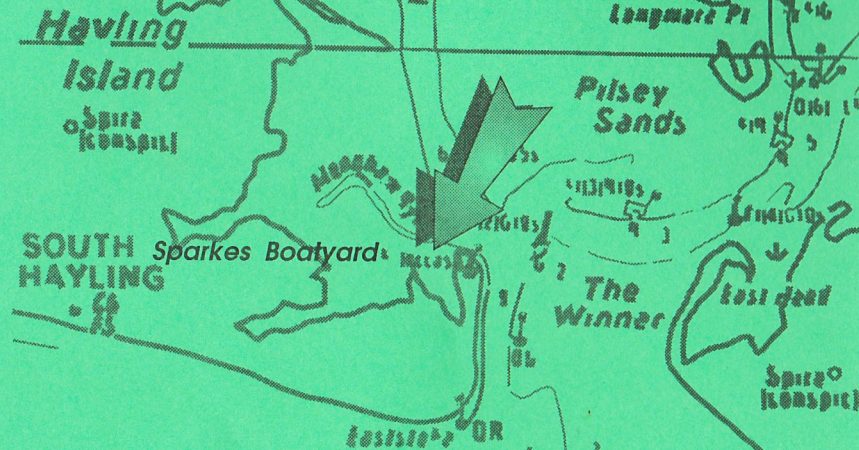


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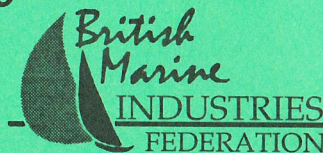
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November 1995



This Edition
Geoff Calvert
 plus the usual
 round up of news, reports
 and comment from the CCRC

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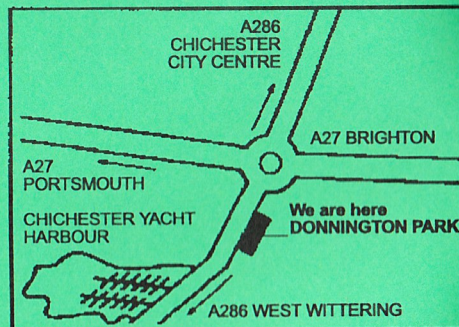
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EDITORIAL

Once again we have an action-packed newsletter for you with a variety of tales from a very memorable summer.

It seems no time at all since that glorious weekend of the Commodore's Cup in May and yet the Commodore's Bender has taken place. There have been some exciting and eventful races, lots of sociable and convivial evenings (and a fair amount of Pimms consumed) in between those two events.

I must thank all of you who have so willingly put pen to paper or slaved over a hot word-processor. Your contributions are greatly appreciated. In particular I should like to thank Freddy Kemp who's cartoons always manage to capture those certain moments! I know that, in times of minor crisis, one always has a quick look over one's shoulder to check where Lynx is!

We should like to thank again those who have supported us by placing Advertisements in this issue. Anyone who would like to place an advertisement with us is very welcome - and it really is good value!

Lots of thanks once again to Brian Dandridge who takes our amateur efforts and makes them look so professional!

I very much hope you enjoy reading this newsletter - and that you will come and join us next season to experience CCRC for yourself.

Happy Bottom Scrubbing!

Marian Saltmer

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Goeff Calvert relaxing on MONS MEG during a CCRC Spring Cruise

Sailing Secretary's Column



1995 Season Roundup

First some statistics:

During the 1995 season we ran 28 races including 5 in the Commodore's Cup Open. Of these 17 were passage races and 11 in Hayling Bay. No races were lost to the weather which in general was very kind.

After a RORC dictate that CHS racing should be in separate fleets, we operated in 3 classes - fast and less fast CHS and CCRC rated boats. This worked quite well with the smaller CHS and CCRC raters (BETAS) starting together and usually sailing the same course.

Numbers were similar to 1994. There were 44 registered boats (10 Omega, 14 Alpha and 20 Beta) and overall average race turnout for the points races being 13. However the split in classes meant that the average for each class was a little small at 4 for the Omegas, 6 for the Alphas and 3 for the Betas. That still resulted in about 70 skipper and crew participants - a very respectable dinner attendance too!

The Commodore's Cup open meeting, sponsored by Express Marine Services and Teachers Whisky, was a great success with about 14 non-members attending and 2 or 3 new members as a result too. The Sonatas Incorporated their Southern Area Championships too. Thanks to Basil Rizzi for the use of his boat and Mike Treadwell for giving his time and experience as OOD. Our Commodore helped as well and

forsook racing in Gunshot for the weekend. My memory will be of the Sunday afternoon race when the legs were dinghy length and mark rounding was 3 or 4 abreast in sun and a force 4 - magnificent! Congratulations to Lohengrin, Sareema and Rimau the respective class winners and Steamy Windows as Sonata champion.

Other congratulations go to Geoff Maskell in Gopher Broke for winning his class in the Round-the-Island and most of all to Sareema for coming 3rd in the Fastnet - beating all the Admiral Cuppers. Well done Rob!

Other on-the-water activities to mention must include the spring cruise to Cherbourg and the Channel Islands attended by (on average!) 10 boats and blessed with great weather even if it was a little boisterous on both cross channel passages. The inaugural inflatable dinghy races at Poole were also well enjoyed.

I must apologise for the continued difficulties in getting race results out quickly and correctly. The computer programme still gives great problems and Pam Marrs has been tearing her hair out

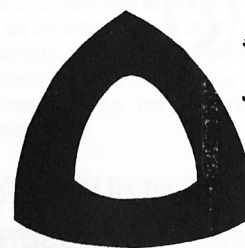
trying to get it to cope with our scoring system and discards. We're working on it and hope for better next year.

Manually she has worked out the 1995 overall results and the winners are Lohengrin in Omega, Excalibur in Alpha and Penrose III in Beta. Well done!

The programme for 1996 is well advanced. Mark May 4/5/6 in your diaries for the Commodore's Cup and May 24 for the race to Cherbourg and the cruise projected to Alderney and the new French marinas on the west side of the Cherbourg peninsular.

Lastly I must thank the ASS'S, Chris Brown, Glenn, Alex and Geoff for their time and efforts in helping organise the on-water activities. Glenn is standing down in 1996 so particular thanks to him and to Trevor Rose in advance as stepping in (subject to AGM elections!). Thanks also to all of you Race Officers (particularly Paul Chivers who substituted at a late stage and did it twice) whose duties make our racing possible.

Mike Tong
Hon. Sailing Secretary



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G E H CALVERT

1911-1995

It is with great sadness that we report the death of our senior member, Geoffrey Calvert. He died peacefully on Tuesday, 3rd October, at the home of his daughter, Mary Evans, in Chester.

Geoffrey was not only our oldest member, but was actively involved in the doings of the Club for longer than anyone else in its 48-year history. His life was long, active and fulfilled, and he enjoyed good health for almost all of it, a blessing for which he was duly grateful. He retained the vigour and clarity of his mind to the end.

Geoffrey was born in Greenwich, but spent most of his boyhood in Dunkeld, Perthshire, attending Perth Academy. He often said that he was thankful to have had the benefit of a Scottish education. However, when he was about 16, the family moved to Norfolk, and not long after that Geoffrey followed his father into the timber trade.

While barely out of his teens, he decided to strike out on his own, and found employment with the firm of J H & F W Green around Singleton, buying, felling and replanting stands of hardwood, mainly beech, which was then sold to the furniture industry. Geoffrey remained with this firm for the remainder of his working life, involved in all aspects of the business, and eventually becoming a director.

He had left behind in Norfolk

not only his family but also a young lady named Lily. He would later recall the many long nocturnal motor cycle rides he made at weekends (Saturdays then being working days) between Sussex and Norfolk, on occasions becoming so tired that he was obliged to lie down on the verge for a couple of hours' sleep.

He married Lily in July 1935, and they lived at first at Rose Cottage in East Dean. Their children, Tony, Mary and Anne were born in the years that followed, and in 1944 the growing family moved to Warberheath Cottage, near West Ashling, where Geoffrey lived for more than 40 years. On one occasion in recent years this charming house was used as the venue for CCRC's reception for other harbour club flag officers.

During the war, Geoffrey by

day supervised three sawmills, all in those pre-grid days powered by steam engines and Lancashire boilers, and spent many of his nights out on the Downs organising the operations of the local Air Observer Corps. He said of this period that he could never understand how he and many others kept going for so long, working such hours.

After the war, Greens started to import hardwood from the Continent. Geoffrey was responsible for the building of the Sussex Wharf at Shoreham Harbour, and he also travelled to France, Germany, Rumania and Yugoslavia to purchase timber, which was shipped to Shoreham direct by chartered coaster.

Towards the end of his career, Geoffrey was elected President of the British Home Timber Merchants' Association;

and long after he had retired, he was occasionally appointed to act as an arbitrator on disputed contracts, such was the respect accorded to his knowledge of timber, and to his impartial judgement.

It was only some years after the war that Geoffrey had the leisure to take up sailing. He initially sailed a Sharpie from Bosham Sailing Club and, in or about 1960, bought a Folkboat, "Consort", which he raced in the Cruiser Section of the Chichester Harbour Federation. This section later ultimately became the Chichester Cruiser Racing Club. He also later joined Itchenor Sailing Club. During the Sixties, he achieved a considerable measure of success in racing, and he also made his first Channel crossing, to St Valery-en-Caux, crewed by Alastair Ridley. Navigation was not Geoffrey's forte, and he told me that he had simply worked on the assumption that tides would cancel out over 12 hours, laid a course direct for the place, and duly arrived. According to Alastair, there is no truth in the apocryphal story that Geoff used an AA road map for the purpose.

About 1972, he had a Twister, "Cordonnet", completed and fitted out by Keith Wason at Southbourne. He raced and cruised this yacht up to the early nineties, and day-sailed her until the summer of this year.

Geoffrey became a CCRC representative in the Chichester Harbour Federation in 1967, and also a representative of the CHF in the Southern Area Region of the Royal Yachting Association. He became a member of the Chairman's Committee of the Federation in 1974 and served there to the end of his life.

He served on the Advisory Committee to the Chichester Harbour Conservancy from 1976, and was the Chairman of that influential committee for 14 years. On his retirement from the chair in 1992 he was granted the Freedom of the Harbour in recognition of his services. Geoffrey appreciated this honour, but wryly remarked that the primary privilege - exemption from harbour dues - only seemed to come to those too old and decrepit to benefit from it.

I have known Geoffrey reasonably well for only about 15 years, but from the many stories he told me of his earlier life, I would judge that it was on the whole a happy one. There were sad times too. The very sudden death of Lily in 1982, after 47 years of very happy married life, left him desolate, and another loss which I know he felt keenly was that of Alan Giles, for long a regular crew on "Cordonnet", and also a former Honorary Treasurer of this Club.

While in his seventies, Geoffrey would frequently go rambling on the Downs with a local association, and he also made half a dozen long cross-Channel trips with me. I well remember on the first of these, with Colin Wallace as the third crew, approaching the Ile de Brehat with hazy visibility and, in those days, no Decca. We could not pick out the Moraine beacon, but we could see the four-knot flood tide kicking up some nasty-looking overfalls as it slurped across the outlying shoals. "I'm going to put on my lifejacket", remarked Geoffrey decisively, greatly boosting the morale of his vacillating skipper. Despite this and other anxious moments, Geoffrey kept coming back for more cruises. In 1987, we were accompanied by Jean

Frith, widow of the late CCRC member Robert Frith. Jean was a good friend of Geoffrey (and formerly of Lily) over many years and lives, as Geoffrey did latterly, in Chichester. We cruised the Seine Bay with CCRC, and what a great crew they were!

Geoffrey achieved a degree of pre-eminence in many of his life's activities. But I would suggest that it is not for this that we will chiefly remember him, rather for the kind of man he was. Humility was his essence: while he had his own convictions, he would never seek stridently to impose them on others. He had, though, a way of looking at you with a gentle, almost diffident, smile on his face, when he thought you were on the wrong track. Coupled with his usual well-considered arguments, this seldom failed to produce the desired result! He was, nonetheless, always willing to listen to the advice and viewpoints of others. His sense of humour was almost impish at times, but he was never unkind in his witticisms.

Four days before he died, Geoffrey sent me a postcard, written in as firm a hand as ever, and cheerful in tone. He concludes: "I am taking life very easily. Hope all your sailing is successful". Without reading into this last sentence more than was intended, I am sure Geoffrey would have wished a like farewell to all his many friends in the sailing fraternity. Successful sailing must include an eventual arrival at an intended haven, and although we may sail different courses, and arrive on different tides, I certainly hope we will meet again.

Our sympathy is extended to all of Geoffrey's family.
H.A.C.

The Alternative Championships Sunday, July 9, 1995

The stage was set - the line ready, the umpire in place and the players were warming up in glorious sunshine.

However this was not the Centre Court at Wimbledon but the waters off Chi buoy.

The ratings had been distributed the evening before and showed Trevor Rosewall with Lohengrin as the No 1 seed.

After the ten minutes warm up, few of the players seemed to be ready as spinnakers were served up at the start. Lohengrin crossed the line and took the advantage just in front of Excalibur, Brown Bomber II, Misty and Sonic with General Kaos, Gopher Broke and Vilja almost being defaulted at the start.

At Winner, Monica Seles and Trevor Rosewall served the first ace and took the lead. Mike Chang Tong and Boom Boom BB II volleyed round the buoy with Excalibur taking the inside position (15 - love). General Kaos looked to be living up to her name as their spinnaker did a top spin around the forestay

and remained there for at least ten minutes as they headed way out of court. This led to the question "Is Andrew Agassi Wilson a one to shout?" "This morning may be the day we find out", responded Paul McNamee Chivers.

Shy spinnakers were dropped towards New Grounds and the No 1 seeds extended their lead down to Hard followed closely by Excalibur, BB II (30 - love), Misty, Sonic then Geoffrey Dan Maskall and Vilja Amritraj.

Spinnakers were lobbed up again at Hard to run down to Winner then back to W-E, where spinnys were again the order of play to downwind gybe to Winner again. (The temperatures on Centre Court are nothing compared to those down below whilst bagging the spinnaker for the umpteenth time!).

The umpire, Peter Sampras Sonksen, looked to be in relaxed mode as we crossed the finishing line and sailed towards East Head for Strawberries and Cream.

A wonderful day's racing - with Game, Set and Match to the weather!

Sue Barker Dearden

Response Maritime Past CCRC Members active in Weymouth.

During those wonderful hot, windless days of summer we cruised down to Weymouth to catch up with old friends and past CCRC members Denis and Judith Coates. Some of you will remember Judith's classic question "Darling, are we racing or are we cruising?"

You will be pleased to hear they are alive and well living in Weymouth and still have Fohn Wind on the water.

Although Denis "retired" several years back, he has taken an active partnership in Response Maritime Ltd., an RYA approved Sailing School. His partner in this organisation is one "Topsy" who features in the article SIX JOG WEST TOGETHER elsewhere in this publication. Topsy is master of the ASTRID, a well known sail training vessel.

Members interested in Yachtmaster courses or other sail training should contact Denis on (01305) 778128 for further information.

B.A.J.D., VILJA

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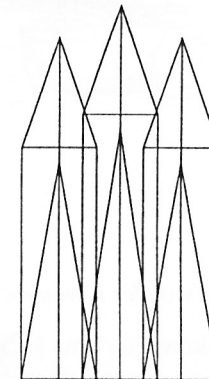
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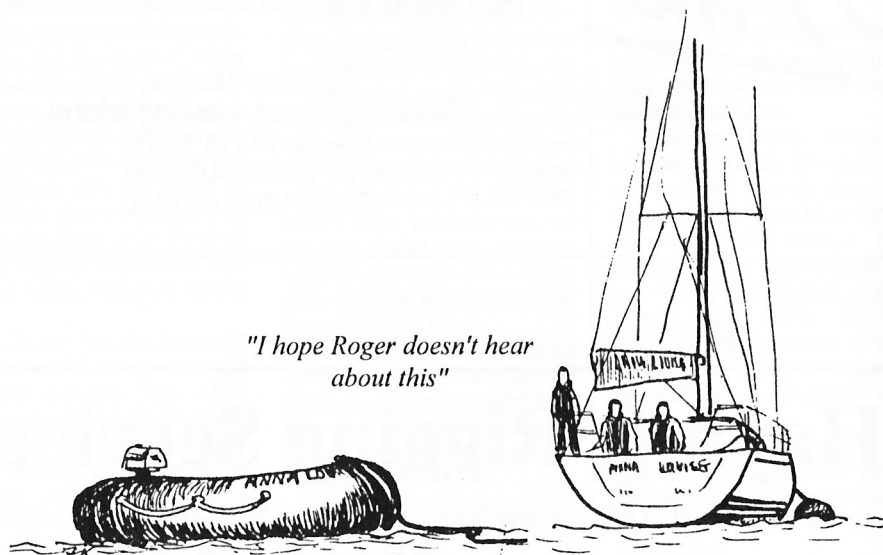
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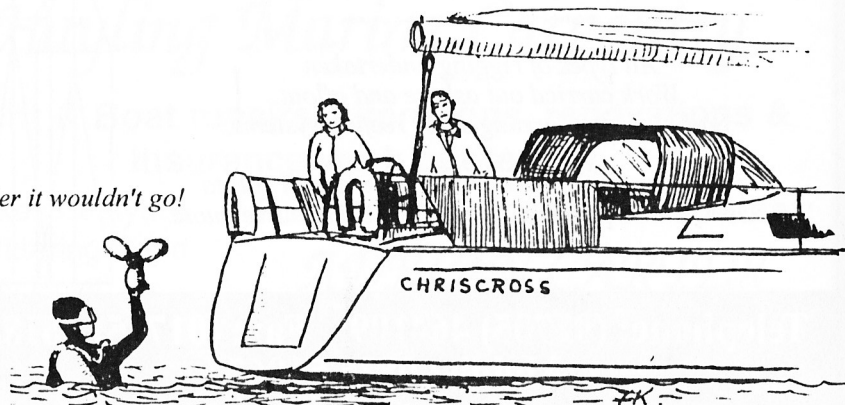
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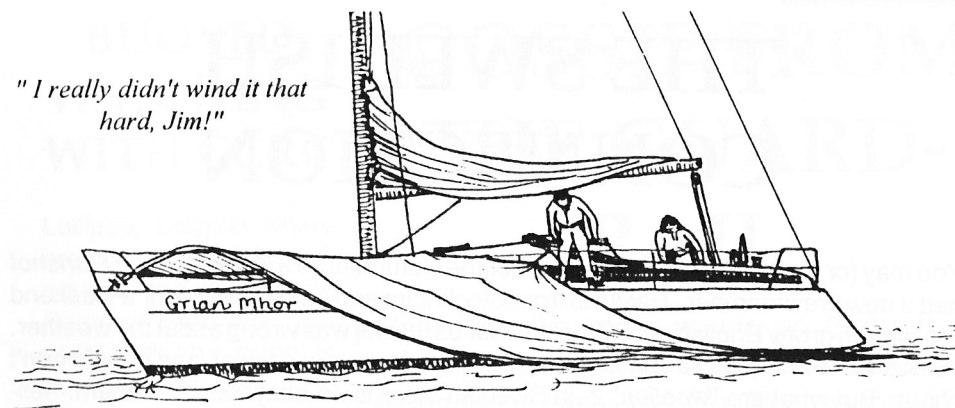
"I hope Roger doesn't hear about this"



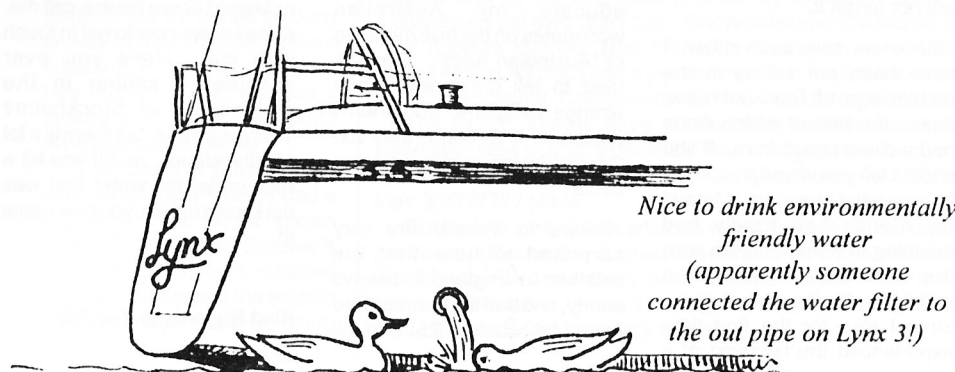
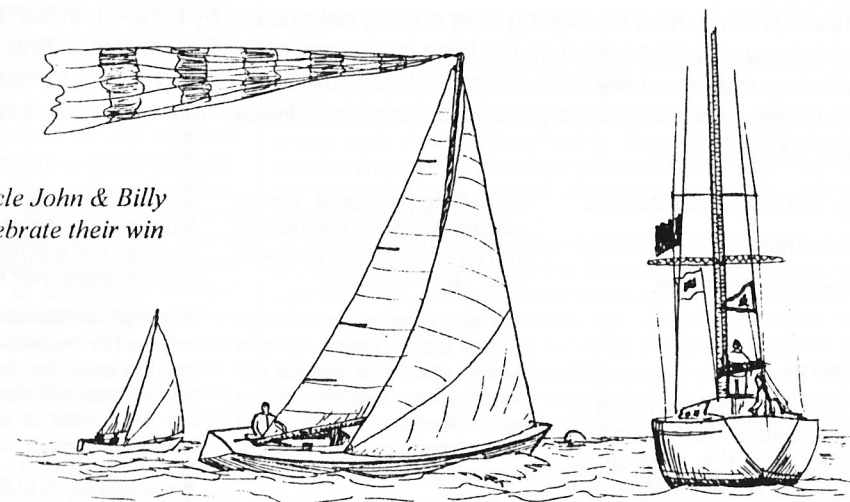
No wonder it wouldn't go!



"I really didn't wind it that hard, Jim!"



Uncle John & Billy celebrate their win



Nice to drink environmentally friendly water (apparently someone connected the water filter to the out pipe on Lynx 3!)

THE SWEDISH CONNECTION

You may (or may not) have noticed that for the Commodore's Cup weekend *Gunshot* had a new crewmember. Hasse is from Stockholm and had joined us for a weekend of sailing in grotty English rain. What luck for us that he was wrong about the weather. Hasse is used to quiet sailing in the Baltic where there are no tides and people don't shout. But what are "woolies" ?- in Swedish there is an easy name for them: "tell-tales"! There were other terms we had to teach him fairly quickly to prevent the winches leaving the deck - "Whoa! STOP! 'at'sit!" But I s'pose it was difficult with Jason shouting "Faster, faster, wind, Hassy, wind, Hassy, FASTER!" And the spinnaker has never reached the masthead so quickly before! Being a Swede, Hasse is fairly used to drinking beer so was not phased by Ed's Australian Rules. I think he was quite hooked on Ruddles by the end of the first morning. And drinking whiskey until the very wee hours with Ed and Keith didn't seem to cause any problems - till it was time to get up. I think all in all Hasse quite enjoyed his weekend with CCRC

To: The crew of S/Y Gunshot
c/o Anne
Sundbyberg 9/7 -95

Hello all

I really want to thank you all for the wonderful weekend in May that I had the privilege of spending in your company. It was a great experience, and I will not forget it.

Since we saw each other, I have been out sailing in the archipelago of Stockholm two times, the first of which Anne had a direct report from. If she should tell you about this, don't believe what she says. Me and my friends had hardly had anything to drink, and I'm sure the time was only around midnight. During one of these trips, I also for the first time experienced the blessing of a

self-tacking (?) foresail. I could completely engage in supplying everyone including myself with beer. Great invention.

I'm very pleased to hear that Anne's foot is better. I have thought about this, and I'm not sure any more that the wooden leg and the parrot we discussed would have been such a good idea.

At my work, I have been able to educate my Australian workmates on the true meaning of "Australian rules". They all tried to tell me it was some strange ballgame, but when I explained it to them, they too thought that my explanation was better.

People in Sweden are very surprised to hear that the weather in England is always sunny, and that the temperature never falls below 25. We all

believe that England is the country where rheumatism was invented, and that nobody ever needs to water their lawns.

The trophy is defending its place very well in my collection. Not that the collection is very big, but this item will always make me remember a wonderful weekend.

If you ever come to Stockholm, or anywhere near it (like Istanbul or Madrid or so) please call me. Anne knows how to get in touch with me. Have you ever considered sailing in the archipelago of Stockholm? There is no tide, but there is a lot of little islands, and if you hit a rock under the water that was not known before, you may name it!

Kind Regards to You All!
Hasse

BUOYED WATCHING WITH CCRC

Lollipop, Lollipop where are you Lollipop? A small mark to the east of the Seaview Start line, this rare and shy buoy is normally very difficult to spot. It is well camouflaged, especially after spotters have enjoyed a wonderful lunch at Seaview Yacht Club, but this year had taken an early migration.

Many eyes were scanning the horizon for the expected sighting of a common Chi Buoy. Its familiar yellow markings, slightly streaked with rust and yacht paint colours, were not to be seen in its usual habitat to the south of Chichester Harbour entrance. It too had taken an early migration. It was reassuring to see the red plumage of Spit was still around.

The Greater Red Warner proved particularly tame this year. It was obviously very attracted to the stunning pink and white plumage of the Brown Bomber but it's gentle pecking proved too much for this delicate creature. A quick bit of surgery has mended the Bomber's broken wing and it now sports an elegant blue plaster.

The Gunshot's main wing was not so lucky when it had a tussle with the lesser known Yellow Spanker. The Spanker's distinctive topknot caused dramatic damage to the smooth white plumage of the Gunshot

GOSSIP FROM THE GUARD-RAIL

Heard on the radio as we go through our starting manoeuvres - The Advocate calling Gunshot on the radio. 'Don't you mean Vilja?' asked Peter. 'Er no,' replied Brian, 'just testing to see how everything works on the new Advocate.' Yeah, Yeah - so now we all know who's the proud owner of 2 boats!

It was an excellent decision by the Itchenor committee boat to delay the start of the Itchenor Casket race until the bad weather had gone through. With squalls gusting up to 40 knots it would have been a very nasty if we had been racing. Gunshot valiantly stood by a stricken Wayfarer until the Hayling Rescue boat arrived. I should just like to say that I was of course keeping a radio watch and not just keeping out of the rain!

Having spent a couple of days brushing up on my Laser techniques on holiday I foolishly entered The Regatta. Fazed by the guy in front of me capsizing at the gybe mark I naturally followed suit! In fact most of my race was spent ignominiously upside down in the Ionian. Fortunately I was rescued by Arnie (so called because of his resemblance to Arnold Schwarzenegger - and boy did he need those muscles to pull a very waterlogged me into the rescue boat!) I can now say 'Been there - done that!' and return to civilisation with CCRC.

The main problem on MAJOR GAMBLE during the Fasten race this year seems to have been how to get through the quantities of smoked salmon and fillet steak provided by the crew. Gosh! what a dilemma! I bet they don't have that problem on the Mumm 36's!

It appears that our Hon Treasurer has again been showing everyone how it's done with a second overall in the St Malo race and third in the Fastnet - Congratulations Rob - we're very proud of you!

The CCRC Storms gave an excellent performance in their Nationals, until that is GUNSHOT had a slight contretemps with Spanker and ripped her mainsail. Congratulations to PETRA for their 3rd????? place.

Don't miss Auntie Den's article in Yachting World????? due to be published in December. And while we are on the subject of Cartlidge artistic achievements don't miss 'Haunted' which had it Royal Premier in October. From listening to the tales of this film being made it sounds just too scary to miss!

WATER SPORTS, FUN RACES AND THE DRIFTWOOD CHALLENGE SUNDAY 27 AUGUST

Studland Bay had a distinct choppiness about it when we anchored on Sunday morning but, undaunted, four inflatables landed on the beach fit and ready for the 'Driftwood Challenge' and other delights. Although there was a fresh wind the water was perfect while some swam others beachcombed for inventive materials to make the craft for the Challenge.

We held four out of five of the scheduled inflatable races. All were very competitive and, apart from one, very successful. The Men's Single-Handed Race went ahead almost without incident and EXCALIBUR won it well. The Ladies Single-Handed Race and Lindsay from LOHENGRIN won, closely followed by June from EXCALIBUR. The other two entrants, to remain anonymous, were manfully rescued as they swept sideways across the bay, fast approaching Old Harries Rocks!

The Upside-Down Race gave the crews a chance to fraternise. These fit and muscular bodies ploughing through the surf were quite a sight to behold. LOHENGRIN won with THE HARRIBELLE just behind. The Blindfold Bump soon became a riot much to the amusement, or astonishment, of the other sun worshipers on the beach. EXCALIBUR and LOHENGRIN had a fairly clean start leaving PETRA and THE HARRIBELLE duelling with oars to get off the beach. The blindfolded oarsmen had hysterical navigational instructions screamed at them. Eventually, more by desperation for dry land than judgement, the race was won.

The most skilled part of the day was next with the '1995 Driftwood Challenge'. All four craft were of inventive design and superb construction! The sea conditions were by this time quite rough for such small craft and the three teams who chose multihull construction certainly fared best. The only monohull capsized very early on despite its wing keeled design. PETRA and LOHENGRIN's craft were buoyant but a little unsteady. EXCALIBUR's 'Arfur I' was a brilliant design and the true winner of the event.

All of us had a wonderful afternoon. As a fitting end, 'Arfur 1' was re-launched prior to EXCALIBUR's raising anchor and was last seen weaving its way towards Swanage to a rendition of the Last Post.

We should like to give a very big 'Thank You to Mike and June for organising the whole event. Everyone made David and I very welcome on one of the first of many races we hope to be doing with CCRC.

Sandy Perrin
THE HARRIBELLE.

With "Lifting out" and "Scrubbing off" looming you may be interested in the following information:-

Meadows Marine Valeting on 01705 582881 are offering a High Pressure scrub down for £10.00 per boat up to 35ft; £1.00 per foot there after.

An Owed to My Spelling Checker

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It does not bring a tier.
My pay purrs awl due glad den
With wrapped words fare us hear.
To rite with care is quite a feet
Of witch won should be proud.
And wee mused dew the best wee can,
Sew flaws are knot aloud.
Sow ewe can sea why aye dew prays
Such soft ware four pea seas.
And why I brake in two averse
By righting want too pleas.*

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SIX JOG WEST TOGETHER

*Being an Account of the Adventures of the sloop
"Gunshot" and her Crew on a Voyage to Weymouth.*

Chapter 1 Off to Cowes

"Uncle Hugh!" cried Peter one fine evening in Lymington, "Please come and show us the way to Weymouth. You know our chums in JOG are planning such a jolly jaunt down there next weekend. It's going to be a yacht race!" Smiling at the lad's youthful impetuosity, Uncle Hugh promised to see if he could "shake off the old ball and chain - but don't you tell your Aunt Maggie that I put it that way" - and come along to keep them out of serious scrapes.

And so, next Friday evening, Uncle Hugh joined the fearless five as they clanked their way down the pontoon at Sparkes Boatyard with a handcart piled high with provisions. With Peter were Anne, Edward, Michael and Keith. Soon, all the bottles and tins were stowed away, and, grateful for the cool of the evening after the heat of the car journey, the party untied the ropes and steered the yacht out of the harbour. Taking the short cut across the sandbanks at Eastoke, they turned towards the sunset, bound for Cowes.

As the northerly wind strengthened, and the boat went further from the shore, spray started to splash over the cockpit. Soon the intrepid five

were happy to retire to the warmth of the saloon, leaving Uncle Hugh, wrapped in his oilskins, to keep watch. A sun-warmed Ruddles was passed up to keep the cold out. In no more than two hours, the yacht was turning into Cowes and all hands came on deck. An up-river berth was chosen to avoid the northerly swell.

Anne at least had been busy below, and no sooner had "Gunshot" been tied up than a piping hot lasagne appeared from the oven to feed the famished crew. This was washed down with a bottle or two from the provisions, but, to avoid running supplies down too early in the voyage, Peter remarked, there would be just time to partake of further refreshment on board a charming floating hostelry nearby.

So off they went. Unfortunately, Uncle Hugh, being less nimble in the leg and weaker in the bladder than his young companions, fell behind and found himself locked out. Uncertain whether his friends had in fact been admitted or had repaired elsewhere, he made a brief but fruitless tour of East Cowes before returning to "Gunshot" (also locked). He improved the midnight hour by filling the water tank. "Things can only get better", he thought.

And so indeed it proved. Scarcely another hour had passed before the youngsters returned in merry mood, eager to sample the more concentrated provisions.

Uncle Hugh was assigned to the stern cabin with Michael, who took this substitute for his friend Marion in good part, not even complaining about Uncle's snoring.

Chapter 2 The Race

Everyone was astir at six the next morning. It was a beautiful sunny day, and soon the good ship "Gunshot" was slipping down the river to the start line. After exchanging cheery waves with their friends in the starting hut, and manoeuvring well up-tide from the line, the doughty crew turned west, got their signal and were off, amid a crowd of other yachts.

"Hey, this isn't fair!" exclaimed Peter, as they set — course for Hurst. "The wind is not supposed to be forward of the beam in Enid Blyton stories."

"No," grumbled Edward, "and we shouldn't have to carry all this Category 4 stuff either. Her characters go offshore in small open boats without a pair of water-wings between them".

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

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

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Previous experience _____ _____	
Please send to Sue Dearden 18 The Link, West Acton, London, W3 0JW, Tel: 0181 993 5652	

Everyone soon cheered up as the early morning provisions were handed out. "I can't remember when I last had a beer at eight o'clock in the morning," chortled Uncle Hugh, little realising that this was all the breakfast he was going to get.

Peter skilfully steered the yacht in the strongest part of the tide, and very soon Hurst Castle was reached. It was now possible to set "Gunshot's" emblazoned spinnaker for a short spell. The Needles lighthouse was passed a mere one and a half hours after the start. Then the kite had to be dropped as "Gunshot" headed slightly to windward again across Christchurch Bay. Uncle Hugh and Peter had planned to clear the rocky headlands of Anvil Point and St Albans by about a mile to get the best advantage of the tide, and a clear wind, before heading inshore as the tide turned. In the event, they

went a little closer in, which was just as well, because the wind went further west as Weymouth came into view.

Anne produced a very welcome early lunch - smoked salmon rolls and sausages - with lashings of Ruddles to wash it down. As the dark mound of The Nothe at Weymouth gradually rose from the sea and joined itself to the rest of the mainland and to Portland Bill, the Wind came more or less on the nose, lighter, and fluky as it funnelled through the Dorset hills. Young Michael came into his own now, spotting the shifts and puffs with great skill. During the last hour of the race "Gunshot" tacked in all the right places, picking up a substantial lead on a number of yachts with which she had earlier been crossing tacks. Clearly, the back-eddy off Portland Harbour was something to be avoided.

Eventually, the hooked finish line was crossed, and "Gunshot"

entered Weymouth harbour. She found a berth on the north side, outside "Imperator" and two larger yachts. Soon, young Russell Zenthon, in "Needlework", and two smaller yachts, moored outside "Gunshot".

Chapter 3 The Taverns of the Town

It was a very warm afternoon, and as soon as "Gunshot" had been tidied up her crew were eager to stretch their legs ashore. Scrambling up the iron ladder on to the quay, they quickly noticed that the latter, from shoreside, had the aspect of a railway platform, with tram-type tracks set into the street below. Uncle Hugh explained that, until recently, the Channel Island boat trains from London

used to proceed from the Town Station through the public streets down to the quay at walking pace, led by a man with a red flag. Indeed, the signs warning motorists to park clear of the tracks were still there.

Weymouth has another impediment to the flow of motor traffic in the form of a lifting bascule bridge with decorative lanterns, which takes the main street across the harbour, and which is occasionally raised on demand to allow craft up or down river. Peter and Uncle Hugh crossed the bridge to deliver their race declaration to the Weymouth Sailing Club on the south quay. They learned that "Gunshot" came fourth in her class and twelfth overall, a creditable result for a generally light weather race.

The rest of the crew went shopping. On the way back to the boat, a very good fishmonger was discovered, where some crab and shrimps (plus ice) were bought for lunch the following day.

The shady door of a quayside tavern beckoned invitingly. Soon, Uncle Hugh was leading the boys astray once again. This was followed by a restful nap back on the boat.

Much restored, the crew took a quick shower to freshen up

and were ready for anything the evening might offer. As they sipped their evening lemonade, Anne's friend Hillary arrived by car from Gillingham in north Dorset, and was helped down the ladder and across the intervening decks. A committed non-sailor she confessed to being frequently seasick while rowing on the Serpentine.

After another lashing or two of lemonade, the crew set off somewhat unsteadily for dinner. Peter and Uncle Hugh had succeeded, despite the JOG hordes, in booking a meal at an establishment called The Roundhouse, intriguingly situated on an acute corner, or "gusset" as they call it in Scotland, between the north quay and the esplanade, thus having one foot in Weymouth the port and another in Weymouth the seaside resort.

As a rosy dusk fell over the harbour, the party enjoyed an excellent meal. It was noted that the management had left a number of musical instruments - piano, guitar, bongoes, and even a tambourine - lying about where the guests could get at them. Of course, the crew of "Gunshot" rose to the challenge. As soon as the meal was over and the refreshment flowed free, all the old favourites were given

an airing, so impressive was the effect that an overspill from the taproom next door came to join in, and Peter was even mistaken by a passing groupie for an off-duty Yettie (this Yetminster folk group were in fact doing a summer season in Weymouth).

Eventually, to confine the noise to a part of the building where it was less likely to give rise to complaints by neighbours, as the landlady politely put it, the whole show moved through into the taproom, where they were reinforced by the resident troubadour and his banjo. A bearded ex-Navy man, he rejoiced in the name of Topsy, and came armed with a scrapbook of collected songs, illustrated with his own line drawings.

The party went on until about two in the morning. As the crew staggered back to the dockside, Hillary, like a sensible girl, resisted the offer of a bunk for the night and drove home. Uncle Hugh cannot honestly remember whether a night-cap was partaken of, but he awoke betimes feeling pretty well considering.

The voyage home, mainly under engine and including a brief visit to Lulworth Cove, rounded off a magic weekend. Weymouth had proved to be a veritable Fiddlers' Green.

Secretary's Note Pad

Members will be pleased to hear that Pam Metcalf, our former circulation secretary, has made a splendid recovery from her sudden and serious illness which occurred in the late spring. She hopes to attend this year's laying up supper where a presentation to thank her for her 25 years of service to the club will be made.

Plans for next year's social programme are well in hand and we have one or two new/different things to tempt your "appetites"! More details to follow.

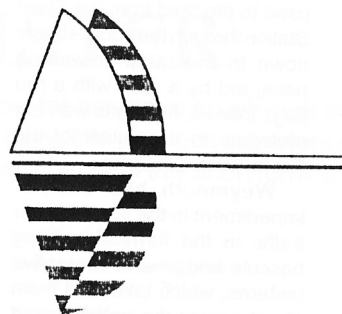
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RED CLOUD GOES FOR SPEED!

When I first looked through the CCRC programme I thought the August Bank holiday weekend looked most interesting. So I made a note to take part. In the event I was inveigled into something very different.

Just before the holiday my friend John Treveltham rang. 'Hello Alan,' he said. 'What are you doing on the 27th?'

Now I knew his motor cruiser, YUM YUM was out of the water. 'I'm racing to Poole,' I said. 'Why do you ask?'

I just wondered if you would lie free berthing in Cowes and tickets to a reception at the Royal Yacht Squadron?' he replied.

John is one of the Marshals for the Cowes Classic Powerboat race. He needed a boat so it was agreed that we supplied him with one.

As we assembled at Westlands at 7 o'clock on Friday the wind was blowing force 5 straight over the tide. This made for a very dodgy dinghy trip and the first voyage managed to completely soak my cousin Dot. Returning for her husband John and Powerboat John, I found the latter dressed in white shirt and slacks holding his blazer on a hanger and a couple of 'Tesco' bags. Off we went. Halfway to RED CLOUD I noticed that the dinghy was half full of water so it was with great care we completed the trip.

Very wet from the spray we

were glad to arrive. When we came to unload we found the 'Tesco' bags were full of water. One held Wine and Beer, another his sleeping bag and a third his 2 mobile phones. Their underwater passage didn't do them any good at all and even after drying out one still refused to work. We spent the rest of the evening evading Dot's hanging underwear and soggy sleeping bags.

He roared through the gap in a cloud of spray and disappeared at in the direction of the Forts.

Arriving at Cowes the following afternoon we were flying the official flag so we were directed to North Basin to berth alongside the 'Jolly Baker'. The crew took our lines and made us fast. They were revealed to be Gina Campbell (Donald's daughter) and her companion, the Jolly Baker, a fitting name as we found out later when he brought out his banjo. Needless to say we were the only yacht amongst the 120 knot racers.

On Sunday we cast off and made sail for Nab End which we were to mark. Anchoring off the buoy about 10 we then set about a full English breakfast. We had plenty of time as the racers started at 11, going west round the Island and we would not see them for forty minutes.

We waited, wondering what

to expect as we had already been told that their navigation was terrible. So it turned out!

On the radio we heard that the leader was crossing Sandown Bay. The course was West Princessa to starboard then Nab End to port. The first boat, No 77 Doggone, stopped in the area of West Princessa to consult his atlas and then set off for Nab East. After he made a few circuits of the buoy we saw his bows rise out of the water in our direction. We were anchored in the apex of the course about 200 yards from the mark. Doggone was now approaching from the opposite direction at full speed. He roared through the gap in a cloud of spray and disappeared at in the direction of the Forts.

Events were now getting interesting. Boats were coming from all directions - at one point one heading west and one east, both trying to get to the same place. Our job was to tick them off as they rounded Nab End which is much harder with powerboats who are only in view for a couple of minutes. We reported the list to Bembridge Control every 10 minutes or so. We found out later that the Official also thought Schumacher and Hill were taking part as they could hear the commentary from Belgium which I was watching on the TV.

This is the most dangerous sport to take part in. One boat crashed a few miles from us at Warner the crew were OK and towed in. Not surprisingly they take safety very seriously. All

the marks have a boat to cheek on all the boats passing. In between there are cruisers patrolling the course all the way to Torquay. If any still go astray, they send out a helicopter to find them.

When the fun had subsided we were allowed to stand down and we motored back to Cowes. As we turned into the Marina a Pitts Special was doing low level acrobatics to entertain the crowd. Berthing alongside the Jolly Baker again we were in tune to watch the racers being craned out onto trailers and attics, some of which probably cost more than the boat they carried.

Later having changed into more presentable attire we arrive at the Squadron where a band was playing on the lawn in front of the marquee. Inside there were three large tables craned with cups, statues, plate s and plaques. There was also a large crowd stuffing themselves with free food and punch. We, of course, joined in. Although the food ran out before we had taken our fill, the punch continued to flow.

The prize-giving itself took quite a long time. As with our own, they had people walking off with armfuls of prizes. It also came as quite a surprise to see so many of the various teams sporting bandages and slings.

Eventually we left; still feeling peckish, we bought portions of chips to eat on our way back. Powerboat John disappeared onto one of the large cabin cruisers and returned with a china mug each. These were printed with the U.K.O.B.A. logo and the legend 'Safety and Rescue'

The next day, the weather improved and we enjoyed a splendid sail back to Chichester, even sailing right up to our buoy on the reach.

That's why we missed the trip to Poole!

Alan Froom
RED CLOUD.

A QUESTION OF SPORT

If anyone is interested in pitting their wits against other fellow sailors the Royal Southampton Y.C are holding a sailing version of 'A question of Sport' on 24th November.

Teams of 4 are required to represent CCRC free entry but there is a supper at £7.00 per head available afterwards.

Contact Jacky Black for further details.

Roger Morris's Kruising Konfessional

My excuse is that they were the biggest tides of the year and it was the first night in Brittany and we had met the "Brown Bombers" in St Peter Port and I had helped Paul finish his bottle of Bucktrout's gutrot the night before!

On Saturday 12th August the family Morris sailed Anna Louise from St Peter Port towards Brittany vaguely heading to the Sept Iles. It was a lovely sail but when the tide turned eastwards we decided to head to Lezardrieux for the night.

At about midnight the ex- Commodorable woke me up "We're aground!"

We love the Ile de Brehat but it is no place to anchor on a spring tide with huge currents running all around it. However, the pilot says it might just be possible to anchor off La Corderie on the west side just outside the leading beacons. As it was a beautiful evening we decided to do so.

I calculated that there would be 11 metres of tide (but then did not believe my calculation). We anchored shortly after low water in 4 metres and had an excellent dinner before retiring to bed.

At about midnight the ex-Commodorable woke me up "We're aground!"

"Can't be, oh S... we are!"

And the water went out and out and out.

Anna Louise was high and dry. Beautiful soft sandy bottom, no wind or sea so no bumping but a jolly difficult angle to sleep at! Children not entirely happy of course.

Next morning I recalculated the tide.

Yes it was indeed 11 metres (we should have had 15 or so at high water not the 10 which we actually had). Also I noticed that the almanac switched to BST in the shaded area for the French ports whereas one has to add an hour in the shaded area for English ports. So not only had I got the size of the tide wrong, I had also got the time wrong too.

The rest of the cruise went better!

Roger Morris
Anna Louise IV

RACE 8 CHI to PORTSMOUTH Saturday 24 June 1995

Having swapped OOD duties with Penrose III from the previous week, as it was difficult for us to get out of Northney on time on the Saturday, (not to mention the weather, crossing the Bar at low water etc.) it was a delight to find that there were no tidal problems for the first time this year.

The weather had been hot and sunny all week so it was a bit disappointing that although we had a brisk Northerly Force 5, to speed us on our way the sun had decided to take a day off I was back with a vengeance on Sunday. Course 22 was chosen which gave a shy spinnaker reach to Horse Elbow with a close fetch to Lucas to follow.

At the Alpha and Beta start spinnakers went up even on GRIAN MHOR! With only Kay and I on board, after entertaining the waiting Omega fleet and the back of the Beta fleet with a couple of broaches, the "disaster waiting to happen" otherwise known as the spinnaker, was doused and we settled back to a fast reach with the occasional burst of 7 knots.

Meanwhile the rest of the fleet was beginning to spread out. GUNSHOT under her "cannon" shot forward (sorry folks!) VILJA recovered from

the odd anxious moment as did RIMAU. PENROSE III with only three on board did not attempt to fly her spinnaker but kept up well as we approached Horse Elbow. Spinnakers came down, mainsails hardened in and weight went out on to the weather rail as the boats rounded the mark. GUNSHOT was first round, P III, PETRA, GOPHER BROKE and RIMAU were followed by GENERAL KAOS, VILJA and after a small gap KANDY, ELECTRONIQUE, WATERSONG and GRIAN MHOR rounded in quick succession.

During the fetch waterline length began to tell and P III overtook GUNSHOT a lead which she managed to hold until she was passed on the final beat from Saddle to Boyne. We managed to overtake VILJA and KANDY by Lucas but GENERAL KAOS stayed in front of us until after we had rounded Morse for the short run to North Sturbridge. Unfortunately we had to do a "360" to avoid CERVANTES, an Isle of Man coaster which came up to North Sturbridge just as we got there thereby giving Andrew and Brian the opportunity to pass us again. During the run we had seen and heard Anne giving instructions to the crew of GENERAL KAOS on how to adjust the position of the spinnaker uphaul and the halyard, or at least I hope that was what she was referring to!! Of course everything was peace and light as usual between Kay

and I as we were too busy trying to THINK heavy as the gusts came through. We took a few turns in on the foresail and passed VILJA and GENERAL KAOS on the way to Saddle and just managed to stay ahead until the finish but not enough to save our time.

Mean while up at the front of the fleet the Commodore had elected to go round "South Sturbridge but sportingly Bill on P III pointed out the error of his ways and GUNSHOT re-rounded the Mark on the correct side. It is rumoured that the comments made by Peter to his crew at this point caused P III to stop as they assumed from the volume of the remarks that someone had fallen overboard from GUNSHOT. (I do not believe it P III stopping that is) GUNSHOT passed P III on the short beat but P III won Beta on handicap. GUNSHOT was in Alpha. GOPHER BROKE won Alpha.

BUT what about the Omega fleet you ask. As they never caught up on the earlier starters until the final beat that is what I had to do after the race. Their responses were interesting. The printable comments were.....

At the start of the race almost all of the spinnakers filled before the halyards reached the top of the masts and some fishing took place. LYNX 3 started to build a lead which she managed to hold until the last beat. Freddie and a delighted crew were just beaten to line honours by

LOHENGRIN and ANNA LOUISE was third across the line in the Omega fleet. Roger did point out that his normal foredeck crew had temporarily deserted him so that the spinnaker hoists were not of their usual high standard so that LOHENGRIN was able to catch him at Morse. On BROWN BOMBER Sue (aka Liz Buckley, our Northern correspondent) had an ear infection so she could not hear any commands. I was unable to physically verify that BB used a system of cards bearing such instructions as "ready about" and "lee ho" although they could have compromised with just the one labelled "duck"

After the race the boats split and some went to Haslar, with GENERAL KAOS giving KANDY a tow to the entrance. Also given a tow was GOPHER BROKE by LOHENGRIN and Geoff was seen on the foredeck with a fire extinguisher!!! I am sure that Geoff will explain what happened if you ask him nicely!

Uncle John and Billy on ORANGE PIPPIN should be congratulated for setting a nice quick course which gave people plenty of time to go sightseeing in Portsmouth. The RNSA and Royal Albert did us proud by putting on an excellent meal and by putting out some of their silverware for us. This more than compensated for their strict dress code.

As an ex - treasurer of the club, I would like to remind members that the club has to pay for the number of meals that it orders. If your numbers go down then please tell Jacky and maybe if she gets enough notice then we will not be charged and you will not have to pay for the meals you have not eaten.

Jim Laing
GRIAN MHOR

PROVISIONAL PROGRAMME 1996

Date	Start	Event	Social	Series
27/4	1230	Passage to Cowes	C Corinthian	b, s
28/4	1000	Cowes return		b, s
4/5		Open meeting		
5/5		Open meeting		
6/5		Open meeting		
11/5	1100	Joint Race with CYC	CYC	
12/5	1100	Pursuit		
24/5	2000	Passage to Cherbourg		s
25/5		Cruise in company		
8/6	1100	RNLI	HISC	
9/6	1000	Bay Race		b, s
15/6	1100	T.B.A.		s
16/6	1000			s
27/6		Corporate Sailing		
29/6		ISC Round Island		
6/7	1100	Joint Race with Bosham	Bosham SC	
7/7	1000	Bay Race		b, s
13/7	1000	Ladies Race	Seaview	
13/7	1500	Inflatable Fun Races	Bembridge	
14/7	1000	Crews Race		
20/7	1000	Passage to Yarmouth	R Solent	s
21/7	1000	Yarmouth return		s
24/8		Passage		
31/8	1100	Passage to Southampton	R Southampton	s
1/9	1100	Southampton return		s
7/9	1100	Joint Race with Itchenor	SC	Itchenor
8/9	1000	Bay Race		b, s
21/9	1100	Passage to Hamble	RAF Warsash	b, s
22/9	1000	Hamble return		b, s
28/9		Commodore's Bender		



LADIES RACE

Saturday, 1st July



"North easterly Force 4 to 5, occasionally 6", muttered Maggie, as she rolled over in bed. "Well, that lets me out, I'll opt for gardening instead." Thus it was that "Mons Meg" left Northney some three hours later with only two potential lady helms aboard.

They were Amanda Cutler, who has done quite a few races on said vessel, including some long ones, and Brenda Rickard, well known to our more senior members as part owner, with her late husband John, of "Much Ado" back in the late seventies and early eighties.

In the event, the wind was no more than a decent 4 reducing to a 3 in the afternoon. Some 15 yachts started from Chi at 1 100 on a short initial run to Winner, followed by a beat back to Hard and Chi. Then the spinnaker was hoisted for the long reach down to South Bramble and Royal London, via the Dolphin Passage in our case to avoid having to head up at the Forts.

All pretty simple thus far. "Gunshot" had pulled out a big lead in the Alpha fleet, and kept it. We found ourselves sailing in company with "Sonic", a Beta fleet Sonata, "General Kaos", and with "Rimau" some distance behind. "Penrose 111" had done well on this leg and was up ahead. A few of the Omegas went through, notably "Brown Bomber" and "Lohengrin" - they

had had a diversion on the way.

We knew what to expect on rounding Royal London - a sluicing ebb tide, hard on a now light wind, and not able to lay even a stillwater course for the next mark, Beken, over by the Gurnard shore. As we crossed the Solent, I asked Brenda to hail a motor-sailer, apparently on a collision course with nobody at the wheel and the only visible crew busy on the foredeck. Brenda has a powerful voice, probably necessary in her job as a Registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths for calling order during unruly weddings. The chap on the motor-sailer was visibly startled, and responded with the first thing that came into his head: "We're on Autohelm!". A rather attractive blonde emerged from below to put the wheel over.

We fetched up on the Island shore a cable south-west of the Gurnard Ledge buoy, and set about beating up-tide as far inshore as we dared. The wind was light, and the stream, although slacker than out in the main channel, still ran quite strongly over the ledge. Some dozen tacks later we had gained the deeper, slower water of Gurnard Bay, and progress became quicker. We even managed to overtake "General Kaos", who had gone too far out.

In order to get round Beken, left to starboard, we too had to go out into the tide. In fact the only way to do it was to overstand the mark on port, duck under, overshoot by the minimum amount, and come about very

smartly on to starboard to get round. This done, it was a simple spinnaker run down to the finish at Salt Mead. "Gunshot" was first in by a long way: she had pulled out a good lead in the early part of the race and may well have had a better wind at Beken.

"Mons Meg" normally behaves herself at anchor, but on this occasion, with wind over tide, she managed to foul her own hawse and to drag her anchor 50 metres or more towards Newtown entrance, just as we went ashore. Leaving the crew to get on with the barbecue, the skipper chased after her in the dinghy and re-anchored in a better spot.

The evening was fine and the barbecue went well. (It always seems to, I can't recall a bad one in 20 years.) After dinner the Club was entertained around the bonfire by a quartet of fine musicians - the Commodore and Ian "Bucko" Buxton on acoustic guitar (I understand that this is the current terminology), Brian "Beachboy" Dandridge with the electric equivalent, and last but certainly not least, the silver trumpet of Trevor Rose. With these, and the vocal support of others, it was midnight almost before we knew it, time to repair on board for a fairly good night's sleep despite a marginally onshore wind, in readiness for our OOD duties on the morrow.

H.A.C.
Mons Meg

1994 GUNSHOT GOES TO GUERNSEY -WELL ALMOST!

This was going to be a quiet, uneventful JOG race to St Peter Port over the August Bank Holiday weekend. Actually, it turned out rather differently - not a surprise really knowing all the exciting things that seem to happen to CCRC boats and their crews on their travels round the world (well, the Solent, France and Antigua anyway!)

It was a very civilised start time for a change. At three on Friday afternoon we set off from Cowes in company with ca. 60 other boats. We saw *Mons Meg*, and we were well ahead of the other Storm we spotted. With the late afternoon sun reflecting off the Needles chop, it really was quite spectacular - both to look at and to feel - especially when we had to crash tack to avoid a rather large freighter coming in! Then we spied *Min o Din* without a mast. They were OK and on their way back in - but we did wonder if this was a sign of things to come.

Once past the Needles the waves subsided a bit, and Sally felt a bit better. Unhappily this feeling didn't last and she was soon down below throwing up into the Pimms bucket. (I think we might need a new one if we invite any other people on board for drinks.....). The rest of us managed some chicken casserole, and we were well on

our way. The wind carried on blowing a south-westerly and the forecast said it wasn't due to change. What a shame Guernsey's where it is! As it grew darker, the waves seemed to get bigger and the raindrops definitely did. The watch system seemed to get out of synch. When I threw Keith out of his bunk at gone midnight, I heard his voice asking feebly "Do you need me on deck?" (Actually he wasn't seasick, but properly not well).

Eventually lights were spotted in the darkness and Cherbourg was identified. The weather by this time still showed no sign of improving and if anything was getting wetter. Enjoyment levels were low and misery levels high. (Actually I was asleep!). So as we were probably not in the lead (though we'll never know), we decided to retire. Next landfall would be Alderney. Suddenly it appeared out of the gloom and Gunshot headed joyfully into the harbour. Later we learned that half of the fleet retired, and those who did make it (who included *Mons Meg* in FOURTH place) didn't reach St Peter Port until about nine hours later!

Alderney appeared to be a pleasant place - I hadn't been there before - and after a morning snore (whoops I mean snooze) we decided to explore. It's a small island but too far to walk round. So mopeds for hire seemed a good idea. They only had 4, so the other 3 took mountain bikes. Was this a good idea? The party set off

together but soon split up. Mopeds go faster than mountain bikes (even Ed's), and Sally and I found ourselves soon on the other side of the island. The sun shone, the sea glistened, the sky was blue, the birds sang..... the mopeds roared - I doubt whether the islanders actually like them. Trying to meet up again with the rest of the party proved difficult. I think Keith and Pete probably followed the same route round the town at least three times but we didn't see them. However Sally and I eventually spotted 2 mopeds and 3 bikes neatly parked outside a pub (where else?). After refreshment further sightseeing was undertaken as we had the bikes till 6 o'clock.

It was then that drama struck. Back at the bike shop we motorised sailors were waiting. Suddenly Steve appeared cycling very fast - bearing unpleasant news.

Ed was riding his bike rather fast round a corner down a hill admiring the view and didn't spot the policeman asleep in the road. A collision was inevitable and Ed landed on his head in a heap with a very buckled bike. Blood everywhere. The amenities of a kindly Alderney lady in her house were sought and Di put her First Aid training to good use with mountains of cotton wool. Ed had knocked himself out and got very boring repeatedly asking where he was and what had happened at regular intervals. He was persuaded to go to the hospital only by threats of the serious possibility of

ending up looking like Van Gogh. His ear was stitched together (in full view of everybody - except Steve who couldn't stomach the sight) and Ed spent the night in the maternity (!) wing. There was one other patient there, but apparently he wasn't very good company. We heard that the beans on toast were very good there. The rest of the party (feeling very guilty ??!?) had supper at *The First & Last*. If Di and I had half a Dover sole each - who had the other half? Didn't know they caught sharks off Kent!

Sunday dawned sunny and warm, though not as hot as Antigua apparently. A bandaged person (though not to be

confused with *The Invisible Man*) rejoined us and we sped across the water to Cherbourg with only the genoa up. (I hadn't been there before either). Quite a quiet place and the Duty Free shop was closed - no spectacular events - except for the cold moules for supper at the Yacht Club. They were supposed to be hot! Pete and Di disembarked and went to a hotel for the night as, being the international travellers they are, they were heading for other destinations on Monday. Pete caught the early morning train to Paris, and Di the first ferry to Southampton.

That left 5 on board - well, 4 able-bodied and 1 Napoleon impression who managed to sit

on deck and drink beer with his good arm, so not too much wrong! We left Cherbourg in a beautiful dawn light. The wind blew steadily from the south-west (still) but at least we were going in the right direction this time! Even topped up the sun tan. It's strange how one so quickly forgets the misery of sailing in grotty weather.

Eleven hours later we raced past Nab Tower and got to Chi doing 9 knots. An exhilarating end to a super weekend.

..... and Ed still says he's going to buy a mountain bike!

1995 - Gunshot gets to Guernsey

August Bank Holiday again and *Gunshot* sets off for Guernsey on Friday afternoon. After a summer of less than strong winds (41 hours to St Malo with *Major Gamble*??!!) it is rather pleasant to be able to set sail for the Needles at such a cracking pace!

Quite a large fleet, including *Mons Meg*, and only one of our arch rival Storms - *Clouds*. Past the Needles and on out into fairly choppy water. It always seems to be wet out here! The sun's still shining and there are no clouds in the sky - but *Clouds* off on our starboard beam.

It is a shame that the starboard window still seems to be leaking. A plastic bag rigged up to catch the drips prevents Keith's bunk getting too wet. And if we're on this tack all the way the plastic bag will get very full!

Supertime and a lovely

sunset. Wind seems fairly constant at the moment and we're making good time. At this rate we'll be there before breakfast.

It's getting dark and the stars are coming out. An amazing display - I wish I knew all their names. I can recognise the Plough and the Milky Way and I have never seen so many shooting stars. There are still a fair few other yachts in sight. Wonder which one is *Clouds*. Good to see little lights behind us. Shame Simon's not feeling too well - hope it wasn't the cottage pie we had for supper. More likely to be the sea I think!

Now the wind's doing things so we'd better put a reef in. And it's getting very dark. Lots of ships around. We'd better change the headsail too as the wind's got up a bit more.

That done - and the wind dies a bit. Shall we change it again? No, leave it for now. Shake a reef out. Wind's getting up again so put the reef back in. Seems whenever we change

the sails the wind decides to do the opposite straight away!

Every time I doze off somebody wants me to wind something in or let something off. All this winching! Bit concerned about that ship over there. Is it still on collision course? Why hasn't he seen us? It's all very well him directing his searchlight behind him to see who he's run over. Better shine the torch on the sails some more. He must see us, surely.... Pete - wake up - call him on the radio - get the flares out! He seems to have stopped now but he's still a bit close. What's he doing now? A 360? How odd. But I'm glad he does! Never been quite so intimidated by a ship before, says Ed. Lots of lights flashing now so I guess we're near land - or rocks. We'll have to change course when we get round the other side of the island.

The wind hasn't changed direction so we'll put the spinnaker up.

All hands on deck. Somehow

I don't think I've got time to go to bed now.

Guernsey looks quite spooky in the early light. Better take the spinnaker down as we round the corner. Hoist that new crackly Number One.

Have we used all the sails now? There's St Peter Port but where's the finish line? And why

did they turn off the transit lights just as we got here?

Get a toot from the castle as we do cross the line and the sun creeps up dramatically over Sark.

Super morning. Blue skies. Going to be a lovely day - maybe I can get some sleep on the deck in the sunshine! And

where's *Clouds*? Wow, way behind us. Clock that one up! Apparently they were too tired to hoist the spinnaker..... poor young things. Thought we were the boat with the geriatrics!!!!!!

Anne Bonwit
GUNSHOT

ITCHENOR CASKET

Saturday, 2nd September

The Itchenor Casket Race this year will probably be best remembered as the day of the Big Blow. The topic of conversation in the bar that evening was the sudden squall that hit the fleet just before the start.

I heard it described by various parties as anything from a "wee bit of a puff" to "Storm Force". On Vilja the highest wind speed we saw on the dial was 38 knots but more of that later.

After the long hot dry summer it was almost good to hear a forecast that included a bit of rain - that is if you are a gardener! Solent Coast Guard gave out 3-4 but with winds gusting to forty knots in squalls. So we had been warned.

I had a strong crew for the day comprising of Lindsay, Sue, Peter, Glenn and myself; and I was looking forward to a good race.

There were, unfortunately, only three Beta boats out, Orange Pippin, Cadenza (an Itchenor Sonata) and ourselves. I therefore felt we had every chance of a good result.

Roger Wormal, the OOD, set

a fair startline and we were lockeying for position with the Alpha boats when the five minute gun went at six minutes! A postponement.

Over to the West the sky was now very black and threatening, and was moving inexorably in our direction. The wind had all but died and was all over the place.

For this race I had asked Glenn (Jones) to take the helm while I sorted out the navigation and the GPS. I wasn't taking too much notice of the weather, but agreed when Glenn suggested we got the number one down while we were gilling about. I was mighty glad we did.

Peter had only just finished tying the sail down when the squall hit. Within seconds the wind went from eight knots to thirty eight, and the rain sheeted down. Glenn let the main out like lightening so we were not laid over but everything shook like crazy.

Visibility was now down to a few yards and we could make out a couple of yachts to windward of us with everything flapping.

With the strong winds and driving rain we were taken off to the South East along with GOPHER BROKE and ANNA

LOUISE. Eventually, of course, everything subsided and we were able to head back to the start. I was rather disappointed, therefore, that the OOD elected to restart the race before we had time to get back.

We started almost five minutes late and were unable to get back on terms. It was an enjoyable race however, with winds around 10 to 14 knots and warm blue skies for the rest of the day.

It was good to hear that no-one in the race suffered any damage or injuries as a result of the squall, though I hate to think what it would have been like if we had been racing or under spinnaker at that time. Unfortunately, as many of you will know, within just a few miles of us another sailor was not so fortunate and lost his life when his boat went down. It is a sobering reminder that we take part in a potentially dangerous sport and our sympathies go out to that man and his family and friends.

Our thanks, as ever, to Itchenor Sailing Club for an excellent event and evening's hospitality.

Brian Dandridge
Vilja

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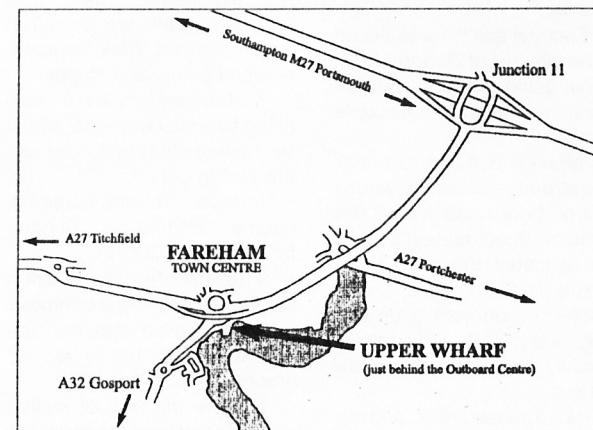
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CLUB CONFSSIONAL

With appologies to Yachting Monthly

The subject of this confessional wishes to remain strictly anonymous, and has threatened me with all sorts of violence should the truth of this story come out. All names have thererfore been changed to protect the author. In order to give the story some focus, however, we shall refer to this vessel as **SERIOUS RISK**.

The day in question was a Sunday at the end of July. It was warm, sunny and windless as I opened up *My Boat* to do some odd jobs.

"Fancy a sail?" I was asked by the skipper of *Serious Risk*, "We're going out to try out our new spinnaker, just for a couple of hours."

The crew of this 33.5 footer were already assembled when I went on board and we left the marina at about eleven thirty. I was allocated the main-sheet so the regular crew could concentrate on setting up this new, very flat spinnaker, specially cut to "beat" in very light airs.

Round passed HISC and the main went up. The new kite was readied, hoisted and then doused as it had not been rigged to the satisfaction of the skipper. As it was sorted out the first calamity of the day struck when someone spilled coffee all over the brand new sail! The skipper

was not impressed.

Nevertheless, after a quick sponge off the spinny was hoisted again and, I must say, was most impressive as we held it at about forty five degrees to the wind. We had now passed Sandy Point and were sailing South South East in the general direction of Selsey, inside Chi Bar.

"The secret of this spinny is that we can tack with it" assured the skipper. General looks of disbelief. Needless to say we quickly proved that this statement had been a little optimistic and the sail was once again lowered to the deck.

During this excercise we had sailed too far East for comfort and the need to tack was pressing. Tack we did. Too late. *Serious Risk* bumped, bumped again, and stopped.

Fortunately we were on a rising tide, nevertheless, with a freshening wind the skipper was anxious to get off.

Ignition. Throttle control in neutral. Engine on. Engage forward gear. CLUNK.

The problem was soon diagnosed - one of the spinnaker lines had trailed over the side and was now tightly wound around the prop!!

Despite the lack of motive power (apart from the main) we were soon off and moved away from the danger area to more open waters.

By this time the wind had increased to around 15 to 20 knots so it was no longer possible to use the "special"

spinnaker which is designed for wind strengths of 10 and below.

"Right," said the skipper "we'll practice man overboard drill."

"I'll go over the side," volunteered one member of the crew. I looked at him with a mixture of admiration, disbelief, and pity.

"No, we'll use a fender" said the skipper.

This proved just as well as even under the skipper's capable hands it took us a couple of attempts to complete the excercise and recover the "man overboard".

As **SERIOUS RISK** was preparing for a long distance race it was then decided to repeat the excercise with another crew member on the helm.

I think our volunteer was mighty glad his offer had not been taken up when he saw the fender missed several times and hit twice by the bow of the boat before it was finally recovered at the fourth or fifth attempt.

All that now remained was to sail in and pick up a HISC Visitor's Buoy and for the skipper and a crew man to go over the side to clear the line from the prop. This took some hard work as the line was wrapped good and tight.

Finally, the engine was started only to find water flooding in through the stern gland where it had been disturbed by the wrap! We finally returned to berth with yours truly pumping manfully at the bilge pump!

I. N. Danger

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