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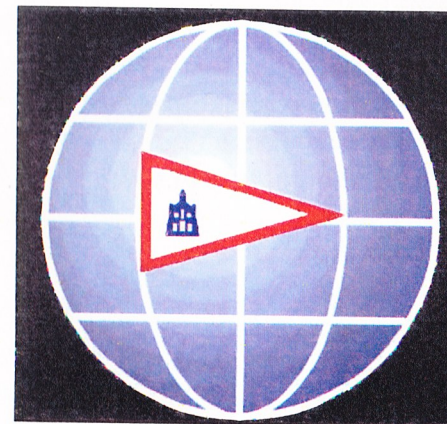
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## News of the CCRC World

Spring 2002



## Chichester Cruiser Racing Club

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## CHICHESTER CRUISER RACING CLUB

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<b>Cover picture: Gunshot crosses the ARC finishing line</b>	

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## CCRC Programme 2002

<u>Date</u>	<u>HW</u>	<u>Start</u>	<u>Event/Race/Series/Social</u>
Sat 20 APRIL			Fitting Out Supper/Chi Marina
Sun 21	18.57 3.9	10.30	Bay/Spring
Sat 4 MAY	18.01 3.8	10.00	Cowes/Island SC
Sun 5	19.25 3.8		as you fancy day on IOW
Mon 6	07.45 3.6		Return
Sat 18	16.21 4.2	13.00	Bramidge/CYC
Sat 25	11.09 4.6	11.00	Hamble/Chinese
Sun 26	11.59 4.7	09.30	rtn
Fri 31	15.59 4.4	20.00	Cherbourg
Sat 1-8 JUNE	16.33 4.1		Cruise/Seine Bay
Sat 15	15.25 4.5	12.30	Bay (2)/Summer/TISC bbq
Sun 16	16.16 4.4		Pursuit
Sat 6 JULY	08.47 3.8	12.00	Bembridge
Sun 7	09.46 4.0	11.00	rtn
Sat 13	14.27 4.7	11.00	Ladies/CowesYH
Sun 14	15.14 4.7	11.00	Crews
Sat 27	14.21 4.5	12.00	Port Solent
Sun 28	14.55 4.4	12.00	rtn
Sat 24 AUG	13.22 4.6	10.00	Lymington/Autumn
Sun 25	13.54 4.6		Poole
Mon 26	14.23 4.5		rtn
Sat 7 SEPT	12.19 4.8	12.00	Itchenor Casket/ISC
Sat 14	17.41 4.1	11.30	Hamble/RAFYC/Channel SC
Sat 21	12.24 4.6	10.30	Bay (2)/Seaview/Gosport
Sun 22	12.54 4.6	10.00	Pursuit rtn
Sat 28	15.51 4.1	10.00	Beaulieu
Sun 29	16.36 4.0		rtn
Sat 5 OCT	11.10 4.8		Commodore's Bender/HISC
Sun 6	11.55 5.0	10.30	Bay/HISC Nab Cup
Sun 13	17.13 4.0	10.30	Bay/HISC Sparkes

**Chichester Cruiser Racing Club has been organising yacht races in Hayling Bay, the Solent and across the Channel for 53 years.**

## COMMODORE'S COMMENTARY 2001

**by Mike Tong**

Another season over, Excalibur out of the water, sad days! Still it was a good year for CCRC with great sailing, strong membership numbers and wonderful conviviality in our social events. I must thank the Committee which has supported me in the running of the Club. I especially thank Andrew Wilson (assisted by Anne) who is taking a rest and standing down as Hon Secretary after much hard work. Jackie Black, Vice Commodore, Pam Marrs, Sailing Secretary, Hon Treasurer Rob McLeod, have continued to beaver away, with ASS's Glenn Jones, Trenter Ellis and Andy Reynolds looking after their group of races and, of course, the many members who have officiated as OODs.

The season starting Fitting Out Supper was, I believe, the last event in the old HISC clubhouse, followed on Sunday with the first bay race with an encouraging turnout. Membership levels generally, with subscriptions and boat registrations were positive.

Despite foot & mouth, the Yarmouth early May bank holiday trip, with a lay day on Sunday, was a great success, with many miles walked by thirsty crew to an excellent pub under Tennyson Down.

The cruise to France was well supported although no one finished the race over this year through lack of wind - well done to Gunshot and Flagon who nearly made it! The Green Peppers organised superbly, with activities continuous (boules, karting, golf, Driftwood Pursuit and many parties) as we cruised the west Cherbourg peninsular and Channel Islands. A 50 strong beach BBQ and sing-song at Dielette was particularly memorable.

We had the usual strong results Round-the-Island with Arion again winning her class. Excalibur could not quite achieve the same despite recruiting the Treasurer on mainsheet. We look forward to Sareema's more

frequent appearance next year (she is already in action in the Winter Series).

Over the season as a whole the Beta turn out was very good. There were the usual moans about handicaps but overall competitive racing was found, with some new winners. Alpha turn out seemed very low as many old stagers were not to be seen and few newcomers appeared. This was particularly true at the season end and has continued in the HISC winter series. The level of turnout is of great concern to me. Are we not providing the type and amount of racing required? We have noticed good support for other harbour clubs' more "social" events. Should there be a re-emphasis in our programme?

We had better support in our joint race and evening with Channel SC, including a quiz and games at the RAFYC enjoyed by all. I hope the participants enjoyed my Bender as we viewed the Itchenor vicinity from shoreside, followed by an energetic barn dance in the evening.

Talking of dancing reminds me of another success, with the 2001 Dinner Dance/Prizegiving at the Goodwood Marriott, when 85 attended. Brian Dandridge and his Moonshadow again reminded us of the golden oldies and kept the dancing going.

Our Corporate Sailing day, organised by Richard Creer, again contributed to Club funds - thanks Richard.

I thank John Dunkley for his editorship of the News of the CCRC World which is the life blood of the Club. We've had three issues in 2001 (and this is his fourth), full of interesting articles and news. Keep it up John!

Lastly, I comment about the 2002 Programme. We have drafted a somewhat less full list of races in the hope of greater turnout in each of them. Most of our favourite venues are due to be visited. The cruise will be 31 May to 8 June when we will be aiming for Deauville, Dives and Caen. Look forward to seeing you all there!

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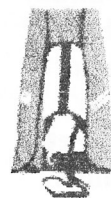
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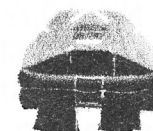
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## Gunshot sails the ARC

by Peter Wallace



Gunshot's crew relax in the cockpit after the finish. Photo: M Smith

Gunshot sailed from Las Palmas in the Racing Division of the 16<sup>th</sup> Atlantic Rally for Cruisers (ARC) in a fleet of 219 yachts on Sunday 25 November 2001 and arrived in St Lucia on Wednesday 12 December. She completed the crossing in 16 days, 22 hours and 33 minutes, finishing sixth in her division. Her best day's run was 177 miles and her shortest 137. Average speed was about 6.8 knots. Peter says they probably sailed about 100 miles more than the rhumb line.

The crew were Peter and Colin Wallace, Ed Nettleton, James Williamson and John Watson.

The following account of Gunshot's participation in the ARC is based on e-mails sent by Peter at different stages of the voyage:

Tuesday 18 September 2001: Gunshot is currently in Bayona in Galicia (West Spain). We left Chi at 7am on Tuesday morning 11 September and had a fairly easy sail to Camaret apart from listening to the horrifying news [of the 11 September terrorist attacks on New York and Washington] on the radio. In true Gunshot fashion we arrived in Camaret in time for an excellent dinner. We left Camaret mid-morning on Thursday 13 September to cross Biscay. The first night was a bit gritty with up to 40 knots on the beam. By the second day things had calmed down and we arrived in La Coruna after 53 hours; yes, in time for dinner!

La Coruna is a lovely Spanish port with loads of cafes and restaurants. We left the next afternoon to round Cape Finisterre. After two hours we took the main down completely and continued under a very small amount of jib. We were bound for Villagarcia and we were going too fast. The last 10 miles is up a ria and by then the wind was gusting 43 knots. That's a nine!

It took three hours to do 10 miles but the trip was worth it and the marina was very sheltered. We even ate on board, the food helped down by some fine Rioja. On 17 September we sailed round to Bayona which is a lovely up-market resort with excellent yacht facilities and a Royal yacht club which matched the Squadron. Tomorrow we leave for Portugal.

Gunshot has behaved well. We had some leaks in Biscay which were traced to the new liferaft mounting. These have now been cured. We have a small tear in the main, which will need fixing in Lisbon. Overall we are very comfortable and this part of Spain is a wonderful cruising ground.

Pete & Colin (Ed will join us in Las Palmas)

Tuesday, 23 October: This message was meant to be "Greetings from Madeira" but it was not to be. We flew back to Lisbon last Monday

morning (15 October) and set off for Madeira on Tuesday morning after a fine meal of lobster on Monday night. The forecast was not too good but OK, south-westerly five maybe six but [predicted] to go north-west by Friday. The first day was OK but by Wednesday night we had 30 knots, still from the south-west. We discovered some small leaks, one of which was causing salt water to drip on the electrical panel - not ideal. By Friday lunchtime it was still blowing 30 knots on the nose and we were still 180 miles from Madeira. I called Gibraltar Met Office on the satellite phone and they said that it would continue to blow from the south-west or west for another two days and the wind strength would increase to a full gale. As the seas were very confused, with the north-west swell interfering with the south-west gale, I unfortunately had to make a decision to return to Portugal. The nearer shore was Morocco but I was not sure about the visa requirements etc. We turned round and sailed the 280 miles back to the Algarve. We had over 40 knots (force 8) the first night but we were happy as we were going downwind. We even had a hot dinner of roast duck after a hot shower! We arrived in Lagos on Sunday late afternoon in time for a mega meal and a little too much brandy.

One can say that every cloud has a silver lining, as Lagos is a lovely place with a fantastic marina. We hope to complete the repairs by Thursday and brother Colin is flying out then to sail the boat to Las Palmas with "Uncle" John, Wiz and Anne. The forecast is looking better, with the Azores high starting to re-establish itself. I am flying back to the UK on Saturday and will rejoin in Las Palmas.

I had an e-mail from Mike Smith asking how I was enjoying downwind sailing. It's lucky that you can't hit people on the Internet!

*On Sunday 4 November Peter reported that Gunshot had had to motor most of the way to the Canaries as winds, while much lighter, were still on the nose. They resorted to sailing, however, when they were almost out of fuel. "Uncle" John Hampton flew back to the UK on 5 November. Peter flew back to the UK for the CCRC annual meeting on Saturday 10 November – only 15 days before the start of the ARC from Las Palmas on 25 November.*

Friday 23 November: We finally got the boat to Las Palmas nearly three weeks ago. Brother Colin and crew brought it down here from the Algarve without drama; in fact they motored most of the way. I have been here for nearly two weeks and the panic is starting to set in. We have two days to go and we still haven't finished all the jobs. The weather has been pretty awful, as it rains most days and the wind hasn't been below 15 knots for four days. On Tuesday we had a line squall of 40+ knots in the marina. No problem for us but the cruising boats at anchor fared worse - five of them dragged their anchors on to the rocks by the marina. We all rushed to their assistance and used the marina flagpoles to fend them off and avoid serious damage. The harbour patrol eventually came and towed them off.

The weather has made us behind in our preparations and we have had a number of electrical problems but they seem to be fixed. I shall be pleased to set off on Sunday and we are hoping that the trade winds will have set in. The atmosphere here is quite exciting, with over 200 boats preparing for a trans-Atlantic crossing. We have done most of our provisioning; the fresh food will arrive this afternoon. We are hoping that we can find room to stow everything. One luxury is that we have taken on board a whole Iberian ham. This will enhance our lunches for quite a lot of the trip.

We have e-mail on board now and will try to keep in touch during the crossing. The baud rate is very slow so the messages might be short. Likewise please do not send any long messages and certainly no attachments. Our address is MYBN2@kielradio.de.

I had a visit from my friend John Abbott on Tuesday. He is staying in Lanzarote for three months and came over on the ferry for 24 hours. Needless to say we had an excellent meal together; the prices here are very low and the tapas are excellent. Now it's back to the preparations.

Sunday 25 November: We started the ARC at 12.40pm this afternoon. It is now 5.40pm and we have covered 43 miles. Not bad! We have 25 knots of wind behind us and we had the spinnaker up until recently. We have now reefed and are sailing with a poled out genoa ready for the night watch. We



are still doing eight knots. I am sure this can't last.

Friday 30 November: We crossed the Tropic of Cancer this morning, which is cause for celebration. So far the trip is going fine. We have had north-easterly winds between 10 and 30 knots the whole way so far and we have covered 800 miles in five days. Life on board is pretty comfortable. The whole Spanish ham is not quite so whole now and the fresh meat is still fresh. Disappointingly, some of the fresh fruit is starting to go off.

We have an extra passenger. A Spanish racing pigeon landed onboard two nights ago and steadfastly refuses to fly off. We have been fishing for two days but still no joy.

Our main concern is that we saw a cockroach this morning. This is most surprising as we were very careful in Las Palmas. I hope there aren't any more!

The weather is very warm during the day now although it did rain last night. Hurricane Olga has been downgraded and will dissipate over Cuba at the weekend. The rest of the forecast looks OK at the moment; still there is a long way to go.

Tuesday 4 December: All is well. We passed the half way this evening and, touch wood, Gunshot is behaving very well. The wind continues up our behind between 15 and 25 knots and we are mainly sailing with our trade wind rig of one reef in the main with preventer and a poled out genoa, slightly furled. This is very well balanced and George [the autohelm] copes admirably. We all had showers today; the watermaker is a real boon. We were listening to Moonshadow in the cockpit this evening. Have a great dinner dance. *[The club's annual dinner dance was on 8 December.]*

*The ARC website reported on 4 December that there had been strong winds and two competing yachts had broken their booms.*

Saturday 8 December: We have celebrated less than 1,000 miles to go.

Winds are now very light and two days ago the autohelm packed up. We have had to steer ever since. The kite has been up for 30 hours and we have been concentrating hard. We managed 137 miles yesterday which is still OK.

We worked a two hour rolling watch system meaning that you spent four hours on watch then six hours off. When the autohelm packed up we had to hand steer. Even with five crew this proved quite tiring, especially through the night with the spinnaker up. It was very easy to lose concentration and wrap the kite. I would recommend adding a webbing jib as an anti-wrap device.

Great news: at 4am this morning, miraculously, the autohelm jumped into life and is still working. Hopefully we can all eat together again tonight.

Life is still good on board. Pablo our racing pigeon is living the life of Riley under the helmsman's seat. He is looking distinctly heavier than when he landed. We have just got the forecast that a new high is developing over the eastern US which is good news and should restore the trades in a couple of days.

The weather is now very hot and we are very pleased to have a bimini to keep the sun off. The sea temperature is now 27 degrees! Most of our fresh fruit has over ripened. The bananas all seemed to ripen within three days; only the apples are still good. We still have fresh steak for tonight and then we move on to tinned foods.

We hope to be in St. Lucia within seven days (ish). That will be a party!

Monday 10 December: As I write this e-mail we have just completed two full weeks at sea. We have covered over 2,100 miles and only have 485 to go; that's about three Cowes - St Malos. It is only 9am on board; it seems strange to be moving the clock back every four days on our little boat. Still I don't think we will suffer from jet lag!

Disaster struck yesterday when the fridge broke down. We now have an

added incentive to reach St Lucia for our first cold beer. We had some lighter winds for two days and hoisted the spinnaker for 40 hours. Unfortunately at 4am we got a wrap and a big tear. Ed spent six hours repairing it with tape. We tried it out yesterday afternoon but it only lasted five minutes. We now think that it is an ex-spinnaker. We do have our cruising chute if necessary, although at the moment we have 20 knots of wind and don't need it. The autohelm has come back to life for the second time and is currently working. We all have our fingers crossed that it will keep operating 'til the finish.

Pablo the pigeon is still very happy, in fact, far too happy. We are concerned that he might prefer the comfort of the boat to a new life in the Caribbean rain forest. Many thanks to all of you for your support and wishes and to Guy for his recipe for pigeon pie!

We hope to be in St Lucia on Wednesday. We are really looking forward to the rum punch.

Thursday 13 December: We finished at 7.20 local time yesterday morning having made the crossing in 16 days 23 hours, 20 minutes. That's much quicker than our most optimistic forecast. The feeling of elation at crossing the line was fantastic. We completed the trip with only one failure, the fridge, as our autohelm continued to work to the finish. We are very pleased that we suffered no [other] gear failure [apart from the spinnaker]. I think the months of preparation have paid off.

We were met on the dockside by our sailing friends Mike and Helen Smith together with Trevor and Monica Rose. Mike and Helen did the ARC last year [in General Gamble] and are still cruising in the Caribbean.

Rodney Bay Marina is very pleasant with plenty of bars and restaurants. It is very hot but luckily there is a cooling breeze. Mike and Helen booked an excellent restaurant on the beach for last night and a good time was had by all even if some of the crew are nursing hangovers this morning.



**Gunshot's crew celebrate as they cross the finishing line**

We will stay here for a week until Di and the others fly out then it is south to spend Christmas in the Grenadines. I understand turkey is not easy to find so everyone has lobster for Christmas lunch!

Thanks for following us on the web; hope the e-mails were interesting. I will sign off now and I am now returned to my old e-mail address. Please do not use the boat e-mail from now.

I realise that I did not update you on Pablo when we arrived. After saving his life in mid-Atlantic and then feeding him for 10 days he flew off the moment we docked without so much as a thank you. I even wonder if he really was a Pablo; perhaps she was a Carmen! We did not see the cockroach again although I am reliably informed that this doesn't mean that it wasn't there.

Unfortunately we did not succeed in catching any fish. We had about six definite bites but couldn't land any. Ed battled for 15 minutes with one, it must have been a whopper, but it broke loose before the whole reel was



wound in.

The daily net controllers recorded positions and relayed them to Cowes. One day Cochise started his net by asking for a radio check. Immediately a reply came back "Cochise, this is Solent Coastguard, you are weak but readable"!!!

We finished 6th in our racing division which is very pleasing as we beat some much more racy boats.

Daily positions: After almost 24 hours, at 12 noon on 26 November the Arc website gave Gunshot's position as N 26.35 W 17.45 leaving 2,530 miles to sail to St Lucia. The following noon positions with remaining miles to go (mtg) were taken from the website:

27 November N 25.27 W 20.27 mtg 2,377  
28 November N 24.32 W 23.25 mtg 2,209  
29 November N 23.20 W 26.7 mtg 2,051  
30 November N 21.46 W 28.32 mtg 1,904  
1 December N 20.7 W 30.58 mtg 1,755  
2 December - no report  
3 December N 18.51 W 37.3 mtg 1,404  
4 December N 17.47 W 39.34 mtg 1,253  
5 December N 17.34 W 42.28 mtg 1,087  
6 December N 16.35 W 44.38 mtg 965  
7 December N 16.6 W 47.6 mtg 812  
8 December - no report  
9 December N 15.50 W 52.45 mtg 487  
10 December N 15.51 W 55.36 mtg 328  
11 December N 15.0 W 58.46 mtg 139

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**There are rumours that other CCRC yachts might enter for the ARC this year and next. To date 14 Atlantic crossings under sail have been done by CCRC members. When that number reaches 20 it might be worth thinking about changing the club's name to CORC – Chichester Ocean Racing Club!**

**If you think this looks a bit fishy, you should have seen the one that got away!**



**Ex-Commodore Mike Smith hooks a big one off St Vincent**

## **Smith's Tours – cruising in the West Indies by Monica Rose**

**(Monica and Trevor Rose joined Mike and Helen Smith aboard General Gamble, which sailed in the 15<sup>th</sup> ARC in 2000)**

It's never too late to try something new, given the encouragement of those who have been there, seen it and got the T-shirts. What more could one

expect from experienced live-aboards who know you and research exactly the type of activities to suit?

We cruised approximately 250 nm, quite effortlessly, from island to island (what's tacking?), nothing strenuous, sometimes with large seas.

We left St Lucia after a day of recovery and shopping for the boat, then voyaged south calling into some wonderful bays, with mountainous lush scenery. The locals of all the islands were happy smiling people doing their best to make a living. Only too frequently we were bombarded with 'boat people' selling their wares or offering to tie you to a palm tree (sorry no erotic thoughts) - the boat to a palm tree. Beneath two huge peaks called The Pitons on St Vincent, near to Soufriere Bay a volcanic area (soufre being French for sulphur), we were approached by Benny, a local restaurateur and friend of Mike and Helen. He took our stern line and tied it to a palm tree, gave us a menu to choose dinner that evening and took our order. We continued with our swim until it was that magic time, sundowners. Helen makes a mean rum punch and while watching the brilliantly golden sun set on the horizon we actually saw the 'green flash'. Yes, it was well before our encore punches. We changed for dinner and Benny at the appointed time came to collect us and take us to his little beachfront restaurant/home where we enjoyed an excellent meal comprising many different kinds of local vegetables, fish cakes and lobster, cooked to perfection by his wife.

Such beautiful colours, both scenery and water, and my first ever snorkelling over coral reefs. Tobago Keys was *the* perfect venue. One day we anchored off this deserted beach, enjoyed a lovely meal on board and went to bed. Next morning our idyllic situation was disturbed. Huge blocks-of-flats cruise ships appeared, and before you could say 'Sailor Jack McCoy' ships' staff erecting stalls and putting out sunbeds had invaded the beach. Along came Mango Tango complete with exceptionally loud Bob Marley type music and many huge charter catamarans to take the cruise ship passengers off to tour the islands. Needless to say we up-anchored and left for quieter pastures. We anchored again just inside a coral reef, surrounded by very high Atlantic rollers. Now came the test of my newly



**Monica, Trevor, Helen and Mike soaking up the sun**

purchased snorkel and mask. We tendered over to the reef and then went in. Oops! I didn't have it tight enough at first. The coral and fish were magnificent and we actually saw a stingray, after being alerted to its whereabouts by Mike. Trevor and I found it quite tiring although invigorating, so next day we chose to be put on this tiny island to explore around the coastline. I have always wanted to be on a deserted island with the man of my dreams, but a bristly beard is a bit off-putting. I found also that the sea was so buoyant there was more of me above than below; Trev didn't agree and has his own opinion.

As a live-aboard one doesn't have neighbours but we seemed to be bumping into M & H's friends quite regularly. We had many enjoyable discussions - some hotter than others, exchanging opinions on different



countries' attitudes and politics. It's good to see M & H so adjusted and happy in their seaboard environment.

Travelling back north to St Lucia to await the arrival of the ARC, we called again into a small island called Bequia where I just happened to become yet another year older. We love the custom of happy hours and the portion sizes of rum. My birthday passed quite painlessly in a beach restaurant called The Live Lobster. Next day we took a taxi tour of the island, which included a trip to a turtle sanctuary. Turtles were becoming scarce and one of the young male hunters of 20 years ago, now much older, had decided that he must replenish stocks. He gets turtle eggs and hatches them out in tanks, transferring them regularly into larger tanks as they grow. When they have hard enough shells not to be a delicacy to fish and birds, he frees them into the sea. He has one older turtle, which is his pet. He takes it daily for a walk on a lead along the waters' edge and for a swim. Lunch in yet another beach bar/restaurant before returning to the boat via the airfield, complete with a minuscule runway and 'rubber band' planes.

St Vincent again, and a boat lady this time to tie us to a palm tree. Yet another bay to anchor in, next to 150ft of sheer [nautical] beauty. She was manned by crew doing the polishing and cooking. Bliss! Apparently St Vincent is notorious for its wet weather, but while snorkelling it really didn't make much difference. Next morning we awoke to a commotion on the shore where a fresh water river met the sea. We all watched as the locals threw their nets to catch fish and great excitement when they did. After breakfast skipper said it was time to leave to get back for the arrival of Gunshot. No boat boys or girls to let us off the palm tree. Next minute Trevor was in the water swimming ashore to do the job. Saved us the 20 EC\$.

We anchored in the bay just inside Pigeon Island and had our last swim/snorkel before going into the marina, then made our way into the lagoon. The marina was already filling up with larger boats that had finished. We called into the ARC office and were informed by a crew member of Commodore Mike Tong's Excalibur (surprise surprise) that



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Gunshot's ETA was approximately 9am next morning. How very thoughtful of them as we were not used to rising early. Nevertheless as we awoke next morning at 8am there was much blowing and hooting. It was Gunshot early!! The majority of Gunshot's crew was carrying extra weight. They were sporting beards. They all looked ruddy faced and exhilarated. Needless to say we partied for the rest of the day and evening.

Next morning we left to go Martinique for a further two days. A great chance to stock up on French wines and cheese etc. if you can find a place to land the dinghy. Fort de France is not dinghy friendly. Unfortunately the rainy season had decided to be late but getting wet is not like in England, you soon dry and it's not cold. Unfortunately for the ARC crews, although the strong winds had made for a record crossing, when in the marina it was disappointing. The sun did shine but the rain *did* rain.



**Mike Smith views the "move to starboard" reminder on Gunshot's ARC banner. Photo: Monica Rose**

On our return to St Lucia entertainment of all kinds had been laid on for revellers but one evening the bandstand collapsed under the weight of the rain. At least everyone had a fairly quiet sleep that night. Our last evening was spent hitching up our dresses (women only), donning our waterproofs and going ashore to dinner by tender at The Bistro, to be recommended. Next day saw us having to say goodbye to our hosts and The Gunshots. Pete and crew in true Gunshot style had organised a party before we left by taxi for the airport and our flight home. He had invited crews from other ARC boats, some with children, who we were informed, had done 6 hrs daily correspondence language courses so that they didn't become bored on the crossing. We met a family from Estonia who had seen a vision sailing by, and when they found out what it was they went to the Maritime Museum of Oslo to find the Colin Archer plans dated 1897, and built an exact copy to do the ARC crossing.

Just to prove one has to have an *aide memoir* at any age, there was a memo on the inside of Gunshot's ARC race number banner saying "move to starboard for the finish off Pigeon Island". Yachts were still arriving to finish as we were leaving to come home. It was a truly great atmosphere, one to be remembered into even older age.

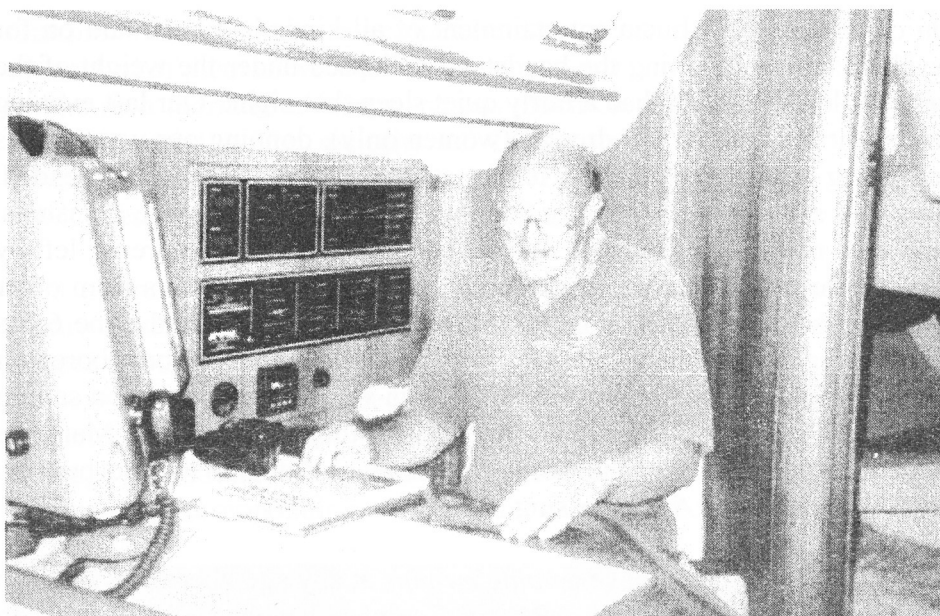
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## **A new Anna Louise sails home from the Baltic by Roger Morris**

After seven happy seasons of racing and cruising our X362 Anna Louise V, including three visits to Ireland for Cork Week, Jackie and I decided that the time had come for a bigger, more comfortable boat, with longer distance cruising in mind. Not wishing to go the whole hog to an out and out cruiser and, having been delighted with our 362, it was a relatively easy decision to stick with X Yachts and, after several visits to Haderslav, we selected a 442.

We had never sailed in the Baltic and so we decided, on this occasion, to take delivery of the new boat in Haderslav and sail her home to Chichester.





**Roger Morris at the chart table of Anna Louise VI**

As we planned a mini-cruise in the Baltic before the trip back to England, the logistics of getting all our gear to Denmark were quite complicated. In the event we decided to take a car, loaded with gear, over on the ferry from Harwich to Esbjerg, have our cruise and then leave the boat back at Haderslav to return later by air for the trip home.

The new boat was launched on 10 July, just before the yard's three weeks annual leave. When we arrived on the 11th with our car laden with the rubber dinghy, outboard motor, life raft and other safety gear, crockery, cutlery, bedding etc., the yard was in a state of high activity, preparing the last boats for delivery before their holidays, not least amongst which was the exciting new X73. All credit to X Yachts, however, Anna Louise VI was awaiting us, launched and rigged and very nearly ready to go.

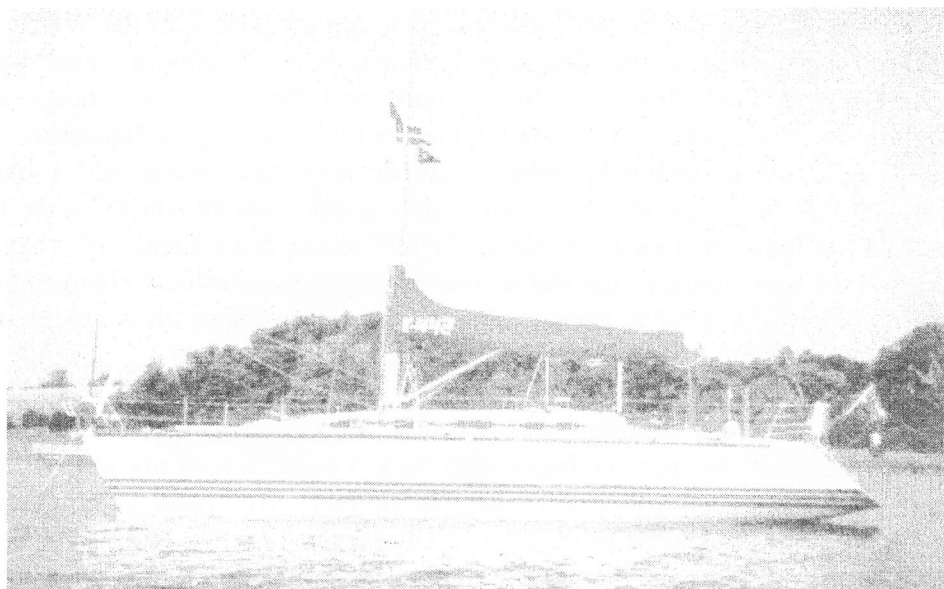
I had travelled out in the car with Anna Louise II, my eldest daughter, and after a couple of days preparing the boat, Jackie joined us by air via the excellent Ryanair flight from Stanstead to Esbjerg (price £6.50 single!).

The three of us set off for our little cruise around the islands of the Western Baltic. We visited the delightful Aeroskoping, Svenborg, Faaborg, Maasholm at the entrance to Scheimunde and the lovely anchorage at Dyvig via Sonderborg and the Aals Sound before returning to Haderslav, a week later. The boat had behaved impeccably and Jackie and I had enjoyed our first experience of sailing her on our own as Anna Louise II had had to leave us after a couple of days to return to England. In what I discovered was typical of the Baltic, the weather was extremely changeable but it contrived to give us lovely sunny evenings most days, in which to sit in the cockpit with our sundowners admiring our new vessel.

Two weeks later, I returned with a crew of four, Tim Kinross, James Williamson with his partner Jackie and Nick Young, son of my old friend (and ex-CCRC member) Eddie, for the delivery trip back to England (Ryanair's fare had gone up to £8!). The forecast for the week was not very appealing, with the likelihood of some strong south-westerly weather mid-week. I had chosen Cowes Week for the trip, so as to avoid withdrawal symptoms related to missing the racing. On arrival in Denmark we provisioned the boat (a difficult task in Denmark after 4pm on a Saturday when all the supermarkets close) and then had dinner in the excellent restaurant at the Haderslav Sailing Club.

The following morning we set off at 6am for the 80 odd mile trip to the entrance to the Kiel Canal. Motoring out of Haderslav Fjord as the thick early morning mist lifted was quite beautiful. Needless to say, the wind was on the nose for most of the trip which we accomplished with a mix of lovely sailing and less enjoyable motor sailing. The only excitement of the day was a sudden thunderstorm and associated squalls in which we recorded 44 knots at one point.

We spent the night at the British Kiel Yacht Club, an anachronism which is well worth a visit by anyone making this trip. It seems to be a British military outpost attached to what is now a German military base. They extend a warm welcome to visiting British yachts, although sadly neither the bar nor the restaurant were open on this particular Sunday night.



### **Anna Louise VI – back home in Itchenor reach**

Once again we made an early start the next morning for our trip through the Canal. This is about 60 miles long and sailing is forbidden so we had a lazy day motoring, predominantly spent preparing meals for our forthcoming trip down the North Sea. The locks at each end of the Canal are huge and very easy to negotiate. After refuelling at Brunsbittel, within the Canal, we caught the ebb tide in the river Elbe down to Cuxhaven, which we found to be very crowded and where we spent a miserable rainy night.

On Tuesday morning we set off on the very strong ebb tide again with the intention of sailing directly to Ramsgate, some 400 miles. However, the forecast was not promising, with the likelihood of strong south-westerlies and so our fall back was to put into Den Helder in Holland. The pilot book warns of the strength of the tide in the entrance to the Elbe and this should not be ignored. We found over 5 knots in our favour although this made for very confused seas given the light westerly wind and the wash from the heavy flow of commercial traffic.

We motor sailed in light winds until early evening when the breeze filled in. It then rose rapidly such that we had to beat through the night and the next morning in winds constantly exceeding 35 knots and heavy seas. With two reefs in the main and a small amount of the furling jib, the boat performed brilliantly but the crew were pretty tired and so we put into Den Helder via the north entrance in the late afternoon of Wednesday, after 16 hours of tough conditions. This way into Den Helder is pretty exciting in such weather as the channel runs close to the beach with breaking water to seaward!

Den Helder is the major base for the Dutch navy, who run the marina nearest to the entrance. We were given a warm welcome and had a most comfortable night after supper and a few beers in the floating clubhouse.

The weather had moderated by Thursday morning and, with a forecast of west-north-west 4-5 decreasing, we set off at lunch time for Chichester. This southern part of the North Sea is very busy with a huge volume of commercial traffic and many gas production platforms. Inevitably, the wind had a larger southerly component than the forecast so we were close hauled for most of the trip but it only blew up in the odd thundery squall on Thursday night. We arrived at Chichester entrance on Saturday morning after an uneventful sail of some 50 hours from Den Helder.

All in all, the weather had really not been kind to us during the week (the windiest Cowes week for many years), but the boat had performed superbly. Including the cruise, we had sailed some 1,000 miles by the time we reached Chichester and had yet to enjoy a sail with the wind aft of the beam!

### **Rum goings on at Bucklers Hard** **by Richard Creer**

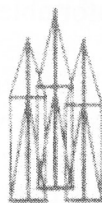
In my opinion there are frequently far too many young girls on Petra; but this time I will forgive him. After all you do need someone to organise a Caribbean party up a muddy Solent creek in late September, and who better. But I digress; we will come back to this one later.



For reasons which now escape me, CCRC race 28 started at Hard, but the prevailing "grey-out" meant we could have been anywhere. A forecast of much blowing-stuff for the morrow no doubt deterred a few; nevertheless eight boats set off on a beat to Nab End. When we got there - amazing thing - the sun came out and we set off on a long fetch to Hill Head, arriving just after lunch.

At Hill Head the Alphas went their own way and the Betas had a beat to Gurnard with a choice of going either east and south or north and west of

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the Brambles. Petra, who by this time had opened up far too big a lead over Goldeneye, opted for the former. Feeling we had to do something different, Goldeneye went for the latter. Approaching Gurnard we looked north, east and south in vain. No sign of Petra anywhere - boy, had we got that one wrong. So rounding the mark we were intrigued to find her approaching it from the west - but, hey, navigation is part of it too.

She sneaked past us just before the finish at Raytheon but we were close enough under the excellent Chichester rating system to snatch victory, ensuring that the Conservation Trophy stays on top of the telly for another year. The Harribelle was third.

Five boats made it to Buckler's Hard and suddenly it was party time. As the sun slipped behind the palm trees fringing the white sandy beach, the Petragirls served rum punches to the accompaniment of a steel band while the scent of strange medicinal herbs hung in the warm evening air. On reflection perhaps that last sentence is not entirely accurate but it does include a certain amount of truth. And before long the party animals contained a certain amount of rum and nibbles.

Party merged seamlessly into pub. And pub merged seamlessly into oblivion.

Being Committee Boat on the Sunday, Goldeneye's alarm clock was set for a cruel two hours before the scheduled 08.00 start time. On waking the skipper soon discovered that something had gone terribly wrong - it was still dark. Undaunted, and pausing but briefly to eject a couple of Petragirls who had inveigled themselves onboard, Goldeneye doggedly headed downstream. Anchored in the vicinity of the start line and with the hour fast approaching, one could not help but notice the relative lack of competitors. Could it be the rum or was it the medicinal herbs? But in due course they emerged and set off in line astern for Chi.

With the weather deteriorating no one complained about the minimalist return trip which ensured that everyone was back in time for lunch or, in the case of Brown Bomber, breakfast.

Thus ended another classic CCRC weekend, adding a dash of spirit to some unpromising ingredients to produce an excellent time for all. And special thanks to Emily, Alison and Lucy.

## Round the Bender

by John Skillicorn

I had been summoned by the Commodore. With that sinking feeling so well remembered as a schoolboy having to see the headmaster in his study, I agonised en route as to why I had been singled out; with which of my offences had he determined to confront me and what painful and cunning punishment could be expected? With sweaty palms and tightened stomach muscles (such as they are), I approached the great man.

He received me with that customary friendly, confident grin which I feared was designed only to put one at one's ease. My heart sank. Clearly, the greeting must have been intended, or so it seemed, to relax the culprit who only then would be wrong footed before being confronted with some mortal sin. I looked up to this Olympian figure and through a mist of confused emotions vaguely heard reference to his Bender.

In a panic, intuitively I felt that there was to be demanded of me to decline the Latin word 'bender'. In addition, it would almost certainly be expected to be the past pluperfect whereas, in reality, I couldn't even recall the present tense. The punishment for failure would be frightful. There was little that could get worse, even at sea. Through a mist I heard more words, but failed to take them in.

The Commodorable appeared and perhaps sensing my condition tried to comfort me. What a grand lady. With kind and sympathetic words she eased my distress. Nevertheless, before I knew what, in the performance of their duties the two of them had moved on to greet other worthies and CCRC members of great stature, leaving me to mumble my humble thanks

and ponder about what diktat had been laid down and how I had been directed to carry it out.



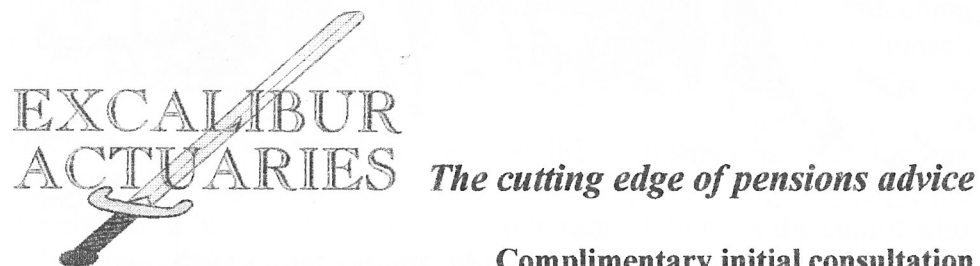
**The Bender - down by the harbourside. Photo: John Skillicorn**

The one thing that was clear was that it was in connection with his Bender. But what is a Bender? For those of us of low intelligence and delicate disposition we have often wondered about the answer to this but rarely had the courage to enquire. Is a Bender (i) a Latin verb or noun? (ii) a medical condition (see Medical Dictionary for gruesome alternatives)? (iii) a device used by plumbers for clearing drains? (iv) Australian slang for a .....? (v) an extension of a musical note or phrase? (vi) a Bacchanalian orgy?

The fact is that my appearance before the Commodore had been on Saturday 6 October, the very day of his Bender. He had invited CCRC members to assemble at noon at the Ship at Itchenor. On arrival, it was evident from the ruddy faces arrayed outside the pub that instead of their owners' familiar garb of oilies, the assembly was dressed in clobber most commonly suited to country pursuits.



Following lunch and a rain shower, close to two dozen members gathered on the foreshore. Led by a lecturer from the Harbour Conservancy, we set off on a circular guided tour along paths towards Westlands, back across fields to Itchenor Church, then continued on further footpaths (v. muddy in places) to the harbour edge west of Itchenor. For most of the party, it was not only an exploration of new, to them, aspects of the Harbour but an interesting and informed guide. The re-creation and conservation of salt marshes along the eastern side of the Chichester Channel was pointed out as were details of the ancient woodland we passed through on the way back to Itchenor. Your scribe was enjoying himself and, clearly, so too were the rest of the group notwithstanding what was for some unaccustomed exercise. Apart from the odd shower, the weather was fine and, indeed, became quite sunny by mid-afternoon.



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After a change into more familiar garb, members reassembled in the temporary new clubhouse of Hayling Island SC. As a diversion to the attractions of the bar – or perhaps complementary to it – Peter Wallace was to be found showing his video of .....? Could this be something to confront my worst imaginations of what comprised a Bender? Approaching the screen with caution, there emerged with music and commentary the edited highlights of Gunshot's passage and that of her brave and intrepid crew (Peter insisted on this) on the first leg to Portugal preparatory to positioning the yacht in the Canaries for the start of the ARC in November. He had returned solely for the purpose of the Bender or, more likely, I suspected, to do some work to earn the dosh to meet their possible extravagant demands. Anyhow, it was an impressive bit of film making.

There followed food and drink, the consumption of which is such a wonderful, wonderful way of passing time. Our great leader (I mean the Commodore, not TB) neglected to enthrall us with an after dinner speech of an hour or two, much to my disappointment. Instead, having risen from the table, we were commanded to form into lines just like school again, only this time there were girls present!! This was alarming, but much more fun. It was a barn dance.

With a professional caller to lead the assembly, dancing got underway. Most unlikely figures were to be seen disporting themselves, some light of foot, some with admirable sense of rhythm (and others not) but all manifestly having a good time. I did spy the great man skipping around the room to the beat, surprising for a man of his vast age, but did notice that by virtue of the structured dances he held hands and partied with ladies other than the Commodorable. I pondered on this revelation but did notice that everyone else seemed to be doing much the same and revelling in it. So I joined in. We had a ball.

Having discovered the diverse joys of a Bender, I can barely wait for the next. Oh, and by the way, only afterwards did I work out that the Commodore's direction to me had been to write a report. So here it is.

## **The race that never was**

**by Michael Taking**

Once upon a time there was a perfect sailing day. The sun sparkled on the blue green sea, a warm southerly breeze rippled the water just enough to make four or five knots possible for helmsmen and crews who really concentrated, and in Hayling Bay all seemed well with the world. Even the Commodore was happy. This was one of the best turnouts of the year. A profusion of Alpha and Beta boats followed lazily as the Committee Boat, having investigated the possibility of a start at Hard, motored north to set up the line at Bay when the breeze shifted from SSW to due south.



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The course was displayed in good time. The Betas were instructed to sail to a specially laid inflatable buoy some three miles out in the direction of the Nab, then to Bay, Dean Elbow, Bay, East Winner, Bay and finally the inflatable again – all marks to be left to port. Penrose, Goldeneye, Sycorax, Rimau, Innatwist, Marigold, Samurai and others jockeyed for pole position as the seconds ticked on towards the gun. Then somebody asked the Committee Boat if the OOD really meant all marks to be left to port? Suddenly it all went pear shaped. Why waste valuable time having a general recall when you can abort the start?

We tried another start. The course remained the same, only this time all marks were to starboard. Did this mean we could go straight from the inflatable buoy to Dean Elbow and then directly to East Winner leaving Bay some three miles or so to starboard in each case? Protests against this interpretation of the racing rules have been lost at past Cowes Weeks. No one was really sure. But several skippers had an uneasy feeling that the rules had been changed to prohibit this questionable practice. The problem was worst for Goldeneye. As the leading boat she had to make THE decision. She could have headed back to Bay only to find that the boats behind her were sailing straight for Dean Elbow. But Richard knows his racing rules. Rule 28.1: "A boat shall start, leave each mark on the required side in the correct order, and finish, so that a string representing her wake after starting and until finishing, would when drawn taut pass each mark on the required side and touch each rounding mark." So Goldeneye headed north for Bay. It was just as well that all the others followed.

Goldeneye's spinnaker led a procession of colourful nylon on the run inshore, and one by one they unfurled or re-hoisted their genoas, dropped their kites, and "hooked" round Bay for the beat to Dean Elbow. Samurai, Sycorax and Rimau took advantage of the strengthening but still light breeze to close the gap as they lee-bowed the tide. Goldeneye still led at the mark and on the spinnaker reach back to Bay but was not yet far enough ahead to save her time on handicap.



A flag was spotted on the Committee Boat as the fleet approached. Was this a 'shorten course'? Two toots – yes! Followed immediately by three more toots – no! What the blankety blank does that mean? That's not a shorten course flag! Quick, look it up in Macmillans. *Pause...* It's C for Charlie. So what the hell are we supposed to do? I dunno! Well blankety well find out! The conversation on each boat took a roughly similar pattern as each skipper heard the toots and tried to identify the flag. The exchange was, perhaps, a little more acidic aboard Innatwist and Marigold as they vied neck and neck with shy reaching spinnakers to be ahead of the other across what both expected to be the finishing line. But Rule 33 says "At any rounding mark the race committee may signal a change of the direction of the next leg of the course by displaying flag C with repetitive sounds and the compass bearing of that leg before any boat begins it. The race committee may change the length of the next leg by displaying flag C with repetitive sounds and a '-' if the leg will be shortened or a '+' if the leg will be lengthened."

It would be unfair to the pundits in Beta to say that confusion reigned. Say, rather, that there were some interesting tactical discussions about where to go next. Some could be seen heading south-west, some south-east. Several attempted - unsuccessfully - to discern the changed course symbols on the Committee Boat against the brightness of the setting sun.

But why not seek advice from the horse's mouth via VHF? A very good afternoon to you Sir. Would you be so kind as to advise me if the next mark is still East Winner? You're not allowed to tell me? Yes, I appreciate that it is displayed on your guardrails, but we are finding it very hard to see because of the angle of the sun. No, we don't really want to turn back to look; we might lose a place.

Then boat to boat on VHF: Do you know where we're supposed to be going, old boy? Not really, old boy!

At this point, the Committee boat hauled up its anchor and headed out towards the inflatable mark, now repositioned further inshore near Hard, and re-anchored close to both.

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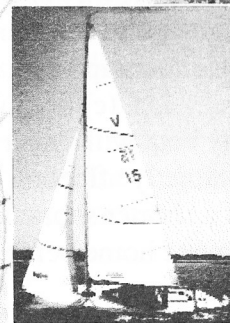
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Overheard on VHF: Am I right in thinking that the next mark is Hard? Yes. Do we have to round the inflatable buoy? I think so! Starboard or port? Both. Is this the finish? Who knows?

As far as can be ascertained, Goldeneye, Rimau, Samurai and Innatwist rounded Hard to port, leaving the nearby inflatable buoy to starboard, and Penrose, Sycorax and Marigold left Hard to port, hooking round the inflatable buoy to starboard. See Rule 28.1 above.

There followed another spinnaker run to Bay, where near to the mark (wonder of wonders) there was an anchored RIB displaying a shortened course flag on the end of a stick. Have we finished? asked each helmsman in turn as they crossed the line. To each the answer was no. It seemed everyone – except the Alpha boats approaching from another direction – had to go back to the Committee Boat.

It was at this point that Den, the first mate of Penrose, made a strategic decision. Bill, her skipper, hoisted the ensign, started the engine and set off against the now ebbing tide for the harbour entrance. Many wished later that they had done the same. But with the urge to win still strong and stimulated by slowly closing the gap on Goldeneye, the others rounded Bay and set off in a declining breeze to try to beat out to the Committee Boat yet again. Progress became slower as the minutes ticked by and the sun sank slowly in the sky. Eventually the Committee Boat hauled up her anchor and motored off towards Chichester in pursuit of Penrose.

Time expired! That was the message from another RIB as it speeded around the remaining boats only to be greeted by rowdy cries of Protest and Redress! Rule 32: “After the starting signal, the race committee may abandon the race ..... or shorten the course ..... as appropriate, (a) because of an error in the starting procedure ..... (c) because of insufficient wind making it unlikely that any boat will finish within the time limit ..... or (e) for any other reason directly affecting the safety or fairness of the competition.” Quite so! But a shorter shortened course would have avoided the aggro and got everyone home before the worst of

the ebb and in time for a shower before dinner. For protests and redress look up rules 60, 61 and 62.

Goodness knows what happened to the Alphas but rumour has it that some actually finished within the time limit after hooking round Winner, to starboard, of course! Rules, rules, rules! Was there anyone for dinner?

For when the knowing OOD  
Applieth unknown rules  
It matters not who wins the race  
‘Mongst time expired mules. (With apologies to Grantland Rice)

*“For when the One Great Scorer comes  
To write against your name  
He marks – not that you won or lost –  
But how you played the game.” (Grantland Rice)*

---

## Sailing Secretary's Report 2001

by Pam Marrs

Generally the weather this season has been favourable with the only strong winds appearing at the end of the season resulting in the penultimate weekend [Beaulieu] having a very fast return race to Chi and the last race, for the HISC Sparkes Trophy, being cancelled.

This season has had one or two breaks with tradition, the first being that the Bramidge was a passage race finishing at Port Solent; for 2002 it returns to a bay race culminating at CYC.

The next was a buffet supper at the Island Sailing Club in their new summer marquee on their second floor - this giving good views over Cowes in the evening twilight.



Although previously programmed, due to inclement weather in the past we did not get to Southsea, but this year we were successful and managed to negotiate the vagaries of Southsea Marina.

The race to Seaview/Haslar was a culmination of a pre-lunch race followed by a post-lunch race to Haslar, with both races combining to count for one result. I found that the post-lunch race required an awful lot of concentration!

Finally, we again joined Channel SC for a team event. This year they produced a very different fleet from that of 2000 and as a result CCRC was well and truly beaten. But we were taken to the RAFYC Battle of Britain celebrations - we were more successful with the games than the racing. I am glad to say that it is our turn to organise the race in 2002 - so we will not be starting and finishing at Wootton.

At the end of the season the Itchenor Casket proved to be a disastrous race. Negotiations are in hand to see that this scenario is not repeated.

The Spring Series was very well attended but in the Summer Series numbers dwindled, many longstanding members having taken to cruising at home and some many miles away. A few participated in class championships, JOG and RORC races, and Leo Lady also took part in the Fastnet and Cowes week, along with Green Pepper which has also been supporting the Solent Contessa fleet series.

Although we have many new members this season very few of them have been seen afloat. Why are the turnouts so poor? Are there too many races? Are the social venues not appealing, or what?

Next year's provisional programme has a new social venue and fewer races, some just on Saturdays for bay races and some passage races that do not have a return race. It would seem that the turnouts are generally better on Saturdays. The knock on effect of fewer races is that most if not all will be for trophies - good news for the pot hunters!

## Trophy winners 2001

ALPHA	trophy	BETA	trophy
<i>Spring</i>			
Excalibur	<i>Cohoe Hook</i>	Louise	<i>1/4 ton</i>
Excalibur	<i>Coronation A</i>	Harribelle	<i>Coronation B</i>
Perfect J	<i>Cruiser A</i>	Innatwist	<i>Cruiser B</i>
Brown Bomber	<i>Harriet Shackman</i>	Petra	<i>Davis Trophy</i>
		Penrose	<i>Bramidge</i>
<i>Spring Series</i>			
Excalibur	<i>Sea Trophy</i>	Petra	<i>Decanter</i>
<i>Cruise</i>	<i>Boules</i>	<i>Golf</i>	<i>Driftwood</i>
	<i>Green Pepper</i>	Excalibur	Rimau
<i>RTI</i>			
Arion	<i>Courtney Trophy</i>	Innatwist	<i>Marigold Trophy</i>
Brown Bomber	<i>Ladies' Salver</i>	Penrose	<i>Ladies' Plate</i>
<i>Crews</i>			
Brown Bomber	<i>Goldeneye Decanter</i>	Asteraki	<i>Marrs Mug</i>
Rampage	<i>RNLI</i>	Odds On	<i>RNLI</i>
<i>Pursuit</i>			
Excalibur	<i>Citron Presse</i>		
<i>Summer Series</i>			
Petra		<i>The Goblet</i>	
Penrose		<i>Cowan Trophy</i>	
Mons Meg		<i>Mons Meg Ditty Box</i>	
Watersong		<i>Rosebowl</i>	
Samurai		<i>Shearwater</i>	
Petra		<i>Festival Cup</i>	

### *Pursuit*

First Knight

*Citron Presse*

*Highest total points from both Spring & Autumn series but not having won a race*

Flagon	<i>Storm Trophy</i>	Kandy	<i>Major Gamble Trophy</i>
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Brown Bomber	<i>Kinross Bkt A</i>	Goldeneye	<i>Kinross Bkt B</i>
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Brown Bomber	<i>Gunshot Shell</i>		
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Flying Boat	<i>Itchenor Casket</i>	Goldeneye	<i>Wallis Trophy</i>
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Brown Bomber	<i>Conservation A</i>	Goldeneye	<i>Conservation B</i>
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### *Autumn Series*

Brown Bomber	<i>Coffee Pot</i>	Goldeneye	<i>Silva Decanter</i>
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**Don't miss CCRC's first event of the season: the Fitting Out Supper at Chichester Marina on Saturday 20 April. Put the date in your diary now**

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## Hayling Island SC Winter Series 2001

Hayling Island Sailing Club's two fleet winter series was again dominated by CCRC, with the numbers being slightly reduced in the IRC fleet due to some members being away in hotter climes. Hopefully they will return for next winter.

The winds were very kind for the series, only blowing hard for the Sparkes Trophies, which had to be cancelled. Results:

### **Nab Cup - IRC**

*6 starters*

- 1 Sareema (Rob Mcleod) CCRC
- 2 Excalibur (Mike Tong) CCRC
- 3 B Bomber (Paul Chivers) CCRC

### **Little Nab Cup - Handicap**

*6 starters*

- 1 Moonpath (John Blake) HISC
- 2 Goldeneye (Richard Creer) CCRC
- 3 Ayala (Rob Vaughan) HISC

### **Winter Series - IRC**

*8 starters*

- 1 Sareema (Rob Mcleod) CCRC
- 2 Excalibur (Mike Tong) CCRC
- 3 Gun Runner (S Westbrook) HISC

### **Christmas Box - IRC**

*4 starters*

- 1 Excalibur (Mike Tong) CCRC
- 2 Sareema (Rob Mcleod) CCRC
- 3 Basic Cat (Paul Carpenter) HISC

### **Winter Series - Handicap**

*10 starters*

- 1 Odds On (Peter Barham) CCRC
- 2 Sycorax (Brian Dandridge) CCRC
- 3 Samurai (John Lanham) CCRC

### **Christmas Chalice - Handicap**

*5 starters*

- 1 Goldeneye (Richard Creer) CCRC
- 2 Penrose III (Bill Cartlidge) CCRC
- 3 Innatwist (Bill Woods) CCRC

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## Here and there

Nick Colbourne is offering a half share in Arion, his Sigma 362, to "a like minded sailor wishing to combine top class racing with comfortable cruising".

Marigold's Navigator and First Mate has told her Skipper that it's time he stopped trying to be Seastart's best customer and invested in a new iron tops'l.

Keith Feltham has sold his half share in Green Pepper to Vernon and Ann and bought another Contessa 32 called L'Aquarelle Verte, which is currently in the Med. If any CCRC members have experience of bringing a boat back through the French canals he would welcome their advice, particularly on good stop over points where he could safely leave the boat for a couple of weeks.

CCRC News's roving reporter had an opportunity to view Petra's newly scraped bottom recently and can vouch for it being as smooth as a baby's.

Trenter Ellis has taken over from Brian Dandridge as webmaster of the CCRC website.



The Commodore in lightweight racing trim: "Will five litres be enough to get us across to Cherbourg if there's no wind?" Photo: Monica Rose

## Crew Register

Many of our skippers are on the lookout for crew so if you are interested in sailing with CCRC, please join our Crew Register. Don't worry if your experience is limited – we were all new to sailing once. Send this form to Hugh Caldwell at 3 North Close, Wade Court, Havant, Hants. PO9 2TE.

Name .....

Address.....

Age ..... Previous sailing experience .....

Telephone Home .....

Office.....

E-mail .....

## Hayling Marine Carpentry

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**For further information contact**

**Adrian Carter**

**Telephone 02932 461011 Mobile 07850 129303**

**Sparkes Boatyard, 38 Wittering Road, Hayling Island, Hampshire PO11 9SR**



## Chichester Cruiser Racing Club

### Application for Membership

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Telephone (day)..... (evening).....

E-mail .....

Occupation .....

Name of yacht .....

(Please note multihulls are not eligible)

Class..... Sail number .....

Where moored .....

Membership of other yacht clubs

.....

.....

My cheque for £50 (full member) or £15 (crew member) is enclosed to cover my subscription for one year. I understand this will be returned if I am not elected.

Signature .....Date.....

Please send this form to the Hon Secretary: Trenter Ellis, 128 Potters Lane, Send, Woking, Surrey GU23 7AL

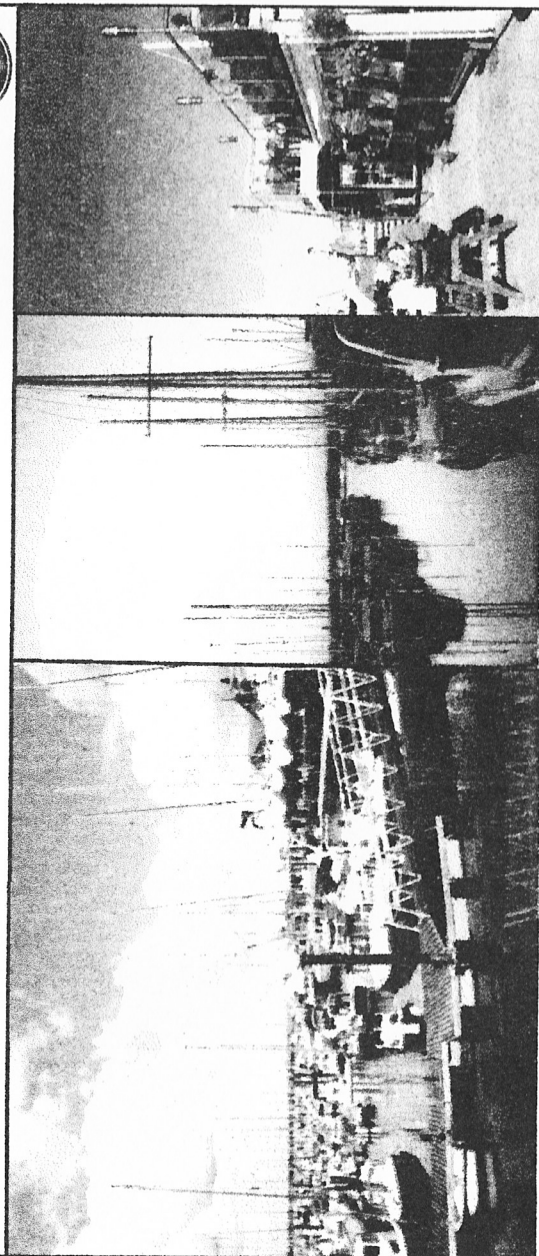
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