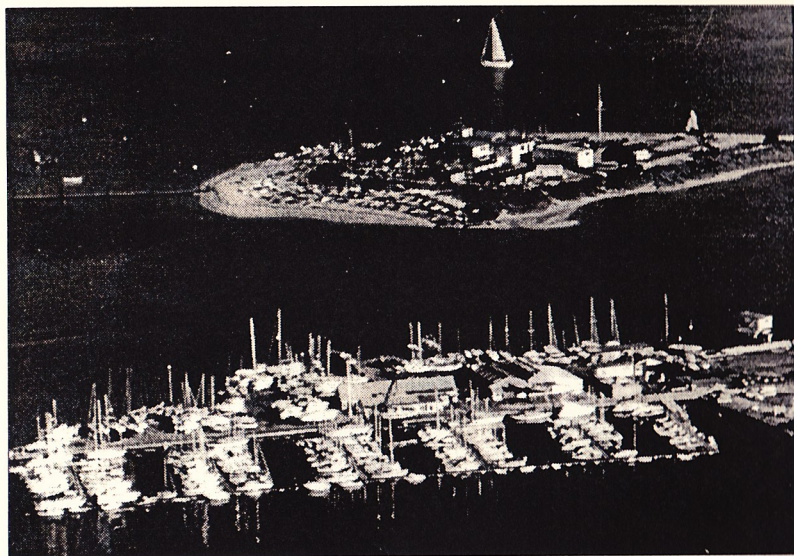


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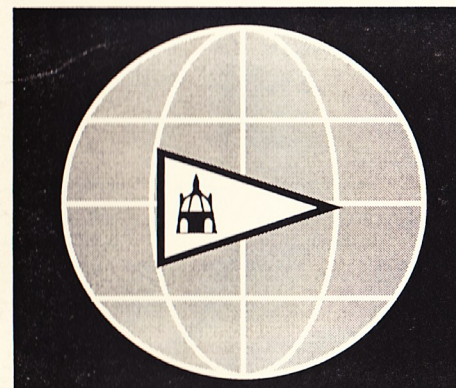


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NEWS OF THE CCRC WORLD Winter 1997/8



In this Edition

CCRC's Jubilee Season

The Commodore's Bender

Swan European Regatta

First Time round the Bill

The Longest Shortest
Race

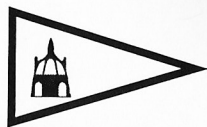
St. Malo Race

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Editorial

Well, here goes - I'm flying solo for my first edition - my Mentor and Guru, Brian Dandridge, is so busy being Sailing Secretary and running our Web Page on the Internet, quite apart from his own business and his wonderful band, that he begged to be relieved of the publishing side of the News of the CCRC World. After many years publishing this magazine, Brian deserves our very grateful thanks.

Now, I'm no keyboard virtuoso, in fact I'm my computer's worst nightmare! But I'm learning. Slowly.

Jubilee, Jubilee, Jubilee!

This will be a major year in the history of our Club, to be marked in many special ways and all of them promise either great sailing or first rate entertainment or, more usually, both. We will do our best to record the festivities, in print, with the help of our many correspondents, photographers and artists - the members!

CCRC really is a club for active members, we are what we do and that is friendly sailing and very jolly socialising.

Good sailing!

Nick Colbourne

Contents

Winter 1997/8

The Commodore's Foreword	Page 2
Sailing Secretary's Column	Page 4
Swan European Regatta	Page 6
First time around the Bill	Page 8
St. Malo Race	Page 14
The Longest Shortest Race The Ladies Race	Page 18
South Pacific Adventure	Page 20
CCRC Programme for the Golden Jubilee 1998	Page 23
A Short History of a Club without Walls	Page 24
Corporate Sailing with CCRC	Page 26
Klub Konfessional Greetings from the Winner	Page 30

**Copy date for the Early Summer Issue :
31 May 1998**

Cover picture: 'Arion' approaching St.Catherine's
in the '97 Round the Island race
Photo : Hamo Thornycroft

Commodore's Foreword

With the storm winds and rain heralding the start of 1998, I hope all your boats are safely laid up for the winter and that you are celebrating the New Year, sheltered from the storm, but with the usual cheer and optimism for the season ahead.

For CCRC, 1998 brings our 50th anniversary celebration together with its exciting sailing programme, which we hope, will meet the expectations of all our members both old and new.

During the season, we invite racers from other Clubs and yachts in the harbour to join us both for the racing and for the social events planned during the year. In 1998 we shall return to the original foundations of the Club and its origins in organising racing for the Harbour Clubs. Racing will be based on two fleets using CHS

and Club Ratings and there will be both "passage" races to the Solent and France and "round the cans" racing in Hayling Bay. This mixture should include something to interest everyone and I hope many new members and visitors will be tempted to come out with us during the year.

Alongside the racing will be the usual social events and dinners with Clubs in the Harbour and Solent. The May cruise will venture to France and the Channel Isles and our Open Event will support the RNLI. The social highlight will be the Golden Jubilee Celebration Ball, on the Saturday 13 June, aboard HMS Warrior in Portsmouth Naval Dockyard. The great interest already expressed in this unusual event has been very encouraging - book your tickets early! Our Golden Jubilee Season will end with our Laying Up Supper, returning to

Itchenor Sailing Club on Friday 11 December, exactly fifty years, to the day, after the inaugural founding meeting in 1948.

In spite of the less than hospitable start for 1998, CCRC can look forward to an exciting season which, I hope, will prove memorable, and will also attract many others in the Harbour to the fun and satisfaction of racing and socialising with CCRC.

Please come and join us and my best wishes for safe sailing in excellent winds during 1998.

M.A.Smith

Advance Notice

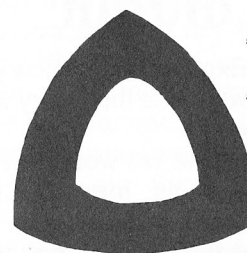
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Sailing Secretary's Column

I don't know about you, but I really enjoyed last season. Apart from a couple of really windy weekends in the early part of the year we enjoyed excellent weather, particularly in the autumn, but now, it's time to look forward. Christmas is over, the Boat Show has come and gone, and in just a few weeks we will be back on the water.

I would like to begin by thanking John Dunkley for his work as an Assistant Sailing Secretary in 1997 and, whilst I am sorry he is unable to continue in this role for 1998, I am delighted to welcome Andy Wilson to the team as the fourth ASS. In case you didn't know Andy has sold General Kaos so we look forward to seeing what he will bring to the line. Rumour has it, it is French and fast!!

At the time of writing registrations have just started to arrive and I am pleased to see new members appearing in with many old names, and the return of one or two "absentees" for the past couple of seasons. I hope this bodes well for an increase in membership in

our Golden Year and more boats on the water.

Last season saw one of the lowest turnouts for many years, but the signs are that we are on the way back up. Nevertheless, the Committee has responded to the feelings raised at the AGM and I would like to confirm that the Spring Series will be run for two classes - CHS and Club Rated.

In case you have just returned from a trip in outer space and have not already heard, 1998 is CCRC's Golden Jubilee year. To mark this special season we will be running a special open event in May. This will also be our RNLI race. Obviously we would like as many entrants as possible and I ask you all to encourage as many boat owners as you can lay hands on to come and join us. Our Commodore has also written to the other clubs and offered free entry for non-members to come and sail with us this year to get the "CCRC

Experience". I know you will make them very welcome.

Whilst we would like to see as many CCRC boats as possible on the water during the season, it is a result of the enthusiasm and competitive nature of many of our members that turnouts will be down at certain times. For example, Peter Wallace has organised a "Golden Cruise" in Antigua in late April / early May which means a number of members will not be around during the Spring Series. Of course, it has become almost traditional for a number of CCRC boats to take part in Cork Week, and this year is no exception. I have already had feedback from a number of skippers that they will be going round to Ireland in July. With this in mind we will run a single Club Rated fleet for a five race series in July with a trophy.

Last year we tried the experiment of breaking the season into three parts and overlapping with the Hayling Island Winter Series. The

comments I received from members were all favourable so we are going with the same concept again this season. The programme is now complete and I would like to thank our Secretary, Jacky Black for her organisation which has enabled me to put the finishing touches to the race calendar.

It only remains for me to wish you all a successful season. I look forward to seeing you on the water.

Brian Dandridge
Sailing Secretary

INVITATION

To repeat the Commodore's invitation to non-members, mentioned by Brian in his column, you are warmly invited to join us to sail in our events in 1998, our Golden Jubilee year.

Any member of a Chichester or Langstone Harbour Club is very welcome to race without entry fees.

Check the Programme on Page 23 for details of events - especially the RNLI Race on Sat. 9 May. For Sailing Instructions and other assistance please do contact Brian Dandridge or the Editor - addresses, telephone numbers and E-mail inside the front cover.

You don't have to have a boat - if you want to crew give us a call or contact Sue Dearden to join our

CREW REGISTER

see page 28



Our Sailing Secretary's Verl 33 'Sycorax' steaming to a Class win in the Little Britain Challenge Regatta 1998

Rolex Swan European Regatta 1997

We took "Lohengrin" and a crew of nine to this Regatta at Cowes in early July. All of us are regular CCRC sailors and our crew was augmented, from day to day by Nick Colbourne and Andrew Wilson, and for all races by Alex Stor-rar.

There were 52 entries in two fleets. Forty-four feet was the dividing length. The "slow" fleet started ten minutes after the "fast" fleet but major prizes were decided overall both fleets. There were six cygnets (36 footers). Three were from the original design by Nautor about 30 years ago. They are like elongated Contessa 32s. Three were of the modern design. One of which was us.

In fact, we were the 7th. slowest boat on handicap. Some of the old 40 footers were handi-

capped slower than us.

We did not see a cloud for seven days, just brilliant days, blue skies, blue seas and little wind. We motored to Cowes and we motored back at the end of the week. Each day we had to wait for a sea breeze to get going. Most days the start was delayed and the Round the Island Race was cancelled altogether.

There was some splendid evenings including a high quality Municipal Reception, a great Pig Roast and, of course, Dinner at The Squadron!

A 'pirate' party in a grand marquee on the Squadron lawn saw a fine bunch of kitted out Buccaneers, boozing and partying. A whole crew of 20 arrived late, dressed in red and tailored black plastic bags and running down the hill towards us shouting and brandishing "swords". Very disconcerting!

The prizegiving on the last evening was memorable. About 700 well-dressed sailing people supping champagne assembled on the Squadron's sloping lawn, facing onto the smooth Solent with the sun declining over the New Forest. The table of prizes and Rolex watches was at the bottom of the slope, in the corner by the "Castle" was a tasteful 1920's jazz band playing discreetly, and, to cap it all, nine Vampires and Venoms, almost 50 years old, giving a flying display with commentary by Raymond Baxter. I must say your writer was in heaven - except we didn't get a prize. Incidentally, all the planes are owner by a very pleasant Swan owner.

I reckon to be generally lucky. But not at this regatta. One day we had an exceptional start (Nick's day) and we were lying second to a 44 footer (1.07 handicap) when an elongated

coaster planted itself across our course. We had to call for water to get behind it. Because of light winds and Spring tides one had to navigate the boat extra miles to avoid foul currents and to keep in the shallows. In good time we saw a boat aground ahead of us and we took evasive action, but not in time. We caught on for about five minutes which lost us 8 places! And, finally, there was the time when we were up at the front when the wind died and then filled in from the back, sweeping everyone else

past. You know! I am convinced the whole Regatta Organisation is sales motivated and I am hooked for one. A nice new 40 or 44 footer please. The 60 and 70 footers would need a complete change in our lifestyle. I must enter the National Lottery more often.

I have to report we were 12 out of 30 in our fleet and 17 out of 52 overall. Most prizes were overall. Our two sister ships were 33rd. and 46th. which was a relief.

The handicaps

(Channel based) varied from 0.892 to 1.300. However, on the penultimate day the winner was the highest handicap and second was the lowest. One cannot complain.

**Trevor Rose
Lohengrin**

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FIRST TIME ROUND THE BILL

Experience is what you get from doing something for the first time - and sometimes making a bit of a mess of it! Looking back, we had thought conditions were ideal for our first passage round Portland Bill, and so they were. We just didn't envisage there might be other problems.

Marigold had been rafted up in the Cove in Weymouth for five days

along with many other yachts waiting for a south-westerly gale to blow itself out. The crews in our raft were an especially friendly lot and we took to having parties on each of our boats in turn to escape from the miseries of the wind and the rain. Eventually the gale subsided, and prospects looked good for a westbound rounding of the inshore passage the following morning.

The forecast was WSW 3-4 with a calm sea, and with the tidal "gate" opening at

03.30 we would have about 16 hours of daylight for our first ever crossing of Lyme Bay. We were bound for Torquay and as other boats only wanted to go to Lyme Regis we moved Marigold to the outside of the raft so as not to disturb anyone when we departed.

We had prepared for our adventure by taking a bus to Portland Bill a couple of days earlier to witness the Race in all its fury and to assess exactly how wide the inshore passage really is. We had been reassured to see there was nearly

a quarter of a mile of relatively calm water narrowing to a couple of hundred yards off the point itself.

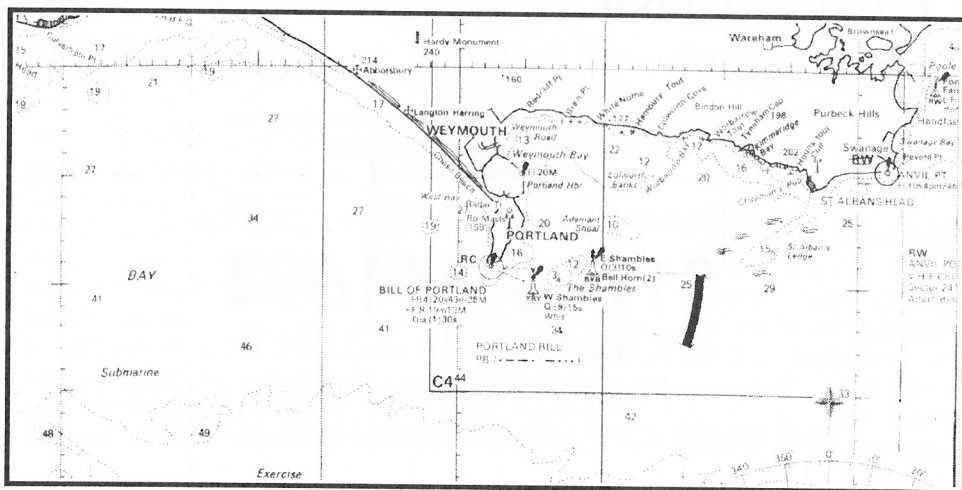
What we hadn't allowed for was the party to end all parties given that night by a friendly French family in the boat nearest the quay. We were lavishly entertained along with the occupants of the other boats in our raft and, despite our best intentions, did not get to bed until after midnight. I am never at my best at 3 o'clock in the morning and when we were

awakened by the alarm clock I put my condition down to lack of sleep and stomach nerves rather than anything to do with the party.

We started the engine as quietly as we could, switched on bow, stern and steaming lights, and in the bright glare of the street lights motored out of the harbour. What I hadn't expected was how dark it would be once we had cleared the entrance. We could just pick out the grey shadow of the Port-

land breakwater but we didn't fancy risking the inshore passage with its dual carriageway of lobster pot buoys, semi-submerged by the current, until we could see where we were going.

As forecast, the wind was only a gentle westerly, so we decided to switch off the engine and sail up and down parallel to the breakwater until dawn started to add some light to the situation. After about three quarters of an hour we felt sufficiently confident to start our run down to the Bill and the



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first glow of the rising sun over Lulworth added to our confidence.

We had called Portland Coastguard on channel 67 to notify them of our passage and they had confirmed that conditions were suitably calm. Just as dawn was breaking we were somewhat disconcerted to see the sinister black outline of a large submarine out to sea. The South England Pilot warned that torpedo firing sometimes takes place to the north east of Portland and that when this happens red flags are flown. We could see no red flags and felt the Coastguard would have told us if we had been in any danger. So we turned our attention to the tide, which

had seized Marigold in its clutches and was sweeping us rapidly in the direction of the Bill. "Time to start the engine, again", I said, passing the tiller to Rita. "We don't want to be swept into the race". I went below to turn the key on the switch panel. The only sound as I did so was an ominous click. There was no whirring of the starter motor, no squeak of the injector, no bursting of the engine into noisy life. I tried again. Another click. "Don't panic", I said to myself in best Corporal Jones style. "Don't panic". Click, click, click. "It sounds as if the battery's flat", shouted Rita from the cockpit. Suddenly it dawned on

me. We had sailed across Poole Bay using the Autohelm on wind-vane, we had been five days in Weymouth using the cabin lights, the radio telephone, and other electrical equipment without once running the engine to recharge the battery. Starting the engine to leave the harbour must have further diminished its reserves and sailing up and down with navigation lights on full power had been the last straw.

It was too late to turn back. Even with a following wind of twice the strength we would have been unable to stem the tide. We quickly accepted the fact that we would have to tack our way through the inshore passage. Keeping a

careful lookout for lobster pot markers, we tacked as close inshore as we dared and then out as near as we deemed prudent to the heavy swell which was now the only evidence of the Race. Tack quickly followed tack and in what seemed only a few minutes Marigold was swept past the lighthouse and the southernmost tip of the Bill into the friendlier waters of Lyme Bay.

"I'll hand start the engine", I said, passing the helm to Rita again. After three or four vigorous but unsuccessful attempts I began to feel distinctly queasy. The croque monsieur and lavishly liqueur-laced fruit salad of the previous night's party were making themselves felt. "I feel sick", I said. "Can you sail the boat if I lie down for a bit?"

After about half an hour I felt well enough to have another go. But two further attempts were all that was needed to convince me that the engine wasn't going to start.

We reviewed our situation. It was 07.30 in the morning. It was a beautiful sunny day. The sea was calm. The forecast

was good. We had most of the day ahead of us. The entrance to Torquay was relatively easy. On the other hand, we were beating to windward, making only two knots into a fitful breeze. We had over 40 miles to go. The tide would turn against us before mid-day. We had no power for our navigation lights when it got dark or to seek assistance via the radio telephone. We concluded that our best option was to sail to Lyme Regis and buy a new battery.

After a slow but pleasant sail we eventually dropped anchor a couple of hundred yards east of Lyme harbour early in the afternoon. It was Lifeboat Day. The Cobb was crowded with people watching an air-sea rescue helicopter lift a man off the local inshore lifeboat. I blew up my own inflatable on the foredeck, launched it and rowed into the harbour to the cheers and waves of a friendly crowd. Tying my dinghy to a vertical steel ladder on the Cobb, I asked a local boatman if there was a

chandlery where I might buy a new battery. No, he said. It was only a dinghy chandlery and didn't stock engine batteries, but I was sure to get one at the garage. Great, I said. Where was that? On the main road on the outskirts of Lyme, two miles up the hill, he said. I had a sudden vision of struggling down the hill on a hot July afternoon carrying a heavy car battery. "Is there a local taxi," I asked hopefully. He didn't know. "Try the harbour master's office", he suggested.

I arrived to find that the harbour master was out helping with the Lifeboat festivities. "Back in 10 minutes" said a note taped to the door. Fortunately, he returned as promised. I explained our predicament and asked if he could give me a phone number for a taxi. "I can do better than that," he said. "I'll phone the garage and get them to bring a battery down for you".

A helpful and sympathetic lady at the garage listened to my tale of woe, sought ad-

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vice from a mechanic, and arrived at the harbour office about quarter of an hour later with a small tractor battery. I thanked her (and the harbour master) profusely, paid the bill, and set off carrying my new battery through the throng of holidaymakers.

Climbing gingerly down the vertical steel ladder, battery clasped tight under my arm, I discovered that the water had receded and that there was barely enough left to float the unladen dinghy. With both my weight and that of the battery it was firmly aground. I contemplated reclimbing the ladder, complete with battery, and moving the dinghy to another ladder near the end of the quay where there might still be enough water. But the battery was heavy and I was tired and I quickly rejected this as a bad idea. A quick look round revealed a grounded wooden dinghy in which I temporarily stowed the battery while I dragged my inflatable across what was now only sand to edge of the receding tide. I tied the painter to another ladder further

down the quay, waded back to fetch the battery, and rowed back to Marigold wondering if it might be sensible to stay at Lyme overnight.

Rita had prepared a late lunch and after enjoying a relaxing meal in the warm sunshine I felt much restored. Powered by the new battery, the engine started at the first turn of the key, and at 16.15 we resumed our passage to Torquay knowing we would have visible navigation lights after it got dark.

A brief attempt to sail in the declining wind convinced us that we would have to motor the rest of the way. We made good progress past Seaton and Beer Head and enjoyed the colourful coastline as the cliffs changed from chalk white to Devon red. Marigold motored steadily westward into the setting sun, then the dusk and finally into a clear starlit night in which the visibility was far far better than it had been when we had left Weymouth that morning. George, our faithful but power-

hungry Autohelm, kept a steady course and we enjoyed identifying the different towns we passed from their lights. Our only problem was that the now flooding tide was pushing us north towards Straight Point and Exmouth.

For a while we contemplated making for Exmouth rather than plugging the adverse tide to Torquay but one look at the pilot book convinced us that the entrance and the estuary would be too difficult to negotiate in the dark. So we motored steadily along the coast, carefully avoiding a passing coaster and several trip and fishing boats, until the lights of Torquay emerged from behind Hope's Nose.

"The approach and entrance are not difficult", says the pilot book, noting that by dark you enter Torquay harbour between quick flashing red and quick flashing green lights. We studied the seafront with care as we motored past Thatcher Rock. It was decorated with fairy lights as far as the eye could see in rows of red, green and yellow. Not a flash could be discerned among them. Some time later we saw the

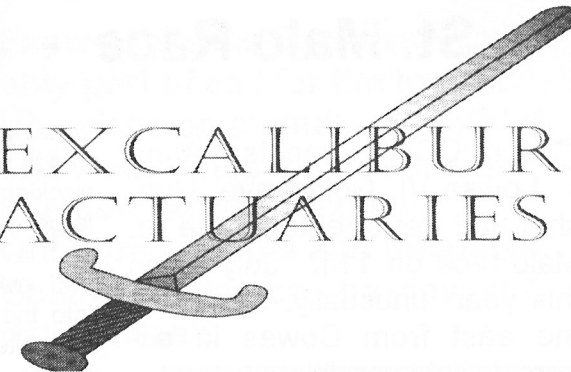
harbour wall, and yes, there they were, a quick flashing green and a quick flashing red. But there was a problem. The red was to starboard and the green to port.

Remembering the famous Peyton cartoon "I say Ian, your fixed white now reads Ladies and your red flasher Toby Ales", we throttled back and turned parallel to the shore. Fortunately, a local fishing boat appeared from nowhere and showed us the way. Approaching the harbour from north of east we had seen the green light on the extended southern pier to the left of the red light on the Princess Pier behind it. Following the fishing boat we were able to find the small green fairway buoy that led us into the entrance.

We moored up in the nearest vacant berth in the marina only to be told a few minutes later by a nightwatchman on a bicycle that it was not a visitor's berth. We promised to move first thing in the morning. I looked at my watch. It was nearly that already!

**John Dunkley
Marigold**

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St. Malo Race - July 1997

Four CCRC yachts, Anna Louise VI, Goldeneye, Gunshot and Petra, entered the St. Malo race on 11th. July which this year, unusually, started to the east from Cowes in extremely light conditions.

However, the tide enabled the 164 yachts, including strong contingents from France and Holland, to move generally in the right direction, though once through the Forts there was plenty of tide dodging to accommodate in and out of Sandown Bay and beyond. Later, it paid to pick up the eddies around the headlands and it was not until late afternoon that the tide slackened enough to allow us to set off across the Channel, against an unhelpful light south-westerly, which was to become even lighter overnight.

During the afternoon we had traded tacks with Goldeneye and were fairly sure that Gunshot was somewhere behind. Unfortunately, the old warhorse Clarionette was somewhere ahead and we were obviously concerned that the conditions were very much to the liking of the two Sigma 33s, Course I Can and Buckshot.

A pleasant afternoon turned into a thoroughly miserable evening with fog and drizzle shrouding the Channel by nightfall.

Dawn promised a more pleasant day and by 0800 hours we found ourselves tracking Goldeneye, and a number of larger yachts, around the Casquets. In fact, a number of the earlier arrivals had evidently been sucked through into the Swinge and had now raised their kites to claw back to the right side of the lighthouse. We found just enough wind to avoid that fate and soon found that the ebb tide was pushing us strongly towards the north side of Guernsey. We tacked south for a short while but soon found that the tide

We gave them a wave but they were obviously upset that their slow progress would not allow them to take up their restaurant bookings in St. Malo!

was doing all that was necessary and made better progress on port.

It was at this stage that young Nicholas noticed Gunshot well astern, but motoring hard and clearly intent on retiring into St. Peter Port. We gave them a wave but they were obviously upset that their slow progress would not allow them to take up their restaurant bookings in St. Malo!

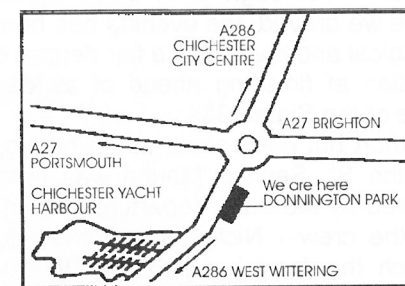
As we neared Les Hanois, the tide turned very strongly against us, progress deteriorated fast, and as we ground to a halt we were even forced to consider kedging. However, it really was far too deep so we moved offshore to find a little zephyr which enabled tortuously slow progress. At this stage Anna Louise VI moved up alongside having tacked too far to the west during the night. Then, having taken 1½ hours to sail all

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of 200 yards, Roger decided that St. Peter Port looked a better bet for the evening and he too retired from the race. We then had a VHF call from Richard explaining that Goldeneye now had little time to complete the race and return to the UK by Tuesday. We therefore exchanged ferry booking details and wished them well.

As the last remaining boat bearing the CCRC standard in the race, we now had no alternative but to persevere and, as the Saturday afternoon wore on, we were eventually rewarded with a pleasant, if not demanding, beat towards Roches Douvres. A close encounter with the same was avoided by tacking east. At this stage we were alongside the eventual class winner, the American owned, wishbone rigged, Mustang Sally, clearly a lightweight flier, with an advantageous

CHS rating (but we would say that, wouldn't we! - see below).

This Skipper having retired to his bunk during the afternoon, the youngsters had applied their minds to the study of the circular currents off the Brittany coast and set upon a plan which was to unfold remarkably favourably, enabling us to carry a fair tide for, virtually, the remaining ten hours of the race. However, towards midnight, Mustang Sally radioed the Race finish boat, allegedly to "test the emergency aerial", placing themselves five miles astern of our position; two hours later she finished ahead of us, leaving a somewhat quizzical look on the face of yours truly - I still cannot understand what this was supposed to achieve! As the reader will appreciate, after 30 hours at sea it is virtually impossible to gauge progress (and very tempting to

assume the worst) compared to those ahead that had obviously gained an advantage at Les Hanois. Nevertheless, it transpired that most of those ahead had tacked off to the east and fallen into "holes" every bit as demanding as our own problems.

Thus, as we approached the finish we were pleased to see that we were actually in good company with many larger boats either just ahead or even astern. Although pitch black by the time we arrived, the evening had been magical and there was a fair degree of elation at finishing ahead of at least one of the Sigma 33s.

A short but deep sleep in the comfort of the St. Servian Marina was interrupted by the early departure of some of the crew - Nicholas and Neil - to catch the ferry back to the UK and Alex to search out our addition to the Cruising Crew - but at least another early morning (!) helped us make it to

the prizegiving in good time to see the Independent Bear crew scoop the main prize.

Lunch in St. Malo and dinner in St. Servian were marred slightly by a shore side injury/accident which left Terry with a broken arm but, overall, the memories are of a very successful (long) weekend.

Those of us now making St. Malo a regular destination simply cannot understand why more CCRC boats do not include this race in their itinerary - it really is a very enjoyable, sometimes challenging, sometimes frustrating trip which most CCRC boats would easily take in their stride.

So what about it - 1998 - July - and a Brittany cruise to follow?

(Mainly) from the navigation table on board Petra

Glenn Jones

Results: RORC St. Malo 1997 - Class 4 (CHS < 0.959)

	Boat	CHS TCF	Design
1st.	Mustang Sally	0.919 (!)	Corby one off?
2nd.	Clarionette	0.929	S & S 37 (!)
3rd.	Moonlight	0.944	Contessa 33
4th.	Buckshot	0.941	Sigma 33
5th.	Petra	0.946	Storm 33
6th.	Course I Can	0.941	Sigma 33

JUBILEE BATTLEFLAG

To celebrate our 50 year Jubilee, we are planning a special CCRC battleflag to be flown proudly wherever CCRC boats are gathered together. The design is still under development as we go to press but, assuming, a flag around 1 metre square we expect the cost to be about £ 25. Reserve your flag with Nick Colbourne by ringing 01243-574053 TODAY!

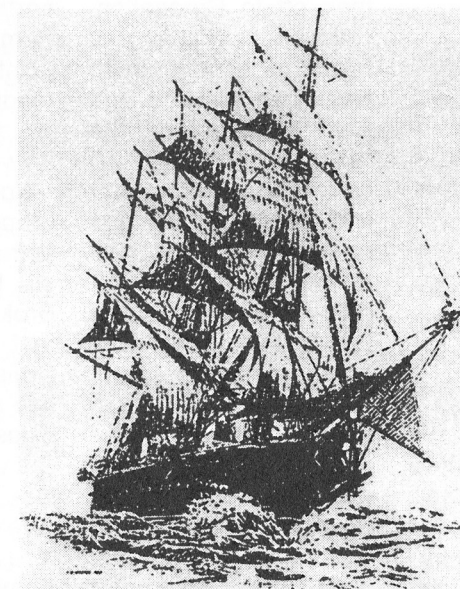
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Golden Jubilee Celebration

On Board

HMS Warrior

Saturday 18th June 1998



The HMS Nelson Royal Naval Volunteer Band

Reception on the Upper Deck

Dinner and Dancing on the Gun Deck

Raffle in aid of the RNLI

Tours of HMS Warrior

Black Tie

Tickets £40

Further details and application forms for tickets will be sent to Members in the Spring

THE LONGEST SHORTEST RACE

The Ladies Race, July 19th, as seen from Marigold

This year the Ladies Race was to the Hamble, as the usual trip to Newtown for the barbecue had been called off in bad weather (but that's another story). I rather approved of this new destination, because there had been times in the past when hardly anyone could get round some mark or other off Gurnard (they keep changing the names) because of a lack of wind and a strong ebb tide. This wouldn't happen going to the Hamble, would it....?

It was a lovely day, forecast northerly 2/3 with perhaps a sea breeze later. This seemed good - there'd be no heavy quartering seas, and it would be John and Eric's turn to trim the spinnaker and it would be my turn to call to them to "tweak it, tweak it".

Hugh was the OOD, single handed in Mons Meg. He put up course 11 and

again I thought, fine; no long haul out to Bembridge Ledge, no labouring back over the tide to North Sturbridge. It would be just(!) a hitch round Mother Bank and then off to Coronation. But he put a B in front of the 11. A beat up to Bay, then to Hard and Chi, then start on the real course. What on earth had he done that for? If there are going to be any extra legs added to the course I'd much rather they were at the end of it, so that if time runs out, or the wind drops, at least you're in striking distance of your destination. However, it was a lovely day, and we didn't want to get to Southampton Water too early, when the spring tide would still be streaming out at a great rate.

The course to Bay gave a gentle beat dead to windward. We started right on the gun at the Chi Spit end of the line at 11.00. The paying tack windwise was of course the wrong tack tidewise, and the west-going tide was surpris-

ingly strong even this far inshore. Round Bay, after Marian in Brown Bomber III, and off down wind to Hard. We put up the spinnaker. The wind was moving into the north-east, and Brown Bomber seemed to be pointing back to Chi already. Had they forgotten about Hard?

It was now about 12 o'clock. The wind dropped on us altogether. Boats behind us still had wind - Gopher Broke was coming up fast under spinnaker. Cruising boats out in the bay had just the beginnings of a sea breeze. But we were in the windless slot in the middle. (We've been there before.) Then Brown Bomber bore away and made off towards Portsmouth. She can't have given up, that's not like BB, where are they going? Then we saw Mons Meg anchored west of Hard. Hugh had shortened the course after the first two legs, so all we had to do was to get round Mons Meg, not even Hard, which by now was well uptide, with the

tide getting stronger all the time. We gybed the spinnaker. We took the spinnaker down. We were going backwards. What was that about Gurnard?

We were not alone. Sareema was there, with Rob dancing all over the foredeck, skirting the genoa. Major Gamble had Helen on the wheel, looking very determined. The spinnakers of the rest of the Alpha fleet behind were doused in turn as a breeze at last crept in from the south just enough now for us all to finish the leg, and the race. It was about 12.45, and we had covered all of three miles.

After that, of course, the wind strengthened a little, so we set off on a relaxed cruise with the tide, through the Dolphin passage and up Spithead. It was hot. It was one of those days that made up for all the hard work

scrubbing and anti-fouling. We ran out of suncream. Two of Major Gamble's crew were swimming behind their boat. We were relieved to see they each had a line to hang on to - Mike said it was to make sure they could tie a bowline properly.

As we got near East Bramble we could see it looked very murky down the west Solent, and people talking on Channel 72 were complaining that there was no wind there at all. We turned to run up Southampton Water, but after Calshot the wind became very fluky, then backed northerly. No sea breeze here, and the tide still ebbing strongly. Time for the motor.

As always, a most interesting trip up the Hamble. We went up to Moody's, to go to the chandlery. Hugh had got there before us - how did he do that? Sareema

was practising man overboard with her fenders. Brian was talking about a gate start for Sunday's race. Gunshot sent a man up the mast: I trust Di was telling him what to do up there. The chandlery was closed.

At about 5 o'clock, after we were moored up, the seabreeze came in from the south-west. Even up at Moody's the flags were streaming out. Tony and Margaret in Krisnik, who had gone over to Fishbourne for the afternoon, carried a steady force 4 right up the Hamble. But it was all too late for our race.

I think it was the longest short course we have ever sailed. And I am sure, now, that Hugh knew all the time exactly what he was doing!

Rita Dunkley

JUBILEE PHOTO ARCHIVE

An historic display of photographs is planned for the Golden Jubilee Celebration on board HMS Warrior on Saturday 18th June.

To ensure the history of the Club, its activities and highlights are fully recorded, start digging out your pics now, we know there are plenty about 'cos we've seen them.

Contact Chris Brown on 01705-455447

South Pacific Adventure

Well, I did it - gave up the job, let the house, sold the car, bought a new, expensive ocean jacket, abandoned "Gunshot" (Sorry, Guys) and set off on my first delivery trip.

The shopping was done, water tanks filled, sun-tan cream and baby wipes purchased, and we were ready to leave San Diego harbour in our brand new Beneteau Oceanis 463 - still checking for leaks and tightening final screws, of course. She seemed to have most of the important bits on board, including a halyard for the non-existent spinnaker. More vital was the lack of a spinnaker pole. How do you wing out the genoa downhill to the South Pacific? We hoped that the nice carbon fibre mast that we hack-sawed to fit really was in the heap meant for scrap! With some inventive rigging it worked very well, as it turned out.

On the afternoon of March 24th. we left a beautiful sunny San Diego harbour for a final stop at the fuel dock to fill the tank. Then, with the big blue 50 gallon drum lashed to the bathing platform, we motored past the harbour buoys where seals play and bask, and headed off into the sunset.

"Pacific Moose" can easily be identified by a large Swedish flag flying from one backstay and an Irish yacht club burgee from the other. We were four on-board - Toby, the Skipper (Swedish), Nick, First Mate (Irish), me, the crew (half Swedish) and Lilli, Skipper's Moll (Swedish) - a **bilingual** boat

to be sure!

We were soon settled into our rolling 4-day watch system. Day one was cooking, day two washing up, day three cleaning the heads and day four relaxation with regular spells at the wheel. A personal stereo with a diversity of music is an essential piece of equipment, especially during the night hours at the helm. The ocean changes character all the time, so it feels like many different places. Sometimes the water is blue and calm, other times you can feel as if you're driving the log flume at Alton Towers. Night can be amazing. Under cloud the darkness is impenetrable. On a clear night the stars are scattered across the sky providing a sight only visible with such a lack of light pollution.

There is no monotony or tedium, but a certain sameness about the situation. Interesting interludes include spotting things - whales, dolphins, turtles, flying fish. We only saw two ships in the first three weeks! Catching things - Nick makes a mean Sushi. Breaking things - the main halyard broke in a heavy rolling sea (Toby fixed it, with customary ingenuity, by using the topping-lift as a mousing line). Inventing things - to do with tinned food.

We crossed the Equator at 9-30pm on April 9th., to the strains of the "1812" and the Hallelujah Chorus sounding out across the waves (BFC in good voice), and a glass of cheap Californian champagne in celebration. Other excuses for a party were Easter,

Walpurgis Night, Nick's birthday, sighting land, and getting there!

After 23 days at sea, we sighted the cliffs of the Marquesas Islands. A welcoming school of dolphins played in our bow wave as we entered the harbour. I'm sure that this is their way of having a Jacuzzi and feels just the same as when we hang off the swim ladder at the stern for a wash!

The island of Hiva Oa is where Gauguin ended his days, so a visit to the cemetery is a must. The museum is small, staffed by a super lady with such a serene smile who could not understand why we don't have coconuts and bananas growing in our gardens. The vegetation on all the islands here is incredibly lush with trees and fruits that are totally unrecognisable. Drinking fresh milk out of a green coconut cut from a (short) palmtree is divine. Much of the island

is dense tropical forest climbing up sheer cliffs and mountains. The harbour is a natural bay some way from town and, when we arrived, very crowded as we encountered the Expo 98 Rally at their first stop after the Galapagos! Some interesting people enjoying their circumnavigation.

After a rest and limited reprovisioning (we traded woolly hats and cassette tapes for fresh fruit) we set off again toward the Leeward Islands. Six days of variable winds and sunshine interspersed with amazingly wet squalls, and we arrived at Raiatea where Moorings have their Tahiti base. French Polynesia is incredibly expensive with beer at \$5! It was interesting navigating our way in through the passage in the reef with vicious looking breakers not very far away.

An enforced rest while the skipper recuperated from tennis elbow

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(helmsperson's elbow perhaps?) and we were off again heading for Tonga. I wondered whether we might meet the King. As we crossed the dateline and lost Thursday, it was unclear whether the trip was 10 or 11 days! Again we reached most of the way with some beautiful night sailing under the stars. The Hale Bopp comet, which had been visible all the way from California, was still with us in the early evening sky.

We were afforded a special welcome at the Moorings base on Vava'u. These islands are different again being of limestone and fewer coral reefs. This makes navigation a lot easier and it is therefore a popular cruising ground. A climb up Mount Talau gives a superb view over the island group. Many Tongan men are built to play rugby and to sing bass, both of which they do very well. And they do wear skirts and tie raffia mats around their waists which, apparently, is a sign of mourning. I went to a feast where I sat on a mat and ate interesting dishes that had been cooked in an UMU - a pit in the ground, basically. Lots of coconut cream and taro leaves and other unidentifiable concoctions, with the compulsory sucking pig. The pig population is greater than the human one and they run around wild everywhere.

The last leg of the voyage was a short four days to Fiji. Here the entrance through the reef was rather hairy, not being as well marked. Rough breakers to port and very shallow water to starboard. After lengthy paperwork sessions to clear in through customs and immigration, we made our way to the final destination, the Moorings base at Musket Cove on Malololailai

Island.

After 62 days, we were glad to arrive and to hand over "Pacific Moose" to her new owners and her new owners and her new name "Dau Taudra". Now we are all life members of the Musket Cove Yacht Club and our names will be added to the wall of Dick's Place.

So now the project is to find another yacht who needs me to crew so that I can explore all the lovely islands that make up Fiji. Then at the end of the season I shall probably head to New Zealand. Who knows?

From your browner, fitter, slimmer South Pacific correspondent,

Anne Bonwit (Gunshot)

JUBILEE PICTURES

There is a desperate need for more pictures in this magazine.

Do let the Editor have any photographs you have taken - however funny - especially in this Jubilee year!

We may not all have a superb digital camera like Brian Dandridge's (but if you have that's even better!) and we may not all be Hamo Thornycrofts, KOSs or Bekens but they are our pictures and a record of this year will be treasured for a long time to come.

CCRC - Programme for 1998

Date	Start	Event	Social	Tide	Ht.
April	4	Fitting-out Supper	Bosham SC		
	18 1330	Bay race	* HISC	1616	4.1
	19 1100	Bay race	* HISC	1713	3.9
	25 1100	Bay race	* Emsworth Slipper SC	1109	4.7
	26 1030	Bay race	* Emsworth Slipper SC	1200	4.8
May	2 1300	Passage to Portsmouth	* R. Naval & R. Albert	1651	4.2
	3 1100	Solent race to Beaulieu	* Ginns Farm	1751	4.0
	4 1000	Return race to Chichester	* Ginns Farm	0606	3.8
	9 1400	RNLI / 50th Celebration Open race	TBA	1106	4.2
	10	Pursuit race		1216	4.3
(Fri)	22 0800	Race to Cherbourg		0849	4.2
	23	Spring Cruise		0951	4.4
	30	Return from Cruise		1542	4.5
June	6 1030	Brammidge Trophy	Chichester YC	0941	3.9
	7 1030	Bay race		1027	4.1
	13	Golden Jubilee Celebration HMS Warrior		1423	4.5
	18	CCRC Corporate Sailing Day	Seaview YC	1847	4.3
	20	The ISC Hoya Round the Island Races		0822	4.2
	27 1100	Ladies race	Barbecue Newtown	1437	4.6
	28 1000	Crews race		1519	4.5
July	4 1100	Bay race with Bosham	Thorney Island	1106	4.2
	5 1030	Bay race	** Thorney Island	1141	4.3
	18 0930	Seaview - Bay race	** Seaview YC	0644	4.1
	19 1000	Bay race	** Seaview YC	0800	4.1
	25 1000	Passage to Yarmouth	** Royal Solent YC	1336	4.7
	26 0930	Return race to Chichester	** Royal Solent YC	1414	4.6
Sept	5 1100	Itchenor Casket	Itchenor SC	1117	4.6
	6 1030	Bay race	*** Itchenor SC	1201	4.8
	19 1100	Passage to Cowes	*** Royal Corinthian	1136	4.6
	20 1000	Return race to Chichester	*** Royal Corinthian	1213	4.7
	26 1000	Passage to Hamble	*** Oriental Evening	1517	4.4
	27 1000	Return race to Chichester	*** Oriental Evening	1551	4.2
Oct	3 1030	Bay race	*** TBA	1004	4.5
	11 TBA	Bay race / HISC Winter Series	*** HISC	1610	4.5
	18 TBA	Bay race / HISC Winter Series	*** HISC	1110	4.6
Dec	11	Anniversary Dinner	Itchenor SC	1447	4.4

* = Spring Series Races

** = Menagerie Series Races

*** = Autumn Series Races

A SHORT HISTORY OF A CLUB WITH NO WALLS

THE CHICHESTER CRUISER RACING CLUB

Fifty years ago, no single club within Chichester Harbour had sufficient members to organise independent racing for cruisers, so a meeting was called, on 11 December 1948, at the suggestion of members of Itchenor Sailing Club. Sixteen sailors attended, from a number of clubs, and agreed to organise cruiser races for the 1949 season as a joint effort.

With four passage races and three buoy races, the programme attracted five bob subscriptions from forty nine members and was a great success. The average fleet was twelve and total expenses for the season were just £11.19. 0. The Harbour Federation generously presented our first two trophies, the Coronation Cup and the Cruiser Trophy, still keenly contested today.

Under the title of the "Cruiser Section" the arrangement flourished with the status of Club within the Harbour Federation being granted in 1954, by which time the membership had more than doubled. Ten years later the name of the "Chichester Cruiser Club" was established with the membership at 140.

Although for a while the "Galleon" at the "Ship" in Itchenor was used as an unofficial clubroom, with members from all over the Harbour fixed premises were not really appropriate. The Club now enjoys the hospitality of other clubs, inside Chichester Harbour, throughout the Solent and further afield, for its post race parties which are an essential part of the fun of cruiser racing.

Reinforcing the strength of the Club, the name was changed in, 1971, to the "Chichester Cruiser Racing Club". Those early principles of fifty years ago are our focus today - to provide keen but friendly racing with an enjoyable associated social programme for cruiser owners based around Chichester Harbour. The Club is not devoted to hot-shot racing enthusiasts with gorilla crews but the racing is varied and competitive.

Club members are successful in other events with frequent class wins and top end placings in major Solent regattas such as the ISC Round the Island race, RORC Easter Challenge, CHS Championships and Little Britain Challenge.

The many cruising exploits of the members are often chronicled in these pages

CHICHESTER CRUISER RACING CLUB

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

Telephone (Day) _____ (Evening) _____

Fax _____ Email _____

Occupation _____

Yacht details (Please note, Multihulls are not eligible)

Name _____ Class _____ Sail No. _____

Where moored _____

Sailing Experience
Membership of any other Yacht Clubs _____

I wish to become a FULL / CREW member of the C.C.R.C.
(Current Annual Subscription is £50 for Full membership including family and entry fee for all CCRC organised races, and £17 for Crew membership)
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.

Signature _____ Date _____

Please return the completed form to the Hon. Secretary :- **Jacky Black**
Lindowan
1 Beach Green
Shoreham by Sea
BN43 5YG

Chichester Cruiser Racing Club presents -

**The 7th Annual
CCRC Corporate Sailing Event**
on
Thursday 18th June 1998

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.

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 6th June 1998, 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 ISAF 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

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CREW REGISTER

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

Name: _____

Mr/Mrs/Ms/Miss

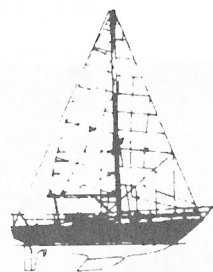
Address: _____

Telephone
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Previous experience: _____

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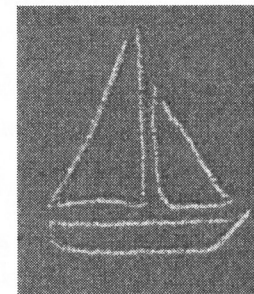
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Greetings from the Winner

by way of the Klub Confessional

Sincere apologies are expressed from the skipper and crew of Aries who were unable to attend the CCRC annual Dinner Dance due to a slight, seven-hour contretemps with 'the Winner'.

On Saturday, Jill was having her 'hair done' for the main event that evening whilst yours truly was enjoying a day-sail with an old sailing chum when suddenly, according to the chum driving, "it just leapt out in front of me!" This bloke, who should remain anonymous, although, due to a sadistic streak in me, I will name 'John', assures me he has his yachtmaster's ticket although I can only assume this was awarded in the halcyon days of

monochrome when Green and Red were indistinguishable. All attempts to get ourselves 'off' were fruitless and we resigned ourselves to a long wait. This was made especially long since, of course, we picked just about the highest spot of the gravel bank

- the only thing missing was a Union Jack and a plaque saying 'Sir Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tensing were here'. John, knowing I had the Dinner Dance to attend, volunteered to stay with the boat and bring her back to Sparkes Marina while Jill and I made the pas-

sage to the Hilton in our posh togs. Since it was down to John's dubious pilotage that we were 'right in it' (actually, right on it) in the first place, it was an offer that didn't require too much deliberation on my part before declining.

Hayling Lifeboat happened to be out on a call and after their 'job', they popped over to see if we needed anything. Apart from a big crane and / or the Spice Girls to help us pass the time (neither of which was immediately

I really thought I'd peaked in the embarrassment stakes - of course I was completely wrong.

Not only was I aground in Home Waters, only ½ mile from my home, I was directly opposite, and in full glorious view of, my club.

forthcoming), our needs were well catered for with copious cups of tea, coffee, soup etc. on board. The Lifeboatman took 'my details', all made doubly embarrassing since I'm now a 'Local' having recently moved to Hayling, and they departed with a rejoinder to 'call them on the flood' if we felt it necessary to have someone standing by.

I really thought I'd peaked in the embarrassment stakes - of course I was completely wrong. Not only was I aground in Home Waters only ½ mile from

my home, I was directly opposite, and in full glorious view of, my club (HISC). A situation compounded by the fact that, using the mobile 'phone, I had to call HISC to ask Helen (the Secretary) to cancel the taxi booked for that evening, since I couldn't remember the

number and Aries, well equipped as she is, doesn't have too many copies of Yellow Pages on board. Sadly, being an honest sort of cove, I mistakenly gave the real reason for cancellation and, with all due respect to Einstein, there's only one thing that can travel faster than light and that's the news of another berk aground on the Winner. Up to that point of course, admirably disguised by a combination of darkness, fog and drizzle, at least I was an anonymous berk - to me this was indeed a happy state of affairs.

It was, however, about this time that things took a turn for the worse.....

Unbeknownst to myself, Hayling Lifeboat had informed Solent Coastguard of our predicament and so it was something of a shock that evening, whilst sitting in the drizzle in the 45 degree sloping cockpit and enjoying (by proxy) the merriment going on at HISC, that Solent on Ch 67 called to the world at large: "Yacht Aries aground on the Winner, this is Solent Coastguard". I frantically, and in vain, peered into the gloom, hoping to God there was another Aries nearby but, alas, 'twas not to be. I hastily considered the merits of a rapid change of boat name but didn't have the paint or brushes with me so had little alternative but to answer. It has to be said that by now, the attractions of sailing had taken a bit of a bash and I was eagerly anticipating the delights of 'International Team Crochet' or even possibly, 'Competition Basket Weaving'.

John had decided to take a 'well earned'? nap and disappeared in the forepeak for some ZZZZ's although how he managed it is a complete mys-

tery to me since it closely resembled the north face of the Eiger. He was, however, awakened by the call from Solent (pretty inconsiderate of them, if you ask me) and then promptly set-to calculating our lift-off time. Was I about to be again impressed by a master mariner?..... The answer came back, "we'll be off at about 2015 hours". This heartened me no end as it was just possible to get back, have a quick change and off to the Hilton in time for pudding and a shuffle. Sure enough, at exactly 2130 we were off!

In accordance with the best traditions, at low water we'd laid an anchor, although there was some considerable debate as to the best position to lay it - I was in favour of Bermuda. As it transpired, it was largely academic since the Winner appears to be made of the same material as Hitler's Bunker and the trusty CQR had about as much holding power as a soap herring tied to parcel string. I decided to haul it in to prevent the anchor warp being wrapped around the keel as a combination of both the falling and rising tide had resulted in Aries swivelling about her keel and digging her own private pit. I also felt the continued gyrations might also wrap it round the prop shaft when I started the engine - I should, of course, have known better!.....

With enough water under us but still trapped in our private fishpond, totally out of character, the engine started first time - this is more than could be said of the water pump which flatly refused to join in the fun. Like a confirmed alcoholic, it clearly objected to being dried out and I disappeared down below to try increasingly drastic measures to get the water through. I suppose taking strainers and hoses

measures to get the water through. I suppose taking strainers and hoses apart in a fin keeled yacht, bouncing on gravel in the dark and rain, is all part of life's rich tapestry but the beauty of this experience completely escaped me at the time. At one point, I had considered jumping over the side and sucking the exhaust with the engine running in order to prime the pump but wisely, I dismissed this as the ravings of a lunatic or, more likely, the remnants of a couple of lunchtime pints at Itchenor Sailing Club. As luck would have it, (my luck that is!) one of HISC's club boats had also run aground that day and Pat (the HISC Bosun) was out doing his late evening rounds collecting assorted club boats from various parts of the harbour. I hailed him on Ch37 and subsequently Aries was kindly towed back to Sparkes where, true to form, just when you don't need it, both engine and

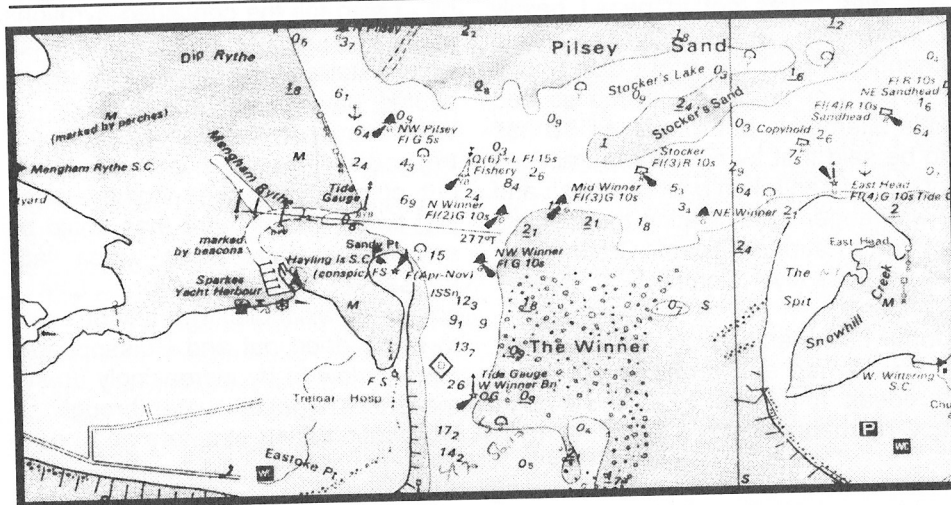
water pump decided to work in unison - after we'd tied up.

And so it was, alas, that despite every conceivable effort, our valiant attempt to dig the new 'Trans East Head to HISC Steamship Canal' had so manifestly failed. Equally depressing was the fact that the Spice Girls hadn't turned up (Why not?!) and so to pass the time we had scrubbed off - at least we scrubbed off one side (Starboard) and Aries now performs magnificently in an anti-clockwise circle.

I would therefore ask the Sailing Secretary to ensure that for next season, all race officers are instructed to lay only anti-clockwise, circular courses, ideally of about ½ cable radius. Failing that, could they please ensure that, at least, all marks are left to Port.

Steve Miller

Note: For those not of the balmy South Coast region of Chichester Harbour: the Winner is a notorious sand / gravel bank inside the harbour entrance. It is a rare weekend in high summer that someone doesn't run aground on it and, at certain states of the tide (particularly Spring tides), it closely resembles a bacchanalian orgy of mating humpback whales.



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