

# NEWS OF THE OCEAN WORLD

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# europa 92

## DEN ACROSS THE DITCH

*Okay. I admit it! When race control said over the VHF "Oyimbo - you are cleared to leave" my stomach was churning. This was it - The Big One - Over the Pond - Help! Did I really want to do it? "Cast off astern" - Too late - I couldn't get off now!*

*But I'm ahead of myself - that was the start of the second leg from Las Palmas.*

My son Ted and I arrived in Gibraltar on Wednesday 3rd January. Our bags hadn't got further than the cockpit of OYIMBO when the skipper came aboard with nearly 1000 charts and said "Catalogue this lot - check we have all we need and work out the course to Las Palmas"

Two days later with the charts all neatly in their portfolios I got out the Race Instructions for the first leg: "Start: Europa Point to North. Committee boat due South. 1030 Zulu. Course: Continent of Africa to Port, Grand Canaria to Starboard" I thought I shouldn't have any trouble finding those - a lot easier than Dean Tail and the East Winner! "We'll go Great Circle course as soon as we reach the corner of Africa" the skipper said. "Yes, of course" I agreed bluffing and quickly retired to my cabin with the Almanac to work out how to do it!

Meanwhile, the frenzy of activity on all the boats taking part in Europa 92 was amazing. For a 15 month voyage round the World tons of stores and spares are needed. The shelves of the local supermarkets were

emptying fast and rumours that Baked Beans and the like were running out caused a panic and spread like wildfire through the fleet.

On Saturday night there was a huge party and a few sore heads as we prepared for the Parade down to the Straits on Sunday Morning, 6th January 1991. Hundreds of flag decked spectator boats escorted the parade of thirty one competitors to the start line. It was a thrilling sight and brought home to me what we were undertaking. Europa Point (the end of The Rock) was covered with people and banners and the Princess of Tonga whose country is on the round the world course, was getting ready to fire the gun.

At this point, I think I should tell you about OYIMBO. She is a

61ft Van Dam designed Steel Nordia, cutter rigged, 85ft mast, hydraulic steering, 57 tons, with running backstays, and tricing lines. All the sails operate hydraulically and most of the winches are electric. The crew had never sailed together before and none of us knew the boat very well, apart from the Skipper.

There was 25 - 30 Knots of Westerly wind blowing and a lumpy sea in the Straits, a short start line for the benefit of press and spectators and 31 boats manoeuvring. "You know the racing rules Den". This was



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a statement not a question. "Take the Helm". I gulped. It's bad enough trying to fling PIII around but this was nearly 20ft longer! We tried a few experimental tacks. As each tack took us ten minutes, I made my decision early. I headed for the North End of the line - put her on Starboard tack and defied anybody to suggest I was sailing below the course or get in my way. Thirty seconds to the start I suggested the Skipper should have the honour of taking her over the line. This was not such a generous gesture as there was an Italian 59ft Swan under our lee with full racing crew yelling abuse (was it Italian?) which was fortunately carried away by the wind. "What does up, up, up, mean?" Somebody enquired. "No idea" I lied. They ducked our stern and we were over the line right on the Gun. I sheepishly looked out of the corner of my eye for a protest flag but none appeared - well there was 27,000 miles to go.

It took us most of the day to tack out of the Straits - I say tack loosely - reach would be more appropriate. We stuck close to the Spanish coast to try and avoid the current. When we cleared Teriffa point we aimed for the corner of Africa and after a small excursion into Tangier bay, made it.

By now we were pretty tired. With a crew of only seven it took all of us to complete each manoeuvre and I had been helming all the way. It was about 1900 when I was saved from throwing in the towel. The wind died completely. We put the engine and autopilot on and headed Oyimbo onto the Great Circle course (240 M) which had taken me all night to work out!

I won't bore you with the rules of this race - they are very complicated - the main one being that it is run under the provisions of the International Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea and - if you motor - you automatically join the cruiser class. The motoring hours are multiplied by 2 then the CHS TCF applied.

Let me tell you about the crew. RICHARD GOORD, Skipper and owner, Ace engineer. Sailed the ARC in 1989 on his previous boat. Bought Oyimbo nine months ago, sailed her to the Hamble and Holland for re-fitting. Spent most of his time in the engine room playing with the generator, water maker, heating, air conditioning, engine, sumps, bilges, etc. And kept them all working, thank goodness. I wouldn't like you to think I was slumming.

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MIKE FAZARKELY, described as Mate, very laid back and handy with a sextant. Sails his own boat an Oyster 406 in the Med. Perfected the art of disappearing for sail changes. Insisted he was invited for his brains not brawn.

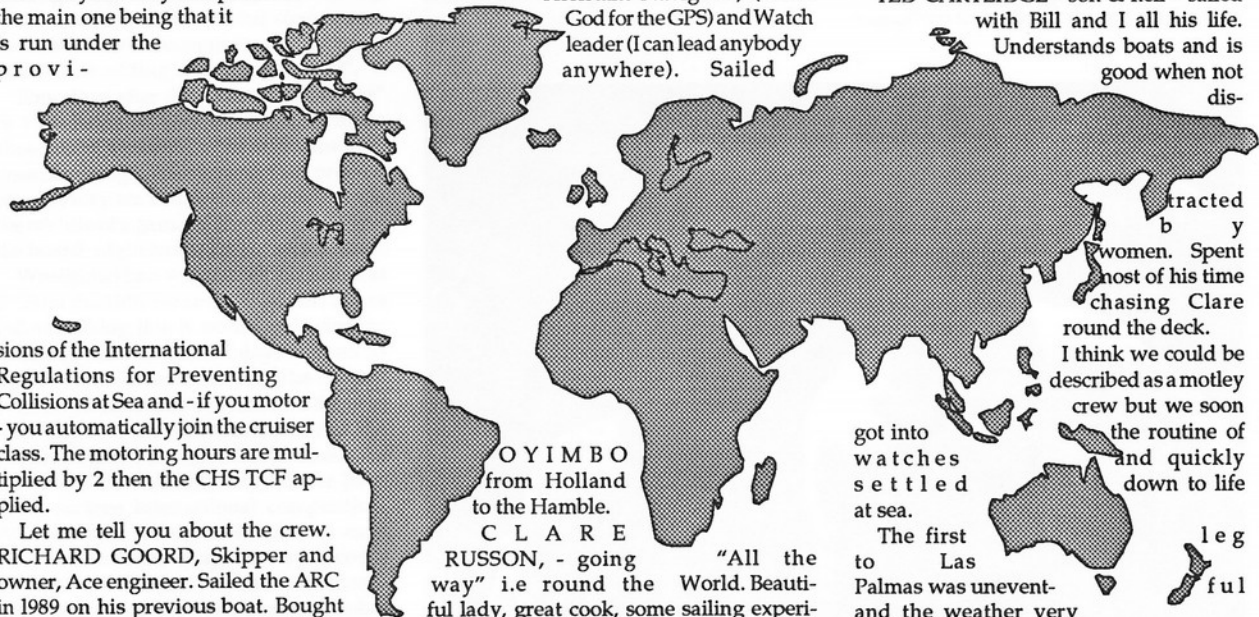
ME - brought in as Race Ace (little do they know), Sail trimmer (I've learnt a lot), Assistant Navigator, (thank God for the GPS) and Watch leader (I can lead anybody anywhere). Sailed

WILL PETERSEN - worked on Oyimbo for three months prior to start - knows where everything is. His only previous sailing experience was from the Hamble to Gibraltar when he was sea sick most of the way. He's a new man since being introduced to Stugeron. Quiet and very tall - handy for reaching things.

TED CARTLIDGE - son & heir - sailed with Bill and I all his life. Understands boats and is good when not distracted by women. Spent most of his time chasing Clare round the deck. I think we could be described as a motley crew but we soon got into the routine of watches settled down to life at sea.

The first leg to Las Palmas was uneventful and the weather very quiet. We took advantage of this to work out the spinnaker and other assorted sails which had never been hoisted before. The boat, at the skipper's insistence, had to be kept absolutely clean and tidy at all times. For example the decks & fittings had to be washed (and leathered) in fresh water every day - I began to regret the watermaker!

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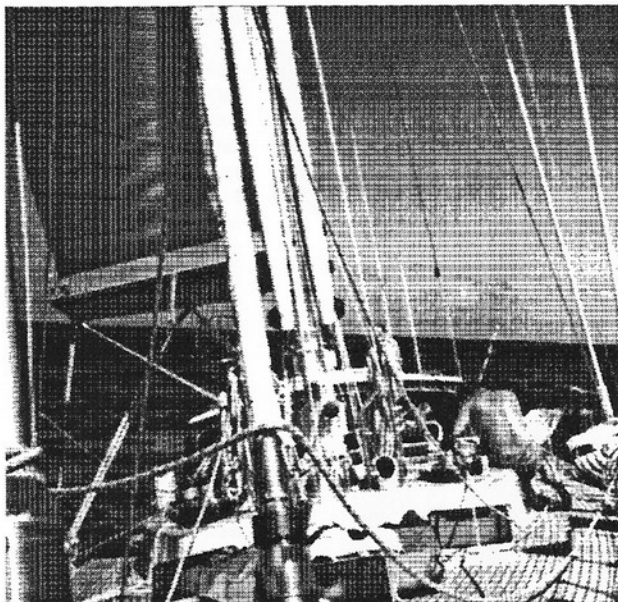


OYIMBO from Holland to the Hamble.

CLARE RUSSON, - going "All the way" i.e round the World. Beautiful lady, great cook, some sailing experience with her parents, good fun and very game. Sailed Oyimbo from Hamble to Gib.

GORDON KAYE, Skipper's stepson, Ted's best friend from school, did the ARC with Richard in 1989, sailed on PIII as resident gorilla. Known to some of his friends and Uncle John as "The Animal". Tremendous fun and very strong!





One night, when Ted was on watch with me, we were motoring with ten knots of apparent wind on the nose. Now this I'm really good at, I've had lots of experience at motoring to windward. We had half the main set, sheeted in tight, which dampened the Atlantic Swell. I looked at my watch - time to put in a position and write the log. I went below.

"Mum - there's a big black thing in the water," Ted yelled. I was on deck in seconds, could it be a whale? "Where?" "There!" I peered into the gloom trying to adjust my night vision. Suddenly I saw it. There, dead in the water, immediately ahead, was the 59ft Swan - GULLIVER - drifting along with not a single light on. As I took avoiding action verbal contact was made and I took the opportunity to return their abuse adding something to "UP".

Four days after the start the daily "net" at 1500 revealed that we were 28 miles ahead of the nearest boat. Were we the only ones motoring? With no wind we pressed on - anyway we couldn't sail - we were in the middle of a game of Trivial Pursuit and the board might have slid across the table.

We sighted Lanzarote at midnight and at 2023 on the 10th we crossed the line at Las Palmas taking line honours and winning Cruising Class B. Time: 4 days 9 hours 53 minutes and 40 seconds 720 Miles by log.

Now the fun really started, over the next four days all the boats arrived and the parties began. I thought CCRC could not drink any other community but we have some serious international competition. All the boats were parked next to each other, stern to the quay - a very friendly atmosphere. One party seemed to drift into another and we lived in a haze of alcohol for six days. Our only interruptions were the necessary works on OYIMBO, shopping for stores and the occasional official party thrown by the organisers.

Sadly Ted had to leave us to return to work and was last seen weaving his way down the quay, bag on one shoulder and a

young lady, in tears, on the other, while fending cat calls from all 31 boats. What had he been up to?

So, Sunday 20th January dawned without my having had time to psyche myself up to "Cross the Pond", hence the butterflies as we cast off. Luckily they were short-lived as the start line was the harbour entrance - too rough for a committee boat. For three days a near gale 25 to 30 knots, from the South, had been blowing in the harbour building

up a pretty impressive sea. It was a windward start and we reached across the line on port tack aiming straight for the rocks protecting the inner harbour. Our bowsprit ploughed through each wave as we approached the lee shore. The spray obliterated my view, which was just as well, as by the time we tacked, I could have had my wish and walked ashore! OYIMBO caused havoc as she came back through the fleet on Starboard.

We cleared the harbour entrance and the Skipper made the decision to go North round the Island of Grand Canaria rather than beat our brains out going South. All the fleet, bar two, decided to do the same and we had a hairy ride downhill until we

reached the apex of the island. Then the wind died. Engine on, autopilot on, course 260 M, St. Lucia here we come!

Later that night, as we cleared the Canaries the wind filled in from the East. We set the main, yankee and staysail and made a good course towards the Cape Verde Islands to try and pick up the Trade winds below 20 degrees. The old saying is "Go South 'till the butter melts then turn West". This is a little difficult to judge when the butter is in the 'fridge.

We were glad of this decision to go South. Two days later the daily Roll Call (when we called in our noon position) revealed that ROCKHOPPER (Roberts 435) had lain ahull for six hours and AMELIA VIKING (Super Maramu 52ft) was returning to Las Palmas with rigging failure. JOLLY JOKER (Centus 45) had broken her boom but was continuing and JAKES FANTASIA (Roberts 55) had not yet left Las Palmas. Most of our friends in the cruising classes PENNY PINCHER (Oyster 46) MIDNIGHT STROLLER (Trintella 53) GULKARNA (Hallberg Rassy 45) and CHEONE (1937 wooden Clark 72ft) were making much the same course as ourselves and we plotted their progress.

We soon settled down again to life at sea. Watches, meals, happy hour, and sail changes. The latter was the only cause for concern. Although reefing could be carried out by two people sail changes required all six and this stole some of our precious sleeping time. The weather was reasonably kind although we had a very big sea and changing headsails or spinnaker in those conditions exhausted everyone.

We had just crossed the Tropic of Cancer when the first of our problems started. I was asleep in my bunk when I got the "No



Knicker" call - that is "Come as you are - on deck - NOW". I was fortunately wearing pyjamas and leapt up to find the spinnaker & snuffer in the water and the boat broadside to a huge sea. I grabbed a harness. The waves were breaking over the windward rail where the snuffer was acting as a sea anchor and the spinnaker was almost under the boat. It took us nearly two hours to get it in.

We had been hit by a line squall. The Kevlar halyard had snapped and the remains of it had fallen down the inside of the mast. We also discovered that the end fitting on the pole had bent and we were unable to stow it on the mast. OYIMBO has twin poles so we gybed the boat and poled out the Yankee on the other side. Order was restored and we inspected the damage. Both spinnaker sheets had worn through to the core and were unusable. A turning block had broken. The spinnaker had survived but the snuffer had several rips. All this happened at about 1000 hrs, thankfully in daylight.

We were now making a course of about 285, north of west, definitely in the wrong direction and rolling, according to the heel indicator, through 90 degrees. There were no volunteers to go up the mast to replace the halyard in that sea.

For the next two days we rolled, pinching West whenever possible, while we made our repairs. Nobody got any sleep, it was impossible to cook, although we tried, and just as impossible to eat. Battered, bruised, hungry, tired, and grumpy would aptly describe all of us at that moment. But the Skipper drove us on. He went up the mast to renew the halyard - very hairy! The old halyard had twisted itself round all the other internal string but we managed to remove it eventually. The port pole was repaired, replacement sheets found, spinnaker repacked and made ready to hoist. We gybed the main, brought her round, set the spinnaker - back onto our correct course.



The crew relaxed, we were going the right way, the boat was more comfortable and we were surfing down the rollers making good speed. BANG! The spinnaker sheet broke. The wind backed round to the North and we noticed a hair-line crack in the boom. Does it always happen in threes? Spinnaker down, main down, pole in, yankee set - inspect the damage. The boat was rolling again. "More power" said the Skipper. The Yankee came down, Genoa went up poled to Starboard. She was still rolling.

January 26th, my birthday. I had only managed to snatch a couple of hours on my bunk, so I dragged my unwilling body on deck for the midnight watch to be greeted by a rousing "Happy Birthday". The party was short-lived, however, as everyone was anxious to get some sleep. The wind, about 20k true, was still in the NW. We only had three quarters of the main set on the port side (we were treating the boom gently) staysail poled to port and the Genoa poled to starboard. I was clock watching 0200 - only another hour to go then sleep blissful sleep. The muse was upon me:

*There is a ship called OYIMBO  
And all who sail in her should know  
She rolls in seas abaft the beam  
It's like living in a washing machine...*

I pulled myself together, glanced at the dials, compass, GPS, sails..... Hell - the genoa was flapping. I altered course slightly - it was still flapping. "Harnesses on!" I said to Will my watch partner. I clipped on and made my way forward, torch in teeth. I discovered the genoa halyard was not attached to the sail and it was beginning to slide down the foil. The noise became deafening. How could they

all be asleep below? There was no way I was going to tackle this flapping mass of canvas alone so I returned to the cockpit and told Will to call the standby crew. The Skipper and Gordon appeared bleary eyed and not happy. We lowered the sail and lashed it to the rails then turned our attention to the pole. The end fitting had buckled and we were unable to stow it on the mast. We took it off and lashed it to the side. This may only take two minutes to tell but took two hours

to accomplish. The genoa had wrapped itself round the foil and the pole was stuck in its groove! Two poles broken in two days I was beginning to wonder if we had enough spares, sails and deck gear to get us to St. Lucia! "It's only an hour or so until daylight," said the Skipper, "We'll continue under main and staysail until then." I went to bed.

Dawn - still my birthday. "All hands on deck." The Skipper and Mike were having a pow-wow as I staggered up. The genoa was split across the foot. "Can you work a sewing machine Den?" "Probably, if my eyes could focus on the instructions and somebody stops this ship from rolling" I replied rattily. Then it came to me. In the immortal words of the premier scribe of CCRC, Dennis Coates: "Are we cruising or are we racing?" I must have muttered this aloud as the theme was immediately pounced upon by the rest of the crew. "If we've broken this much gear in six days - think what we can do in 20!" "We're pressing her too hard!" "She doesn't like going dead down wind!" "We're all exhausted!" "We're in the cruising fleet!" "Let's sail South, gybe then sail West!" "At least the rolling will stop!" This last one was the clincher.

We set her up. Yankee, staysail, main-sail all on the same side. The wind was blowing on the port quarter our heading about 245, off track, but who cared? OYIMBO settled into a gentle heel and everything stopped rattling. Peace, perfect peace and my bunk was on the leeward side. The only snag was I was on watch again. We lashed the spinnaker and genoa

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# WINTER CREWS (Sic) IN COMPANY

## INSTRUCTIONS

Date: 17th January, 1991  
Time: 17.55  
Start Line: Gatwick Airport North Terminal  
Entries: Only boat owning ski bums/  
ski owning boat bums  
Finish: Les Houches, France

At the kind invitation of Peter and Di Wallace, Walter and Chris Brown and myself and the ex-Commadorable foregathered as instructed to spend a long weekend at "Gunshot on Ice" near Chamonix in France.

Notwithstanding the fact that Gatwick airport was as quiet as the prize giving for the Conservation Cup (i.e. only about 4 people there), British Airways still managed to delay the start by 2 hours. This being just after the Gulf War had started, we were all a bit nervous about flying and were glad to finally get going, having managed to idle the delay away in time honoured CCRC fashion (in the bar).

Thereafter the journey went smoothly. Peter keeps a car at Geneva airport (so organised these Gunshot people) and by midnight we were tucked up in bed at the flat. Jackie and I had the "Captain Legless Suite", whilst Chris and Walter had the "Ard Righ" sized bunk room.

Friday dawned the most beautiful clear day and after a lengthy debate over croissants and coffee we decided to open our campaign on the gentle slopes of Les Contamines. This was a kind gesture to the Morris's because both the Brown's and Wallace's had already skied this season.

Les Contamines proved to be a great choice not only because of the beautiful snow conditions and lovely weather, but also because the slopes were nearly empty.

The Wallace's ski programme is planned, as with their sailing, around meal times. We stopped at a delightful rustic mountain hut for a late lunch where Peter and I discovered a local delicacy whose exact name escapes me but was something like Petrafina! It consisted of strong cheese which was kept in a stone jar to which was added from time to time quantities of garlic, cognac, eau de vie, wine etc. The result, as you might imagine, was powerful. It was particularly good value as well because I was still enjoying it 24 hours later! (Those travelling with me in the cable car were able to share in my pleasure).

That evening in Chamonix we discovered that although the Aiguille du Midi cable car was not operating, it was possible to ski the famous Vallee Blanche run from the Italian side. Fortified with some suitable apres ski beverages, we arranged to meet a guide the following morning to travel through the tunnel to Italy.



Saturday was another fine day and we arrived to meet our guide "Gilbert The Terrible" at Chamonix at 9a.m. On the bus through the tunnel, Pete informed us that as we had taken Gilbert for the day, his plan was to go up to the top and ski back down on the Italian side on a run called La Toule. This 8 kilometre, off piste, glacier run was seldom skiable, in fact Gilbert had only done it twice in his last two years! Ambitious one might say, but what do you expect from a man that does the Fastnet in a 33 footer!

The route to the top was via three cable cars; in typical Italian fashion each one was smaller than its predecessor, with the final cabin taking only seven people. At the top the conditions were superb and we set off on a gentle traverse - little did we know what lay in store!

Suddenly we arrived at a precipice. Gilbert instructed all of us except Peter to take our skis off. We then had to walk down the sheer face by means of some 300 steps which had been provided whilst Gilbert and Peter side slipped beneath us. To say I was terrified understates the situation - I don't even like going up the mast!

At last we arrived at the foot of the face and were exhorted to put our skis back on, whilst on a ledge with another sheer drop below. Nervously we set off. There followed the most superb run over the glacier in deep snow being careful to ski only where Gilbert permitted us for fear of the crevasses. The views were stunning. The snow conditions were mixed and there were one or two rather tricky bits but we all

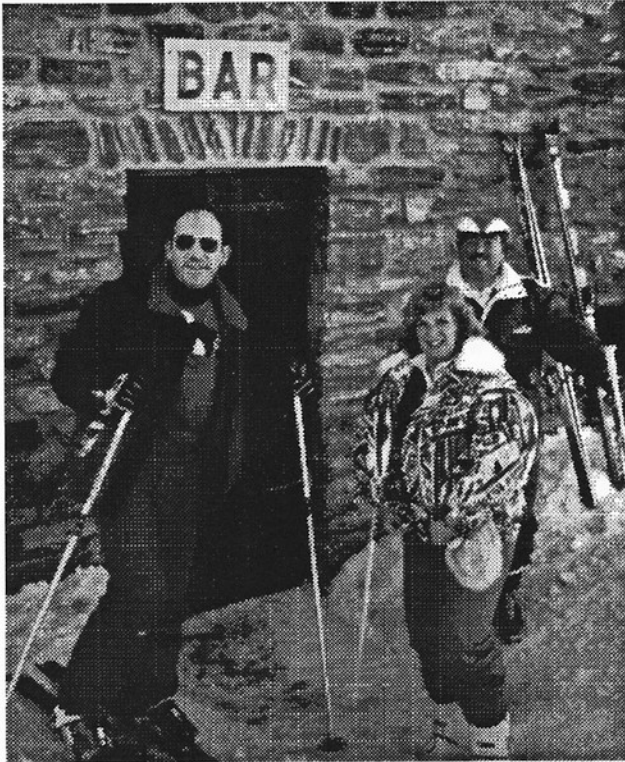
managed to scabble down with a suitable number of spectacular falls, not the least of which was when Mrs M disappeared down a gully head first and emerged, after Gilbert had dug her out, with a scratched and bleeding face.

Towards the end of the run, Walter broke the binding on one ski after a bad fall, whereupon Gilbert took a ski off, gave it to Walter and skied the rest of the run on one ski holding Walter's broken one - and we thought it was difficult.

The protest Committee met over pasta and vino rosso at the cable car station and disqualified Walter for using another competitor's gear. Thus he was sent back to Chamonix to effect repairs and the reduced party remounted for Phase 11, the ski back down to France. After the morning's exertions, it is fair to say that we were not in prime condition by this time.

Gilbert announced that we were very lucky because we could ski a section of the mountain called the "Virgin's Passage" which was seldom open due to the many crevasses. Needless to say, the fact that we were going down the "Virgin's Passage" having been playing with "La Toule" in the morning gave rise to several girlish sniggers. Of course, the gentlemen of the party, Peter and I, distained from sharing in such smutty humour.

The snow on the French side was easier than that we had encountered in the morning and the slope less severe, so we had a superb run back to Chamonix where we arrived just as dust was falling at about 5p.m. We were knackered! It had, how-



set off back through the tunnel for a day's skiing in Courmayeur. The weather was superb again and we had a lovely day which included (of course) a superb lunch in a delightful mountain hut where Peter was greeted like a long lost friend. The proprietor also seemed to know well a certain "le capitaine sans jambes - votre frere", memorable presumably for his performance on the piss rather than on the piste!

Another superb day was completed by a beautiful dinner in a charming small hotel at Les Houches called

ever, been one of the most memorable days of my long and undistinguished skiing career - some 25 kilometres of offpiste skiing, about 12,000 feet of vertical drop, and in the afternoon not a single other skier on the mountain - fantastic!

But the pleasures of the day were far from over. Unbeknown to us, Walter and Chris had brought out to France two Haggis's (Haggi?) and so we celebrated an early Burn's Night at "Gunshot on Ice" that evening. The local supermarket did not seem to stock basedneaps or tatties and so we accompanied the haggis with those well know Scottish delicacies, mangetout and pommes dauphinoise. There was whisky though!

Unsurprisingly, there was little enthusiasm for an early start on Sunday, but once we had staightened our arthritic limbs we

"Peter Pan".

Our final day, we went up the valley to Argentiere. We were only able to ski in the morning as we had to be back at Geneva for a late afternoon flight. The snow conditions were excellent and we spent the morning on the bumps, having regained some strength in our legs.

Overall it is difficult to imagine a more perfect few days skiing. Lovely weather, super company, great snow and good grub - a winning formula. Our thanks to the Gunshots from the Ard Righs and the Anna Louise's. Can we come again? (and don't say that half way down the "Virgin's Passage").

**Roger Morris**



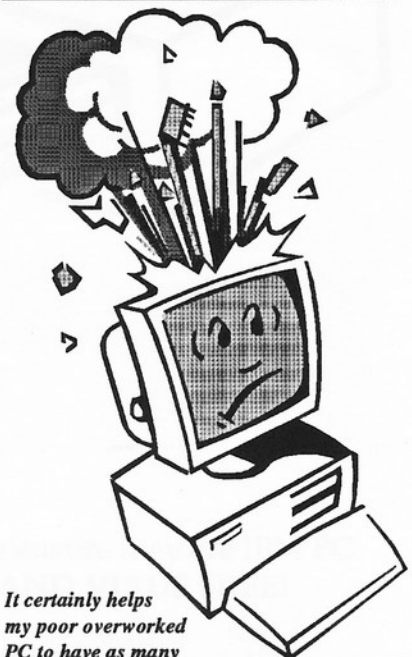
half way down the "Virgin's Passage"

## EDITORIAL

Nearly there, and I anticipate this will be the last Newsletter before the season begins. I would like to thank the contributors who have enabled me to get two 6 pagers out already this year, and without a single C.C.R.C. Solent sea-mile being logged to date!

I very much hope this has set the tone for the coming season and that reports will flood in as event succeeds event, and we progress through our sailing programme. A word to new members, and for that matter a reminder to all the rest. Please send me reports as soon after an event as possible so I can try to get them out while they are still in members' minds. I am particularly grateful if reports can be submitted on "IBM compatible" floppy disks. My PC will accept both 5¼" and 3½" disks, and my software will accept a variety of word-processor files. For the record, I am using Microsoft Word for Windows, and Aldus Pagemaker 3.01 for my WP and DTP applications. I anticipate that I will shortly be upgrading to Pagemaker 4.0 which has just been released. If you do provide a report on disk please also provide a printed copy, in the off chance that I am unable to read the disk. If you are not in a position to supply reports on disk, please, if possible, send in a typed copy. This gives me two major benefits: (i) I can read it! Whilst I am grateful for all reports, one handwritten report in particular last season gave me great difficulty in deciphering, and was therefore very prone to misinterpretation particularly with the spelling of unusual names. and (ii) my scanner can read standard type, and convert it into word-processor files thus saving an awful lot of finger bashing!

Continued Page 7, Column 2



*It certainly helps my poor overworked PC to have as many contributions as possible supplied on disk.*



in their bags on the stern where they were put to much better use as sofas. I eventually got to my leeward bunk and slept soundly until woken for my next watch some six hours later. I showered, washed my hair and felt human again. Then, to my surprise, I was greeted with Champagne, party poppers and Birthday cake with candles. There were even balloons decorating the saloon. Was it still my birthday? The sun was shining, the wind was blowing, we were sailing comfortably, everyone had slept - this is what we'd come for - things were looking up!

"Sail Ho!" For ten days we hadn't seen another boat or any living thing so this was a big moment. We had talked to other boats on the VHF and SSB and had also picked up one or two "Hams" who were following our progress and reporting our position to loved ones at home. By this time we had gybed having reached about 18 degrees North and it was time to make some Westing! The boats who had stayed North and hit the very bad weather were all coming South taking advantage of the Easterly winds. During the course of that day we saw CHEONE, TAIS (Rival 41), HYPATIA (BalticMagnum 42) and LAURA (Altura 442) all of us a thousand miles from the nearest land!

The days drifted into weeks, sun-bathing, reading, eating, sleeping, noon sights, roll call, watches, repairs, a gybe every two days for a little exercise - that was the way to do it. Our tranquillity was only broken by line squalls which seemed to happen every night - from a steady 20 knots of wind to 35 in as many seconds always backing at least 90 degrees. We just kept the wind on the quarter and came back with it as it veered and decreased. One night we had 17 squalls.

At different times, Tropic birds, flying fish, whales and dolphins kept us company. We caught a Dorado which we ate for supper and although we also hooked a Tuna were unable to land it.

Day 18, dawn. The morning watch have sighted St. Lucia. Everyone got up, showered, washed their hair, put on clean clothes, trimmed the sails, washed the decks and tidied up in preparation for landfall. We came round Pigeon Island and headed into Rodney Bay with its white sand, palm trees and blue green water. We crossed the finishing line at 1230 & 30 seconds local time on 8th February. By 1300 we had anchored and were all swimming in the beautiful warm water. Later we entered the Marina where we were greeted with rum punches and the sirens, hoots, cheers and applause of the other competitors who had arrived before us. Well - we were just cruising - not racing.

Would I do it again? You bet. I'm trying to persuade Bill to do the ARC in 1992. Want to come?

DEN  
PENROSE III



I am looking at the possibility of upgrading the scanner in the near future which I hope will improve the picture quality, size, and definition. With the help and cooperation of my lovely assistant, Mike Ware, as Results Officer for the coming season, I hope that I will be able to include an up to date Leader Board in each issue which should help to keep the competition keen.

This Newsletter should be accompanied by the 1991 edition of the C.C.R.C. Yearbook (which was produced using the same software), and I would like to, once again, draw members attention to one or two changes. Firstly, I have included both the usual Race Programme plus an additional page showing the appointment of A.S.S.s and O.O.D.s for the season. I have tried, where ever possible, to take into consideration the preferences as indicated to me in the Declaration Forms I have received to date. If anyone has any real problem with a date allocated please contact me as soon as possible so that I can look at the alternatives.

Secondly, I would like to remind everyone that all the SNC and PNC courses have been adjusted since last year, and no-one should use the courses published in previous handbooks. In order to accommodate a wider choice of Standard Courses whilst retaining a two digit course number we have numbers starting from 1 for both the SNCs and PNCs. PLEASE ensure you use the right course list at the start of each race. I don't want anyone complaining or protesting when they have charged off to NAB3 instead of LANGSTONE FAIRWAY with the rest of the fleet!! I would, once again, like to thank Chris and Walter Brown for burning the mid-night oil for several evenings checking and rechecking all the course alterations and getting them to me in time to make Mike Smith's deadline for copying up the book.

Brian Dandridge



When sending disks please ensure they are IBM PC formatted 5¼" or 3½" AND VIRUS FREE!

I can also handle 3½" ATARI ST format disks