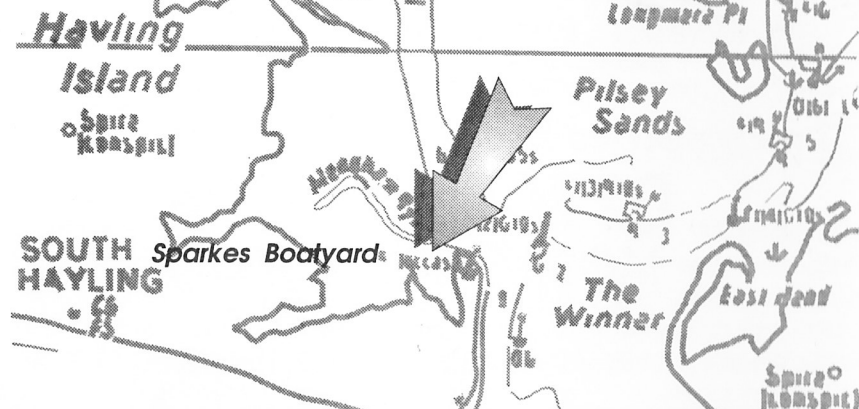


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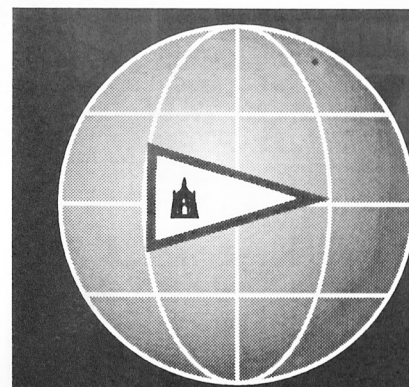


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Spring 1997

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## Editorial SPRING 1997



Well, our last issue prompted so many generous remarks and expressions of enthusiasm for a free read that we are going for more issues this year.

With luck and the considerable help of our contributors, we will try to follow this issue, which tries to rouse you from the swirling mists of winter torpor with memories of sailing past, anti-fouling present and sailing future in early season, with a Summer issue including results of the new early points series and an Autumn edition as we battle it out for the glory of the late series culminating with the first four races of the HISC Winter series. Finally, if the repairs and fitting out plans permit, a Winter issue to review the year and look through the mists to next season.

Don't forget to allow more time to get to the start this

year - all races other than passages will start in the vicinity of Hard to give more options to the OOD to set a good line and first leg. Hopefully, the first leg will then be to windward, if not I understand the OOD will buy the first round of drinks - well it was worth a try! Perhaps the closer starts might see some boats out from the Southsea Marina and Langstone Harbour - they would be made very welcome.

As a new boy at the Committee meetings, I am struck by the focus there on the important things in life - anything to do with racing and socialising - and an almost complete absence of the administration of property or vast organisational structures (and the politics which go with them!). This leaves plenty of time and energy for actually taking part. The consequence is that those that minister unto the needs

of the sailors are themselves active participants and therefore closer to the issues than in many conventional clubs. The danger of failing to communicate, by assuming everyone knows anyway, is ever present in this situation. We have no notice board on the wall in the entrance. So more effort is being made in this direction by the Committee, following suggestions from the AGM, one new initiative being the publication of the Committee's deliberations, priced for easier digestion, in this magazine. At this time of year the Committee meet more frequently so there are a couple of meetings to report. I now need feedback, please, on this innovation to develop the magazine as a more effective and interesting means of communication in both directions.

Front Cover - LOHENGRIN takes Omega Trophy for Spring Series.

## Commodore's Foreward

May I wish both all our members and other readers a very enjoyable and exciting sailing season in 1997.

Our programme this year has been organised with racing for separate early and late points series allowing space for racing for fun and trophies in the middle of the season. The points series, originally introduced to encourage greater turnouts, have tended to be decided in the first few races but now, with two shorter series, it should be possible for more boats to contest the major series trophies without compromising attendance on the longer passage races and other events.

We are lucky to enjoy excellent relations with HISC and, uniquely, our Autumn series incorporates the first four events of the HISC Winter series which is Open to all cruisers. We hope this will encourage new competitors from other clubs in Chichester Harbour and perhaps even from Langstone Harbour to join us.

The trophies and attractive social events in the

summer will encourage better turnouts and wider opportunities for new members to enjoy our special blend of CCRC activity. The cruise around Seine Bay, following the usual passage race across the Channel, will start in the north and work south enabling an easy passage back in time for those racing Round the Island. The cruise leaders, Chris and Walter Brown, will blend their skills in golf, boules and singing with the hedonistic pleasures of the French watering holes to ensure great fun for everyone.

Following suggestions and discussion at the AGM, our events in Hayling Bay, "Bay" races, will now start using "Hard" buoy, providing opportunities for better choice of course in all wind conditions and less trouble with shallow water and traffic. It will mean getting up a little earlier! Our thanks to Walter Brown who has revised all the Standard Numbered Courses to this new start point.

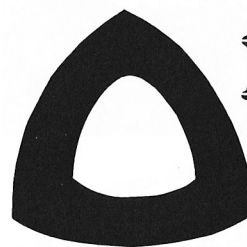
Next year represents an important milestone in our history with the Golden

Anniversary of our founding in 1948. We want to use the occasion, not only to celebrate, but also to inform the Yachting community in Chichester Harbour and beyond of the success of the Club both in competition and socially. A number of ideas are being considered for our celebrations but we are sure there is a wealth of imagination and ideas among the members and their crews - do let us know and we will take them into account in our planning for the 1998 season.

I am sure the 1997 season will be both challenging and enjoyable with its new programme format, new Racing Rules, new committee and, most importantly, we hope, many new members. Lets make 1997 a great prelude to our 50th. anniversary and remember that the best endorsement is the introduction of new members to the pleasures of sailing with the C.C.R.C.

Safe, fair and enjoyable sailing in 1997.

**Mike Smith  
Commodore  
Major Gamble**



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# News from around the CCRC World

## HARBOUR NEWS

### The Harbourmaster

We are sorry to report that our present Harbourmaster, Capt. John Whitney is to retire at the end of June this year. His successor, Lieut.-Colonel John Davis has already been appointed and will take office, right at the height of the season, on July 1st., lucky man!

John Whitney has contributed greatly to the well being of the Harbour for years, achieving the difficult balance between the conflicting interests in an area under such pressure. The essential character of the harbour has been maintained while the natural resources have been considerably enhanced. We owe him a considerable debt for his wise direction of the Harbour.

The new Harbourmaster enjoyed a career in the Royal Marines, most recently as Director of the Royal Marine Reserves at Whale Island, in Portsmouth Harbour. The great news for us is that he too is a leisure sailor, having sailed, since his childhood, in Chichester Harbour and therefore already knows it well.

John Davis will, surely, continue to strive for the balance of interests but it will be good to know someone, with a lifelong interest in the Harbour, is in charge. We wish him luck and lots of fun in his new appointment.

### West Pole Swatchway

The intrepid sailor, or those with no fear or imagination, will have used the narrow half tide channel at the west side of the Harbour entrance to get quickly into Hayling Bay, without plugging through the tide and chop all the way out to the Bar Beacon.

Well, Colin Huggins, of the Cruising Association, now reports that the beach has changed shape radically in recent weeks.

The West Pole Swatchway is, in his words, "GORN!" The so called "channel" was rather more of a gulley and now it is rather less than that.

The drying height is now 1.3 metres above datum AT BEST. And, like "Longobarda" on the Needles Ledge, you have to allow for atmospheric pressure (0.01m. reduction in depth for EACH millibar above 1016mb.)

If you are going to risk it, the advice is to go 250 metres south of the Eastoke Beacon (red can) before turning westward onto 252 deg. TRUE with the Ryde Church Spire showing between the No Mans Land and Horse Sand forts. This should keep you at least 200 metres off the red/green/cardinal topmarks which mark the beach groynes.

And may your God go with you!

### STOP PRESS NEWS

LOHENGRIN wins the Omega fleet Spring Series from ARION, whilst EXCALIBUR pips SAREEMA by just ¼ of a point with GOPHER BROKE third. In the Beta fleet RIMAU proved that if you turn out regularly you can do well as they were the only boat in that fleet to compete in every race. They beat early series leaders ARD RIGH into second place with PENROSE III third.

The seven race series was shortened to just five races when the last two races had to be called off due to strong winds and heavy seas off the Chichester Bar Beacon which made it impossible for an OOD to start the races!

The Club now starts a series of individual trophy races through the summer months before we start the Autumn Series in September.

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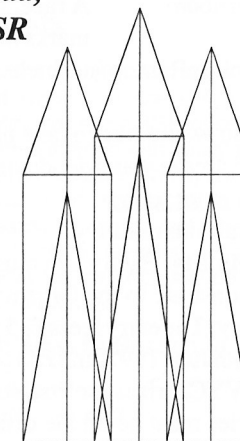
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## The 6th Annual CCRC Corporate Sailing Event on

**Wednesday 9th July 1997**

CCRC Corporate Sailing is aimed at those members who like to offer clients and business colleagues a sailing experience.

The objective is to provide an interesting, enjoyable and memorable day on the water, and at the same time help CCRC fulfil its objective of promoting competitive sailing in Chichester Harbour.

### Programme

**Morning:** Race training or pottering as you wish, to arrive in time for ...

**Lunch:** At Sea View Yacht Club, a classic yacht club on the Isle of Wight with superb panoramic views of Spithead, Hayling Bay and St Helens Roads. Having recently celebrated its Centenary, SVYC has a wealth of experience in catering for the gastronomic needs of the hungry, and thirsty, yachtsman and yachtswoman, so a memorable repast is ensured.

*Menu - Smoked Mackerel Terrine or Spinach with Nutmeg Soup  
or Wild Boar Pate or Mediterranean Hors d'Oeuvre  
Delice of Scottish Salmon or Rack of Lamb  
Choice of Desserts  
Cheese and Biscuits  
Coffee*

**Afternoon:** A race, starting from the Sea View Yacht Club line, rounding various marks in Hayling Bay, and finishing at Chi Racing Mark.

**Evening:** Raft up in Chichester Harbour for prize giving party.

If you would like to take part in this unique opportunity to entertain your clients, motivate staff, amaze your friends, and get in some extra sailing during the week without feeling guilty, then enter today.

### Conditions of Entry

**Eligibility:** Each yacht must be skippered by a member of CCRC, who should be prepared to demonstrate to the Organisers a business association with the remainder of the crew.

**Entry:** The entry fee is £35 per crew member, including the skipper, for entries received prior to 16th June 1997, and £55 per crew member thereafter. The entry fee includes lunch with wine at SVYC, prizes for first, second and third places in the race, and a memento of the occasion. Entries must be on the official entry form and accompanied by the entry fee. SVYC can accommodate a maximum of 60 people, so please enter early.

**The Race:** The race will be sailed under the current ISF Racing Rules, the RYA Prescriptions thereto and the CCRC Standard Sailing Instructions. Race instructions, written or verbal, will be issued at SVYC.

**FOR A COPY OF THE ENTRY FORM PLEASE CONTACT  
RICHARD CREER OR THE SAILING SECRETARY**



*Last Season, we published two installments of Sareema's trip across "the Pond" during her participation in the ARC 1995. Here, at last, is the final instalment, with details of the Caribbean Cruise and safe return to the UK.*

### An Overview of Cruising in the Caribbean

We didn't have long enough to cruise the Caribbean, but we did get an overview. The following is an overview of events that stuck out in our memories.

#### Boat Boys.

Wherever we went in the Caribbean, we came across boat boys. Some of them would appear, manfully rowing with a plank of wood a windsurf board or local rowing boat, from as far off a bay as two miles away, wanting to tie the boat up to the trees for EC\$7 (#2.50). After either agreeing to meet them in the bay or giving a tow back to the bay, the boat boy would tell us where it was best to anchor and then take our rope to the nearest tree. It was not worth trying to do this ourselves. If we failed to use one of the locals, our rope would inevitably disappear during the night. On arrival, our boat would then be surrounded by a swarm of boat boys, selling everything from mangoes to trips up the river. This was inevitably time to put up our canopy and for me to disappear below. It was great fun watching the charter boats. All the boat boys we met were

very polite and helpful but I wouldn't like to upset one.

#### Jungle River

We had heard that Dominican locals could be rough and not very friendly. We met Albert (our boat boy!). He was very quiet. On asking where the Purple Restaurant (according to our pilot book) was, he pointed to a wreck on the beach 'Luis', the bar was in a similar state. The beach was also littered with various ship wrecks and washed up yachts. Albert then took us up the 'Jungle River', (my terminology). He rowed us up a river which quickly closed in surrounded by mangrove swamps. It was a wonderful experience and well recommended.

#### Customs Officials

Do not expect to hurry the local officials. We had no bother, but then we weren't in a hurry. In Falmouth Harbour in Antigua, we sat outside the office for over an hour waiting for the officials to arrive. It was very pleasant watching the world go by and waited for their arrival. It was never worth hassling the officials to go faster as nothing could be guaranteed to put the brakes on faster and for awkwardness to be exaggerated. We now have lots

of wonderful stamps in our passports as well.

#### Anchoring

There were plenty of charter boats. The best entertainment was anchoring. In Salt Whistle Bay in the Grenadines, we anchored overnight. There were at least 40 boats in a not very large bay. It is fairly easy anchoring in no tide, but the charter boats would come roaring in, throw all the anchor and chain out, slam into reverse and then head back through the anchored yachts.

#### Squalls

Not very pleasant in the UK but when you are sailing in swimwear and a 35 knot squall comes through with heavy rain and low visibility, it really is a big decision whether to put on foul weather gear or not. It is exhilarating, reaching off in a downpour (as long as it doesn't last too long!).

#### Antigua to Bermuda

940 miles  
16 - 30 April

#### Diary of a passage

Nigel was to be our crew. We met in Antigua for the first time, the day before departure. I had to collect the EPIRB we

had air-freighted out to Antigua. Having been assured by BA that we could carry it out as hand luggage, they then advised us that we couldn't and would have to go air-freight. Having arranged for it to go out on the flight before, BA then refused to accept it, it missed the plane, and went out on our flight. I then had to go back to Antigua airport to collect it the next day. Customs delighted in sending me to about 7 individuals to get papers stamped by each and every one. Be warned!

After a leisurely preparation of the boat (Caribbean time!) and stocking up of the provisions, a quick scrub of the bottom of the boat, we eased out of Jolly Harbour on Thursday 18 April.

Quite a bit of wind blew, 20 knots NE/E, but the sun shone. We set out on our course of 006 degrees.

For two days the wind blew, gradually reducing to about 10 knots. On the evening of Saturday, we gradually approached a big black cloud. This cloud did not seem to move with the rest of the clouds. From this cloud, shafts of lightening shot. 'Don't worry' said skipper, 'it will blow away'. It didn't. It was my shift, and it was like

sailing through a corridor into another world. The lightening still flew, but now from all around. Two hours later, the cloud still had not moved (we had approx. 20 knots wind) and we gradually came out from under this cloud. Nigel took over his shift, with another black cloud in front of him. An hour later, we altered course to go behind the cloud, as this one hadn't moved either. Dramatic bolts of lightening threw out from this cloud continually. We tried tacking to try and get away. Getting nowhere, we then tacked back and bore away, trying to run before it. Gradually we eased away, and as a squall effect from the cloud chased us, off we shot (at least 30-35 knots). As the night went on, there were yet more black clouds around us, all emitting lightening at frequent intervals.

**We now had  
three reefs in  
the main and  
the number  
3 jib.**

We now had three reefs in the main and the number 3 jib.

Towards dawn, we finally came out of the front, into blue sky with fluffy white clouds. The wind was 20-25 knots from the East and the seas had built up considerably. Up and down we bounced for the next 24 hours.

Monday morning, the seas gradually began to settle and the wind subsided. By Tuesday morning, it was how it should be, rolling blue seas, 15 knots on the beam and blue, blue seas. Occasional sea birds came to inspect the boat, flying fish frequented the deck and we rolled on.

Robert consulted his weather fax. A high was going to settle over Bermuda and I would have blue seas, blue skies and the wind would diminish.

Gradually the wind became more and more aft, we went back on the rhumb line and sailed on.

Tuesday evening, we saw the Green Flash.

Wednesday evening, the wind picked up, so did the seas. Thursday morning, approx 03.00, back down to three reefs, we dropped the headsail in order to maintain our course and not to arrive in Bermuda too early as,

with the tide, we were speeding in at 7-8 knots.

Bermuda is surrounded by reefs, the only safe approach is from the south-east, with a buoyed entrance into St Georges.

20 miles off, it was like Piccadilly circus, with a cruise liner going round in circles, a tanker going another way, and another yacht bobbing around, all waiting for daylight. Dawn came, weak and watery. Heavy rain clouds passed overhead. Visibility was down to about 5 miles. It was not as I had been promised.

One mile out of St Georges, I radioed in to get permission to enter the shipping channels (sufficiently wide for one ship and no more). A very British voice replied and gave us the all clear. Passing through the narrow Town Cut passage, we entered St Georges harbour, checked into Customs and came alongside the harbour wall,

outside a pub, where we had free berthing. We did not have far to stagger home that night. As it was, we were chatted to by all and sundry who passed by.

The Bermudans are very very friendly and polite, even wishing you a 'good morning' as they drive by. It is also very expensive.

## Bermuda to the Azores

1800 miles

R&A returned to Bermuda on 25 May 1996. We had left Sareema in Dockyard Marina, the other end of Bermuda. Next to the COUGH. After stocking up on 26 May, first thing on Monday morning we motored round to St Georges Harbour, checked out and at midday left Bermuda. There was approximately 15 knots Southerly. Blue sky, birds flying overhead, and another boat behind us. Autohelm on.

We were to face a very varied crossing. Distance 1800 miles as the crow flies. According to the routing map, we could expect NW round to SE 10-20 knots. 0.1% chance of North-easterlies.

At 5.00 p.m. Bermudan time, every day, I turned on the short wave radio and listened to Herb. Herb is an amateur short wave radio enthusiast, to whom many yachters call into every day, roll call at 4pm and then he speaks to everyone over the next 4-5 hours. He works out the weather for anyone sailing across the Atlantic, in the Gulf of Mexico, up the East coast of America and from the Caribbean to Bermuda. Yachts would radio in with their positions, wind speeds, directions etc. and Herb would predict the weather over the next 24, 48, 72 hours, usually very accurately and would advise the best direction to go to get the best wind and avoid the adverse winds.

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The first day, Herb advised boats leaving Bermuda to stay below 35 degrees latitude to avoid strong winds from a low leaving the USA. We did and had winds 15-20 knots. At 36/37 degrees North, they had gale force. It was also interesting to listen in to hear the positions of the other boats near us for comparisons of how we were doing.

Before we had left the UK, our PC had crashed and couldn't be repaired before we flew. No weather faxes.

Robert and I gradually settled into our shift pattern, three hours up, three hours down.

Two days into the trip, we tried to start the engine. No power. The batteries were flat. Through a series of deductions, we worked out that the alternator had packed up. We still had the solar panel, which should provide sufficient power for the radio, compass light and a little extra. We turned everything else off, including the autopilot. (On arrival in the Azores, we checked the batteries, and the solar panel had fully charged the battery it was connected to). We now had to hand steer. No more snoozing on duty. When we were reaching, we could lash the helm if the sails were properly set; when beating or running down wind, if there was sufficient wind to fill the sails, the sea was usually to lumpy to lash the helm and hold the course. So it was hand steering.

For the first 2-3 days we had a close reach with 15-20 knots, this gradually increased to 25 knots, until the low to our North had passed through. We had kept below the latitude as advised by Herb and missed the worst of the winds, but we still caught the tail of the low as it whipped through. The wind

then gradually died and then refilled to 15 knots on the quarter and blue skies - wonderful sailing weather.

This held for 2 days. We then saw our first whales. I happened to stand up to go and make some tea, two whales were gracefully swimming about 200 yds from the boat, on a parallel course. After about five minutes, they fell back and followed the boat for another ten minutes, respectfully keeping their distance. They then went away. It was definitely the highlight of the trip.

NE 15-20 knots then came in. We went on port tack for two days. Herb said go North and SW will come in. 'That's going backwards' said Robert. What we did find with ocean sailing is that you have to go where the wind is most favourable, not necessarily going forward and not like racing. So we went North. One day we only went 13 miles closer to the Azores. This was soul destroying. Eventually the wind grew less and less and finally we were bobbing around in very light and variable winds. We had reached the centre of the high. We carried on going North and gradually the winds started to fill in from the NW. We poled out the genoa and off we went again in the right direction.

We had a lot of trouble getting past the half way mark (900 miles) and then 1000 miles sailed mark. It took 9.5 days to get to the 1000 mile mark. The last 800 miles we did in 6.5 days.

Once the wind picked up from the NW, it gradually backed to SW and SW/S as two lows (to the North of the Azores and to the NW of the Azores) had a very strong effect, with fronts trying to break into the high to the West of the Azores, and we were off. The wind stayed in the 20-30 knot range. It was

fast. It also made us appreciate various weather systems.

I won't say a lot about the sailing from Bermuda to the Azores except it was fairly tough sailing and not very sociable as we only saw each other to hand over the helm and eat.

We saw the best wild life at sea ever. I also saw another whale, when Sareema was wallowing in no wind under great big black clouds as a front passed over at 5 in the morning. A large whale surfaced 20 feet from the boat, exhaled then submerged. I woke Robert who appeared tussled, missed the whale and went back down below. The whale reappeared once more and then left us.

The rougher seas encouraged spectacular displays: a smaller whale passed by the boat leaping 10-15 feet in the air several times and crashing down into the waves. The dolphins were also more active when the swell and waves had built up, leaping over the waves to come towards the boat.

We saw so many dolphins we got a bit blasé. They were fantastic, especially at night when they would shoot under and round the boat like torpedoes lit up by the phosphorescence.

There were different sea birds the whole way across. I have tried naming them from our books, but they remain big white Bermudan birds, small black birds, sea gulls and Azoran sea birds.

Fifty miles from the Azores, the wind died as a front went through. Robert hand cranked the engine (he got very good at hand cranking the engine) and we motored the last fifty miles. I wanted to get there.

The last twenty miles seemed to take the longest. It

still is the most wonderful feeling arriving in a new place, with hot showers and a bar.

We were going to carry on after 2-3 days break, but we had had enough and we needed to check the Alternator, so we flew home for a rest.

## Azores to Chichester, via Falmouth

1200 miles + 150 miles

We were to be joined on this trip by Julian (of Arc fame) and Alex Turner, recommended by Jackie Black.

We flew into Horta on Wednesday 10 July. After a check-up on the rigging, cleaning the bottom, stocking up the food and water reserves, a good meal and a good night's rest, we left on Thursday at midday. I was going down with Flu. With a good dose of Night Nurse, over the next 36 hours I only came up for my watch and to cook supper. We motored. There was no wind. We were to motor 200 miles to the North, to get out of the Azores High and pick up the prevailing Southwesterlies.

Lesson No.1. Prevailing winds do not prevail.

The autohelm was named Dom, (of Arc fame) and he worked very hard.

When I surfaced two days later, Julian was getting the dreaded cough and duly went to bed with the Night Nurse.

I started to look around me. The dolphins were wonderful, shimmering through the phosphorescence. There were also several sightings of whales and turtles, but very few ships.

On about the fourth day, Robert went to bed, but refused the Night Nurse. Alex and I had a wonderful sail. The wind picked up to about 12-15 knots on the beam and we had a lovely reach. Unfortunately, the wind

died during the night and the motor went on again.

The motor stayed on for most of the trip. We had enough diesel for 400 miles.

A whale drifted by the boat, about 20 yds away.

A swordfish leapt several times into the air a mile away.

Dolphins came to inspect us.

A very large turtle off the Scilly Isles, and lots more little ones off the Azores.

Not much happened but the wind didn't pick up. It would come up to about 7 knots at night then die during the morning and we would continue motoring.

About 300 miles from the Azores, a ship was sighted coming right up behind us. I tried contacting them on the radio. No response. It carried on coming. We were actually sailing with the spinnaker up. Robert headed up. The ship passed underneath us about 200 yards away. I tried on the radio again. 'Hello, beautiful woman'. He must be a friend! 'Are you having a good trip? My name is Ninos ..... I come from the Philippines..... there are thirteen of us on board ..... our cargo is rum' Four sets of ears pricked up 'Rum'. 'Rum' we replied. 'Yes, do you want some?' 'Yes please'. Over the next ten minutes, I had to relay my address (work I hastened to add) to Ninos so he could come and visit me when in London and so that he would put a gallon of rum over the back of the boat. 'It is concentrated. You have to add 100% more water'. The boys were wide awake, boat hooks ready and clipped on leaning over the side. 'Go faster' said Ninos, 'we can't' I replied, 'we are going as fast as we can' 'O, we will put a bottle over the side of the ship and attach a float, can you pick up and let us know when you have retrieved.' 'Yes'. The boys

died during the night and the motor went on again.

kept their eyes peeled. 'Got it, bear away a little'. The Skipper showed us how to do a perfect pick up, with the spinnaker, and the bottle was retrieved first try. The lid was opened and we all recoiled from the fumes. I radioed back to the ship to let them know we had got the bottle and thank you very much. (Note: I am still waiting for Ninos to turn up at the office!). The bottle is still on board as we never drink alcohol at sea and is awaiting dilution.

That was an afternoon's excitement.

We were still motoring (except for one day's sail and the occasional 3-4 hours sailing) 900 miles later.

Two hundred miles from Falmouth, we were desperate (or so we thought) for diesel. The crew were seriously considering asking passing ships for diesel, but we were sailors! The wind filled in again for 18 hours, then failed. Ninety miles from Falmouth the Skipper said that we could motor for six more miles, then it was engines off. Engines off. We lolloped for about two hours, then the wind gradually filled in, more and more (10-12 knots) and we reached in towards Falmouth.

Considering we motor sailed most of the way, we were quite pleased to complete this leg in 12 days, averaging 100 miles a day. We calculated that if we had 1 knot of tide with us all the time, we did 288 miles with the tide, maybe 300 miles sailing, and 750 motor sailing (we went due North from Azores before heading for Falmouth which added to total distance travelled).

After a quick shower and change and fuel up, we set off for Chichester, having a lovely reach in about 15-20 knots, the best sailing of the trip.



# "It's cold for the time of year"

*From our Florida Correspondent*

Rumour has it that the weather here in Biscayne Bay, Miami, may be cold for February. If that is true, the lobster Brits, fresh from the rigours of the European winter, could be in an even worse state. Sales of factor 30+ reached an all time high today with temperatures in the mid 80s and hardly a cloud in the sky.

The sailing, as that part of part of the SORC regatta not reported in the fashionable magazines, is based at three, luxurious clubs south of Miami at Coconut Grove. The classes here, apart from the Etchells in which we are sailing, include Melges 24, Hobie 33 (an exciting looking cruiser racer with conventional kite), multihulls and a PHRF (North American CHS type handicap system) cruiser fleet. At the other base in Miami Beach, the stars of the Mumm 30, several IMS classes and ID48 fleets are doing their glamorous thing in training and preparation for ritual money burning in the Admiral's Cup this year. However, where we are we can sail on virtually non-tidal shallow water in steady breezes with on a short chop to test us whereas, at Miami Beach, the seas are often huge in the stronger tides and the 20 or 25 knot breezes cause havoc with the brittle carbon fibre rigs when

they drop into the troughs at 8 or 9 knots upwind!

Britain is represented at Biscayne Bay by Keith Musto in the Melges 24 and three Etchells skippers based on the South coast, my helm Keith McCullagh in "Bumpy Ride", Itchenor Sunbeam, Bembridge Illusion and Cowes Etchells man Roger Wickens in "Moonlight" and Ted Fort, redoubtable Windermere, ex Soling and now Lymington, Beaulieu and Cowes sailor in "Rhumb Line". Our bowman, Charlie Pitcher, of Pitcher One Design in Cowes, did a great job, and all the hard work, getting the boats over here in their containers and setting them up ready for the week.

## North American marker and buoyage systems are generally designed to get you as rapidly as possible into the greatest possible danger

We arrive to find that Roger narrowly failed to win the Florida State Championship on the week-end prior to SORC and is in great form. Boats are arriving from all over the States, epic journeys being undertaken, by road, from the Great Lakes and Marblehead, upwards of 1000 miles away. Several days of

preparation follow, polishing hulls, checking rig measurements, gaining or losing weight to hit the 285 kg. limit and sussing out the best place for the days sandwiches and drinks. My skipper is called in to remove a resident Raccoon family from a cardboard box in the stern of one boat - sharp teeth these fellows and full of complaints about the disturbance and eviction.

The first challenge is to navigate out to the race area. North American marker and buoyage systems are generally designed to get you as rapidly as possible into the greatest possible danger. First they switch the reds and greens round the other way to mean exactly the opposite of what they mean in the rest of the world, then they guide you straight at the shallow water, stopping the marker posts just as the shallows begin. So, leaving the club dock at the Coral Reef Yacht Club, supposed to be the longest established in the State, if not North America, and steering to the first channel marker leads us straight onto the coral 'mud'. What we should have done is turn hard starboard at the end of the dock and sharply to port at the last pontoon - these Brits, they've no idea! Even the local boats get it wrong, there is always someone firmly aground somewhere in the entrance. Our tally for the week was only three groundings, quite a low

score.

Out on the race course, we are to sail windward/leeward courses with a spreader mark to keep the start of the run as excitement free as possible. The winds are strong and true all week with only 5 or 10 deg. change in direction from day to day. By the third day, we have learned that the sun block has to go on before you set sail, otherwise it merges with the salt water and runs down into your eyes and smears all over the sun glasses limiting sight of the windward mark somewhat. How we suffer for our sport.

We stun ourselves by leading round the first lap of the first race but we need more practice on the deep runs so our mid week results are not great. However, we learn fast and feel we are developing better speed all through the week. My over ambitious tactical calls lead us into trouble in three races when we have good position in the first 10 of the 26 boat fleet. In this class, we finish a two hour race with about two to three minutes between first and last, so a 360 or 720 penalty is

a major disaster - a 720 took us from 4th. to 22nd. on one occasion. The Etchells are noticeably more closely spaced than the Melges with their asymmetric kites dictating quite different downwind tactics.

Roger Wickens, with Mark Downer and Tim Martell, is sailing consistently fast, as expected, and is battling for 3rd. overall. We and Ted Fort are in competition for 8th. to 10th. overall, when we upset the form book by sailing a blinder in the final very exciting race and take a first, literally in the last boat's length. It was bound to happen eventually, we had been going better and better, so we had laid in the Veuve Cliquot and celebrated on the finish line in time honoured Grand Prix fashion by spraying the skipper with an egg-cupful and finishing the rest. Our overall result puts us 9th. with Ted Fort 14th. and our standard bearer, Roger Wickens, a proud 4th.

Our skipper is carried away and decides, there and then, to do the Marblehead Regatta late in July, so he gets Charlie to tow the boat the 1000+ miles up to

Boston for storage rather than shipping it home. A new boat is now due to appear in May so we're on for the UK Nationals at Lymington in June.

The social scene has been inordinately hectic with very friendly hospitality at the local clubs, the Coral Reef YC and the even more glamorous Biscayne Bay YC, with its uniformed staff, swimming pool and regular lunchtime city emigrants enjoying the beautiful environment and the daily display of parrots and pelicans. In Coconut Grove itself, the night life is extraordinary with street cafes, late night restaurants, bars, clubs, fashion shops, ice cream parlours and even a huge book shop open to the wee small hours in a very relaxed atmosphere. The area is one of the oldest settlements in Southern Florida and has a maturity that Miami lacks.

Memo: Make sure you get there next year - it isn't always hot in February but usually is!

**Nick Colbourne  
Arion**

## NOTE FOR SKIPPERS

An intolerant attitude toward mistakes can lead to "blame culture" which smothers creativity. The fear of making mistakes, or the fear of the consequences of being discovered, can be so great that crew members will try to avoid making mistakes of any kind.

This can result in habits that stifle innovation, creativity and continuous improvement; an adherence to tried and tested methods; intolerance of experimentation; the suppression of challenges; and the promotion of individual interests at the expense of the whole event.

Some mistakes should never occur. Amputating the wrong leg or putting the whole boat at risk through a poorly thought-out action are clearly unacceptable. But this does not mean that mistakes, **where the correct approach led to a disappointing outcome**, should be discouraged. Too many skippers confuse the two types and punish them equally.

**ANON**

## Editor, in humility:

Having to type this into the DTP system was a chastening exercise, I hereby apologise for all my transgressions, I wonder if this was actually written about me? I certainly feel guilty, as charged, plus I confess also to the very occasional slightly raised voice and a very, very rare expletive. We are now trying to develop better working in the boat by pooling ideas for improvement, and it works!

# THE ARIES CRUISING GUIDE

Aries is a Trapper 300, built circa 1978. She measures 8m. overall and is built of the finest materials that a devalued pound could buy. After being laid up for six years, Aries was bought by yours truly in the Spring of 1994 and, following copious infusions of blood, sweat and tears, and a run on the pound only exceeded by Norman Lamont's attempts to prop up Sterling prior to Britain quitting the ERM, she is now in fine fettle.

Advertising of the era describes the Trapper 300 as '5 berth Cruiser Racer' but neglects to mention that accommodating five souls on board requires a degree of intimacy usually found on 17th. century slaving ships. Nevertheless, the Skipper, Steve Miller and when available, Stoker ( 2nd. class ) Guy "Brains" McBride, will endeavour to ensure a cruise aboard Aries will be truly unforgettable. We, the paid hands have a number of time honoured traditions and customs, some of them going as far back as 3 days or more - all have been evolved to ensure the smooth running of the ship and maintaining the necessary discipline amongst the crew and guests. Foremost among these

traditions is Ritual Disembowelment of crew on the foredeck for an infringement of the rules. The same treatment is often meted out as a sacrifice to appease the Gods if there is (a) too much wind or (b) too little wind, although to be honest, we sometimes do it just to relieve the tedium of a long passage.

**Reveille (for the crew and guests) when in harbour is at 0330 hrs. and involves, primarily, making copious quantities of tea for the Skipper, (the ban on eating and drinking doesn't apply to him) who will be in his pit.**

## Cruising Grounds

Aries cruises depart from Hayling Island - playground of the Rich and Famous - and her normal cruising grounds are the balmy waters of the Solent and

the idyllic shores of that 'Jewel of the Southern Seas', the Isle of Wight. During the cruise, we shall, no doubt, be stopping at such exotic places as Bembridge (Internationally acclaimed for the quality of its Mud), Yarmouth and even, possibly, sampling the serenity and tranquillity of Southampton Water. Shore leave can be arranged and very popular are visits to Cowes where one can enjoy a pleasurable afternoon bartering with the natives and the basic unit of currency is the 'Goat'. We can organise favourable exchange rates (Sterling to Goats) but the small change given is 'Kids', so please make sure to spend all your goats and try not to bring any 'loose change' back on board since space is quite limited and even a few goats on board eat the ropes and make a big mess. A few words of caution here about shore leave - despite what you may have read in the tabloid press, incidents of cannibalism on the Island have been grossly over-exaggerated and the last reported case was over six months ago (and *that* was in the hinterland). I'm also happy to report that white slaving has now been virtually stamped out (with the possible exception of blondes) but, nevertheless, do take some care (and a sub-machine gun) when going ashore.

## The Yacht

A guided tour of Aries starting in the forepeak shows

the luxuriously appointed Owner's Stateroom complete with en-suite Heads(toilet). A note here - the heads are not, under any circumstances to be used at all, they are for looking at and appreciating for their aesthetic qualities only. For this reason, **ships standing orders** impose a complete ban on eating and drinking whilst on your cruise and any attempt to smuggle Mars Bars on board, or nipping ashore for a curried goat will carry grave repercussions. However, no-one could accuse yours truly of being insensitive to the 'biological' needs of the crew - especially those of the female persuasion - so for dire emergencies only, Aries is equipped with a bucket - sitting the bucket on the foredeck, one is guaranteed complete privacy for the odd morning 'constitutional.'

Moving aft, we come to the saloon. This is the nerve-centre of the ship and, as well as the navigation area of the ship, also forms the heart of the ship for the joyous on-board social life - it is a place where we can all meet and chat in pleasant, informal surroundings, swap various nautical yarns, admire the bilge water and suchlike. It is also the Galley (kitchen) where, if eating and drinking were allowed, guests could knock-up a Beef Wellington or soufflé at the drop of a bollard. The sink in the galley is very much like the heads (except not quite so sanitary) and likewise, must not be used. Past attempts at pouring anything down the sink, other than the purest of water, resulted in an instant blockage necessitating the skipper having to suck it out and, consequently, meting out retribution for the offending crew member.

Gash (rubbish) storage on any boat is always a problem

and we cope with this on Aries in our own special way - basically in fine weather when one (mainly the Skipper) is basking in the sun, the cabin is used for gash. Conversely, in really foul weather when the Skipper is ensconced in his pit and the guests are on deck braving the elements, the cockpit is used.

Note: 'Fisherman-style Wellingtons on board are *de-rigueur* due to the compost mulch in the cockpit.

**If you're still not convinced of the attractions of an 'Aries Cruise', many survivors will I'm sure be only too happy to provide testimonials - most can be contacted at the 'Sunshine Home for the Terminally Depressed' at Ashby-de-la Zouch.**

Sleeping arrangements are somewhat vague, there are, as already mentioned, five of what are laughingly called 'berths' on board, ranging in size from 'cramped' to a 'shelf'. Guests can choose whichever bunk they like providing - and unless female and on intimate terms with the Skipper - he's not there first.

## Navigation on Aries

Prudent Navigation on board any yacht is vital and to this end, no expense has been spared to know our (usually dire) position.

I'm sure we've all heard of the 'fly-by-wire' technology used by the latest commercial aircraft, well, Stoker (2nd. class) Guy "Brains" McBride has adapted this technology to Aries with typical panache. Essentially it involves carrying a 20 mile nautical drum of cheesewire on-board, one end very securely fastened to our home port mooring buoy, and paying out the wire behind us. When all the wire is out, our position is therefore straightforward - we are somewhere on the circumference of a 20 mile radius arc from our home port - what could be simpler? Guy is working on a Mk. 2 version where the cheesewire has a knot tied in at 1 mile intervals and, by counting the knots, reckons we can really *hone-in* on our position. It sounds too complicated to me and is bound to be fraught with *bugs*, besides, my feeling is that if God had intended us to know our *exact* position *at all times*, He'd never have blessed us with Women. Incidentally, a major advantage of this Sailing-by-Wire technology is that it is also a fairly simple matter for guests to haul in the cheesewire (please bring your own gloves) to get us back to port in case of fog or engine failure.

## Safety

**Sailing is not all fun! - This point cannot be stressed highly enough.** The Skipper has many onerous duties and responsibilities and is ever mindful of his own safety and, sometimes, even that of others. In view of this, Aries carries a full complement of Catherine Wheels and Roman Candles for distress signals when appropriate. There are adequate harnesses and lifejackets aboard for the Skipper and a comprehensive first-aid

kit comprising an Elastoplast. Also a *Ships Aspirin* is carried for those inevitable emergencies such as when a female crew member gets a 'headache'.

### Ship-board Customs and Watch-keeping duties

Reveille (for the crew and guests) when in harbour is at 0330 hrs. and involves, primarily, making copious quantities of tea for the Skipper, (the ban on eating and drinking doesn't apply to him) who will be in his pit. Morning prayers are held in the cockpit at 0500 hrs. to the strains of 'For those in peril on the Sea' from the ship's cassette player, when due offerings are made to the 'Donk' in the vain hope it will start on request.

All crew members and guests are expected to 'stand their watch' - **no excuses are permissible**. As a general rule, the Skipper is always off-watch during the hours of darkness, whenever it's raining, too cold, too rough, when we're required to pay Marina fees or when we're about to be run down by a supertanker.

If you're still not convinced of the attractions of an 'Aries Cruise', many survivors will I'm sure be only too happy to provide testimonials - most can be contacted at the 'Sunshine Home for the Terminally Depressed' at Ashby-de-la Zouch.

In conclusion, I trust both newcomers to sailing and old hand alike will take heart from these cruise notes intended only to enhance your anticipation and enjoyment of a typical Aries Cruise - Welcome Aboard.

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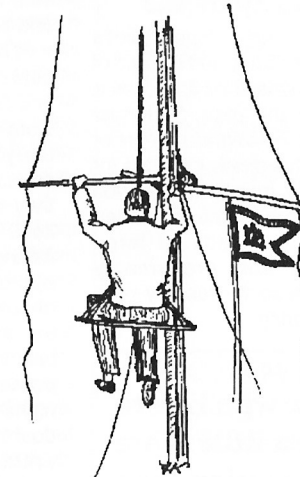
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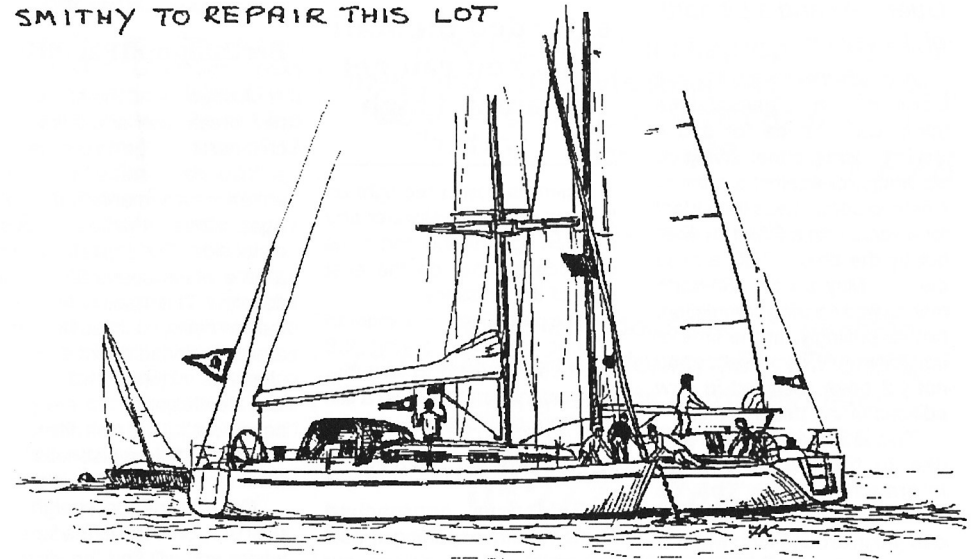
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WHEN I SAID GO FOR THE COMMITTEE BOAT END  
I DIDNT EXPECT YOU TO TAKE IT LITERALLY

# Mind the Gap

*Summer hols for Goldeneye's joint-owner and I were a cruise gastronomique through the Channel Islands and Adjacent Coast of France in the aftermath of the St. Malo Race. Always keen to try new ports - well alright, new marinas - and knowing that the CCRC Spring cruise had already checked it out; we decided to look in at Carteret. For those who don't know where Carteret is, it's about a third of the way down the left-hand side of the Cherbourg Peninsula; more or less opposite Guernsey and a bit north of Jersey.*

According to the pilot books Carteret is a pleasant little town with space for a few visiting yachts, either drying on moorings, or against a quay or a fishing boat. Less than ideal for a yacht with a 6 foot fin keel, but by the time CCRC arrived there in May a new 330-berth marina was nearing completion. Not surprisingly, at the time of our visit in July, its presence had not yet been reflected in new editions of the usual pilots.

This article is for those who like to have a little more information than "They've extended the wall and You can get in around high water". Not that these instructions proved insufficient for our purposes, indeed they are a

pretty accurate summary of the situation, but a little more detail never comes amiss.

## Charts

Take your existing pilot's Carteret chartlet, find the end of the main west jetty and draw a line from the (now no longer there) Oc. R 4s light in a more or less south easterly direction for about 100 metres (scale, you fool). This is the extended breakwater, made of large boulders and presumably stopping a south-westerly swell from entering.

**This article is for those who like to have a little more information than "They've extended the wall and You can get in around high water"**

There is now a red light on the end of this breakwater and a green light on the end of its opposite number on the east side of the entrance.

The patch in my pilot marked Yacht Harbour drying 9.8 has been dredged to form the new marina, protected by a sill, but more of this later.

## Approach and Entry

Goldeneye approached from St Helier, departing at local low-water. After picking our way through the Violet Channel, we had a pleasant trip and even

had dolphins around the boat. Carteret is tucked under its imposing eponymous Cap and is a bit difficult to spot from the sea. But have faith in your GPS and eventually you will get there.

The time to get there is between about 2? hours before and 2 hours after HW. At this state of the tide it seems to me that you can ignore all rocks and soundings in the offing because they will be well beneath your keel. Of more concern are the fishing floats, with which the approach is particularly well endowed. For this reason, and the apparent absence of any leading lights, Carteret is perhaps best not attempted at night. But if needs must, no doubt it could be done - the entrance is really straightforward and there should be enough light off the land to see where you are going.

## Berthing and Facilities

Just go round the end of the new breakwater and follow the channel till you get to the marina - You can't miss it. The entrance to the marina is through a gap in the sill, marked by a post either side. The gap is filled with a gate which opens as the sill covers. The gap is then 1.3 metres deep, so if you have the aforementioned 6 foot draught, give it 20 minutes or so. There is a depth gauge on the port-hand post but it is a bit difficult to make out. A light also tells you whether or not the gate is open.

Once inside, go straight on past the pontoons to the far end where you will find the visitor's berths. Raft up on the east side of the last pontoon. When we

were there we enjoyed a stiff easterly, so it was a lot of fun trying get out of a slot with three yachts rafted up ahead of us and two large power boats behind, but normally this should be a nice sheltered spot.

Water and electricity on the pontoons. Brand new yacht club with toilets and showers nearby. It looked like the fuel pontoon was not yet in operation in July, but everything else was working. Mooring fees were FF151 per night in July and August. M Blancheton, the Harbour Master, speaks English and is keen to attract visiting yachts..

Its a few hundred yards from the marina to Carteret town centre; it is indeed a pleasant little town, and quiet too. There are enough shops and restaurants to sustain one for several days. The brochure promises gastronomic delights with fresh fruits de mer, but you do need a jacket and tie to dine at the best place in town.

## Departure

At first sight the trip from Carteret to Cherbourg looks impossible on one tide until you take into account the fact that you can do in excess of 12 knots over the ground through the Alderney Race. We left after breakfast and were moored up in time for lunch!

So there you have Carteret - a nice quiet spot to relax in for a day or two. It really is easy to get in and out; I think I have the details right, but if you do manage to find the only hazard for miles around then I disclaim all responsibility. Go there and enjoy it before the crowds arrive.

Cap'n Creer

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# The Challenge of Goury

"Goury has always been difficult of access, a port for the experienced and intrepid who visit it for the challenge rather than any practical value it has as a port of passage. Now that the main part of the harbour is full of private moorings, there is also a severe problem of finding a berth. I can only advise against a visit ....."

These are the words of Mark Brackenbury in his excellent "Normandy and Channel Islands Pilot" (published by Adlard Coles Nautical) about the tiny port which lies between Alderney and Cherbourg, just below Cap de la Hague at the north western tip of the Contentin Peninsular.

Well, as he says, if one goes, one goes for the challenge. We went!

Marigold was in Port de Chantereyne, the Cherbourg marina, waiting for a south westerly 7 to blow itself out and for our good friends Phil and Jean to join us to cruise to the Channel Islands. We met them at the ferry terminal, concerned that they would have had a rough crossing even on a stabilised ship as big as the P&O ferry and might need a day or two to recover before tackling the Alderney Race in something much smaller.

However, they were eager to make the most of their holiday, so over dinner in the Yacht Club



that evening we decided to go the following day to Omonville, where I had long wanted to visit the attractive little restaurant with pink tablecloths that overlooks the harbour.

**Not even the kindest visitor would describe Goury as a pretty place but it was certainly interesting.**

The next day the wind had moderated from a steady 7 to a gusty SW 5 with sunny periods and heavy showers. Omonville-la-Rogue is only 7 miles west of Cherbourg and is well sheltered by its harbour wall from all but easterly wind. Nevertheless, there was a moderate swell in the little harbour when we arrived. The

entrance is just south of Le Tunard beacon and is easy to find. There are two large visitors' buoys and the small beach shelves steeply to give 3 metres depth fairly close inshore. We had set off early, but, sadly, not early enough. By the time we arrived at the restaurant it was fully booked, not only for lunch but also for dinner. When we read through the menu we understood why. Le Patron seemed almost as upset as we were. "Je vous offre les quatre places pour demain, Monsieur?" he said hopefully. We hesitated. It really was an excellent menu. But Rita and I had already spent a week of our holiday getting from Chichester to Cherbourg and Phil and Jean had to be back in London in just over a week. Time was short. We decided to press on to the Anse de Saint-Martin.

I always think of the Anse as Normandy's equivalent of Studland Bay. It provides a

sheltered anchorage in all but northerly winds and has a few moorings off Port Racine (reputed to be the smallest in France) on its east-facing western shore. The wooded hillsides, with relatively few houses, make it a tranquil place for an overnight stay. Being just round the corner from Cap de la Hague, it is a convenient place to wait for a favourable tide before entering the Alderney Race. When we arrived there were three yachts which clearly had that in mind, two British in the anchorage in the south western corner of the bay and a French yacht in the south eastern corner. The only real hazard is the unmarked La Parmentiere rock in the middle of the approach which is awash at low water springs but which can be avoided by taking a back bearing on the Basse Brefort buoy and lining that up with Les Tuelots rocks.

The true quality of the shelter offered by the Anse de St-Martin quickly became apparent on the other side of the peninsular. It was, in the words of a good sailing friend, "blowing like old boots" and a vicious line of white water and overfalls seemed to stretch some considerable distance from the Gros du Raz lighthouse towards Alderney. Beyond and south of that, however, the sea was much flatter. The western extremity of the rocks off the point is marked by La Foraine buoy about 100 metres south of which two red beacons give a transit for the entrance to Goury south of La Magne rock. The outer beacon is left well to port after which two green starboard hand beacons mark the way into the tiny harbour.

When we arrived, a very large power boat named "Red Fox" was lying to a buoy in the approach channel, not far from

the outer lifeboat slipway, and was rolling uncomfortably in the swell. We learned later that this was the "trip boat" from Alderney which had brought a party of holidaymakers on a day trip to France. She was later brought alongside the jetty behind the breakwater to re-embark her passengers and her skipper started worrying about the tide when their coach was late returning from wherever they had been. It eventually arrived at speed and the passengers were transferred to the boat in a great hurry. We watched as Red Fox sped out to sea, planing off the waves and leaving a large white wake on her journey back to Alderney.

Goury is slightly smaller than Sparkes Yacht Harbour and is occupied mainly by small fishing boats which moor fore and aft to lines running across the harbour. It dries at low water and, like Lyme Regis, is no place to take a fin keel yacht unless you are prepared to strap it to the wall and take the ground as the tide recedes.

Not even the kindest visitor would describe Goury as a pretty place but it was certainly interesting. For us, its most appealing feature was the imposing hexagonal lifeboat house and museum. It has two slipways at different angles and the lifeboat sits on a turntable which can be angled to the slipway offering the most suitable conditions at different states of the tide. The museum records many dramatic shipwrecks and is well worth a visit. That apart, there is not much to see other than a few houses and a cafe.

From Goury we went down the coast, giving the drying harbour of Dielette, some nine miles to the south, a miss, and then past the impressive nuclear power station near Flamanville

with its huge water cooling reservoirs set into the cliffside.

Our destination, some 12 miles to the south, was Carteret. At the time of our visit, some years ago and before the more recent cruise there by CCRC, work on the marina had not started. It was then yet another drying harbour, with highish land, a square grey lighthouse, and a lengthy quayside to port. And a training wall and low sand dunes to starboard. Visiting yachts moored to the quay beyond the Jersey ferry and local fishing boats, with bilge keelers taking the ground further up the Gerfleur river and close to the dunes on the opposite side.

Carteret is a busy seaside resort and has many attractive restaurants. Mindful of how we had missed out at Omonville, we started early in search of dinner. But this was August and the town was full of holidaymakers. The first two places we tried were fully booked and turned us away. The third time we were lucky: we were given a warm welcome and a table with a view at the plush and most expensive of the quayside restaurants and enjoyed a fabulous meal of homard a l'Americaine. Paying by credit card put off the financial pain to a later date. We subsequently discovered that our restaurant was singled out as THE place to eat in all the best tourist guidebooks. We lingered long over dinner, watching the sun set over the sea and the harbour lights bring a sparkling end to an enjoyable day.

It was with great reluctance that we got into the little Citroen we had hired that morning and drove back to Marigold in Cherbourg marina!

**John Dunkerley  
Marigold**



## Excalibur's Island Double

On Friday August 23<sup>rd</sup>, for the second time in 1996, Excalibur set off from HISC bound for Cowes in dismal and windy conditions (south-westerly of course!) this time to take on all comers in the Royal Southampton Island Double for two man/person crews. Luckily for the skipper, crewman Mountifield had new oilies and was willing to test them thoroughly as we motor-sailed past the forts. Cowes was reached and a mooring picked up as the rain eased and June's excellent casserole repaired all frost bite. The forecast mentioned "sixes" and "sevens" maybe "eight" at times.

Morning didn't look too bad although still plenty of wind in the outlook so we motored out to survey the conditions and listened out for a possible switch to an inshore course. All is well for the full trip so at 0800 we're under orders, choose our rig (full main and blade in the F/4 SW), spot on the line (on starboard near the Squadron end) and eye up the opposition. Our class (CHS .910-.969) ranges from a 45ft classic down 28 footers including a large Beneteau with Aero rig. 0810

and we're off and quickly onto port to avoid the wind shadow under Gurnard. We cross the fleet! and stretch away into a strengthening breeze past Saltmead. A couple of slabs are needed to keep on our feet but still only the two largest boats, including the Beneteau with armchair ride, are ahead as we round the Needles (outside the Vavassi!).

**A couple of slabs are needed to keep on our feet but still only the two largest boats, including the Beneteau with armchair ride, are ahead as we round the Needles**

The moment of truth/a race winning strategy? Does the kite go up in 20 knots apparent and only a couple to control both helm and spi. We go for it (and the reefs are out!) and with heave and sweat surf past Hamo (photoman) at 12 knots towards Atherstone. Others try, some broach, some wallow without, and a couple overtake! a pretty dark 36 footer *Dark & Stormy* and a 707. Still we keep in sight round St Catherines (the kite is dropped so no difficult gybe) and on through Ventnor and Sandown Bay. The seas are huge with spume everywhere. Another gybe is needed and again the kite

dropped first. Disaster! the re-hoist gives a wrap and skipper has to balance in the pulpit to untwist as helm half lowers the halyard to shed the load - talk about knife edge stuff!

Excalibur surges on to Bembridge with the odd minor broach - blame tired arms on the helm - it couldn't be lack of skill(?) - and a calm conversion back to blade is achieved at the turn. The wind is abeam on the reach to the forts and the 2 slabs are re-inserted at that point. Where's the opposition now? We see the Hunter far ahead and *Dark and Stormy* is gone but the only the catamarans and the first boats of the largest class are around so we press on with hope. We need the inspiration because limbs are numb and muscles weak with no respite (how do they do this single handed round the world?).

We turn past Ryde Sands skirting the shallows, but at least we need not tack on the near beat. The 707 struggles under the weight of wind and is nearer - they have to lower their main - crew specks become oilskins and finally real people as we pass Norris. A few short tacks remain through Cowes Roads - some guns are heard! The tide buffets us back - we tack again - but it should have been one more because we finish and *Dark and Stormy* wins by 28 seconds. Still 2<sup>nd</sup> in class and 4<sup>th</sup> overall is not too bad for our first effort in Excalibur un-friendly weather - just wait for '97!

**Mike Tong**  
**Excalibur**

## WHAT'S IN A NAME

A long time ago, our Skipper, a keen Jazz fan, bought a superb Hi Fi set. His next door neighbour, knowledgeable in these things, asked why he should have such a fine reproduction unit just to play old 78 rpm records and offered to lend our Skipper some LP records suitable for such lofty equipment. Thus our Skipper came to hear Wagner in its full glory and was completely taken with the "Passion" (but he still loves Jazz).

When he bought his Wayfarer he needed a name and chose "Senta" which, as everyone knows, is the name of the heroine who gave her life for "The Flying Dutchman" in the

early Wagner opera. As she was Ghostlike, (she broke the magic curse which allowed the Flying Dutchman crew to come ashore only once every seven years to look for true love) the boat was black and so also the spinnaker. However, the other sails remained white.

So, we come to our Skipper's latest boat, made by Nautor but a "Swan" model. A subsequent opera to the Flying Dutchman was "Lohengrin" who was called to go forth and defend a maiden's honour - and how did he arrive?

Why, on a raft pulled by a Swan which actually was a young Prince with a curse on him!

Now here is a strange thing, the crew of Lohengrin all decided they should go to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden and see the actual opera live. Skipper "strongly advised" everyone (as Skippers do) to

borrow or buy a book on the subject and be fully understanding of the plot before the event.

The Skipper's Mate organised the necessary food for the evening, a glorious Marks and Spencer Wagnerian Extravaganza.

The ten minute bell (not gun) went at 5.50pm. and we were on our magical journey at 6pm. Two intervals of 25 minutes were used for food and wine and coffee and, being that the Skipper sat at the end of the row, he was able to make a quick exit (after a burst of applause and a cheer) to bag a suitable place for a camp. We finally left the Opera House at 10.50pm. to stroll homeward over Waterloo Bridge.

Did the crew enjoy another aspect of Lohengrin? You should ask them, you may be surprised!

**Anon.**

## SAILING SECRETARY'S NOTES

As always, time rushes by and here we are with the first part of the season already finished. The Spring Series should have included seven races, but the weather brought it to a conclusion a little earlier than expected!

Now we start the summer series of individual trophy races and I very much hope to see

more of you out on the water.

Although this newsletter will be at the printers well before the annual cruise many of you may not see it until you get back, by which time we will also have had the Round the Island Race. I hope both events will be as successful as ever for CCRC and generate plenty of material for the newsletter.

As many of you will know I have produced this newsletter in one form or another for nine

seasons, now, but I am handing it over totally to Nick Colbourne from now on. Nick has been responsible for the Editorial aspects for the past two years but is now gearing up with the DTP to take over the production as well. Please keep your contributions coming and let Nick have them, if possible, on PC format 3½" floppy disk.

Many thanks to all the contributors who have helped me over the past seasons.

**Brian Dandridge**

# What to do in the Winter

With no races on the calendar and it being too cold to start work on the boat, what on earth shall we do with ourselves?

Well, Di Wallace had the answer.

"Come on a First Aid course" she said. We all thought she might have been joking at the AGM but it did seem a good idea.

Di had managed to get a real professional 1st. Aider and Trainer, in the shape of Ray Pennock, to teach the very latest first aid techniques, especially those appropriate for us sailors, to fourteen CCRC hopefuls at the St. John Ambulance's headquarters in Weybridge during deepest February. We were also joined by a young ski instructor who needed his certificate as well - he was soon signed up to crew during this coming skiing closed season!

It was a full day. Ray, who, we soon discovered, is highly experienced in all aspects of first aid, particularly in relation to watersports, is an excellent teacher and held our attention throughout the day. Even the demonstration of real first aid on one of our number was handled with expert calmness and skill.

Apparently, it is by no means uncommon for the class to provide live first aid situations!

The main areas we covered included :-

Safety provisions for Clubs - maybe some issues to be considered here for our Club

First Aid kits - real ones containing at least the following

items for Inshore use:

6 triangular bandages  
10 Adhesive dressings (plasters - microporous, non-allergenic and including butterfly shaped ones good for fingers and heels)  
Sterile dressings - No. 8 large, No. 9 ex. large, No. 16 eye pad  
2 crepe roller bandages  
Safety pins, scissors, gloves, resuscitation aid,  
Wound wipes

Eye wash - weak saline solution in single use phials  
Melonin dressings  
Instruction card and NOT containing cotton wool, gauze or antiseptic creams, of course!  
Rather more kit is recommended for offshore activity

How to get help  
Initial assessment  
Heart problems  
DRABC - Danger, response, airway, breathing, circulation  
Recovery position  
Drowning - of special interest to us non-swimmers!  
Asthma and its treatment  
Panic attacks and hyperventilation - you really do use a brown paper bag!  
Hypothermia - surprisingly normally omitted from 1st. Aid courses  
Hyperthermia - unusual in our climate!

Bleeding - I kept my eyes shut in this section  
Shock and trauma  
What to do with bits that fall off - teeth, fingers and the like  
Broken limbs  
Muscle strains and joint sprains  
Burns - it really does work to cool for a long time - as many 10min. periods as a r e

necessary to remove the pain  
Anaphylactic shock - bee stings, peanut allergies etc.

We were all given an excellent First Aid Manual published, as the authorised manual of St. John Ambulance, St. Andrew's Ambulance and the British Red Cross, by Dorling Kindersley. Ours is now established on the boat where we seem to have some sort of injury almost every time we race!

Ray's talk was interspersed with demonstrations and practice sessions and with clips from videos from the RYA and Coastguard/RNLI. From his wide experience, Ray had many illustrations of the value of 1st. Aid and the funny side too!

We all managed to secure our RYA certificates but, more importantly, we have a little working knowledge of what to do in an emergency. This doesn't remove the natural concern one has in those situations but, at least, there is a better chance of being able to help. It is very clear that survival rates in severe cases are much improved if 1st. Aid is given quickly and, in lesser cases, it must make the patient both physically and mentally more comfortable to know someone is doing something to help.

We felt there should be at least one member of every crew with some 1st. Aid training and would recommend a course like this, especially with Ray, to everyone - even the squeamish like me!

Many thanks to Di Wallace and to Ray Pennock for a very useful and interesting day.

Nick Colbourne

# The Season Starts Here!

The day dawned for the long awaited first race of the season. After the wonderful Easter weather had heralded a beautiful start to the sailing year, hot sunshine and idyllic wind conditions seemed to be on the cards. - *Dream on!!*

Reality brought cloud, rain, cold winds and 'Ready Brek'. A late start time made for a comfortable and unhurried trip to our new starting location at Hard. It was good to see all our sailing chums raring to go with new sails and shining hulls. We noted that Geoff had found a manufacturer that makes rattling good cling film more than 12 inches wide (to be kept away from babies and young children, of course!).

Although a good turnout was seen in Alpha and Omega fleets,

sadly the Betas were lacking and only Ard Righ and Rimau were on the water.

Penrose 3 gave us a good start and course out to Nab 3, thankfully we had a good start on General Kaos as we tacked to the first mark. From Nab 3 it was a long downwind leg to Winner and a fetch to Chi buoy. After Chi, we headed west once more to Winner and on to Dean Tail, becoming more and more wet in the process.

Tempers began to fray as did Rimau's No. 2 genoa. An unfortunate, press-ganged member of the crew had her clarinet playing career put in jeopardy as she carelessly laid her hands down on the cockpit floor to be stamped on!

As the leading boats pulled further away with Sareema

leading the pack - How do they do that with only two on-board? - we decided to hang back and make sure no stragglers needed assistance (its a tough job but someone has to do it!).

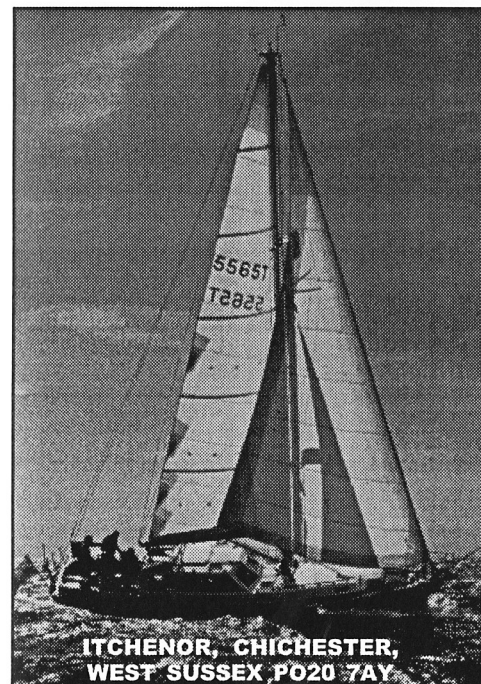
All in all it was a good first day's racing, with the promise of many more to come.

Lohengrin won the Omega race by a couple of minutes, with Arion second and Goldeneye third.

The Alpha's had a very close result with Sareema first, then Sycorax, Gopher Broke, Excalibur and Petra all within two minutes on corrected time after a race of over three hours.

The Beta match race was won by Ard Righ by a minute from Rimau. - Exciting stuff.

**Andrew Wilson -  
General Kaos**



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# LOST OPPORTUNITIES

The CCRC three-day event at the beginning of May has always been one of my favourite events in the Club's calendar. Possibly because this was the first CCRC event I ever took part in when I was a guest on Fohn Wind (who remembers "Are we racing or are we cruising, Darling?") back in May 1987, just before I joined the Club with The Advocate.

This year we returned to the familiar format of a race down to the Solent on the Saturday, a race around the Solent on the Sunday and the return on the Bank-Holiday Monday, after the last two years of Commodore's Cup off Hayling Island. Saturday saw the Club descend on the RAF Yacht Club at Hamble Point, while on Sunday those fortunate enough to get their booking in for the limited spaces would be entertained at Ginn's Farm up Beaulieu River.

After a week of warm sunny

weather it was disappointing that the forecast indicated a dramatic change in the weather over the weekend – it wasn't wrong!!

At 12 o'clock sharp our honorary member, Freddy Kemp started the proceedings



off and the Alphas and Betas set off on a fetch towards the forts. Penrose III made an excellent start, too excellent in fact, and had to go back as she

was across the line. In the very light winds and strong ebb time this took Bill and his team several minutes and they finally set off a good way behind the bulk of the fleet.

On Sycorax we made an excellent start and had clear airs as we set off abreast of Excalibur and Sareema with Gunshot and Gopher Broke in close pursuit.

Fifteen minutes later Freddy started the Omegas. We couldn't see their start but we heard about it later. Trevor, on Lohengrin, tried a new tactic but it didn't come off and he found himself wrapped around the bows of the OOD with very bent stanchions and pull-pit. Oh, Trevor!!!

In the event we only sailed one leg of the course as the very light winds turned the race into a lottery. Wisely, the OOD decided to shorten at the first mark – Peel Bank, but during that one leg we had the kite up three times, gybed, beat, stood still, went backwards, forwards, sideways, anyways, cursed, muttered, laughed, cried; you name it, we

did it!

In the final reckoning GUNSHOT and ARION got it right and crossed the line almost an hour before the next boats! We

had a final close run in with Sareema, Gopher Broke, Ard Righ and General Kaos with Petra not far behind. Andy Wilson on General Kaos was probably the unluckiest skipper of the day. He was paralleling us in the last 100 yards to the line, matching us for speed and would have beaten us on corrected time but his course took him under the lee of Lohengrin, dead in the water with 50 yards to go and there he stopped!!

In the Beta fleet Watersong took first place just seconds ahead of the other Sonata – Woodstock.

Minutes after we all finished the shortened race the wind whipped up to about twenty knots apparent. Typical, isn't it!!

Up at Port Hamble Marina we were greeted by our new Commodore, Mike Smith, who, with Helen, had motored a mastless Major Gamble round to host a start of season party to greet our new members.

## SUNDAY

What a difference! As forecast, the weather had deteriorated and we woke to overcast skies, showers and winds gusting to thirty-five knots! On Sycorax my crew had increased by one as Hugh Caldwell had joined for the final two days of the weekend. I was still rather lightly crewed for the conditions, however.

Arion took over OOD duties and started us off at 11 o'clock on the first leg, a fetch to Clipper. Not all navigators had read their race instructions (had they?) and one or two boats set off on a course that was well high for the first mark. At Clipper we rounded just astern of Sareema and Excalibur with the two Storm 33s, Gunshot and Petra leading the way.

I really enjoyed the second

leg, the beat to Autohelm off the entrance of Beaulieu River. Sycorax is well suited to these conditions and with two reefs in the main and the blade 3 we passed both Sareema and Excalibur and made up time on the Storms.

Across to Salt Mead we remained in close company and although both Sareema and Excalibur got ahead during this mark they overstood and we snuk inside them to round Salt Mead third on the water and possibly leading on corrected time.

Pride commeth before... The leg up to Ocean Safety was almost dead down wind, and against the tide. With winds up to twenty-seven knots true, I felt it unwise to fly the kite with my crew experience and weight and resorted to changing up to the No. 2 genoa. Unfortunately for us everyone else was braver! The Storms were now in their element and took off up front, though we did see some wild rolls and banging spinnakers as they fought hard to keep things under control.

Just behind us we saw the crew, with extra muscle loaned from Arion, preparing their kite, and they soon took off past us, while astern Gopher Broke used her kit to good effect to make up the deficit.

Once again the race was shortened and Arion pulled us up at Quinnell so we could get over the bar at the entrance to Beaulieu River before the tide went down too far.

## MONDAY

Once again we awoke to overcast skies, but the worst of the weather had passed. Winds were now down to a steady force 5 south-westerl and the clouds were showing the first signs of breaking to show a

few blue patches.

It was an early start and Anna Louise got us under way from Quinnell at nine o'clock. The first leg was a broad reach to Clipper and everyone had their kites up and pulling. On Petra the navigator got it wrong and after a close luffing battle with Gunshot Glenn suddenly gybed and set off for a different mark. We wondered if this was some special new tactic, but it didn't work as he realised his mistake and gybed back having lost almost a quarter of a mile on the other Storm.

From Clipper to Boyne we had a very shy reach, too shy for some, and one or two of the spinnakers were taken in. We fought hard but gradually lost ground to Gunshot, Excalibur and Sareema. The latter two making good use of going in-shore to get out of the tide. Gopher Broke was embarrassing us all for a while as she rode Gunshot's wake and held on for almost half the leg before Gunshot finally broke the tow.

After a short fetch from Boyne to Cambrian we hoisted the kite once more for the final romp home to Chi.

It was a very enjoyable weekend and I am only sorry there weren't more members out to enjoy it. Perhaps next year!

Brian Dandridge





# CCRC RACE PREPARATION

Having spent several weeks renovating, polishing and revitalising 'Lohengrin' the crew, skipper and I were pleased to be back on the water and ready for action.

*Oh Boy*, did we get it!!!

Up early Good Friday morning to hurtle down to Cowes to take part in the R.O.R.C. Red Funnel Easter Challenge. First race after lunch followed by two on Saturday and two on Sunday. A well attended event - some fifty plus boats. We were not alone from the CCRC either, 'Sareema' and 'Excalibur' were there also. We all three 'did the club proud' achieving lots of extra pounds in weight (on the hips) since the prizes consisted of Easter Eggs. Excalibur was the only boat to achieve the accolade of an

Easter Egg Cup for 1st. in class. Well done Mike, June and crew!

This event is well worth the effort of being an early season starter as it gets a rusty crew a little more polished in time for Club racing. The weather was kind, although one day was very light. The courses and organisation were excellent with video coaching and on the water sail trim instruction if you wanted it. The hosted prize-giving events were well attended and beer/wine flowed readily. We made some more contacts and, hopefully, spread the news of our end of the Solent racing.

Comments have been made with regard to our radar getting in the way of racing, but Easter Monday morning it came in very useful motoring to Hayling. We were buoy hopping most of the way with Ferry Fog Horns for company, so no chance for

crew to practice at the helm.

All in all, an event to be recommended.

## GALLEYSLAVE LOHENGRIN

### Editors note:

Didn't they do well - a digest of the results follows, but I don't remember any fog on Easter Monday, do you - I suppose the celebrations the night before had nothing to do with the meteorology of the following day? Wonderful thing being able to link the GPS to the Autohelm to the Radar, plot the course home the day before and press 'Go' (assuming you are sober enough to do that much) when you want to get home. Did the fog clear a little on the way perhaps?

## RACE REPORT

Race 2, 27th April, '97

After a dull start, the second race of the season was full of contrasts.

First, the warmer, dry day contrasting with the rain and gloom of the Saturday and then the wind starting very light, blowing from just about everywhere eventually and at all speeds up to 18 knots over the deck.

The Alpha and Beta fleets made a fine sight as they crossed the start line in all directions but generally towards W-E in the fickle NW airs. Those that sailed high towards Portsmouth were rewarded by the wind shifting to the west allowing them to reach into the mark. Poor old Sycorax elected to shoot off inshore out of the tide and was left below the mark when the

wind backed.

The Omegas had the advantage that they could see events unfolding in the earlier start and, with the stronger and steadier breeze, reached straight to W-E with Arion just leading Lohengrin, who had kindly luffed the others into the tide.

The big dilemma was how to get to Nab East which could

almost be laid on starboard. The right answer was to sail up the shore on port for some way and then rush out hoping not to be swept away to the east on the flood. As usual Lohengrin planned it about right and Arion had to cover hard to stay in the lead while Excalibur recovered from going straight off-shore to lead the Alphas at Nab East.

And that was the easy bit! Now we all knew there might be a sea breeze but when and where would it strike first? Arion split tacks with Lohengrin and spent an agonising half hour wondering if this failure to observe the text book might prove fatal. Fortunately, not so as the breeze filled in closer to the mainland shore and in a southerly direction lifting everyone onto a just spinnakerable reach to Cambrian. Excalibur was flying in these conditions of light wind and flat water and closed behind

Arion at Cambrian, with Anna Louise V sliding through below Lohengrin and the unpronounceable Helium 'Nezahualcoyotl' and Goldeneye closing up fast. The light stuff had favoured the Sonata 'Andante' but the heavier Betas were hanging in there.

Close spinnaker reaches to Langstone Fairway saw Lohengrin get her nose in front of Anna Louise and there the fleets went their separate ways in what, by now, was a good south-westerly breeze in beautiful sunshine. Arion's crew of 5 were wondering how it was done on Sareema but, fortunately, the spinnaker hoists and drops were all safely accomplished and she held onto her lead to St. Helens and on the long broad reach back to the finish at Chi Buoy, just on the ragged edge in 18 knots.

Excalibur also finished with a huge lead on the water at Chi

after Winner and held this easily on handicap from Sareema and Gunshot which dead-heated on corrected times in the Alphas.

The result in the Beta fleet was much closer with only five minutes separating Andante, Ard Righ, Marigold and Rimau with Penrose unable to save her time in the lighter airs.

### Nick Colbourne

## DIFFERENTIAL G.P.S.

The Lighthouse Authorities have confirmed that DGPS is to be provided as a free public service within the area covered by the three General Lighthouse Authorities that are responsible for marine aids to navigation around the UK and Ireland.

The date now given for this introduction is 1998.

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# CLUB CONFSSIONAL

With appologies to Yachting Monthly

## Client Entertainment?

I used to be one of the authorised skippers for the company boat - a 39 foot Westerly Sealord. Apart from staff outings *Camomile* was used to take important clients out for a day. What entertainment! A day on the Solent, wine and good food at Murray's, Cowes and they're completely captive for whatever indoctrination you wish to impart.

Well, this particular day I was in charge with 3 important clients and their company contacts - one being my boss's boss - certainly a senior man! The weather was fine, if a little misty, and we had a good sail over, imbibed well and were on our way back - light following wind, adverse tide, so we steered down the Island shore prior to turning to port at Ryde for home base at Gosport. Big boss asked for tuition on navigation so we were taking bearings and

plotting on the charts. Unfortunately the helmsman was not told to turn left at Ryde pier and sure enough there was soon a small bumping sound and we were on the sand!

Now the standard procedure is of course - engine on, full reverse and, if necessary, down sails. This was done in a flash but the tide was on full ebb and no movement in the right direction was perceived. Heeling the boat helps (it's a pretty heavy craft) so to accentuate the list the boom was swung out and two of us were on the end while three leant out as well. Jumping on the boom was tried to get some action but the only movement was of the boom - rapidly downwards as the kicker gave way - and us two were up to our knees in water. Of the other three, one survived, the boss dropped his glasses in the sea and important client did a somersault into it. He swam round looking most worried - it's a long way up those topsides -

until it was suggested that he put his feet down - into four foot of water. The boss looked worried - until it was suggested that a couple of hours wait would enable him to see his specs again on the firm sand.

Solent Coastguard were informed, estimated re-float 0100 hours! and loved ones also told over VHF about the late return. However when the beach appeared, with the end of Ryde pier only 200 metres away with frequent ferries (via an invisible esplanade ½ mile into the murk) two clients jumped ship (we did discuss whether this was safe as they might not have found us again) and the rest settled down to wait - we always wondered whether the early homecoming caused difficulties!

Sure enough a passing tractor driver, off to catch mussels, confirmed our lift-off and at the appointed time we continued a careful course to Campers.

Mike Tong

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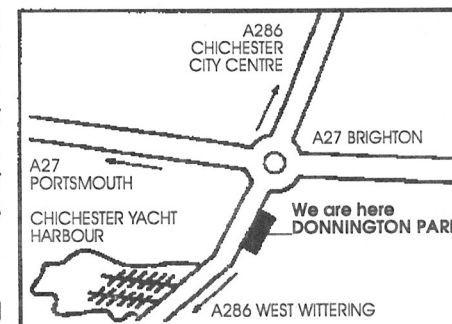
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