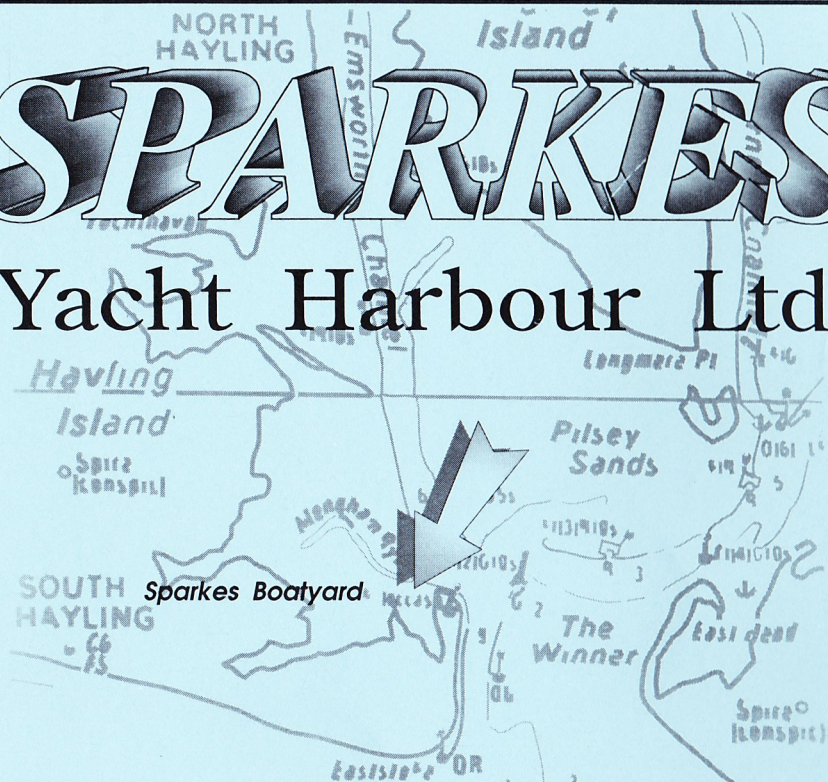


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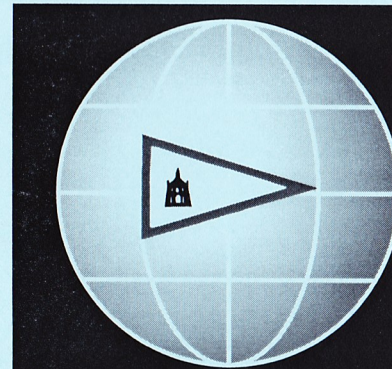
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Autumn 1996

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Editorial

First let me apologise for not crediting our photographer, Ben Godwin, for the front cover picture on the last issue. Ben very kindly turned out for the first race of the Commodore's Cup meeting and took many great pictures in the frustratingly light conditions. Thanks Ben and sorry about the missing credit.

I'm afraid those of us that went off to Cork rather than in our races this year showing how much we enjoy all aspects of our sport rather than being focused solely on racing.....and drinking. The romantic side of the Club seems to be in good shape this season - congratulations to all those that have 'popped the question' (and been accepted!) and those that have tied the knot.

Mike discusses the changes to the shape of the programme for 1997 elsewhere in this issue and I think you'll find some interesting ideas.

Thank you to those that sent in their race reports unsolicited. With the difficulties on some week-ends, I shall be pre-confirming names and pack drills for our special correspondents for future races, so don't be surprised. Oh and don't asked to be excused as a refusal often offends I'm told!

Hugh Caldwell's epic singlehanded Tour de Britain is quite a saga putting our little hops to Cork and back in their proper place. I reckon Club boats have covered considerably more miles cruising and passage making than in our races this year showing how much we enjoy all aspects of our sport rather than being focused solely on racing.....and drinking. The romantic side of the Club seems to be in good shape this season - congratulations to all those that have 'popped the question' (and been accepted!) and those that have tied the knot.

Mike Tong very kindly agreed to be guinea pig for a new feature in which we explore the background, thinking and technique of our well known sailors. Actually, I was desperate to pick his brains for some go-faster ideas which, alas, cannot be included in the article but are available for cash - just one of the many perks of my job, of course.



If you've seen the cover of our rival publication, Yachting World, you will know just what Cowes Week was like this year. Our heroes in Sonic swept the board in the Sonata fleet with the well known Red Apple emerging a clear winner in the Contessa 32s. Well done - the Harbour fleet is in good shape!

Come and join us down at Hayling in the Winter Series - never a dull moment!

Finally, a word of thanks to our indefatigable Commodore, Peter Wallace. His efforts to attend and lead as many of our events as possible have been quite staggering when you realise he leads a double life working from his weekday base in Paris. Add to this his excruciating back injury this season and you see someone with the Club very close to his heart. The Bender was hardly apt for Peter at the end of the season - staying straight was painful enough -

Nick Colbourne
Editor

SYCORAX in Round the Island just before she destroyed her kite!!

Sailing Secretary's Column

THE END OF TERM REPORT

It hardly seems more distant than last week when we were off to Cowes in late April for the start of the summer but here we are on the second Sunday of the HISC winter series. June and I have absconded and have been playing dinghies in our Albacore at Walton. However sailing and cruising continued as usual with mostly clement conditions and CCRC had a generally successful series of races even if turnouts were low.

I congratulate Lohengrin and crew for winning both the Omega Bay and Passage Series, Excalibur (thanks to my excellent crew) for doing likewise in Alpha, and in Beta, The Harribel for winning the Passages and Rimau the Bay Races. Honourable mention must also go to Brown Bomber, Anna Louise and Goldeneye in

Omega, Sycorax and Wild Oat in Alpha, and Marigold and Orange Pippin in Beta for "podium finish" series results.

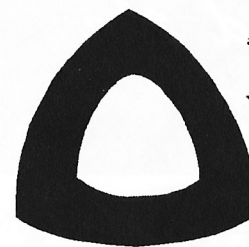
Congratulations also go to our members' success elsewhere - too numerous to remember all - but particularly coming to mind are Hugh Caldwell's voyage round Britain, Rob and Anita McLeod's return in Sareema from the West Indies, Goldeneye winning the Sigmas in Guernsey, Petra and Major Gamble featuring in RORC/JOG, Sonic results in Sonatas, many high finishes in Cork and the usual high quality results in The Round The Island.

For 1997 a new format of races is proposed (see provision programme page 30). We are aware of the general popularity and high

turnouts for beginning and end of season events. There will therefore be separate early and late season points series - with integration with the start of HISC's winter series. Non-points passage and fun events will be scheduled for the middle of the season. I hope this will enable keen "racers" to put together a good series without affecting too much their participation in other events and cruising. We also hope to include a passage to Poole and easy entry into their regatta at August Bank Holiday.

To one and all, have a good winter and I look forward to seeing you all in 1997.

Mike Tong
Hon. Sailing Sec.



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News from around the CCRC World

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Make a note in your diary, on your calendar, in your Filofax or on your Personal Organiser or all four if you wish but remember to be at the AGM on Saturday 16 November at 11.00 am.

Venue is the Chichester Yacht Club.

ANNUAL PRIZEGIVING AND DINNER DANCE

In the same vein, make a note and the bookings, as soon as possible please, for the Dinner Dance on Saturday 23 November at the **Russ Hill Hotel** at **Charlwood**, near, but not too near, Gatwick.

Tickets will be about £ 25.00. Overnight accommodation for bed and breakfast is available at the Hotel for the reasonable cost of £ 45.00 per night for a double room.

Andy Cassell Foundation Race

For an interesting event in a good cause, how about sailing the Charity Halloween Race at Cowes on Saturday 26 October.

The race is being run by the

Royal Corinthian Yacht Club in support of the Andrew Cassell Foundation which has been set up by Andy Cassell to help provide racing opportunities for disabled sailors.

The entry fee of £10.00 is being divided equally between the RCYC and the Foundation.

Entry is open to CHS and Portsmouth Yardstick yachts.

The Cowes Yacht Haven is organising berthing for the event with 55p. of the usual overnight fee of £1.31p. per metre going to the Foundation.

Andy Cassell was, of course, the Gold Medal winner at the Paralympic Games in Atlanta this year and is keen to help others in the same direction. It will be a good excuse to spend the week-end in Cowes and I understand there is to be a party of some kind at the RCYC on the Saturday evening. Those of us entered for the HISC winter series will want to stay sober, naturally, and may poop the party by setting off for Hayling before the bar closes although the tide is favourable early the following morning. Or, you could see the night out in Cowes and then pop over to the Hamble on Sunday morning for the Winter series race there instead of an indecent rush back to Hayling.

Oh! by the way, there are bonus prizes for originality of fancy dress on the start line as well.

For details and an Entry Form contact the Royal Corinthian on 01983-294385. See you there!

LITTLE BRITAIN CHALLENGE CUP

Two CCRC boats took part in the Little Britain Challenge Cup at the beginning of September - FUGU & SYCORAX.

The L.B.C.C is an annual event run by members of the Construction Industry with proceeds going to the Jubilee Sailing Trust.

This year the event included two short races on Friday 13th September and one longer race on the Saturday. Friday featured excellent winds, and clear blue skies - perfect sailing weather, however, Saturday was a frustrating event with many boats retiring, swept away on the spring tide and no wind!

FUGU took part in all the races but did not feature in the results for some administrative reason. A pity as she went very well. SYCORAX was in the same fleet - CHS Class 2, with the lowest handicap in the fleet (no comments, Peter). Brian was pleased with their results:- 8th - Race 1; 5th - Race 2; and 10th - Race 3.

Class 2 was a very competitive fleet of 30 boats with a number of Sigma 33s. SYCORAX was entered by AUTODESK and EXCITECH COMPUTERS, suppliers of AUTOCAD, the world's leading PC based CAD system.

Plans are already under way for the 1997 event - SYCORAX will certainly be there.

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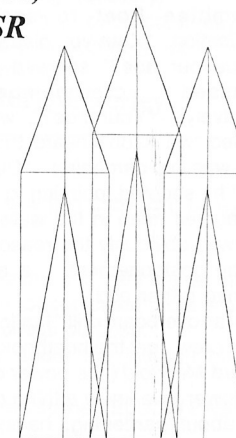
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Saturday 31 August - Passage to Southampton Yo Ho Hoe

From a distance we thought we had seen course 10 displayed on *Petra's* guard-rails. When we sailed nearer for a closer look, we clearly saw a 1 and a D with a postponement flag aloft. "That", said the Navigator, "is a passage to Cowes, with Bay, West End and Chi tacked on the end." "Perhaps they've got it the wrong way round and we're meant to do the sub-course first" I suggested.

We sailed even nearer to the Committee Boat to seek clarification. "Can you please rescue our hoe?" shouted a harassed crewmember plaintively. "Your hoe?", we queried, we hadn't heard that Glen was into gardening. "Our hoe," he shouted, pointing to a bedraggled heap in the water. Hoe was obviously the reason for the postponement. It all seemed rather odd.

"Man overboard drill," I called to the crew "get the boathook." Aboard *Marigold* (the power of the flower) we know a thing or two about gardening, having been planted in the compost on more than a few occasions (usually without a paddle), and we got all psyched up to return the missing hoe to Capability

Jones. However, the spirit of Capability Brown, in the guise of the Bomber, motored in ahead of us, boathook at the ready, and restored a dripping "hoe" to the grateful *Petra*. It seemed pretty clear that it was going to be ONE OF THOSE DAYS.

(Gardeners' Question Time: What is the missing link between the rose red city, half as old as time, and the man overboard flag? Answers please to Jones the OOD.)

**"Can you please
rescue our hoe?"
shouted a harassed
crewmember
plaintively.**

The hoe turned out to be an "O" and the sub-course disappeared. We were bound for Coronation, via Bembridge Ledge, after all.

The forecast had promised a NW 3-4 on a cool-starting last day of August and that was what we got, including an "All ships, all ships" warning of an obstruction on Chichester Bar (said to be a pole like object) from the Coastguard at 0840. That was far too early to have been Glen's "hoe".

With an eastgoing tide and what looked like a middle reach to the first mark there were mixed views about whether spinnakers would pay. Seven Alpha and four Beta starters

came to the line and *Sareema* and *The Harribelle* (sailed singlehanded by David) led the white sail reach advocates away with *Wild Oat*, *Sycorax* and *Excalibur* being the leading - and occasionally broaching - proponents of the shy-flying kite. The spinnaker setters were rewarded for their efforts by a freeing wind which made the reach much less shy but *Red Cloud* seemed to be having some difficulty with her ships clock - doubtless concerned at the time the first leg was taking - and set up an hour-glass spinnaker to check the speed over the sand. Indian braves don't take kindly to getting their feathers in a twist and we could see the big chief himself was definitely not amused.

Excalibur led the Alphas round Bembridge Ledge, followed by *Wild Oat*, *Sareema* and *Sycorax*. *The Harribelle* was the first Beta. Most boats tacked straight away, but *Watersong* sailed out along the Ledge, probably to check that the wreck of the *Empress Queen*, which has holed more than a few passing yachts, was still around.

The beat to the fort in a lumpy sea and strengthening wind brought some hectic activity on many foredecks. Those who thought they could power through under their largest genoas had to change down, whereas *Excalibur*, which had sensibly started the beat with a

blade, pondered an upward change as the wind moderated a little and sea became flatter. It was at this stage that *Excalibur's* crew took a democratic decision. They said if the skipper wanted a bigger sail he could put it up himself. (Those may not have been their exact words but they give polite meaning to their intent.) Now Mike, our revered Sailing Secretary, has a justified reputation as a hands-on skipper. That is, he keeps his hands on the tiller and the crew do the foredeck. Indeed, doubt has been expressed about whether he had actually been on the foredeck before, let alone changed a sail in racing mode. (How do you tell the tack from the clew and does the rabbit go behind the tree or in front?) As seen from *Sycorax*, which was in the vicinity at the time, it was an interesting spectacle. "He deserves to be made Rear Commodore with two balls on his burgee" said Brian afterwards, "and you can quote me!"

Needless to say, *Sycorax* and *Sareema* (who, we were all delighted to learn later, has "popped the question", at last) happily sailed through into the lead.

Meanwhile, the two Omega

starters - *Lohengrin* and *Brown Bomber* - had powered up to the ledge under spinnakers in that order and were engaged in a spot of windward match racing towards Langstone Fairway, hard on the heels of *Gopher Broke*. Perhaps because of the confusion over the "hoe", no-one had thought to tell Geoff he should be doing the short course. "Where", he asked are the other Alphas? After much searching of the horizon, and a re-read of the course instructions, the answer appeared to be "on their way to Bowring". Fortunately for *Gopher*, unlike some of the rest of us, tacking up the mainland shore turned out to be the paying ploy. This helped *Sareema* maintain her lead to Bowring and then to the finish at Coronation, followed by *Wild Oat* and a mutinous mob aboard *Excalibur*. (Could the reported obstruction on the Bar have been a sword rising from the waves? "Why didn't we leave the blade up Mike?")

This was also the tactic favoured by *Lohengrin* but *Brown Bomber* seemed set on having a closer look at Fawley Power Station before the southern sweep of the tide

towards Calshot suggested it might be a good idea to tack.

As for *Mons Meg* (Hugh, fresh from his recent circumnavigation, has some fascinating tales to tell) and *General Kaos*, all we can say is that they and most of the other boats were already berthed-up when we got to Ocean Village.

The Harbourmaster insisted on putting *Marigold* alongside *General Kaos*, thus exposing our inability to turn round in a tight corner. However, as GK appeared to have the only key to the showers and loos, we considered this to be an advantage - until we discovered they were half-an-inch deep in water!

The Royal Southampton laid on a splendid cold buffet and our much esteemed, but sadly incapacitated, Commodore addressed us with the assistance of a walking stick. Trapping one's sciatic nerve is a painful experience and one of the hidden perils of sailing and skiing. Peter said he did it in bed! All present joined in wishing him a speedy recovery.

Yo ho, or no hoe, it may be odd (if not rum), but it beats gardening.

John Dunkerley

CCRC on the Web.

For the last few months I have published a set of pages on the INTERNET to help promote the Club's activities.

If you have "surf'd the Web" you will know that there are some stunning and very clever page designs, and I cannot hope to emulate those as they are usually the work of dedicated professional Web Page Design Studios, however, I hope that our pages will serve a useful purpose.

To find the CCRC Web Pages you need to use the URL (sorry about the jargon!) <http://dSPACE.dial.pipex.com/town/parade/ha96/>

Alternatively you can access YAHOO and search under CHICHESTER or use the YELLOW PAGES search engine under SAILING.

I know they are being read all over the World as I have had e-mail from Cannada, Italy, Switzerland, the USA, as well as from a number of UK residents. I have even had an e-mail from someone in Chichester wishing to join the Crew Register.

So please access the pages and let me know what you think. My enthusiasm to maintain them will only remain if I feel they are being read!!

Brian Dandridge

ARC '95

ARC

We decided to take on two crew, so that we could enjoy the crossing! Dominic was recommended by Glen (Petra), who had met him at the Storm Nationals and who normally sails on Clouds. Julian came via Crew Seekers, he sailed down from the UK in late October on Creightons Naturally (also doing the ARC), so was initiated into off-shore sailing at the deep end. Both helped to make the trip lots of fun and not too tiring.

On November 11, R&A flew back to Las Palmas. On arrival at Punta de la Luz, in sunshine and heat, the ARC preparations were in full swing. Sareema was still where we had left her, just a bit dusty.

The next 4-5 days were spent madly buying provisions. Luckily, most of the local shops delivered to the boats and their vans could be seen delivering throughout the week. Their boxes would line the docks, with the fruit and vegetables being washed spread out alongside, to prevent cockroach invasions, prior to being stored on board. We also attended several seminars and parties.

Sareema was stacked solid. The water tanks, not having been used for 7-8 years, cleaned and filled. Also using plastic containers, we took 70 gallons of water for the trip, and we had

plenty, although we did not wash in fresh water. The tins were labelled and stowed; tomatoes, avocados, oranges and lemons wrapped in silver foil to delay ripening; apples, oranges and onions were stored in a string hammock, swung from the pilot berth hooks. We took no alcohol, which nobody missed, but we did take some fizzy drinks. We provisioned for 28 days at sea, and would have had sufficient (i.e. we did not have too much left over at the end) whereas many of the other boats must have grossly over-provisioned.

Gradually, out of the mayhem, order began to take place and with the arrival of our two crew, the partying increased.

The 19 of November arrived. The wind blew – 25 knots from the South West. None of our weather was typical. R's mother, aunt and sister gave us a fantastic send off, as did the rest of Las Palmas! We edged out into the mayhem of 170 boats, very heavily laden, pitching to the start. We were soaked in minutes, but it does not matter when it is hot and not raining. Reports of collisions were heard on the radio, as laden boats were too slow to respond to the windy conditions. At last the gun went off, and we were soaked into 25 Knots. We took the southerly route down the East coast, whilst others turned North and then round the West coast of Las Palmas. Talking after the crossing, it was much of a muchness. Gradually the wind settled down and then died in the late

afternoon. Porpoises again started to swim towards

the boat, leaping into the air in their delight to see us! One leapt well over 10 feet high.

During the evening the wind gradually picked up to a NE 20 Knots and we surfed down the waves. I had trouble helming as the boat was so heavy, but the 'boys' loved it.

Over the next 18 days, the wind remained steady gradually decreasing from NE 20-25 Knots to 10 Knots from the NE/E. We don't really know as the wind speedometer died a death. We only had two hours of absolutely no wind in the whole crossing.

We settled down well into our watch system of two hours on six hours off. Julian, however, needed his sleep and would sleep through his alarm. Dominic had his mini PC with him and set up an alarm system which would repeat, at increasing volume, whoever's name was next on shift. It involved mad dashes from the heads if you got up too early and forgot to turn the alarm off!

At sea, it is very hard work doing anything, even surfing down waves when the boat is level. Washing/shaving was so exhausting that it was usually managed once every other day. Dominic did get keen and wash his smalls.

As the fleet spread out, we were lucky to see another boat every day. But long hours were spent listening to the short wave radio network (we have a short wave receiver for the weather fax) which was run by two ARC Controllers, one for A and for B fleet. We were in B fleet. A roll call was held every day at 12.00 and 13.00 GMT. We usually managed a relay via VHF. It was

very interesting to monitor how the other boats were doing, where they were, how much wind they had, plus the chatter which kept us in touch with the rest of the fleet. In the evenings, games (e.g. Name that Tune) were held over the radio. It was very entertaining and reassuring.

Meat was a problem on Sareema. We had no fridge. The supermarket in Las Palmas only had Spam, ham, sausages and corned beef in tinned form, plus tuna and sardines. Try cooking from that for three weeks. By the end of the trip, the crew were spammed out! It is still surprising what you can do with such a limited choice through the use of herbs, oxo cubes, onions, tomatoes and a bit of imagination. Cake mixes proved successful and I did make pancakes. Eggs also proved very popular in their various forms. Those used to racing with us, will be amused to note that we did not have one HOT meal!

Night shifts were interesting, if you timed it badly you had to do four hours, if you were clever two. The likelihood of squalls increased the further West we went, they also seemed to happen at night. Dominic

experienced the delights of squalls more than any of us, getting drenched nearly every night. We would watch the big black clouds (and they can be seen quite clearly at night) and hope our watch would finish soon, bolting down the hatch, invariably handing over the helm to Dominic.

After a while, whenever he came on watch, Dominic would wear his oilskins. (Even though it was very warm at night, you got cold very quickly in a squall). My classic happened at about 11pm when everyone was just nicely asleep. A nice big black cloud sneaked up behind me. Washboards! I informed down below. No response. 'Washboards', I said a bit louder, a few groans but no response. I tried again, a bit louder, nothing. 'Help' I shouted as rained bucketed down and Sareema shot off at 9.5 knots (we still had No. 1 genoa and full main), with me frantically trying to hold her steady and not broach. Three faces appeared instantly, then three bodies clad in boxer shorts/Y fronts (Chippendales watch out!). They got wet. The squall soon passed over. The moon descending on the horizon at dawn produced a fierce orange

glow.

During the first week, there was a large thunder storm, very little rain and lots of lightening. Very dramatic as the lightening could be seen all around as we sailed on. It was very awe inspiring and made us seem very small. No boat was hit. The lightening went on for 12-18 hours and the thunder could be heard from a long way off.

During the day, we invariably sailed under a cloudless sky. It became hotter and hotter as we sailed further West. It became like a sauna below but it was hotter on top. The sea also became remarkably warm. A bucket of water taken from the sea became an excellent way to cool down.

Although we had no alcohol, it became a 'treat' to have a fizzy drink, which we had every other day. Every other day was also orange juice day. With little treats like this (and chocolate, which melted) morale was boosted.

Not that morale needed boosting. Julian is a giggler. There was constant laughter all the way over, and we were all still talking when we got these.

Once at sea, we saw very little wild life. We saw the head of a whale, but it seem disinclined to come too close. Dolphins

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appeared a couple of times. But the flying fish were amazing. They could be seen continually. At night, they were silver flashes, during the day they provided entertainment as they skimmed the sea. Several landed on the boat. One night, I was woken by R shouting for me. I leapt out of my bunk, full of concern. R was hunched on the cockpit seat, pointing at the floor where a flying fish was thrashing around. 'Get your marigolds'. The poor fish was thrown back into the sea. Another flew across the cockpit, narrowly skimming Julian's shoulder. Whilst another ended up as a smelly pillow companion for Dominic.

We used nav lights every night. We know others did not, but we would rather be seen. Although we helmed the whole way, many of the boats were constantly on autopilot/helm, and an infrequent watch was kept, especially at night. This meant that we had to run the engine for several hours every

day. We also used a solar panel to help keep the batteries charged.

We reached St Lucia at night. The finish of the ARC was in Rodney Bay. We rounded Pigeon Point (to the North) at about 04.00. We nearly missed Rodney Bay because it was so small and we were used to large spaces! Calling into the finish, we received guidance to finish line, making them a bit worried as R did one of his fancy finishes to tack over the line (at 04.00 in the morning!).

Then to find the entrance to the lagoon, we eventually found the red lights to starboard and green to port, and chugged up the narrow channel to the accompaniment of tree frogs. A wonderful sound. I had to contact 'berth control' (it is very embarrassing calling for 'berth control' over the radio!) to be directed to our berth. It must be one of the most fantastic welcomes. We were greeted by three ARC staff with rum

punches with ice and a bowl of fruit and more rum. Even though it was 05.00 in the morning, and the rest of the marina asleep, it was fantastic. As was the shower we had at 06.00.

Of course nobody went to sleep. The party started then and the boys did not stop partying all week. As every new ARC boat came into the marina, it was greeted with a fanfare of horns and hooters. Sareema, despite being the second smallest boat, made the most noise and we did not have a gas horn!

We were entered into the Racing class, so we did not motor at all during the crossing (we were only becalmed for two hours). We came third in our class (CHS handicap) and third overall (ARC handicap).

Comments on ARC: Very well organised. For a first crossing it was very reassuring to sail in company and with full shore support. ARC themselves were very good.

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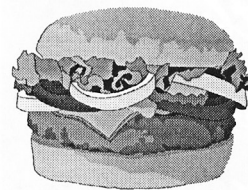
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NEWTOWN CREEK BAR-B-Q



The excellent forecast attracted a good entry for the race, some 14 alpha and beta class boats together with 6 omegas.

On "Anna-Louise" we were predominantly a family crew with Her Ladyship on the helm and yours truly banished to the foredeck. What a complicated place it is! There are all sorts of bits of string to get tangled, sheets, guys, uphauls, downhauls not to mention the babystay which always seems to be in the way of the spinnaker pole. To add insult to injury, it was a spinnaker start!

Jim and Kay Laing aboard "Grain Mhor" were O.O.D and it was just as well that the course had a couple of dog legs in it or we should have beaten them to the finish line.

The omega class got away promptly at 11.15 on a lovely spinnaker reach with the tide on the turn in our favour. The tactical choice was either the Dolphins (better point of sail but less tide) or the Forts and we split equally with "Lohengrin", "Arion", and "Goldeneye" correctly choosing the Dolphins whilst "Anna Louise", "Alexis" and "Major Gamble" selected the Forts and paid for it with a sloppy run to the first mark, Browndown.

It was good to see Mike and Helen on "Major Gamble" back with CCRC after their trip to Antigua, and kind of the Solent weather to replicate, as closely as is possible in the UK, Caribbean sailing conditions.

I am afraid this report will concentrate on the omega class because alpha and beta were too far ahead, and on a different course, for us to see them until the end of the race.

"Lohengrin" led "Arion" by a small margin round Browndown for the fetch to Mother Bank. "Anna Louise" overtook "Goldeneye" on this leg as the latter made insufficient allowance for the strong ebb tide.

After Mother Bank, it was a spinnaker procession to Royal London via S. Bramble with "Lohengrin" closely followed by "Arion" a long way ahead of "Anna Louise", "Goldeneye", "Alexis" and "Major Gamble". At Royal London we dropped kites for the beat across the tide to "Ocean Safety" (Ex Beken). The leading three boats chose to tack up the mainland side in less tide but faced the difficult choice of when to cross. On "Anna Louise" we went a little too soon and faced a couple of short tacks back up to buoy whereas both "Lohengrin" and "Arion" laid it in one.

Rounding Ocean Safety we

joined the alpha and betas most of whom were beating back up the island shore, a number of them having touched bottom in their efforts to get into shallow water. Thereafter it was a spinnaker reach to Saltmead and the finish. "Arion" just pipped "Lohengrin" to the line with "Anna Louise" third (although worse on handicap), "Goldeneye" being too close astern.

It was a perfect afternoon at anchor off the beach and a wonderful evening for the barbecue. The latter part of the evening was enriched by the joint guitar talents of the Commodore and Brian Dandridge - a most enjoyable end round the campfire to a champagne day's sailing.

Return race - Sunday 16 June

Sunday morning was again beautiful with the wind still in the East about force 3. "Anna Louise" was O.O.D anchored in a strong flood tide at Saltmead for the 09.30 start.

The choice of course was difficult in that they are all fairly much straight home and I was concerned that we would have difficulty in getting to Chi before the leaders. In the end I selected a course that had a small kink in it between Saddle and Outer Spit and hoped that this would delay people sufficiently for us

to get home first.

Everyone in the alpha/beta fleet was line shy given the tide although "Arion" and "Lohengrin" had excellent starts at speed in the omegas. Perhaps due to the after effects of the alcohol on the beach the previous evening, a number of boats in alpha/beta started very late including Uncle John who claimed that flu had struck the crew (John it's usually called a hangover!) The Commodore and his Lady decided to motor home, no doubt due to being short-handed.

We upped anchor as soon as we could and gave chase under engine catching the omegas at Peel Bank, where "Lohengrin" had a small lead over "Arion" after the short spinnaker run back from E. Bramble. She maintained this position round Saddle, where "Excalibur" led the alphas from "Petra" and "Sycorax".

The course from Outer Spit was a beat to Cambrian and then a fetch to Chi. The leading boats had the benefit of better wind and weaker ebb tide but as the tide built and the wind dropped the fleet became very strung out.

"Excalibur" finished at 13.51, fifteen minutes ahead of "Petra" and nearly two hours ahead of poor "Marigold" who really suffered from the increasingly adverse conditions. A number of boats gave up the struggle and retired.

In the omega class "Arion" once more sneaked ahead of "Lohengrin", this time by only 7 seconds.

It had been one of the most perfect sailing weekends - why aren't our Summers like that all the time?

Roger Morris
Anna Louise V

With the Commodore to Cork

Anna Louise V had the honour of being the escort vessel to M.V. Gunshot, the CCRC flagship, on her voyage from Chichester to Cork for the celebrated Murphy Drinking Championship, otherwise known as Ford Cork Week.

Anna Louise V was crewed by the Morris family together with William Yonge, an Itchenor Sailing Club member more usually to be found on Yeoman XXI oiling up to H.R.H. Prince Philip.

As well as the Commodore and the Lady Commadorable, Gunshot was crewed by Anne Bonwit and Uncle John - so you can see that trouble was brewing (I use the term advisably!)

Both Gunshot and Anna Louise V left Chichester on Saturday 6th July, with a full week to get to Cork. On Anna Louise we departed just after the ebb started at about 1630 hours and sailed South of the Isle of Wight bound overnight for Dartmouth. We had an excellent sail without having recourse to the engine except for a couple of hours during the night and later as we neared Dartmouth.

The Commodore, no doubt wishing to have a comfortable dinner left at lunchtime and chose to motorsail to Studland via the Solent where he

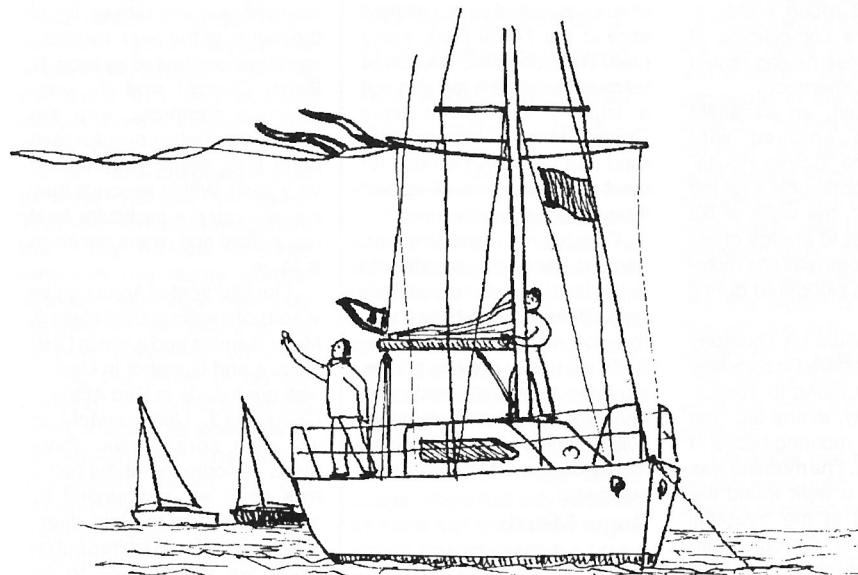
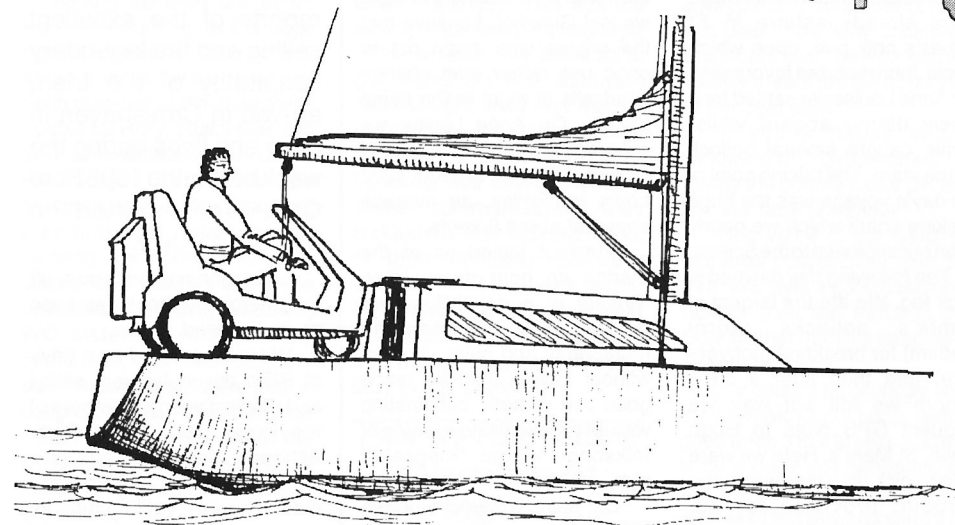
anchored for his evening repast. When the tide again turned favourable he then motored on to Dartmouth where he arrived about an hour ahead of us. We both moored up in Darthaven Marina and dined together in "The Ship" in Kingswear. "Jazz" also came into Darthaven.

The following morning at about 0600 hours we both left for Fowey. Once at Start Point we commenced sailing although M.V. Gunshot chose to continue under engine for the whole journey. After a pleasant day's sail we joined her in Fowey at about 1600 hours. I should like to be able to report that we had an uneventful trip. However, off Plymouth, I was awoken from my hard earned after lunch kip by the news that the warship under whose stem we were sailing was calling us on the VHF. Unsurprisingly he was "inviting" us to get the hell out of the naval exercise area into which we had strayed. The helmslady said that she wondered what these five warships were up to steaming about and flying lots of flags!

It was a beautiful sunny evening in Fowey and after a walk we joined Gunshot's lot for an excellent pub dinner.

Once again the tide dictated an early departure for the Scillies the next morning and so we both motored out of Fowey in the dark at 0400 hours. On this voyage we also succumbed to motorsailing as the wind stayed

Kartoon Korner



on the nose the whole way and we did not wish to make our first ever landfall in the Scillies in the dark. As it was we arrived to join Gunshot in the pretty little anchorage at St Agnes at about 20000 hours after motorsailing for 78 miles.

The crew of M.V. Gunshot which (being a motorboat) motors faster than Anna Louise were already ashore in St Agnes's only pub, upon which Uncle John reported favourably. On Anna Louise we settled for a lovely dinner aboard whilst Jamie caught several pollock off the stern. The talking point of the day's voyage was the huge basking shark which we nearly hit on our approach to the Scillies.

The following day dawned in thick fog. We ate the largest of Jamie's pollocks (sorry madam) for breakfast (not very nice) and then after a stroll ashore we felt our way via frequent GPS plots to Hugh Town, St Mary's. Here we were able to pick up a mooring in the harbour, provision for our crossing to Ireland and enjoy a good walk. Gunshot's crew, who had ventured round earlier in the day, were complaining of saddle soreness having rented bikes for the afternoon.

Once again, an excellent dinner was enjoyed with Gunshot at the "Corner House" where the proprietor is a retired yacht skipper, the walls of his bar being host to photos of the many yachts both sail and motor which he had skippered during his career.

At 0900 hours on Thursday morning we pottered in company with Gunshot round to Tresco. It was a lovely, sunny day and we picked up mooring buoys at New Grimsby. The morning was spent with a u walk round the island taking in the beautiful Abbey gardens. On our return via the island's only pub, The

New Inn for lunch, we spotted Lohengrin moored at Old Grimsby but there was no sign ashore of Trevor and crew.

At about 1430 hours we set off in company with Gunshot for Kinsale, about 130 miles away. After a couple of hours motorsailing, the wind freed us and we were able nearly to fetch the rumb line. During the night we lost Gunshot. I believe that the engine was again put to good use rather than change headsails at night in the rising breeze. On Anna Louise we enjoyed a cracking sail and arrived at Kinsale at about 1200 hours on Friday, an average speed of about 6 knots.

Gunshot joined us at the marina an hour or so later. Kinsale is a delightful town packed with outstanding restaurants and pubs. It goes without saying that we made good use of both, culminating with an excellent late evening of folksongs in the "Kingsale" pub.

On Saturday lunchtime we sailed the short passage of 15 miles or so round to Crosshaven where we picked up our allotted spot at the Royal Cork Yacht Club. The Commodore followed us round later. The log showed a trip of 416 miles from Chichester and, although the wind had been on the nose for most of the way, we all agreed it had been a great week.

Our job of escorting our revered Commodore safely to Ireland had been achieved. This report does not seek to describe the racing which followed. Suffice it to say the sun shone, the wind blew sufficiently, the Murphys flowed strongly and a brilliant time was had by all. How did we do? Mind your own business!

Roger Morris
ANNA LOUISE V

THE CORK REPORT

After pretty tough crossings to Cork from Land's End, the CCRC boats, tempted by previous enthusiastic reports of the excellent sailing and the legendary hospitality of the Irish, arrived in Crosshaven in ones and twos during the week before the 1996 Ford Cork Week started on Monday 15 July.

Lohengrin had her boom off for emergency repairs as soon as she arrived.

We were greeted by a bevy of RIBs driven by very skilful and efficient young members of the Royal Cork Yacht Club. Although the Royal Cork was founded in 1720, making it the oldest known yacht club, its approach is far from old fashioned or stuffy. From the moment you are picked up at the mouth of the river, by these marshals connected by radio to Berth Control and its very effective computer, you are quickly directed to your allocated berth from which you stray at your peril! Within seconds they can tell you if a particular boat has arrived and where her berth is to be.

Our little fleet of Anna Louise V and Lohengrin in CHS class 3, Major Gamble and Arion in CHS class 4 and Gunshot in class 5 with our friends in Red Apple in CHS class 7. Unfortunately, as we were spread over three areas of pontoons about half a mile apart so, surrounded by boats rafted up to eight deep, social contact was limited but on Arion we were lucky to be

berthed alongside a charming bunch of large Irishmen on board an old 45 foot long keeler, T'Jaldar, originally built in Crosshaven. Ferries were on hand to take crews up and down the river since for much of the week there were many incapable of walking safely down the narrow pavements.

Having secured our berth, we made our way to the huge rented house in Carrigaline, about 5 miles away. Beds for each member of the crew and a double for Rory, plus 5 cats and an irrepressible dog were on the inventory. Repairs to the electrics to get the washing machine and dryer going, clearing the normal residents shoes and clothes from the bedside and stopping the leaking WC cistern in the partially completed, but doorless, ensuite shower room were further delights. We never did discover what the light switch did in the kitchen apart from making all the other lights flicker! It felt just like home.

Meanwhile, back on the river, the sight of almost 500 colourful boats rafted up in the bright sunshine, which blessed the whole week, was quite stunning but even this was nothing compared with the mass exodus every race morning as all classes were scheduled to start between 1130 and 1140 hours. The mass of yacht moving down the fairly narrow channel between the many normal swinging moorings was truly magnificent for those of us sunning ourselves on deck leaving the driver to do the worrying. For some it was too much, a Sigma 38 alongside us ran straight into one of the navigation buoys to the accompaniment of much laughter and advice for subsequent navigation and optical examination. He was

lucky he didn't run into Ocean Leopard or the American Maxi, Sorcery - repairs there would be costly.

For practice and entertainment, we went out on the Sunday to watch the 27 Sigma 38s and 73 Sigma 33s enjoying the first races of their National and World Championships. This was the sailing entertainment highlight of the week as the 33s tried to get round the first windward mark in light wind and quite a strong tide. Having achieved that minor miracle of boat handling, rule observance and verbal communication, they tackled the twin leeward marks of their Windward/Leeward course. This was most instructive and with their clear guidance, we also managed to do it wrong when our turn came later in the week!

This was the sailing entertainment highlight of the week as the 33s tried to get round the first windward mark in light wind and quite a strong tide.

The social event of the week was the visit of John Bruton the Irish Taoiseach and his speech to open the Week. Our crew returned from this event convinced of the wit, humanity and common sense of politicians and, coincidentally, the quality of Irish stout which was, surprisingly, available for purchase at the huge tented village. Hans had only acquired an extra half dozen free drinks tickets for this evening.

With all the CCRC boats in

classes 3,4 and 5 in Fleet B, we sailed the five different course areas together each day. The courses gave plenty of variety in the sailing and relatively little interference between the fleets on other courses. Apart from our final race when a fixed line was used, well laid Committee boat start lines were set, almost always with a fair amount of port end bias. The fairly consistent Easterlies and the tide pattern usually meant the left hand side of the beat paid

"If you're happy at the windward and gybe marks, I'm happy the course looks OK lets get the race underway"

- the voice of our OOD for this area comes clear over the VHF in a style a good deal more human than the traffic in the Solent ether from the temples of British Yachting.

Our course for Monday was the Olympic Outer Loop, with a good force 3 to 4 breeze and the fairly choppy sea generated by the waves bouncing off the shores of the bay and stirred up by the 400 boats out there.

Anna Louise was top scorer for the day with a 6th. and 9th. in the two races on this course and ended the day equal 5th. on aggregate in the 36 boats of class 3. The rest of us middled the fleet. We felt we were not quite getting Arion moving fast enough upwind in the chop and were pretty well buried at the windward mark. With the lower handicapped class starting first and the bigger boats coming through later in the race, it was important to keep your wind clear for as long as possible while still going left as much as possible.

We know this because we usually went right! In less than 3 hours of racing we were over 14 minutes off the pace of the ultra rapid 1/2 tonner JHN.

Hans has about 15 extra

drinks vouchers tonight - they are put to good use as we watch the Bungee Running Competition!

Tuesday saw us tackling the Coastal course which turned out to be the only slightly unsatisfactory course of the week. After another well laid line and a one and a half mile beat, again in a 3 to 4 easterly, we struggled down a close reach for about 3 miles and came back on a close fetch almost on the reciprocal to a mark we could hardly see and which was being rounded in the opposite direction by another fleet. Sure, it will be all right by the time we get there - and it was! Then it was three miles up and down wind twice, rock hopping just like the Solent and back in time for tea. The two reaches provided excitement for some, with the only really bad collisions of the week occurring close to us and taking out one boat that was rather sitting on our wind.

The CCRC fleet were all in the early half of the fleet with Lohengrin 8th beating Anna by just 19 seconds into 9th. After several provisional versions of the results in class 4, Major Gamble's 9th. pushes Arion down to 10th. The Commodore has a less good day - probably getting excited about the Jamesons party due that evening.

A one way traffic system was tried to reduce congestion on the little main road into Crosshaven - it might have worked better if we had any idea where it would take us, if it weren't optional and if fewer beer wagons were needed every day.

For us, Wednesday was the most tricky day with two races on the Windward/Leeward course where the decision which of the two leeward marks to take dominated the tactics.

Lack of concentration meant we got our worst starts of the week and, still in the chop but with a lighter breeze, we were going too slowly to recover. However, the spinnaker handling at the leeward mark was great, showing distinct improvement through the week after the practice session on Sunday, and we squeezed around to find a finishing line so short you could only cross it by overstanding on starboard and ducking round the starboard end. The horrendous alternative port tack approach was for the braver or less imaginative souls.

"Well Gentlemen, if you have finished the Champagne and Caviar we'll get on with the second race" - this is surely not the Royal Cork Yacht Club's OOD on the radio?

The second race was better.

Lohengrin had a good day with 7th. and 9th. beating Anna's 9th. and 16th. while the rest of us muddled again.

Our gentle neighbours in the long-keeler are the dark outsiders in the Tug of War competition and finish 2nd. - cause for celebration to offset their unfortunate disqualification arising from a little 1/4 tonner tacking very close - they are philosophical about it - "It's OK, the Skipper has cooked a stew".

"Can someone tell me why the heavy kite is in the AP bag?" "The penny drops - "Which kite have we been using all week so far?" "Oh, no!"

Thursday's breeze was weakening for the Figure 4 course, my own favourite. The first race start was a disaster as we were stuck at the port end under another boat that was already over the line. Although it was our worst result of the week, we did somehow feel the boat was beginning to move now the chop was diminishing,

and, curiously our downwind speed seemed better too!

In the second race, we could actually read JHN's sail number at the finish as she only beat us on the water by 4 mins. 20 sec.! and we crossed the line 2nd. and only dropped to 3rd. on handicap. Jubilation!

Overall, we all had a poor day most of the CCRC boats picking up their worst result in one or other of these races and ensuring a useful discard.

None of this spoilt the great party held at Chez Commodore that evening, after the Surfing competition in the tented bar, to celebrate Roger Morris's unspecified birthday. All the week's sun tanning was on view - well, most of it - and the 'True' stories of each race were swapped between exchanging tales of the Irish hospitality and sense of humour! How like the Commodore and his Lady to find such a perfect house close to their mooring for the Week - would we expect anything less?

Thanks Peter.

On Friday we were scheduled to sail the 'Round the Cans' course which, perhaps with the application of Irish logic meant we were to sail a longish race, mostly inside Cork Harbour. The three classes of Fleet B were to start together on a fixed line, guaranteeing congestion of Round the Island proportions. Some time was spent with highly technical means of getting the exact position of the line as we made our happy way back into the Harbour on Thursday - it did at least give us a good feel for where the line was!

The lighter force 2 still wafted from the East at the start giving a port reach to the first mark outside the harbour. At some risk of being luffed, we started with our big kite and drove down hard all the way to the mark,

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

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My cheque for £50 / £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.

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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 Crew Registrar - Sue Dearden.

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avoiding the huge bulge on the reach. To our great joy, we rounded about 7th. in the combined fleet with only the dreaded JHN in front. Concentration rises several notches on the fetch cum beat to the second mark where we have lost one and gained two places from class 3 boats.

Then the downwind legs begin, and a battle with an X332 from class 3 sailed by an old clubmate from Cheshire, quite like the past. After a gybe right in the tide sluicing out of the harbour the fleet splits to creep up either side of the main channel on the run. Allah be praised! - our side pays, we close right up on JHN and round the next mark right on her tail. Having already won the class 4 series (and Rover Week in Scotland) with a perfect set of firsts, JHN lets us slide past in a battle on the close reach, we are now 2nd. on the water.

The crews greatest moment arrives at the next mark where we have to gybe back onto the reciprocal course on another very close reach. As we approach the mark, a J110 with an asymmetric kite gets an overlap and we luff to give her room and ourselves 3 boats lengths to do the gybe. It is brilliant and we gybe inside the J110 and come out ahead - practice has made perfect and what a moment to demonstrate it!

At the start of what turns out to be the final beat, we're still 3rd. on the water but the wind, which has failed the fleets outside the harbour, becomes a little patchy and fluky. All eyes strain to find the puffs and shifts. The two boats ahead obligingly split to cover both sides giving us better information which comes down off the windward rail in torrents.

Excitement is terrific, we seem to be holding JHN upwind

for the first time this week but we miss the shorten course signal and rather overstand the finish line which costs us a little time but is no disaster.

We cross 3rd. on the water in the combined fleet and 2nd. on handicap in our class to guess who - JHN, with a true lapse of 1min. 36secs. If only! The only boat that came close to beating JHN on handicap was Jim McGregor's Flair II from Poole, who was beaten by 11 secs. in Race 1 and 1min. 35 in Race 2.

I don't recall what we did that evening - curious.

So we finish the Week on a high and all CCRC boats are at or better than the middle in this race and in the week as a whole. Great performances, in this fairly high powered regatta, by all.

OVERALL RESULTS:

CHS Class 3:

Anna Louise V-13th;
Lohengrin -15th.

CHS Class 4:

Arion - 9th;
Major Gamble - 20th.

CHS Class 5:

Gunshot -13th.

CHS Class 7:

Red Apple - 15th.

Homeward Bound

Now comes the sad bit as the boats are converted back to cruising and passage making. Biddy and I stay on awaiting the arrival of friends on the Saturday while the others split for the ferry to

Swansea and the Airport.

The average age aboard the boats is rising suddenly as their owners are allowed aboard together with the kedges and the old sails - the glamorous Kevlar and Technora disappears into the team support vans and out comes the discoloured Dacron. The sales of diesel rise dramatically and spray hoods, sail covers, dodgers, lazy jacks and gas bottles appear from nowhere.

Even the luxurious Ocean Leopard and a giant Oyster, Starry Night, fill up with water and fuel alongside our pontoon for their trips to Cowes and Schull.

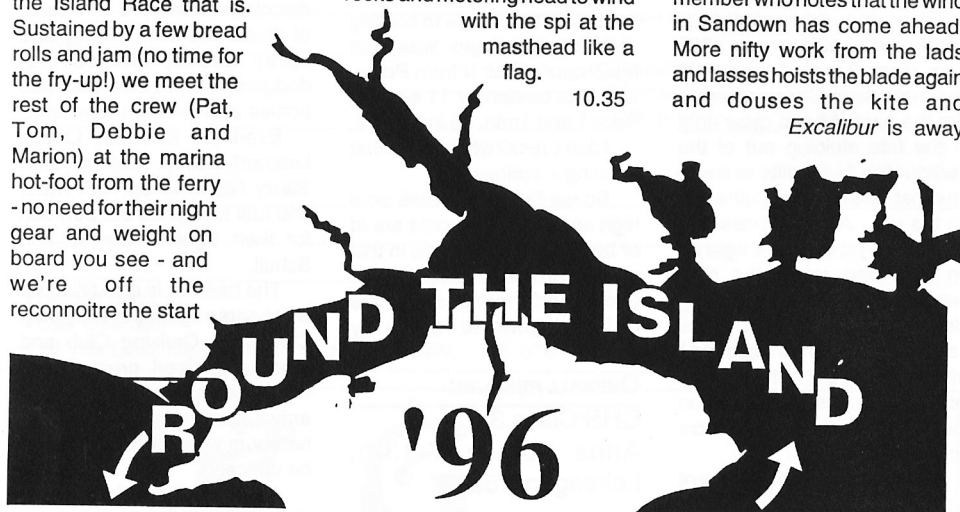
The harbour is also filling up with boats engaged in Little Ship Club, Irish Cruising Club and other organised cruises and word is about that timing one's arrival in the various picturesque harbours westwards is going to be critical.

Anna Louise's crew disappear leaving Paul Chivers awaiting his family for the trip home via a weeks cruise like us. Nice to have the company at our first port of call in Kinsale on the Sunday when it just p....d down with the first rain we had seen. We were warned by the colour of the grass - not for nothing is it the Emerald Isle and all our electrics go on holiday.

We had a wonderful week at Cork and another in the cruise westward into all the little harbours and creeks all the way to Schull, which is beautiful and Bantry which is not so beautiful. This nostalgic trip retaces our steps of 30+ years ago but I'm sure Arion will be back in two years time. Better start booking now.

Nick Colbourne
ARION

7am: Cowes visitors' buoys and I wake Rob with a coffee. Wind is fresh from the north-west - it looks like a close reach from the start to the Needles, some exciting spinnaker work down the back and not much beating till the end of the race - the Island Sc Round the Island Race that is. Sustained by a few bread rolls and jam (no time for the fry-up!) we meet the rest of the crew (Pat, Tom, Debbie and Marion) at the marina hot-foot from the ferry - no need for their night gear and weight on board you see - and we're off the reconnoitre the start



line. A leeward end start would give the best tide but this would make the reach very tight so we go for the other end.

9am The early starts confirm the view so to avoid the crowds we go a touch down but I make a hash of the timing and we are late but in reasonable air. We crash along with the rest, full main and blade barber hauled down and gradually make up some ground.

10.30 The Needles are reached in record time and the moment of decision is here - the Vivassi gap or not! I take an inside line to have a look but have the choice taken for us by 2 Etchells, one each side, who go for it. Much shouting for water but we're through and up goes the spi, starboard gybe, quickly becoming a wild port hand

broach and a fast entry into Scratchell's Bay, very big cliffs looming and no control of direction! The crew are unable to respond to the reasonable request for a float drop so we manage at last to bear away onto the course and gybe we wanted all along. Not so lucky was the Moody even nearer the rocks and motoring head to wind with the spi at the masthead like a flag.

10.35

12.30 to 2.30 We dice with Yeoman (Sigma 38) past Ventnor, assisted by Pat's local knowledge of the topology. A tricky stretch looms at Dunnose with rocks inshore and overhanging cliff jumbling the wind as well as large boats threatening to steal it. We are saved by a keen eyed crew member who notes that the wind in Sandown has come ahead. More nifty work from the lads and lasses hoists the blade again and douses the kite and *Excalibur* is away

to 12.30 A screaming and nerve-racking dead run (max 11.4 knots genuine) with one controlled gybe at Freshwater Bay. Many friends are spied, eg Fugu and Petra and many larger boats seem near - we must have done well with that inside passage and reduction in wetted surface area! The back eddy at Chale is successfully found which leads us round close at St Cats. This seems good with all the white water and carnage further out with hovering 'copters and lifeboats in view. Our gybe goes without real incident except for a little local difficulty in replacing the pole end on the mast. There is a great gap for us in the crowd of boats and fast progress is made - the nearest boats seem even bigger!

on a white sail reach at 8 knots.

2.30 to 3.30 We have an exhilarating ride, no probs, across Sandown Bay capped by 11.8 knots at Culver on the surf. 2 brave Sigmas try their kites again and go like stink when they go but broach repeatedly. We prepare to reef for the long beat back from Bembridge Ledge against the gushing ebb. There's a good rounding of the buoy (we make sure we have an inside berth in the crush) and we tack inshore straight away.

3.30 to 5.45 Initially there are some long tacks towards No Mans Land Fort but the pace hots up at Ryde Sands as all fight for the slack water and dice

continued on page 31

RACE REPORT

RNLI Race, 8th June, '96

Chichester Cruiser Racing Club hosted their tri-annual open regatta in support of the RNLI on Saturday 8 June. The event was originally staged to raise funds for the inshore station being built at Hayling Island and includes a three boat team competition within each fleet.

The entry of 21 boats from many clubs within the Chichester area was encouraged by worthwhile and generous sponsorship on the form of pyrotechnic prizes from Pain-Wessex.

Racing, over a course from Chichester Bart to New Grounds, Nab 3, Chi and Winner, was led off with spinnakers set, by the strong fleet of Portsmouth Yardstick boats ranging from Sonatas to the mighty Penrose 111, an Oyster 46 equipped with everything, including a washing machine!

Although Gopher Broke, a Maxi Fenix, led off the startline at the Committee boat end, Penrose sailed serenely through to leeward to lead at New Ground despite having to drop her spinnaker to slow down for a cross channel ferry.

However, all the leading boats did the same and Penrose held the lead. After confusion over both the direction and rig for the next leg, Orange Pippin and Ard Righ joined the leading pair for the beat. The North-east breeze then began to be confused by sea breezes and the beat became a lottery. First the right, then the left paid and the fleet was scrambled until the final order was established on the water with Gopher leading Orange Pippin and Penrose.

With strong support from team mates, Rimau and Marigold, Orange Pippin's team, Blacks Brigands, took the Chichester Yacht Club RNLI Challenge Trophy.

In the CHS fleet boats remained close on the run to New Grounds with Lohengrin

leading. The beat to Chi mark was the deciding leg and was totally unpredictable. Arion was lucky to be forced left by Anna Louise VI and found a more consistent breeze. Team mate Sycorax, a Verl 33, went left by divine guidance and also did well but Excalibur, a Tamara 30, sailing very fast in the light conditions, recovered from exploration of the right hand side of the beat to finish fourth on the water but first on handicap. The team result depended on the positions of the third boats and Moonpath's 6th. won the Tarquah V trophy for the High Flyers, Sycorax and Arion with The Arthuriens, Excalibur, Slender Delta and Anna Louise VI second.

A splendid prizegiving tea was laid on at Emsworth Slipper Sailing Club where the fleet were able to sail right to the door to receive RNLI mugs and Pains-Wessex prizes.

The splendid total of £ 500 raised for the RLNI was received by their representative Roger Wormal

OVERALL RESULTS: PY FLEET ; 1ST. GOPHER BROKE, GEOFF MASKELL, 2ND. ORANGE PIPPIN, JOHN HAMPTON, 3RD. PENROSE LLL BILL CARLIDGE
CHS; 1ST. EXCALIBUR, MIKE TONG, 2ND. SYCORAX, BRIAN DANDRIDGE, 3RD. ARION, GRAHAM AND NICK COLBOURNE

PY TEAMS; 1ST. BLACKS BRIGANDS - RIMAU, ORANGE PIPPIN AND MARIGOLD 12 PTS., 2ND. CARP - PENROSE LLL, GRIAN MHOR, AND ARD RIGH 15 PTS. , 3RD. THE LITTLE FELLAS - WOODSTOCK, GOLDRUSH AND SUNDEW 30PTS.

CHS TEAMS; 1ST. THE HIGH FLYERS - SYCORAX, ARION AND MOONPATH OF HAYLING 11 PTS., 2ND. THE ARTHURIANS - EXCALIBUR, ANNA LOUISE VI AND SLENDER DELTA 12.75 PTS., 3RD. THE ORIGINAL SHIPBUILDERS - LOHENGRIN, BROWN BOMBER LL AND WILD OAT 21 PTS.

PROFILE -

Excalibur's Driver

When we first raced with CCRC, an irritating, sleek 30 footer would sit on our quarter wave all the way round the course and then beat us by hours on handicap. I vowed I would learn the secrets of that boat and the guy that steered it so elegantly - not that it would make us any quicker but at least we might have some idea why we were being beaten so comprehensively. He still beats us by hours on handicap but doesn't bother to sit on our quarter wave because he knows we go the wrong way. After all, the faster we went the further he would go in the wrong direction!

Mike Tong grew up, in Gravesend, with boats in his blood, with one grandfather being a Channel Pilot taking boats up and down the Thames Estuary between Dover and Gravesend. His other grandfather was at sea in the big sailing ships, while his maternal uncles sailed as well, with experience in National Redwings and a YW Peoplesboat. Mike was involved in the conversion of ships lifeboat when he was quite young and he feels this still causes him to approach the working and layout of a boat in a critical and practical manner.

Mike's own sailing started on the Whitstable boating lake and rapidly developed to sailing an Irish Dinghy Racing Association 14 footer called 'Scurry' at Gravesend and Medway Yacht Clubs. Mike sailed in the notorious Round Sheppey race in 1962? when a southerly gale hit the fleet as they came out of the shelter of Sheppey. Mike capsized like the rest of the fleet but had the seamanship to anchor the boat until help arrived to tow him in. I was at Whitstable at the time scanning the horizon for the boats and their crews as they were swept out on the tide to the lonely grey waters of the North Sea - very scary!

He was always trying to improve and made great progress especially after seeing jib telltales for the first time

University, at Brighton, interrupted his sailing after that since wet suits were not yet available and the terms were mostly though the cold and stormy winter on the South Coast. In fact, Mike hardly stepped into a boat until 1972 when, now married with his first offspring underway, he sailed in the first Laser championship at the new Queen Mary reservoir.

He was now badly bitten by the bug and bought a Fireball with his neighbour crewing. He

was always trying to improve and made great progress especially after seeing jib telltales for the first time at an Open Meeting at the Sussex Motor Yacht Club. Now regularly in the top one or two in Club races at QMSC but with his children now older and needing more time, he and his crew swapped the Fireball for a couple of Lasers and gave up the regular Open meeting circuit, although Mike did a couple more Round Sheppey races, including a 2nd. place.

Now, in 1980, his sons were old enough to want to sail, so an Enterprise appears on the scene for some not so serious family sailing, except, of course, for the Medway Regatta and Mike's first win with his son David.

Now everyone wants to sail and the Enterprise is not big enough so a lift keel boat seemed a good idea and the very thing was seen in a Yachts and Yachting advert - an E boat, built in wood for the designer Julian Everitt for the 1/4 Ton Cup, with a 3/4 rig and called 'Miming' - a sword. The boat was lying at Hayling and the deal included berthing at Wilson's for the rest of the season, so it was sailed in and around the Harbour with occasional trailing to the Medway for racing.

Actually, this boat should have been called 'Courtship' as June appears on the scene in 1984 and the rest is history.

Although week-end racing was not feasible with the boys needing more of Mike's time, a certain Impala caught his eye

and in a memorable week-end, immediately following the big storm of 1987, both the Impala and a new house were acquired. The Impala was soon named 'Orenda' - a medieval sword and Miming was sold later.

Racing came back onto the agenda in 1990 when Peter Wallace introduced Mike to the joys of the CCRC lifestyle. New Dick Batt sails, including good jibs and a light full main, improved the speed so, with Brian Dandridge, Orenda tackled the Hunter week-end at Brixham where the full main was found to spoil their pointing ability but they learnt to get 6 on deck and the importance of organising one to watch the compass keenly. The Suunto tactical compass was found to be much better than the normal steering compass for spotting shifts. The "High is good" philosophy was quickly digested and other lessons learned from championship sailing included the tricks to get more boat speed with tighter rigging, the test for which was whether the toilet door would close!

With all the knowledge gained, the trophies started to arrive, including both the Bay and Series in 1993 but at the end of the season Orenda was sold in order to get a longer distance boat, which still kept the dinghy-like character of the Impala - this was Anna Louise VI, bought from Roger Morris.

In 1994, her first season with Mike and June, 'Excalibur' lost the Series, to *Such is Life*, just on the last race.

In 1995, with a new Mountfield No.1, Excalibur won a good number of races and enjoyed strong competition particularly with *Such is Life*, but it needed 6 or 7 on the rail in winds of 16 to 17 knots apparent and this led to building a consistent crew in the HISC

winter series in '95 with three dinghy sailors from Walton-on-Thames where Mike sails a Laser II on Wednesday evenings.

With June genoa trimming and generally organising the team, the rest of the regular crew are :- Tom, Debbie and Marion, all dinghy sailors from Walton - on - Thames, with Pat, press-ganged from Freddie Kemp's crew and beginner Kathy, who must have learnt a huge amount about fast racing by now.

Racing came back onto the agenda in 1990 when Peter Wallace introduced Mike to the joys of the CCRC lifestyle.

1996 has seen Excalibur winning a higher percentage of her races, including 2nd. in her class Round the Island, and Mike attributes this to sailing at 99%, rather than 90%, most of the time as he felt they did before. The process of learning to do it right and to refine the crew work, getting the kite down and the genoa pulling before the other boats, for example, takes time as does learning how to make a particular boat go fast.

For better boat speed some things are obvious, smooth bottom, tight rigging, good sails, but there are no instant miracles.

Everything on the boat must work reliably and if a fitting or system doesn't work change it. Mike found the improving of the mainsheet traveller made a big difference to their total performance, especially as he likes to handle the mainsheet himself, like dinghy, so he can feel the balance between the rig and rudder. He derives great satisfaction from well executed

manoeuvres by the whole crew, especially those that give big advantage, such as a float drop.

His approach is still that of a dinghy man, tending to tack earlier on headers, to race anything on the water even when cruising and to be out to race and win. Sailing and racing are never far from his mind but it is the challenge of the competition rather than the actual winning that he relishes - rather 2nd. a good race in 20 knots than an easy win in 5 knots.

In the CCRC, he finds the people he likes, sailing in and around the great waters of Chichester Harbour and the Solent, where he feels his roots now stand, and at a level of cost which is more reasonable than would be the case, say, on the Hamble. Like others he would like to see more boats and therefore wider competition in the Club.

Mike's recent transition to self-employment gives him more flexibility in the interfaces between the life of an actuary and his sailing. He finds more and more parallels in the probability, strategic and tactical issues in sailing with the evaluation of data and subjective issues in assessment of financial contracts. This ability, to apply scientific logic to the objective data and balance this with the inexact science or art of judgement and forward thinking on subjective issues, Mike applies to his business and to his sailing. His clients and his crew then get reasoned arguments and explanations for the game plan.

This then is the thinking sailor we are up against. One already with considerable general experience and successes but still seeking improvements in the boat and the techniques of all the crew. No wonder we are not beating him!

A NIGHT RACE TO CHERBOURG

(24th/25th May 1996)

I can think of no better way to start a voyage round Great Britain, than to take part in the race to Cherbourg organised by the Chichester Cruiser Racing Club, and to join the subsequent cruise in company to the Channel Islands and the West Cotentin; but then, as a member of 20 years' standing, I am probably biased. Anyway, it would be a good shakedown, in reasonably familiar waters, and in the company of convivial and trusted friends. It would also, with luck, also give me a good jumping-off point for a westward leg down Channel. I do not know if it is better to sail round this island clockwise or anticlockwise, even after having done it, but I had decided to go clockwise.

The start of the race was set for 2000 BST, at Chichester Bar. The day had dawned inauspiciously wet and windy, with the promise of more bad weather in store, but also the possibility of a "window" of slightly better conditions that night and the following day.

I spent the earlier part of the day on a few last-minute preparations - the purchase of some decent walking boots, and

the manufacture of a couple of "graunch boards", six-foot lengths of 4" x 2" timber with a short rope lanyard at each end to suspend them from the yacht's guardrails, outside the normal plastic fenders, when alongside rough stone piers or piled quays where a fender alone might slip out of position.

I also managed to get an hour's sleep at home in the afternoon, important because I would be solo on this part of the trip. Shortly after six o'clock I was driven down to Northney, bade a slightly tearful farewell to Maggie, completed the Customs form which is still required for a visit to the non-EEC Channel Islands, exchanged a few words with my old friend Keith Wason (who had fitted out "MONS MEG" some 17 years before), and was off down the Sweare Deep.

Full wet-weather gear was the order of the day, and underneath it I was wearing long johns, two vests and two pairs of socks in addition to normal clothing. I knew I was in for a cold, wet night. The spring of 1996 had been abnormally cold with a long continuance of northerly winds, which that week had given way to Atlantic depressions tracking north-east over the British Isles, bringing westerlies with rain.

In company with a number of other competitors, I motor-sailed out to the Chichester Spit buoy. The tide was ebbing out of the harbour mouth: although it was a neap, the south-westerly wind of 17 to 18 knots kicked up short, steep seas on the shoal water at the bar. "MONS MEG" bucked her way over them, occasionally sticking her nose underwater.

Once outside, things were smoother and more pleasant. I had set the mainsail with a single reef in it on the way down the harbour: now, it was time to stop

the engine and to unroll most of the jib. The wind was easing, as it so often does in the evening, and I hoped to set full sail after the start. But being singlehanded I did not want to run unnecessary risks of collision during the pre-start manoeuvres. I had a long way to go. Indeed, my start was decidedly uncompetitive: I was last through the "gate" between the committee boat, "Excalibur", and the CHI racing buoy.

Rounding the latter, I brought "MONS MEG" as close to the wind as she would sail, and was pleased to find that I could almost lay the direct course for Cherbourg, some 72 nautical miles distant. (There were no intermediate marks in this race.)

I soon unrolled the rest of the foresail, and then shook the reef out of the main. We ploughed along happily at 5 1/2 knots, and I let my faithful Autohelm get on with the steering. The fully unrolled jib in fact corresponds to a No. 2, and is therefore somewhat smaller than the No. 1 which Contessa 32 Class Rules, and hence my Channel Handicap certificate, would permit as a maximum. This was a penalty which I accepted in return for the great convenience of roller reefing.

Another point I would mention at this early juncture is that, in this narrative, I shall use the pronoun "we", not in an editorial sense, but to denote "MONS MEG" and her ship's company, regardless of the number of the latter. I trust this will not unduly confuse the reader!

The fine Scotch mist meant bad visibility as we headed out of Hayling Bay towards the Nab Tower. Seven miles out, it loomed drunkenly out of the murk. This light-tower, which was manned by keepers until the eighties, was originally a concrete caisson intended as part of a boom defence system

across the Dover Straits during World War I. The end of the war rendered it redundant for this purpose, and it was decided to use it as a replacement for a lightship guarding the Nab Shoal. Unfortunately, the seabed on which it was sunk was not quite level, and the tower has assumed a slightly jaunty angle ever since.

By ten o'clock it was dark, and the glow from my tricolour masthead light bleared out through the drizzle. The bulkhead compasses and the instruments on the console above the hatchway were also illuminated, as were the LED characters of the Decca display, but otherwise the boat was in darkness.

I am sometimes asked if I find it intimidating to be alone in a small yacht on a wide expanse of sea, particularly at night. I usually answer that, other things being equal, I tend to be a lot more intimidated by the too close proximity of other vessels, in particular large ferries, tankers and container ships. On this particular race I was little troubled by these, but I was inconvenienced for a while by an unidentified yacht on my port bow, no more than a hundred metres off, and hidden most of the time by my foresail. Eventually, by hand steering, I pulled out a bit more speed and got ahead of her.

About two in the morning, there was a slight lull in the wind; and when it picked up again, it had veered round slightly more to the west, not only enabling me to lay Cherbourg, but even allowing me to free the sheets slightly for more speed. My main memories of the night were the abnormal cold (for May) and the miserable wetness. I took a photograph of the rather watery dawn, and from then on the weather improved slightly.

As I approached Cherbourg,

about seven in the morning, I could make out a yacht about a mile to windward of me, and in an (unsuccessful) attempt to overtake her, I took over the helm and tried to coax some more performance out of "MONS MEG".

I rounded the Fort de l'Ouest (on the outer breakwater at Cherbourg) around 1000 BST, and handed my sails as I motored into the huge marina at Chantereyne. I had in fact breakfasted during the race (a somewhat precarious porridge), so as soon as I had tied up and sorted the boat, I turned in for three hours' sleep.

Later, after sprucing up, I joined my fellow competitors for a pre-dinner drink at the Yacht Club. I was staggered to learn that I had come in second in my class on corrected time in the race, despite being single-handed, under-canvassed and loaded up with cruising gear and stores! The yacht which finished just ahead of me on the water, it turned out, was "Sycorax", owned by Brian Dandridge, and I had managed to beat him on handicap, presumably by a small margin as he only gives me 48 seconds per hour and he seemed well ahead at the finish. (Sorry, Hugh. The results given out were wrong and those published later by the Results Officer confirmed SYCORAX -2nd; MONS MEG 3rd, but it was very close!! Ed.)

Dinner was taken with our Commodore, Peter Wallace, and party, in the upstairs private room of a restaurant, new to me, which he had recently discovered. And a splendid all-in meal it was.

Our trip to Alderney on the morrow demanded an early start to catch a fair tide, so we turned in at a reasonable hour.

HIGH WINDS IN ALDERNEY - "YOTTIES" TAKE UP GOLF

(26th/27th May 1996)

Our sail in company down the Cotentin coast and across the Race to Alderney the following morning was pleasant and uneventful, apart from the Scotch mist which greeted us on our arrival. I have to say that Braye harbour is not one of my favourite berths; it always seems to blow when I go there. On this occasion, at least, the wind stayed in the south-west quadrant, so the swell was not as bad as I have known it. But it did blow.

The harbour was formed by enclosing a bay with a huge stone breakwater, about 1/2 mile long and 11 metres high. It was built during the "Palmerston's Folly" era of the mid-nineteenth century, when a French invasion seemed a possibility, as were many of the forts on this and the other Channel Islands.

Despite the size of this mole, a heavy swell from the west will break against it with sufficient violence to send spray 20 metres into the air. Tons of water crash down, and pour across the inner lower roadway of the pier, cascading into the harbour in spectacular fashion. It would be dangerous to walk along the pier at either level at such times. We were able to witness this display on the present visit.

A barbecue had been arranged at the Alderney Sailing Club for the evening of our arrival, but because of the weather it had to be an indoor affair. At Braye, there is no alongside berthing on pontoons: yachts moor to the many visitors' buoys or find space to anchor. A local chandler, Mainbrayce, runs a water taxi for those who do not wish to use their dinghies to go ashore, often a long, wet haul.

CCRC members were on their best behaviour for the benefit of ASC, and all managed to return to their boats in acceptable condition.

The following morning saw a good turnout in sunny but still windy conditions for the CCRC annual golf match, one of the many features which mark our Club out from the general ruck of sailing clubs (although I was later to discover a club which emulates us in this particular respect). A minibus had been hired to convey the players up to the Golf Club, which is set on one of the highest points of the island. The greens, tees and fairways offer magnificent views of the coast in all directions.

The inter-yacht competition took the form of a Texas Scramble, with teams of three or four playing from the best-placed ball after each turn. As a "loner" I was amalgamated with the crew of another yacht - no favour to them, as I had not played for about 35 years, but I did manage occasionally to make contact with the ball, and even more occasionally to propel it in the general direction of the fairway. The wind was a factor to be reckoned with on the top of the island.

That evening, we dined at "The First and Last", the restaurant closest to the harbour steps. The seafood is usually excellent on Alderney, and most

of us went for sole or brill as a main course.

A FIRST VISIT TO CARTERET

(28th/29th May 1996)

The west side of the Cotentin Peninsula has been relatively unpopular with British yachtsmen because its harbours, apart from Granville, are small and drying. Of late, marinas with lifting sills, where deep-keel yachts can lie afloat at low water, have been or are being constructed at Carteret and Dielette. CCRC now proposed to visit Carteret, and again the tides dictated an early start, since we would be heading down the Alderney Race.

It was a greyish day as we slipped our moorings at 0700 BST and headed round Quenard Point at the north-east end of Alderney. The passage was quite straightforward, although we suffered latterly from a failing wind and a tide turning foul. But in the end everyone made it over the sill to the marina, which is up a drying, sandy channel, in good time.

Carteret is a small but pleasant French seaside resort, suitable for family holidays on the beach. It is also a fishing port, probably much decayed from its former glory like so many others. It does, however, boast a Common Market frontier in the form of the Gare Maritime. This has no trains nowadays, but it still has the tidal passenger vedettes to Gorey in Jersey.

In the afternoon I wandered up to the village, and later had a very enjoyable evening meal with Trevor and Monica Rose and crew on board "LOHENGRIN". The Laphroaig which I was attempting to repatriate was broached, together with some high-octane stuff of Trevor's. Obviously both tipples were of the highest quality, because I had no "head" in the morning. We wandered down to the village after dinner and joined some of the other crews in a sing-song in one of the cafes there. The management and other customers seemed quite relaxed about this.

The middle part of the next day was dedicated to the annual inter-yacht boules championship, a fixture of longer standing than the golf match. Again, "MONS MEG" was teamed up with another yacht, "General KAOS", skippered by Andrew Wilson. After a slightly shaky start, we battled through to the finals and won!

The Commodore's Reception followed. For some reason, probably the lack of opportunity to stock up at Cherbourg, "Gunshot" was atypically short of wine; so, as a dutiful immediate Past Commodore, I volunteered to replenish from the village store. I had to wait for opening time - three o'clock - to do this, but someone had kindly saved me some food from the portable barbecue when I staggered back with my eight bottles.

Later on in the afternoon I took a fairly strenuous walk up to the lighthouse at Cap de Carteret. The evening meal, at l'Hermitage, was good if not quite up to the standard of the one in Cherbourg. The seafood was excellent apart from some slightly watery langoustines.

The yachts lying inside

"MONS MEG" wanted to leave at 0400 BST, so I resolved to leave at the same time on my long hike west to the English Coast. This did not leave a lot of time for sleep.

**Hugh Caldwell
MONS MEG**

CONVERSATIONS

On Sunday Helen Smith, Sandy Perrin and I, went to watch the start of the race from Gilkicker Point after the start we turned to go to the car and met a flustered middle aged gentleman hauling his racing bike across the shingle. He was cunningly attired in Lycra leggings and a 1960s anorak and talked like Kenneth Williams in the carry on series.

The conversation went thus - Excuse me but are there some boats around here?

Yes over there -(pointing to the sea)

I believe there is a big race going on

Yes the race has started, the boats are sailing down there

I understand that they are racing to the Needles which I am told (conspiratorially) is on the Isle of Wight

Three CCRC members looked at him incredulously, 2 years training, £20,000 a person to THE ISLE OF WIGHT

Managing to retain straight faces we politely muttered, "yes they certainly are going there" and walked away before we fell about laughing

June Tong

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TAMING THE WILD KITE

The fascination with large spinnakers is inevitable when they can cause so much trouble (and expense!) and yet can give such a big boost in performance when you get it right.

We are pretty chicken in Arion, so it was generally agreed that we didn't like the idea of rolling down to St. Catherine's Point all the way from the Needles in the Round the Island race this year.

With respect to the Designer, David Thomas, these Sigmas are not the easiest boats to steer on the Run in anything of a seaway, especially if you, like us, have fitted a bigger steering wheel to be able to steer from the rail without severe backache. We should have done something magic with the levers and rods below the deck to restore a sensible steering ratio but that is a job for next winter for which a round tuit is required. As it is, there is not much feel to warn you of the boat steering off line until the horizon spins like a top in front of your very eyes, so then you use more rudder than is good for the boat and it only makes the roll worse.

In the limit, in weather such as we had Round the Island this year, the boat will roll and broach out of control which, apart from being frightening and potentially very dangerous to both crew and boat, is very time wasting.

It was clear that many boats around our area of the fleet had

decided NOT to use their spinnakers for safety and in many cases this was a good strategy as they didn't waste time in the broaches we saw all around.

We decided that with a full crew we should be able to fly the kite properly but we chose the heavy 1.5oz reacher as we were seeing over 25 knots of wind over the deck on the broad reach and we don't believe in wasting money repairing sails.

We knew it was likely to be unpleasant on the run to St. Cat's so we planned to do all we could to give ourselves a safe and comfortable time.

Having got the kite up safely in the confusion inside the Vavarsi wreck, we had to gybe onto port soon afterwards and this was a bit ragged but to our surprise we got away with it and then set about learning how to settle the rig and boat as stable as possible.

1. Position of the sheet leads

The first thing was to rig snatch blocks on the toerail for both spinnaker sheets. Our Spi. guys always lead through blocks well forward to hold the pole down as much as possible and now the sheet snatch blocks

were put on just behind the guys almost alongside the chainplates to pull the sail down hard tightening the leach tape

2. Pole height

That helped but we felt the tendency to roll could be reduced further so we lowered the pole below where you would normally have it in a reasonable wind. This tightened the luff. The sheet was tightened again to keep the corners level. That all helped reduce the feeling that the roll accelerated as the boat rolled and the spinnaker was well snugged down.

3. Pole angle

In the gusts, the boat still rolled to windward. More kicker on helped but we learned that the angle of the pole to the wind was the critical thing.

The worst moments seemed to be when we rolled to windward and then rolled fast back a long way to leeward. We found that by letting the pole forward quite a bit, the windward roll never had any real bite to it and the amplitude of the subsequent leeward roll was much reduced.

4. Rudder

Now, if the rudder was put on early, to counter the effect of the forthcoming leeward roll and its

usual swing up into the wind, and quickly taken off to stop the rudder leverage adding to the roll, the boat shot off (if you can describe 7 tons of boat and crew as shooting anywhere) down the waves to leeward with the brakes off.

Now we were getting somewhere! Wild shouts as we saw 13.6 knots on the speedo.

We concentrated on going fairly deep on the broad reach, mainly to avoid any more gybing than necessary. If any rolling did start we just came up 4 or 5 degrees and that settled it quickly.

When the gybe was inevitable as the shore was approaching fast, we did it very gently and, with both spinnaker sheets pulled down tight by the snatch blocks, the kite didn't try to sky and roll around like a drunken steamroller so the gybe was very straightforward.

Our nemesis was the gybe from starboard to port in the nasty choppy water off St. Catherine's. We got set up nicely with a good space around us and we were doing OK against the boats in our fleet and were about half way through the Sigma 38s that started 10 minutes ahead.

To start the gybe we called for the guy to be eased.....

HOLD ON EVERYONE
WATCH OUT! SHE'S
GOING TO GYBE ON HER
OWN,

KEEP YOUR HEADS
DOWN.

Damn, the pole end has bust.
(at least, that's what I think I said)

Next time we will tighten the lazy sheet first and only ease the guy a little so the kite doesn't pull us over to leeward. We do learn the hard way.

Race Report from Sonic Saturday 6 July

After a week of howling gales (in July?) the crew of Sonic were surprised to find themselves bobbing around on the proverbial millpond just before the Saturday race on 6th. July, our annual outing with Queen Mary's Yeoman sailors and Bosham Sailing Club. And what a forecast! ".....North-westerly downdraughts of up to 35 knots expected in thunderstorms....." Clearly this was a day when we needed to be prepared for anything.

With a 5 knot breeze and a foul tide at the start line, the first challenge was crossing the line within a reasonably short period after the gun. The OOD, *Watersong*, had plenty of time to put the kettle on and brew up before poor old *Rimau* and *Brown Bomber* were able to get away. *Brown Bomber* later provided a plausible excuse - as the only entry in the Omega class, what was the hurry? The rest of the Omega fleet, and a few from the Alpha fleet, were on their way to show the Irish a thing or two in Cork. (If only! - Ed.)

At last we were all on our way towards Winner. In the light, fluky airs *Wild Oat* pulled away quickly, but not fast enough to keep up with *Excalibur* who had found, either through luck or very good judgement, a private corridor of wind that stretched towards Langstone. "Looks as if she's got her bloody engine on" muttered one disgruntled Sonic crewmember while lying face down on the starboard gunwale, trying to give us a little heel to leeward. Oh well, maybe the wind will shift by 90 degrees

and we'll pop out in front.

As the fleet approached Winner the wind did shift by 90 degrees, from West to South, but as invariably happens *Sonic* did not pop out anywhere but was lifted around the turning mark in a huge sweeping arc as *Sycorax*, *Brown Bomber* and *Wild Oat* read the shift perfectly and went the other way. Those simple words "it'll shift back in a minute - calm down" still ring in our ears.

The shift helped these three boats to close the gap on the leaders, *Excalibur* followed by *Slender Delta*, as the fleet rounded Winner and set spinnakers for Langstone Fairway. The wind had reached a respectable 12 to 15 knots which lasted for the remainder of the race, thankfully with no sign of those 35 knot downdraughts as our course had been set to take us around, but not through, 2 rather menacing looking thunderstorms. Thunder and lightning provided a most exciting distraction.

Excalibur held her lead for the remainder of the course, expertly steered by one of our visiting Yeoman sailors. A good day's racing was rounded off with an excellent dinner at Bosham S.C.

Particular thanks go to *Rimau* for providing the evening's entertainment. At one point the entire dining room emptied to view the spectacle on Bosham Quay. More than one spectator was heard to say "I don't think you meant to do that"

Sonic

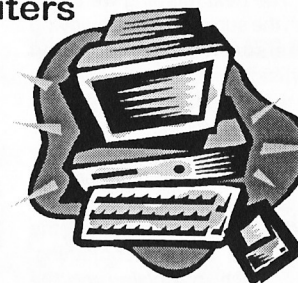
CCRC - Programme - 1997

PROVISIONAL

Date	Start	Event	Social	Tide
April	26 1200	Bay Race	HISC	1432
	27 1100	Bay Race		1513
May	3 1000	Passage to Cowes	R Corinthian	0902
	4 1100	Passage to Beaulieu		1002
	5 0900	Return		1056
	10 1200	Bay Race	Bosham	1445
	11 1200	Bay Race		1525
	23 2000	Passage Race to Seine Bay		1255
	24	Cruise in company		
	31	ISC Round The Island		0725
June	7 1100	Joint Race with CYC	CYC	1344
	8 1200	Pursuit		1423
	21 1000	Ladies Race to Newtown	Barbeque	1235
	22 0900	Crew's Race - Newtown return		1320
	28	Passage Race to Seaview	Seaview	1245
	29	Water Sports		1354
July	5 1000	Passage Race to Yarmouth	R Solent	1245
	6 1000	Yarmouth return		1400
	19 1100	Hamble		1129
	20 1000	Return		1217
Aug	23	Passage Race to Poole		1553
	24	Joint Race with Poole SC		
	30 1000	Passage to Southampton	R Southampton	1050
	31 1000	Southampton return		1131
Sept	6 1200	Joint Race with Itchenor SC	Itchenor	0219
	7 1100	Bay Race		1512
	20 1100	Passage to Portsmouth	RN & RA	1444
	21 1000	Return		1527
Oct	4	Commodore's Bender		
	5 1100	Bay Race		1411
	12 1100	Bay Race		0832
	19 1100	Bay Race		1419
	26 1100	Bay Race		0856

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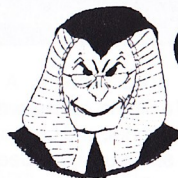
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with the echo sounder. A girl slides off a Sigma, her automatic life jacket works, and Lohengrin is seen - she must have been in trouble earlier. Our crew work up a sweat, they don't know which is worse, the grinding or the clamber under a low boom every 60 seconds. Teams are swapped at Ryde Pier and the battle continues. Hunter 707's are a nuisance, Impromptu Too comes close. Pat keeps watch so there are few alarms except when the duck of a starboard boat is nearly missed as we cannot bear off in a gust despite our feathered main. Finally, what's this? It's SuperNova our protest rival from '94, who we last saw on our side at Scratchells, who do their best to cover our line through Osbourne Bay and round Norris. But all is well and a final struggle over an even stronger tide in Cowes Roads gives us a gun! this must be good as we are a slow rated yacht in our class.

Postscript: *Addict* wins our class 9, she must have disappeared off at the start, we are second. Other good results are achieved by Arion, 3rd in class, Anna Louise 7th, and Petra and Gunshot 8th and 9th in theirs. Lohengrin and Gopher Broke also reach the national press. Many beers are sunk in the West Cowes marquee, followed by a curry from their stall to complete a great day's sailing. A quick trip to Lewmar at Havant sorts the collapsed main traveller broken at the gybe past Chi Beacon on the way home! Much groaning of aching bones and muscles is heard from the crew!

Mike Tong
Excalibur



CLUB CONFSSIONAL

With appologies to Yachting Monthly

What can I say, ' why Kaos ?', I hear you ask yourselves. Well, whilst wishing to Karry the Kultural flame forward for the Klubs sake, our thoughts reached to pluck another operatic stunner or great work by Willy Shakespeare, but Nay! We decided to stretch back further, indeed before Kulture began - to Kaos - the space before time, as specified by the very eldest of the Greek Gods.

What of the theory of Kaos? Does it actually exist?

Disorder, Turmoil, Disarray - well having sailed on several CCRC boats (no names, all cheques to PO Box GK29) I would say it comes upon you when least expected.

After a peaceful holiday in the West Country, we returned on that windy Bank Holiday weekend during August. With two slabs in the Main and our No. 3 up, we surfed back from Weymouth with tide and wind up our backside. It was gusting 30 knots and we reached our all time record of 13.1 knots! We blew in through the Needles Channel to find the Solent like a millpond by comparison and with some relief we arrived in Lymington.

The next morning we arose with the sun and, whilst enjoying a leisurely breakfast and perusing the Times, suddenly all around became Kaos. The roar of an engine, thunderous shouting and there it was, flying gelcoat, splinters of wood and an anchor sticking through our dodger firmly attached to the bow of a 30 foot something. After much apologising from the crew, I think they realised that mooring alongside at knots was more than John Goode would recommend.

We decided it was time to head back to Sparkes, the last leg on our homewardbound journey. We left Lymington with that same wind blowing 25 knots from the West. We scooted dwn the Solent at 8 knots under the No. 3 jib - suddenly Andrew had a brainwave - "we could hoist the Spinnaker" - seemed at good idea at the time - at least that's what he said later!

Up it went, sunshine yellow and apple green. We death rolled down the Solent and things began to get out of hand. General Kaos reared its ugly head, the crew, Anne, began to beg " Please can we take this thing down?" Reluctantly, the skipper, eyes bulging and perspiration dripping from brow, agreed. It was decided that Andrew would let go the halyard and I would pull the sail in as the only crew member (and Galley Slave) on board.

As the spinnaker started to come down it was caught by a gust at which point the sheet entwined itself around my waist like an amorous Python. I felt my feet lift from the deck and, like Peter Pan, I was launched into the air. (I used to be 4' 8" now I'm 5' 2") Fortunately, I was caught squarely across the face by the shrouds which I clung to like King Kong on the Empire State.

"No!, No!, No!" Andrew shouted, " that's no good, we'll have to bring it down another way", at which point our lovely Spectra sheets decided to abandon ship, detached themselves from the clew and, regrettably, joined the other flotsam and jetsam of the Seas.

Well, we stared at the flailing mass of cloth billowing forth down the Solent before a decision was reached to drop the pole and winch the Bastard in, to the cheers of passing yachtsmen.

The moral of the tale is :-

The Eldest of the Gods, Him say: Make sure you service your wenches regularly.

by Anne and Andrew
GENERAL KAOS

Andrew obviously has a thing about spinnakers. He "guested" aboard SYCORAX for the first race of the Winter Series, volunteering for foredeck! Great, until the first spinny hoist when he clipped it on sideways!!! But that's another story. Ed.

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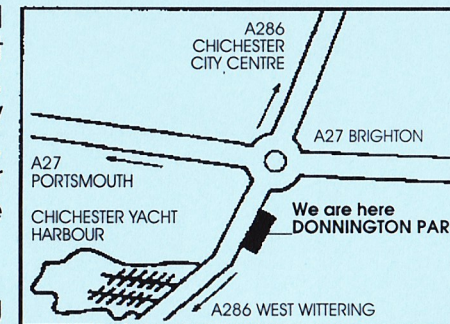
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