on the Fastnet, mother increased her church attendance to three times a week. My stepfather had a more pragmatic approach, gently enquiring as to whether all the insurance policies were in order, whilst father-in-law said he wished he was going too, although changed his mind when he found out that we were to be rationed to one small gin per day. Mother-in-law made no comment, come to think or it she doesn't seem to have spoken to me much lately.....

It last the Great Day. As always the start was impressive, milling with the great and the good in a 200 boat fleet, with spectators Lining Cowes Green three deep is something special, and in any event, I always enjoy Solent sailing. We worked our

way down the Western Solent, remarking on how slow some of the big boats were, Maiden for example not passing us until the Needles, and then turned right for Land's End.

It would have been nice to have had a making tack, but the wind, almost due west, produced a virtual head noser, so progress over the ground was rather slow.

## A few minutes later Hugh popped up with the glad tidings of an imminent force 8 gale.

Monday, noon saw us rounding Land's End in depressing conditions. Poor visibility, lumpy sea on top of an 8ft to 10ft swell and a wind that now veered round to the north-west and built to a force 6 all combined to produce the usual thought -what am I doing here? - We bashed on through the rest of the day- and the night, entertainment being provided by Sally, whose life-jacket auto-inflated, thereby effectively ending the the discussions of (a) do these things work, and (b) how much water do you need to set them off? It made her squeal

a bit at the time though!

Tuesday was a quieter day, and the appearance of the sun enabled us to dry out some of the wet gear. Dinner was enjoyed in relative calm, but between 2000 and 2045 we had gone from spinnaker to no2 genoa to no3 genoa, and were once again hard on the wind, with all of the attendant wetness and discomfort that entails. The rest of the night was spent charging towards the rock in pitch blackness, with only the instruments and the tops of the breaking waves being visible.

The approach to the rock was uncanny, the darkness of the night making our passage seem like rushing down a tunnel, with the Fastnet light being the light at the other end. I found it quite disorienting, almost like being in a dream, but regular (and frequent) doses of cold Celtic Sea convinced me of the reality.

We rounded at 0442 on Wednesday morning and at last could come off the wind.

Possibly the greatest drama of the voyage occurred soon after, when a larger than normal wave broke on our quarter and pushed us into a mini broach/ knock down. I was helming, and ended up on the lee side of the cockpit, with more doses of cold

Celtic sea pouring in over the lee guard rails, but fortunately no-one was hurt, and there was no damage. It was enough to make me ask the question again however, "What am I doing here?"

A few minutes later Hugh popped up with the glad tidings of an imminent force 8 gale. We changed down from no3 to no4 jib, put the third reef into the main and waited, me still wondering what I was doing there. After 20 mins or so waiting for the imminent gale nothing had changed, the wind continued to blow at the 6/7 level, so hiding our disappointment (!?) we dropped the third reef and pushed on. With the wind and sea on the quarter it was exciting stuff, but when the gale warning was repeated a few hours later, Hugh decided that the forecasters knew nothing and ordered the kite set. By this time the sun had arrived, the wind had gone down by at least one force, and the day had a different complexion. In fact, by mid afternoon, we were rather wallowing around under full sail, much encouraged by overtaking a Swan 44.

The run from the Fastnet to the Scillies was rather quicker than the slog out, and we rounded Bishop Rock at about 0700 on Thursday morning. We then embarked on the most exciting sailing of the whole race. 28 to 30 knots of wind, almost dead aft, small kite set, and Mons Meg rushing along at 10 and 11 knots. Hugh eventually suggested that things were getting a bit too much, and there weren't too many dissenters when he decided that we should change down to the no 2 genoa,

it at least enabled us to restore the circulation in our white knuckles. In a little over 14 hours we achieved 98 miles, not bad for a Contessa.

And so to Plymouth, where we were virtually becalmed within a mile of the finish. Visions of kedging for the night placed us all, but with a little bit of tidal help we managed to creep over



the line to finish at 2228 on Thursday, an elapsed time of 128 hrs 18 mins and 23 seconds giving us 14th in class, and the joy of being first Contessa.

But having done the race, what do I feel? To be honest, a Little disappointed. I had hoped for a sense of euphoria, 01 achievement, but for a simple crew member who didn't have to worry about all of the preparation logistics of food, water etc., in some ways it was just another sail. That is of course a tribute to the skipper, the boat, and the other crew, all of which combined to produce a drama-free race. Of course the race was tougher, rougher, and wetter than I'm used to, and like many offshore races, because

there are not many other boats in view and you can't identify them well enough to know whether they are in your class or not, it's not really like a race. However, being one of the lowest rated boats in the fleet, we knew that virtually anyone in sight was likely to be behind us. Lasting memories will be the approach to the rock, Hugh saying

"warning of force 8 gale imminent, I think we'll set the kite", Voiding the no2 on the foredeck in 25+ knots of wind and the accompanying sea, and perhaps surprisingly, Hugh's menus, which he produced about 10 days before the race. At least my wife was happy with the thought that I'd be eating properly, at that time I hadn't explained the difficulty of persuading batter mixture to stay in the howl when going to windward in a force 6! A disappointment was not actually seeing the rock, and suggestions to Hugh that we could hang

around for an hour or two to wait for dawn were not well received.

Would I do it again? Writing this only 3 days after returning, when all of the memories are still fresh, I think I would. My mother is reported as saying not in her lifetime, but as she's 86 that might not be a problem! However, good sea boat as she is, a boat of Mons Meg size is a little small and wet for this kind of work. Uffa Fox probably had the right idea when he wrote that "a man needs a yacht with one foot of length for every year of his age-, a 50 footer would do me nicely - anybody got a spare £250,000?

**Pat Morrell**  
**Mons Meg**





# CLIMBING UP SUNSHINE MOUNTAIN

I'm sure that's what the sailing instructions said but the sunshine bit didn't quite happen - more of that later.

The instructions also said something about starting around 10 am and as we approached Hayling Island we searched anxiously for other boats: Had it been cancelled and no-one had told us? Then we sighted Mons Meg coming down the harbour and knew that moment of relief that comes when you haven't mistaken the day of a party.

By now Helios had joined us and we set off for Ryde Harbour through the waves breaking over the bar (Chichester Bar that is - the other sort of bar was remarkably dry). Only switching our engines on at the last possible moment we ventured into this unknown territory to be met by an extremely friendly Harbour Master who had kindly left a pontoon free for landing our shore party and even stuck up a notice to show the way to the railway station. Gunshot, it was reported later, only had their engine on for 38 seconds for this manoeuvre.

Perhaps I should explain a little more. This was the occasion of The Commodore Bender and our commodore had set a course which involved a little extra effort before the bender could begin. The idea was to land a shore party who,

by various modes of transport, had to travel via Ventnor to rejoin their boat in Cowes; a sort of One Peak Race. Points were awarded for answering questions (correctly!) and deducted for things like using the engine.

As our shore party, Sue and Mike, disappeared up the pontoon we sailed out of Ryde and on towards Cowes. They, meanwhile, caught the ex-Underground train to Shanklin where the trail took them yomping through a churchyard - much to the surprise of the bridal party arriving at the church. On up the hill, over slippery ploughed fields, they ventured on to the summit of St. Martins Down. People walking their dogs gazed in wonder at the sight of Tim and Liz striding towards them in dressed in full oilskins and wellies.

The rain started to fall, just as the Major Gamble shore party got to the summit which made the trip down the exceedingly steep hill to Ventnor very hazardous for Helen Smith and her team. Sue and Mike by this time were waiting for the bus in Ventnor, knowing that Di Wallace could not be far behind. This led them to 'use their initiative' and order a mini-bus to save time; (they would like to thank the Landlady of the Terminus Hotel who snatched on them and got them disqualified!)

Arriving in Newport they

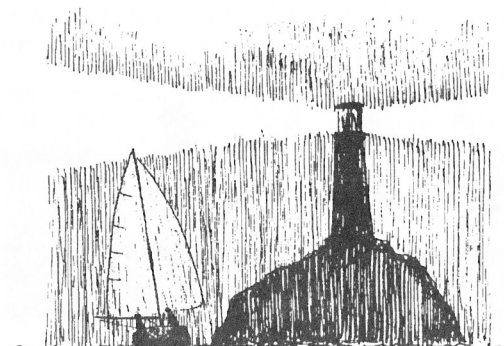
raced along the path towards the Folly Inn expecting to see Paul rowing up the Medina to meet them. Hailing other dinghies, rowing furiously against the tide, they managed to distract Andrew from Petra who came back 100 yards only to discover it wasn't his party! Meanwhile the crew on Brown Bomber had been concentrating on sailing all the way, and staying dry under their umbrellas, and only arrived at the Folly Inn at the same time. It did mean that we could lend Colin Wallace the oars and help him with his marathon hour and a half trip.

Needless to say the talk in the bar later centred around the events of the day and the answers to those questions: Were they wild animals grazing on the hillside really wallabies? surely the nautical relic on the Medina wasn't supposed to be Gopher Broke? and what was a 'benchmark' anyway? It is amazing how even the suggestion of a race brings out the competitive edge in CCRC members! Despite the rain the day was voted a definite success (particularly by Petra who won!) and congratulations to Hugh for setting us such an unusual course!

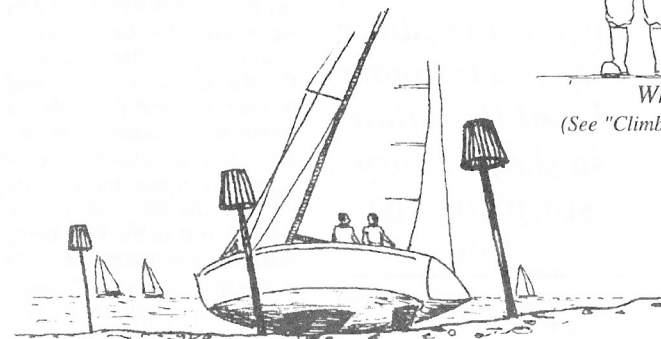
**Marian Saltmer  
Brown Bomber**

PS. Just so Mike Smith gets a mention - when you next see him ask him about Godfrey.

# Kemp's Cartoon Korner



*Can we tie up to it?  
I'd like to see it in daylight  
(See "Fasnet - Page 7")*



*I thought you said 2 meters from the marker!  
See "West Pole Swashway - Page 12")*



*Wide eyed, Bushy Tailed and raring  
to go?  
(See "Storm Nationals - Page 11")*



*Who giveth this woman  
(See "Climbing Sunshine Mountain - Page 8")*



# STORM NATIONALS '93

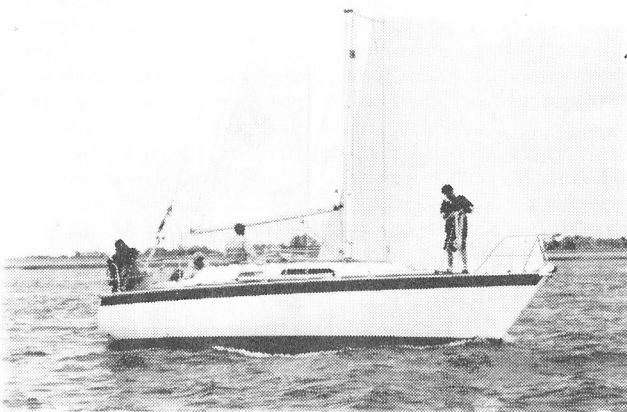
*Saturday September 25th, and the burning question on everyone's lips was "could PETRA retain her champion's position, or would Gunshot make a grab for it?"*

The Solent was alive with spectator craft, numbers were difficult to estimate, but were put in the thousands, and even cross-channel ferries were taken out of service to provide mobile grandstands. The internationally famous of the sailing world were there too, Fortuna with Lawrie Smith on board, Connors on Winston, Grant with NZE. Other well known names cluttered the water, not forgetting Dolphin and Youth with a certain crew member not entirely unknown to at least one CCRC boat.

Meanwhile..... further down the Solent, Gunshot, PETRA and others were battling out the Storm Nationals. PETRA was the 1992 champion, with Gunshot second, but could the honour of the CCRC be upheld by a repeat (or even a reverse) performance?

The short answer is no, but the editor wants a bit more detail than that so the full gory story must be told.

The Storm Nationals are a three race series that is held at Cowes on the last weekend of



September. Two races on the Saturday, one on the Sunday, and no discards.

*Could the honour of the CCRC be upheld? The short answer is no, but the editor wants a bit more detail than that so the full gory story must be told*

Race no 1 was held in a light (about 10 knots) north-westerly wind, and involved a large loop/small loop course set in the Norris to Beaulies area. PETRA

found the conditions much to her liking and led all the way round the course, so that at the finish it was PETRA first, Clouds (a Southampton based boat) second, and Gunshot third.

The wind increased slightly for the second race, the course for which turned out to be a bit of a bore, with no real windward leg, but PETRA, trying a slightly aggressive start by squeezing in at the committee boat end, found a hugely aggressive fleet beneath her and promptly got squeezed out again. The 360 necessary to extradite herself from this mess meant that PETRA was last over the line with the rest of the fleet being hull down ever the horizon. (It's a very near horizon at Cowes!) Despite this setback PETRA managed to claw her way back to be third round the first mark behind Gunshot and Clouds.

By the second mark, PETRA

was challenging Clouds for second place, but the excitement proved too much for the helmsman, who misjudging the tide managed to hit the mark. (Details of the mark and of the resulting comments can be supplied in a plain cover). This necessitated a 720 penalty and allowed Clouds to escape to attack Gunshot which she did with some success, for at the finish the race order was Clouds first and Gunshot second. Despite the efforts of the helmsman, PETRA's crew managed to hang on to third place.

The time between the second and third races was filled in by visits to the Three Crowns, and the championship dinner at the ISC. However, the absence of Toby, and the presence of Malcolm's lady curbed the worst excesses of PETRA's crew (although I can't speak for the Gunshot gang), so that Sunday morning saw us bright-eyed and

bushy-tailed and raring to go.

The third race would obviously be the decider, and with conditions similar to the previous day, anything could happen. Having learned from the second race start, PETRA in particular adopted cautious start tactics, but still managed to be first around the windward mark, a couple of boat lengths in front of Clouds who was just ahead of Gunshot in close company with Meltem.

The next leg was a fetch, during which Gunshot engaged Meltem with some very unfriendly tactics that had the desired result of leaving her well behind so that at the leeward mark it was PETRA, Clouds and Gunshot in that order. The fleet split on the next windward leg, with PETRA opting to cover Gunshot and allowing Clouds to break away. Good sailing aided by a useful wind shift (which she later admitted to be 20) enabled Clouds to be ahead at the end of

the leg, a lead which she maintained to the finish.

The run in to the finish saw PETRA try an inshore course in order to try and attack Clouds lead, but it proved to be a disaster and allowed Gunshot to come through to second place, and PETRA had to be content with third.

So the overall result was Clouds first, PETRA second and Gunshot third. As always the series was enjoyable, with close one design racing and good, although a little cold, weather. The report on both CCRC boats will be along the lines of "tries hard, but could do better", and PETRA's crew can spend the winter speculating on what might have happened had the marks were! Perhaps Glen will invest in a chart for next year!

**Pat Morrell  
PETRA**

## FAILING WINDS DECIMATE FLEET IN RACE TO YARMOUTH

Saturday 4th September dawned bright with lightish winds, tempting some 19 CCRC boats onto the water for the race to Yarmouth. The day's events were orchestrated by the PIII ensemble with Den supervising timing, Bill in charge of ordnance and megaphone (shades of the Temprance Seven and Whispering Paul MacDowell) (Who?? Ed.), Bert - of parrot joke fame

- attending to flag waving and yours truly on scribing duties.

A suitably short start line was selected to aid those with either failing eyesight or deafness, or in the more severe cases, both. The next task was to advise any members who were seriously interested in racing of the proposed course. This was to prove more difficult than usual as the course numbers were residing in the garage of a certain member who had decided that nuptial duties were more important than racing with the CCRC. As a result flags were

raised giving the course number, also the "come hither" flag for those not in possession of a suitable flag to number chart. In many respects this proved to be the highlight of the day with many of the fleet circling PIII whilst being entertained by Bill's dulcet tones giving a fine rendition from the foredeck.

The 10 and 5 minute guns having been fired successfully, without mishap to either competitors or feathered friends, the eight Beta boats headed for the start like a pack of terriers. First away was ARD RIGH followed closely by GOPHER BROKE, and GIMIK with





MARIGOLD bringing up the rear. Contrary to the others, the Commodore and Uncle John both flew their spinnakers, hoping for that little bit extra at the start.

Whilst the Beta fleet headed towards the first mark, North Ryde Middle, preparations were in hand to send the eleven boats making up the Alpha fleet on their way.

Apart from a little deafness being suffered due to the magnitude of the ordnance, the crews all survived the lead in period. By the five minute gun the fleet were frantically jockeying for position, resembling a pack of angry hounds, only to be released at 11.45 in hot pursuit of the Betas.

A little over exuberance on the part of SUCH IS LIFE and her crew caused her to cross the line ahead of the gun, forcing a return for a neatly executed

720. Consequently, this allowed ORENDA to be first away, followed closely by LYNX and TOO MUCH. The rest were close behind in a tightly bunched group with GUNSHOT in the centre.

We were somewhat intrigued to note that despite the hustle and bustle of the start, the skipper of GUNSHOT was able to find time to present his crew with a fine dissertation on the use of the English language. Possibly we'll see more such moves with skippers giving readings from Chaucer or Tennyson!

From North Ryde Middle the course took the fleets to Royal London via South Ryde Middle. However, with wind speeds falling dramatically it was decided to shorten the course. We had hoped to do this at Royal London, but TOO MUCH had outpaced PIII making the

mark somewhat ahead of us. The next available mark for finishing the race was therefore West Lepe.

However, due to the light winds combined with the foul tide many of the fleet retired and headed for Yarmouth, having been unable to make either Champagne Mumm or Frigate.

CREWCUT continued for a while and anchored east of the finish line, waiting for an increase in wind speeds, but the ebbing tide finally beat her and she retired and headed for Yarmouth and a well earned beer.

The remaining boats in the fleet persevered and MARIGOLD under spinnaker finally took line honours at 17:12.56. She was followed closely by LYNX, ORENDA, and finally GOPHER BROKE

**D.R.G.**



# News & Gossip



Jim Lad is in a tizzy. What to call the new boat? "Worry Knot" is the leading contender - then he could call the tender "Worry Lot". Our Hon. Tres. has offered a bottle of champagne for the best suggestion. (N.B. If you want to win - please remember - Treasurers Tip No. 126: "The Shorter the name - the less letters so less cost!"). Kay has the right of veto.

GOPHA BROKE is leading class 3 HISC Winter Series. HISC calculate results on LOW points and with three races to go Geoff does not have to race any more. However if HISC calculated on HIGH points.....

IMPROMPTU lost her mast in Race 7 (see Winter Series Report) and will not complete the series. We look forward to seeing her on the water next season with another new mast.

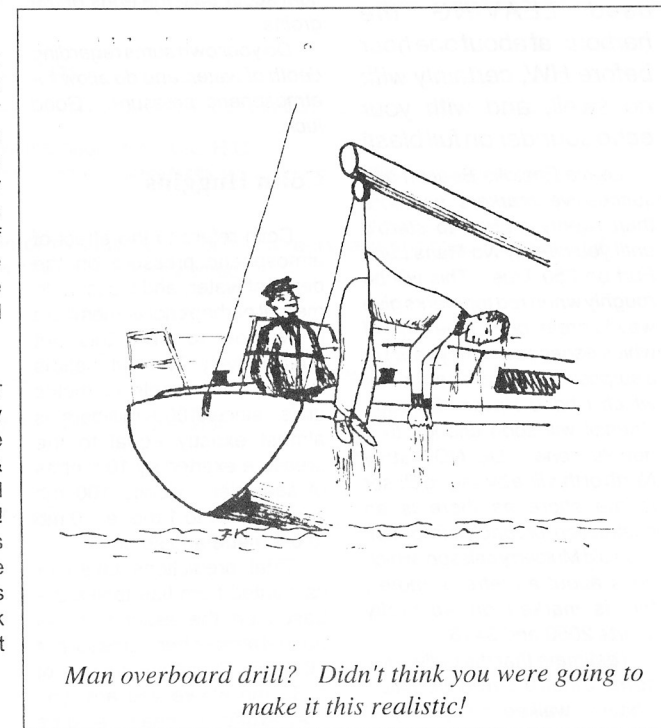
10 boats have been broken into at Sparkes. The thieves were collecting Decca's, Satnav's and the like. Isn't it time manufacturers die stamped serial numbers on the FRONT of equipment so they can be easily identified and it will be obvious if the number has been altered?

Most of CCRC will be on PIII for the Christmas Cracker on the 19th December. The rest are bringing their own boats!

BB has been damaged whilst on her mooring. It seems a fishing boat crashed into her stern sweeping away her decca antenna amongst other things and leaving the stern badly damaged. I think the culprit has been identified by the amount of white gelcoat on his boat. The rest is subjudice but we hope BB has a speedy and satisfactory recovery.

Look out next season for EXCALIBUR. You may recognise her dashing lines she was ANNA LOUISE. If Mike & June sail her like they sailed ORENDA - God help the Alphas!

The new ANNA LOUISE is yet to be announced but there are rumours that Roger is thinking about Antigua Week and chartering something fast and beautiful.



*Man overboard drill? Didn't think you were going to make it this realistic!*

# WEST POLE SWASHWAY

At a recent Commodores' dinner, I got talking to Colin Huggins, of Emsworth Cruising Association, about the high-water short cut in and out of Chichester Harbour. He promised to send me sailing instructions, and, for the interest of members, here they are:-

Are you familiar with the inshore cut across the West Pole which saves you going out round the Bar Beacon? On first acquaintance it is best used LEAVING the harbour, at about one hour before HW, certainly with no swell, and with your echo sounder on full blast!

Leave Eastoke Beacon and successive markers no more than twenty metres to starboard until you can lay No Mans Land Fort on 250 True. This will be roughly when red topmarks give way to green ones (the logic of which escaped me for years) at a surprising East cardinal marker which I hope Havant Borough Council will soon change to a double cone. Do NOT stray North of this line by sailing closer to the shore as there is an obstruction, probably a fragment of an old Mulberry caisson, which dries about a metre or more; this is marked on Admiralty charts 2050 and 3418.

I estimate that the gully dries no more than 0.5m above datum, having walked it regularly at

Low Water Springs - after all, it's right in front of my house. And although the sands to seaward can alter dramatically after onshore gales, this channel has changed very little in fifteen years, presumably due to the tidal scour past the ends of the groins.

Do your own sums regarding depth of water, and do allow for atmospheric pressure. Good luck

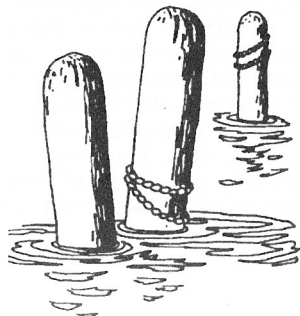
## Colin Huggins

Colin refers to the effect of atmospheric pressure on the depth of water, and it occurs to me that perhaps not all members know how to work this out quantitatively. The arithmetic is in fact quite simple in metric units, since 1000 millibars is almost exactly equal to the pressure exerted by 10 metres of seawater. Hence 100 mb corresponds to 1 metre, 10 mb to 0.1 metre and so on.

Tidal predictions taken or calculated from tide tables are based on the assumption of normal atmospheric pressure of 1013 mb. So if there is a high of 1033 mb where you are, you may expect the sea level to be

depressed by 0.2m. Conversely, if the glass stands at 963 mb (a deep low), you should have an extra half metre depth of water. Two points to beware of: a) the sea level will not respond instantly to a rapid change of pressure, it takes a few hours, and b) strong winds can also have a marked effect on sea level. The latter effect is much harder to quantify, since it depends on local topography and the duration of the wind as well as its strength and direction. In Wight, westerlies give extra depth and easterlies reduced depth, and because these winds tend to accompany lows and highs respectively, the effects of atmospheric pressure are reinforced.

H.A. CALDWELL.



# CHICHESTER CRUISER RACING CLUB

## APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

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Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_ (Daytime) \_\_\_\_\_ (Evenings) \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation: \_\_\_\_\_

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Class \_\_\_\_\_ Sail No. \_\_\_\_\_

Where Moored \_\_\_\_\_

Sailing Experience  
Membership of any other Sailing Clubs \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

I wish to become a FULL/CREW member of the C.C.R.C.  
(Current Annual subscription is £45 for Full Membership including family and entry fee for all CCRC organised races, and £17 for Crew Membership)

My cheque for £45/£17 in respect of my subscription for the current year is enclosed. I understand this will be returned in the event of my not being elected.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Please return the completed form to the Hon. Secretary

M.A. Smith  
81 Harestone Valley Road  
Caterham  
Surrey  
CR3 6HQ



# CREW REGISTER

Fancy a sail? Many of our skippers are on the lookout for new crew so why not put your name on our Crew Register. Don't worry if you have little previous experience, we all started somewhere. If you are interested please complete this short form and send it in to our Secretary - Mike Smith.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Mr/Mrs/Miss  
(please delete as appropriate)

Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Telephone \_\_\_\_\_  
Home \_\_\_\_\_  
Office \_\_\_\_\_

Previous experience  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

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# Letters



## Handicapped by Points

It occurs to me that in awarding Big Points we have unintentionally altered the handicapping of certain boats. The Chichester Ratings should be adjusted to reduce the bias that favours some of our boats. Avid readers of **News of the CCRC World** may recall my pointing out that we can earn more points from large turnout races than from small ones. It follows that it pays to do well in large races. The sort of races that generally have large turnouts are those held in good weather - sunshine and light breezes. When the weather is bad and high winds are forecast some boats will stay away. Therefore the boats that win in light weather earn more points than those that win in heavy weather. Light boats score more for winning than heavy boats.

Since the Chichester Rating is based on Channel Handicap it assumes the same averaging of boat performance, courses and conditions. It assumes a boat that performs poorly in light airs can do well in heavy weather and achieve its average performance against its rating.

Unfortunately Big Points put a premium on large (usually light weather) races and create an additional handicap for the heavy boats.

The "bad old days" of designing boats to a measurement rule are supposed to have disappeared through the use of Channel Handicapping but I suggest that the scoring system can also influence choice of boat. For Big Points choose a light weather specialist. For Little Points it really does not matter; each will have his day in his turn without penalty for winning only in heavy weather.

Our system has one further detraction. Suppose we come to the last race of the Season Series and I am lucky enough to find myself just ahead on points. If I win the last race - no problem. However, if the boat lying second wins, he could beat me in

the series - but only if the race carries enough points. I have the ability to deny him any chance by refusing to race, thus reducing the winning points below those he needs!

For myself there is no question that I would race. (Remember, I am he who races across the Channel when no other boat is in the fleet.) Nor do I suggest that any member of the CCRC would adopt that practice. But I did say that it was a detraction of the system. It can not be right to have a system of scoring that is open to abuse. No such possibility would arise with the RYA style of scoring.

In 25 years yacht racing at more than a dozen clubs I have never before come across a Big Points scoring system. I can find nothing to recommend it. The modern day Gulliver must side with the Little Points advocates.

**Geoff Maskall  
Gopher-Broke**

## On the Other Hand(icap)

Glen and I have been following with great interest the Rodent's erudite musings on the subject of handicapping systems. We had hoped to wait until Geoff had reached his conclusions before sending our Skip out into the back garden to dig up an old article he had buried there a few years ago. However, the very obvious concern raised at the club's recent AGM prompted us to bring the article forward. We hope it will provide future food for thought and offer a possible alternative for consideration by those involved in the review to be undertaken by the committee. Perhaps Beta class could experiment with it next season.

**Corrie and Glen**

I do not claim credit, either for the system detailed below, or for the original idea behind the article whose characters first appeared in a short review in *Yachts and Yachting* 20 or so years ago. I have,

though, attempted to explain fully just how easy the system is and how it attempts to address all the conflicting requirements of a club points system.

**Walter Brown, Ard Righ**

CLASS CHAMPION:- "The person whom we are looking for will be of any age and of either sex, will be fully experienced at the front end of the club fleets, a regular attendee and fully able to hold his own when the circuit boys are at home".

Harold Flyer is without doubt the best helmsman in the club. But he is not the best club helmsman, merely because he thrashes everyone else in the club on the two or three weekend's when there is no convenient open event or championship, he deigns to put in an appearance. The club champion must surely take a more regular part than that in the club's sailing programme. Neither does Plodwyn Rownd rightly deserve the title purely because he sailed twice as many races than his mates and never won one, except when all the top men were absent. Plodwyn's only quality being dogged persistence.

Somewhere between these two extremes we should be able to find the man who rightly deserves the title 'class champion'.

Back in the late sixties and early seventies, a much younger pundit Enterprise helmsman, Bryan Willis, designed and pioneered the system then adopted by Queen Mary SC, which picks out as near as you'll get to the right man, leaving Harold Flyer to content himself with his accumulated Grand Prix trinkets and Plodwyn Rownd with a well deserved third or fourth place.

In direct contrast to weekend or week long regatta's, which by their very nature tend to attract a similar number of starters in each race, the other vital requirement of any good extended series is that race entries are sustained right up to the end.

Ideally, the turnout should go up, not down, in the final . races to provide a true climax to the season's racing - just as it does towards the end of any good single race in a big fleet. To do this, the series must hold the interest of all the competitors (including the ones near the back) all the time. Moreover, it should be simple enough for all but the worst mathematicians to understand. It is far more difficult for a low points scoring systems to fulfil these needs and adequately address varying fleet sizes throughout the year, without recourse to very complicated mathematics or to be arbitrarily crude.

This high score system resolves all of these issues and it really does work. There are three key elements and this is how it operates.....

**Firstly**, you get one point for starting and not subsequently being disqualified, so even if you retire you get one.

**Secondly**, starting in the first race of the series you get a point for every boat you beat, so that if you won the first race when the turnout was ten boats you'd get your starting point plus 9 = 10 points. The second boat would get its starting point plus 8 = 9 points and so on. All very straightforward so far, but.....

**Thirdly**, what happens when you win or do well in the next race and subsequent races is that you score only your starting point plus a point for every boat you beat which was itself, within a fixed critical number of points of your accumulated score at the start of that race.

For example, if the critical number (which is the same for everybody and is decided by the sailing committee before the start of the series) was 6, then for race two you'd score points from boats that you beat that had 4 points or more (the 10

points you had before the race minus the critical number, 6, = 4). Similarly, the second boat in the first race would only score points from boats which it beat that had 3 points or more at the start of the race.

The table extract shows how this works for the first few races of a series.

In practice, this means that no-one can streak away into an unassailable points lead by the middle of the series, for as soon as they get more than 6 points clear of the second boat, they can only score their starting point, though anyone who beats them will of course score a point off the leader to add to their own starting points and any other points won that race.

An added advantage is that the scheme works a little like a squash ladder, in that merely by looking at the scoring sheet you can see at any time during the season exactly where you're lying, since the system dispenses with discards altogether. A boat which performs poorly in a single race receives only one or two points, thus that race through the scoring system becomes an effective automatic discard. The fact is the scheme has the merit that to build up a good position you simply have to sail well in a fair number of races.

If anything, the emphasis should move towards the end of the series encouraging continued high turnouts.

6 was selected as the critical number just for the sake of our example. The beauty of this system is that a club, or even a class within a club, can decide exactly where it wants to strike the balance between Harry Flyer, who pops in occasionally and wins and Plodwyn Rownd, who is almost part

of the furniture and doesn't - except when the experts are away. A big critical number (the 'XI factor) emphasises success, while a low critical number emphasises frequent attendance. A critical number of 200, for example, would allow Harry Flyer to scoop up maximum points every time he won a race, since he would gain continually from the tail-enders he beat assuming he sailed, as most do, in a modest size of fleet. Whereas a critical number of 6 is in effect a cut-off which would prevent him very early on in the series from gaining points purely by beating tail-enders.

The Formula which Bryan Willis used to get a good balance between the brilliant and the perpetual turnout is:

Critical number = 1.2 x expected average fleet size

Once calculated by the race organisers, the critical number would then hold for the whole series. If you want to swing the emphasis more towards the persistence of Plodwyn, then you multiply the expected race turnout by say 0.8, or if you wish to reward the occasional brilliance of H. Flyer more highly, then you multiply by 1.8, or more. For instance, with a turnout over the season guesstimated beforehand at an average 10 boats, a well balance critical number would therefore be:

1.2 x 10 = 12

If this all seems a bit complicated then the problem is in this explanation not in the system, which in practice is very simple to operate and to understand. It's a system which could certainly breathe a little fresh life into a few club's points series as well as award the top prize to the man who could genuinely be named 'Club Champion'.



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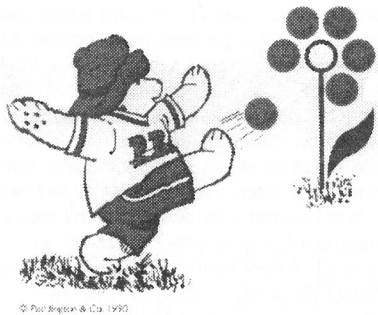
**LEAGUE POINTS TABLE**

**CRITICAL NUMBER 6**

Race No Helmsman	1		2		3		4		5		6		7							
	Pos	Ptr	Op	Pos	Ptr	Op	Pos	Ptr	Op	Pos	Ptr	Op	Op							
Rob			4	3	3	6	3	6		6			6							
Nigel					R	1	1	5	1	2		2	6	1	3					
R. Hero			1	6	6	2	7	13	2	2	15		15	1	4	19				
Sid					3	6	6	1	5	11			11	4	2	13				
Harold Flyer					1	8	8			8	1	3	11			11				
Plodwyn Round	1	3	3	2	5	8	4	4	12	3	2	14	2	2	16	3	2	18		
Fred			3	1	1	D	Q	1		1		1	5	1	2			1		
John					R	1	1			1		1	4	2	3			3		
Gerty			2	2	2			2	5	4	6	4	2	8	3	1	9	5	1	10
Alan					3	4	4	R	1	5			5		5	2	5	10		

POS= Position this race. PTR= Points this race. OP=Overall Points





# Paddington's ACTION Club

Mr and Mrs W Cartlidge

2nd September 1993

Dear Bill and Den,

Paddington was absolutely thrilled to receive this morning a receipt saying that you had made a donation of £55.00. All the happy memories of his time on the ocean waves with you a few weeks ago have come flooding back and he is now sitting in his chair gently rocking back and forth to try and recapture the relaxing movement of Penrose III. I haven't yet informed him that this £55.00 was actually the ransom money raised from his bear-napping ... maybe I'd better not, he looks rather peaceful sitting there without the 'need for a marmalade fix' look in his eye!!

For the next year, Paddington's Action club will be supporting research into Brittle Bone disease. Dr Kadler and his team at Manchester University are looking into this inherited disease which causes bones to be very fragile. Approximately 2 - 3,000 people in the United Kingdom suffer from brittle bones. It is hoped that, with the help of donations like yours, our researchers will help to find ways to promote bone growth and strength in order to improve the lives of many Brittle Bone sufferers.

Once again, many thanks for your wonderful donation. Please find enclosed your receipt, a certificate of thanks and a little something each chosen especially for you by Paddington. We hope you like them.

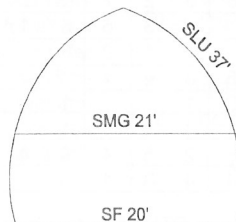
Yours sincerely

Sarah Hemsley

Secretary to Jenny Bartlett

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Want to save your .5 or .75 oz spinnaker? Then why not go for this heavy weather spinnaker. SMG 21', SF 20', SLU 37'. Suitable for masthead yacht of around 30 feet.  
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Tel: 0273 846132



I'm available without appearing too forward?

Keen Crew Member

Dear Genny,

The boat is laid up, dirty bottom on view to the masses, and so are my race-hardened crew. Where has all the enthusiasm gone? Bribes of lunch, promises to supply the rubber gloves and the beer, even pleading to their better nature have all proved useless. What do I do?

Skipper (with dirty bottom)

Genny replies:

*Remember the times when they sent you round the wrong mark, or the spinnaker went for a wash, or when the jib sheet was released at the wrong moment? Perhaps they don't want the same reaction when they damage your gelcoat.*

Dear Genny,

I was invited sailing this year by one of your skippers (a really nice man) who promised to arrange another weekend. I have been out and bought some new oilskins and wellies which look really sexy but he's never called. How do I let him know

Genny replies:

*Sailing is like love; when he says he'll call you - don't believe him.*

Dear Genny,

Why is it that every winter my spare room is full of sailbags and all sorts of other rubbish from his boat. It's so embarrassing when friends come to stay and end up sleeping with all this smelly old gear. I really can't understand why he needs so many sails; surely you can only use 2 at once?

Despairing Wife

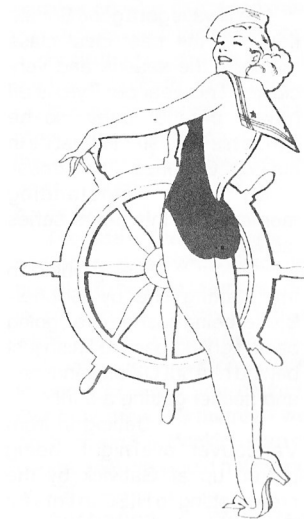
Genny replies:

*Suggest that he builds you a conservatory; it would free up the spare room and you would have somewhere really lovely to spend those peaceful summer days when you have rid of him for the weekend.*

## TIPS TO CREW

I have been asked by a number of people to give tips to members of crew who are joining a boat for the weekend. I hope the following will help avoid some of those embarrassing and awkward little moments.

1. Remember to bring your sleeping bag - don't necessarily expect someone to offer to share theirs with you.
2. Bring a bottle of your skippers favourite tipple - this is well worth some research.
3. Always offer to wash up - even when you did it last time.
4. Remain silent even under extreme provocation and remember that the skipper is always right.
5. Remember that winch handles are expensive - and don't float.
6. If, at the end of the weekend, he suggests you talk to Sue about putting your name on the Crew Register, take the hint and look for another boat to crew on.



# HISC WINTER SERIES

## A Story So Far

*This is IMPROMPTU'S 14th Hayling Island Winter Series: pity we didn't manage to complete this years! 2nd mast break in one season and the insurance didn't pay up for the last one; back to crewing....*

As always, the HISC Winter Series is the one none of us want to miss. A wonderful mixture of exciting close racing plus true friendship and camaraderie combines with Graham's world-renowned breakfasts and lunches. What more could one ask?

We always get a good Sonata fleet, it's the best local class racing of the season and very close. This year our Tyro is off having another baby, so he sends his kid sister to beat us in his boat Cadenza. She does!

My four outstanding memories of this years series (so far) are:

\* Being fouled on the starting line by Gopher-Broke, being pushed over, going back, fighting back to finish just behind him but OK on handicap, and neither getting a gun!

\* Jetting in from Vancouver overnight, being picked up at Gatwick by the crew, getting to HISC in time for Graham's breakfast (much

better than BA) and having a magic sail in the off-shore northerly force 5 with flat seas. Pity we didn't win.

---

**New Holt-Allen Dragon section mast less than 6 months old, snapped at the mast step, stayed up as long as we were on starboard!**

---

\* Another sunny day with force 5 northerly when we did win. We were lucky! Lying third behind Cadenza and Funny Girl running on the penultimate leg with spinnakers up and "going like trains" first Funny Girl broke a rudder then

Cadenza broached, both rounded up into the wind and we just managed to slip between them to win.

\* Today! Force 3 - 7 forecast from the south east. Thought we'd not got enough sail up when we left the harbour, realised that we had enough just before the start and lost the mast on a gybe while 'gilling about'. New Holt-Allen Dragon section mast less than 6 months old, snapped at the mast step, stayed up as long as we were on starboard! Eventually we had to try and tack to avoid going up the Winner. Luckily we had called Lady G on the VHF and asked for help before we tacked; it wouldn't have worked after we got on port as the antenna was in the water! The wind-chill factor was very high but Hayling Rescue was soon there. Frank Dunster on his own, a marvellous help and before long we were back in Sparkes'.

Now we're available to the highest bidder for the rest of the series. For me it's Penrose III, hot and cold running gin and tonic. Have a nice day.

**Peter Sonksen**

## MORRIS'S IN THE MED

*After two years of cruising in Southern Brittany in chartered boats, the Morris Minors decided that they would like to go somewhere where it would be HOT (a decision much applauded by Her Ashore). I had never sailed in the Mediterranean but had always wanted to visit Corsica. Thus it was that we chartered bareboat a Sundance 36 from Sunsail, based at Solenzara on the east coast of Corsica. School holidays dictated that we had to go in August - and so we knew that everywhere would be crowded.*

What follows is not a cruising report in the normal sense (beautiful bay after beautiful bay with turquoise water, azure skies, golden sunsets, topless beauties, etc.etc.) but a few comments on some of the differences between our usual Channel cruising grounds and the Med.

Firstly the sun. For us it shone every day without fail for two weeks - temperatures in the high 80's. This makes a big difference. There is no need to take oilies, wetties, pullies even. I did not put on a pair of long trousers for the entire time. The predictability is wonderful. However, for those with a fair skin, great care must be taken. Gallons of sunscreen are required, hats are essential for those, like me, who are tonsorially challenged. One needs a huge supply of bottled water on the boat (or beer of course because that French stuff is nearly non-alcoholic!). It is essential to rig a canopy in the cockpit when anchored during the daytime. A fan is useful below decks.

The seawater. For the most

part, out of the few ports, the sea around Corsica and N.Sardinia is crystal clear and very warm. This means that one spends a great deal of time in it armed with mask and snorkel enjoying the marine life of which there is a surprising amount and variety, although most of it too small to eat!

---

**The wind came gusting at 35-40 knots over the surrounding mountains**

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The wind. With the exception of the Mistral, this is very predictable. There is none in the morning and a good sailing breeze of 15-20 knots most afternoons. Corsica being an island, separated from Sardinia by only a narrow straight, the wind direction is a little difficult to predict and seemed to head us a good deal, although sailing to windward at 20 knots with spray crashing over but brilliant sunshine and dressed only in a pair of shorts is not difficult to enjoy. The Mistral is something

else. We encountered only one which blew for about 24 hours. We made for a sheltered anchorage but found, when we got there, that many others had the same idea. The wind came gusting at 35-40 knots over the surrounding mountains making it very difficult to anchor safely in the crowded bay. After having our anchor lifted by the dragging anchor of an Italian yacht, we finally secured with the aid of a kedge also, assisted by a local yachtsman who explained that our kedge was a better holding anchor in the sand than our main anchor, a danforth. In the chaos we had also managed to get a rope round our prop although this was freed for us by a scuba diver. Quite an exciting few hours really!

The tide. There is none. I had not realised what absolute bliss it is to be able to ignore tide in planning a course - leave when you like, no tidal gates, no lock gates. Even better, no tide to consider when you anchor. Our boat drew 2.5 metres - we anchored in 3.0. (Making sure of course that we would not swing into 2!).

Anchoring. With the



exception of the incident described above, this is also simplicity itself. As you can see the bottom so clearly, we were able to select the exact spot in which to drop the hook. Having done so (with the aid of an electric windlass of course) it was over the side with the snorkel on to check at first hand how it was lying and whether we had sufficient chain out. One could even dig the anchor in by hand!

The crowds. In August, it is very crowded. All the beautiful, well known anchorages get jammed full during the daytime, mostly with motor boats ranging from rubber-dubbers to 100 foot jobs. However, like lemmings they all leave at about 4.30p.m. and head at high speed for their home port leaving the bays peaceful and uncluttered for those few yachts staying overnight. In the stunningly beautiful Tahiti Bay on the west coast of the Maddalena Islands, between Sardinia and Corsica, we spent the night with only two other boats, both of which left early in the morning leaving us alone to move anchorage to the ideal position in the bay. By noon, 50 boats had arrived!

The ports. During our two weeks, we spent only three nights in port, preferring to stay at anchor in the lovely protected bays. However, the three ports which we chose were each magnificent: Bonifacio and Porto Vecchio in Corsica and Porto Cervo in Sardinia, the centre of the Aga Khan's sensational Costa Smeralda.

Bonifacio. Described by the pilot book as the most spectacular harbour in the Mediterranean, it has a narrow fjord-like entrance with almost vertical white rock sides, crowned by a medieval market town. Naturally very crowded in August, we chose to moor stern-

to at the quayside, although there are pontoons also. The inner area of the harbour is lined to the south with restaurants, the patio area on the harbour's edge divided from the main restaurant by the narrow road. The old town on the hill is most interesting and provides glorious views both over the harbour and out to Sardinia.

**2 cokes, 1 glass of water, 1 beer and 1 pina colada - £27!. However, this was nothing compared to the cost of one night's berth at the jetty - £55!**

Porto Vecchio. This is a modern marina, very crowded indeed but well sheltered. The chief attraction is the old market town on the hill behind the marina, reached for the lazy by means of the typical little tourist train. The town itself is delightful - cobbled squares and steep little side streets and masses of good restaurants, the most enchanting of which are built into the hillside itself affording spectacular views back over the bay and the plain to the South.

Porto Cervo. We had been warned about the prices but felt that for one night at least we should join the jet set! It is possible to anchor in the bay for nothing, but we needed water and so moored stem to a floating jetty giving access directly into Port Cervo village. At 36 feet we were the smallest boat on the jetty and simply dwarfed by the motor yachts moored to the quay opposite. What surprised me in this display of conspicuous wealth was the number of boats flying the Red Ensign. Each of

the megayachts was festooned with its own bevy of topless beauties - even Her Ladyship remarked on how good-looking they were.

The main marina, into which we did not venture and which is further from the village, contained even larger yachts, many of them mini-liners really. Of course the motor yachts outnumbered the sailing yachts by a ratio of at least 10-1.

We ate ashore in an excellent pizzeria recommended in the pilot book as being not too expensive but made the mistake of having a drink beforehand in a cafe overlooking the harbour. (2 cokes, 1 glass of water, 1 beer and 1 pina colada - £27!). However, this was nothing compared to the cost of one night's berth at the jetty - £55!

For our last day, having refused to Solenzara, we hired a car and drove into the interior of Corsica. The island is very mountainous, with peaks rising to 3,000 metres within 10km of the coast. The roads are pretty sporting but the scenery varied and stunning. Parts of the island were ablaze with bush fires and we watched the planes bombing the forest with seawater. The island is blessed with lakes and rivers, water is not a problem here, unlike Sardinia. In the afternoon we swam in the cold water of a pool fed by waterfall, high in the mountains (well the children did!).

In summary, we had a wonderful holiday. Corsica/Sardinia and the islands between are a sensational cruising ground which I recommend highly to those who have not tried Mediterranean cruising. SunSail organised the boat - they seem pretty casual but have everything well under control.

**ROGER MORRIS**

## THE STORY OF "TWO INLAND RATS" WHO "GET AFLOAT!"

When someone calls you an inland rat in our country - the Czech Republic, it means you are a person who has never seen the sea. Let us introduce ourselves properly - we are two architect students from Prague and this summer we spent two wonderful months in your country and more particularly for some of the time 'Afloat' on the sea that surrounds it.

We would like to give you our impressions of our ten day holiday on board 'Rimau', cruising to the West Country.

On the 3rd of August we started from Northney Marina, and had to quickly adapt to the small spaces inside the yacht. (For Mike this was particularly difficult as he is 6'7", the stern of the boat was his favourite place as apart from dodging the boom he could actually stand up there).

One thing we both found hard was the rocking of the boat; it became particularly hard to keep the contents of our stomachs inside on that first afternoon as the 'conditions' over the bar at Chichester entrance were very bad according to our skipper. (We couldn't see a bar anywhere!) Inland rats don't like this motion so much!

We soon realised that we were in the experienced hands of two 'seawolves', namely our Captain the dauntless Robert

who seemed to know where to go, and in what direction the sea flowed - we thought water only ran in rivers - we still had much to learn!

Another member of our crew was Jacky who took great care of our stomachs. Finally came Bobby the most important ingredient, only five years old but in charge of our entertainment.

Impersonations of Michael Jackson, great story teller, chief crab-catcher and castle builder to name but a few. He also taught us how to fish and showed us how to race crabs along the side-deck. Thunderbirds stories were another source of amusement and we even saw Tracy Island just off the entrance to Dartmouth! Fantastic stories of Pirate ships and smugglers tales abounded as we travelled along your lovely coast-line.

Our voyage took us to Weymouth, Torquay, Dartmouth and Salcombe,

Torquay provided us with the best toilet and shower facilities our friends had ever seen in a marina. While we were there we visited some pre-historic caves and Bobby enjoyed seeing the remains of a cave bear embedded in the rocks.

In Dartmouth we took a day trip on the Steamer up-river to Totnes and then by bus to Buckfast Abby finishing off with a return trip on the 'Flying Scotsman' steam train. The anchorage at Dittisham was idyllic and the local 'Pub-Grub' was delicious.

Salcombe was our last port of call before leaving 'Rimau', and despite some terrible 'British' summer weather we still

managed the long walk up to Bolt Head to enjoy the view. (We couldn't see much except rain and mist!) The next day we set off for our next adventure - hitch-hiking across the South West of England and visiting the Magnificent Cathedral sites of Exeter, Bath, Wells, Salisbury Plain, Winchester and finally Chichester. Now we have gone home to Prague but will always remember our fabulous holiday in your country.

**Michel and Marketa.**

The Rimau cruise continued west to Fowey where we were delighted to be able to cheer Penrose 111 over the finish line in the penultimate leg of her Round Britain Rally. In addition we met up with Lynx, Marigold and Tarquah V, who were also visiting this lovely harbour. We were persuaded to enter one of the Fowey Regatta races and enjoyed a tightly contested sail with about 24 other boats; we finished about halfway down the fleet ably assisted by Rita and John Dunkley who had been persuaded to crew for us, along with Kirsten an American friend we met on the pontoon at Fowey. She had recently arrived with her parents from North Carolina on there Ketch after a six week Atlantic crossing!

Fowey week was great - very friendly people, lots to see and do quite apart from the racing - super walks, scenery, pubs and restaurants and the Yacht Club was splendid too! We can only echo Freddie Kemp's words - try it for yourselves!

**Jacky and Rob Black.  
Rimau**



Following on from my last tip about how to save money on Boat Show tickets I now have one that does NOT require you to purchase a new yacht. The London Boat Show is on from THURSDAY 6 JANUARY to SUNDAY 16 JANUARY and if we book in advance tickets are available at £5-50 rather than £7-90 per each adult. Also each adult ticket permits 2 children (under 16 ) to be admitted free.

Please let know by THURSDAY 16 DECEMBER how many tickets that you would like. I shall get the tickets and send them to you in time for the show. You can either send money with your order or when you receive the tickets, but please add 50p per order (not per ticket ) for postage - the balance will go to club funds, not towards my new boat.

While you are at the show you might like to purchase the equipment that you will need to comply with ORC CLASS 4 safety rules. It was decided at the AGM that this level of equipment should be

MANDATORY from the 1994 season for all races with additional equipment being specified for particular races such as the Cross-Channel race which this time is going to Le Havre. As Honfleur will certainly be on the itinerary I wonder if we should try and negotiate a group discount for the Calvados shop which Peter, Roger and I visited last year.

**A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL.**

**Jim Laing  
Hon. Treas.**



## P. T. MARINE ENGINEERS

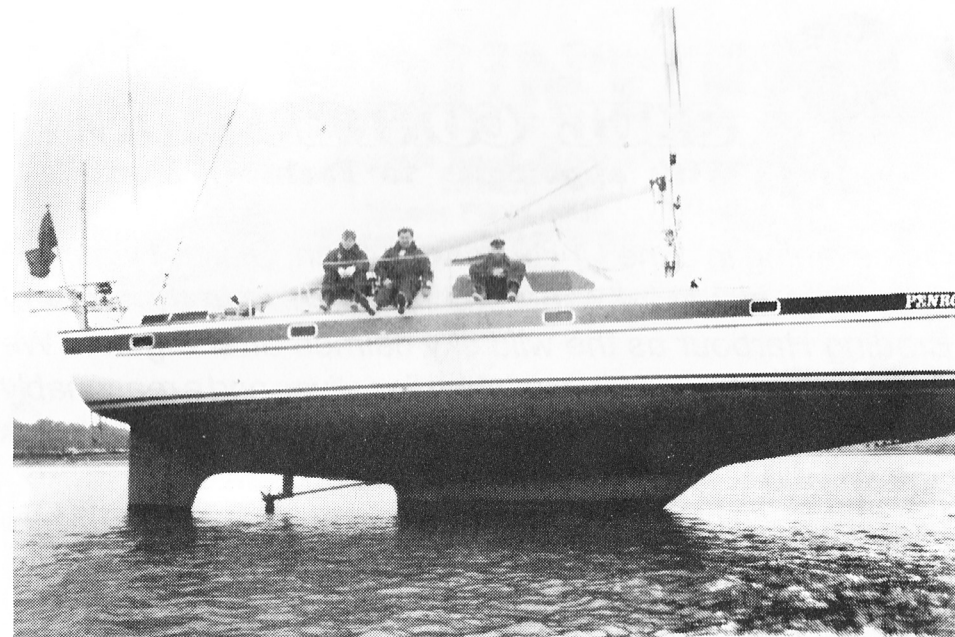
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## Confessions from Bembridge Harbour

*You've seen the Cartoon, you'll read the script, now see the film*



*No way could I get back on board*





## CLUB CONFSSIONAL

With appologies to Yachting Monthly

*One evening in June Uncle John, Adrian, Skip & I watched the sun go down imbibing and reminiscing in the calm of Brading Harbour as the wild sky calmed after a gale. We dined aboard had a few inevitable digestives and a reasonably early night knowing that our deadline for getting out was about 0900.*

We were up bright and early the following morning and cast off at 0750. A short motor down the harbour then into the channel keeping the red buoys close on the starboard side. We were right in the middle of the channel when PIII bumped, bumped again then stopped. Seconds counted. We sat on the Bow, Uncle John hung precariously on the boom, we ran from end to end and side to side all to little effect. We hailed several fishing boats - not one would assist. Eventually a Southerly 100 came along and valiantly tried to give us a tug but it was too late. We were well and truly stuck.

We took stock of the situation and tried to remember all the things we'd read in yotty mags. Turn the fuel off. Empty water

tank. Cushion the leeward side. Do something with the batteries. Anchor. Use the spinnaker halyard to take an anchor to windward. Move everything that might fall. Gas off. We rushed feverishly around until Skip observed PIII was not leaning at all and ordered us all to sit on the windward rail. She was drying out bolt upright. Dilemma - should we ease her on to her side or take a chance on staying upright? "You realise" said Bill casually "If she falls over we'll probably loose the rig."

Sometime later when the harbour had dried and all conversation had dried too we were lost in our own thoughts when: "Hypothetically" said Uncle John "on the off chance that I might want to er..um..er" He couldn't continue. Best not to think about it.

"Wish we had the Sunday papers" said Bill. "There's a shop over there - I could let the dinghy down and slide over the stern." I volunteered. We thought about it for a while. Then I added "I could take some pictures." "Mmmmm O.K. but MOVE SLOWLY!"

I got down alright - dropping from the last rung of the ladder about four feet into the dinghy. I walked to the shop but alas no papers so I took the pictures - circled the boat a few times, dragged the anchors to where I thought the channel would be then tried to get back on board. PIII is ever so tall out of the water - there was no way I could get on so I settled down for a snooze in the dinghy to await the tide.

By this time Uncle John had stopped being hypothetical and had an urgent problem to solve. He moved. Miraculously the boat didn't fall over. She only wobbled a few times when the fishing boats came roaring in with total disregard for our precarious position.

As the water rose our conversation and alcoholic levels rose with it. Never has the incoming tide been more welcome. We retrieved all four anchors and sailed for Chi grateful PIII had looked after us yet again.

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



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