

# SOUTH COAST ONE DESIGN ASSOCIATION



BEKEN, COWES

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Once again we can look back on a very successful season which has seen the Class become yet more firmly entrenched. If the weather has been appalling for holidaymakers, it has not been all that bad for SCODs. There has certainly been an awful lot of wind, but that is something we can stand up to, and even enjoy. There has been an awful lot of rain, too, which must have spoilt everyone's cruising to some extent; but, in the heat of racing, much of it passed unnoticed.

There was an increase in the number of starters for most races and, with another eight boats already laid down for construction this winter, competition may be expected to be hotter still next year. The expansion of the Class in Canada is also encouraging. With two boats completed this year, the Ontario builder already has firm orders for another six.

The Class is founded on the proposition that one-design racing, apart from being the greatest fun, is the only school in which one can learn to get the best performance out of one's boat. Conversely, of course, chasing each other round the cans is not everything and the Compleat Scodsmen is also a competent seaman and navigator. Sailing is a great and many-sided sport and we believe it to be a mistake to specialise in one activity only; the all-rounder sees most of the game and extracts the most pleasure from it.

In the long run he is also likely to become the most proficient in all departments, for racing and cruising complement each other to a far greater extent than is commonly realised. The lessons of racing are continually applied on every cruise. Equally, it is on long passages, particularly at night, that one learns to sail by feel - an invaluable accomplishment when short tacking up an eddy in the middle of the fleet - and anyone who has done a bit of fore-deck work in mid-Channel is likely to find it somewhat easier in the Solent.

From other pages of this newsletter it will be seen that the keen racing helmsmen have found time to cruise as far afield as anyone. Perhaps it is precisely because they spend so much time living aboard and clocking up the miles that they are successful in racing. Certainly no other class offers such scope for really getting to know one's boat, and the results are seen in the occasional handicap race. In their four years' history, SCODs have never yet been out of the prize money in the Round the Island Race; indeed, this year was the first time that we failed to take all prizes in our own division. Similar successes are now to be looked for on the East Coast where the first SCOD to take part in Burnham Week

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distinguished herself this year. "Aallotar" took four 1sts, a 2nd and a 3rd in six handicap races against local boats; a fine performance in very light weather, thoroughly unsuitable for showing the boat's real paces.

We who are lucky enough to own SCODs know that we are getting the best of both worlds. There is ample evidence that a lot of other yachtsmen are beginning to agree with us.

H. E. E.

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### SCODMENTS . .

We are very sorry that Wadham Locke has sold Aurigny, and is therefore no longer able to serve on the Committee.

Not so dry, - Peter Moore cruised in Tio Pepe to Brittany and Belle Isle, and is now keeping her at Pembroke.

One hundred and fifty yachts started in "Round the Island" race. All SCODs finished in the first fifty-two, and twelve in the first twenty-five.

Anything of interest welcomed for our next newsletter by March 1st.

Further copies of this newsletter available at 1/- each from the Hon. Treasurer, 10 Copthall Avenue, London E.C. 2.

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### SYNDICATE.

Ex R.N.V.R. Officer living in Monmouthshire aged 35, experienced ex-owner cruising and racing boats, wishes to share SCOD in Solent Area, with one or two others. Prepared to put up most of capital. Reason being unable to sail very much during season, except during holiday in July.

All enquiries to W.J.F. Tribe, Ty-Hir, Raglan, Monmouthshire.

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We are indebted to Messrs. Shaw and Waterworth for their accounts of the

WESTWARD BOUND RACE.

First Time Lucky for Sparklet.

The last day of Cowes Week was a hectic one for Sparklet. Under the impression that there was a race from Cowes to Yarmouth to assemble the fleet for the Westward Bound, she came to the line less than an hour after the finish of our last race, in company with a handsome fleet including two or three SCODs. Shortly after the start, she noticed that there were no longer any SCODs about and found that she had made a cracking good start in the Santander Race.

On the Monday morning she must have been relieved to see Caviar, Champagne and Hampshire Maid accompanying her to the line at Yarmouth - four SCODs in a fleet of over 30 starters. As they beat down the Needles Channel in a good force 4 breeze the sails seemed to fill the Narrows.

The S.W. Shingles Buoy was left to starboard and then the fleet spread out, some standing well out to sea while others held on towards Poole. Caviar and Sparklet took variants of the middle course and met up, together with Peri, when all three stood close in to Durlstone Head and St. Albans Head. St. Albans Race was easy, the sea being much more bumpy off Durlstone, and Caviar and Peri drew away on the fetch to Weymouth.

The organisation at Weymouth was excellent. Each boat was welcomed by loud hailer after crossing the line, and directed into the harbour where launches pointed out their berths. A very pleasant party was held at the Royal Dorset Yacht Club, the Lady Mayoress presenting the prizes. Sparklet enlisted the help of the Commodore to find them a crew for the long hop next day round Portland Bill to Torquay - a distance of 53 miles - and were very pleased to welcome Peter aboard when he came along about 7 a.m. next morning.

Tuesday was another grey day as the boats went past Portland Harbour and Portland Heights. At the Bill itself the sun came out as they tacked in the calm strip and, though the wind was strong, it seemed to be the tide that took them up to the rocky corner, across the blunt head, and shot them off into Lyme Bay.

For those who had not been "inside" before, it was reassuring to see boats, larger and smaller, short tacking ahead and astern and afterwards to realise how quickly one passed the Bill. Once round, they all scattered in a spanking breeze, the first boats home laying Lyme Regis in one tack and, thanks to a wind shift northwards, Torquay

in a second tack. Those that crossed in short tacks found the Bay decidedly bumpy. Sparklet arrived in Torquay at 9.20 p.m., just before dark,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours ahead of Caviar and on corrected time was the overall winner of the whole fleet.

The reception at Torquay was well organised and competitors were soon tied to buoys. Wednesday was spent ashore shopping and sight-seeing in rather windy wet weather, and the Mayoral reception and party at Torre Abbey in the evening was civic hospitality at its best.

Thursday and the next race to Salcombe started with grey skies, a fairly strong sou'westerly as usual, and coastal fog. On hearing the extremely dismal morning forecast, Hampshire Maid decided not to go on. Seventeen crossed the line and off Berry Head the fleet was well together. At this point the coast was just visible as far as Dartmouth, but then the hill fog lowered and all went grey. The Skerries buoy appeared as a welcome signpost. Tacking out to sea after rounding the headland there were rather rough tumbling seas with a strong headwind. Sparklet noticed Peri further out to sea with no sails up, and heard later that some of her gear had come adrift and she went back to Brixham. Approaching Salcombe, Sparklet saw Caviar about level with her but further inshore and they had an exciting last tussle to the finishing line, Caviar beating her in by about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  minutes. The finishing line was on the west side of Salcombe entrance and, as it came in sight, sheets were eased; but a strong set to the eastern cliff was encountered and boat after boat had to harden in, then tack to make the line.

Competitors anchored up the river in a big but crowded anchorage, where no two boats seemed to swing the same way at certain times. Although the weather was poor, the scenery was magnificent. All gathered in the Salcombe Yacht Club in the evening and thoroughly enjoyed the delicacies and sandwiches so carefully prepared. Prizes were presented once more and crews returned aboard for the last day of the race, to Plymouth.

Friday morning was rather grey and dull with low cloud, and it might have been the after effects of the "Fortescue", but Champagne and two other competitors were late at the line, to see the other boats away beyond Bolt Head. Sparklet made a good start in front of Caviar, but Fai went inshore of her and took her wind, letting Caviar slip past. All the fleet kept more or less together well inshore until they rounded the headland and then scattered, most of them going well out; but Sparklet kept hard to windward, abreast of Caviar almost all the way. A bumpy sea and fog on the cliffs soon gave way to an easy swell and blue skies. With about three miles to go, Caviar stood out and Sparklet went rather more inshore and as they approached the harbour entrance Caviar was just ahead by about four minutes. Plymouth looked most attractive as the fleet ran down the Harbour to berth at

Mill Bay Quay or round into the Barbican.

Sparklet was the overall winner of the SCOD Class with a total time of 17 hrs, 15 mins, 33 secs, to Caviar's 17-24-02.

The quiet of the Yealm seemed to call and, after reporting in and filling with water and stores, first Champagne then Caviar slipped away from busy Plymouth. Past the Mewstone, Caviar went ahead and led the way into this small, beautiful and very quiet anchorage, where Curtsy had been some two weeks earlier when cruising. Sparklet followed in on Saturday.

On Sunday there was a reception at Saltram House where the Earl of Morley received competitors and chatted whilst cocktails were served. A most enjoyable ending to a really memorable first Westward Bound Race.

Homeward Bound is another story.

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#### CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP

"ESTRELA"	-	P.R. TABOR Esq.,	Clibbons, Bulls Green, Datchworth, Knebworth, Herts.
"AURIGNY"	-	Dr. A.G.C. TAYLOR,	Sopps Farm, West Tytherley, Nr. Salisbury.

#### CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Major P.W. MOORE,	5 Southampton Row, Pembroke Dock, S. Wales.
Colonel K.N. WYLIE,	6 Chaucer Road, Cambridge.
Mrs. A. DARBYSHIRE,	93 Elizabeth Street, London, S.W.1.

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CANADA.

The following are extracts from a letter received from Mr. D.C. Donaldson of Toronto, owner of the first SCOD to be launched on Lake Ontario:-

"Your letter arrived just before we launched the "Adios" and it was put in one of its lockers, from where it was often taken and read by many of the guests aboard, and when it comes to guests, the visitors book shows more than two hundred that have been thru her on a tour of inspection, so much so that our cruise of this summer turned out to be almost a lecture tour in each port we visited. There has been great interest shown here, and it has been said that there wouldn't be any surprise if there were twenty or thirty on the lake before many years. We have really never had a one design class of cruising racing boats on the lake that was within a reasonable price range.

"Our cruise which consisted of my wife and self going down the lake about 90 miles to where our cruising ground really begins, thru what is known as the bay of Quinte, and then down amongst the Thousand Islands, and for one who has devoted himself always to course racing it was a great experience, and we lived most comfortably on board. There was of course all types of weather, and coming home we bumped into a dandy sou'wester which gives a 150 mile reach of the lake to blow on, and with a buck of twenty five miles to make port thru a very steep but short sea, we really had a good chance to try her out, she hobby horsed a lot, and I probably should have shortened sail, but with the leaping about the little ship was doing I thought it much safer in the cockpit, so we let her go, and the surprise was that where after sailing Dragons for years, and finding they went thru the seas but usually left a lump of water in my lap, this little fellow left us nice and dry, although at times there was spray leaping as high as the spreaders. Other boats that were along, some far bigger than us, had lowered sail and were powering, one I know even had put on their life jackets. There are several things I want to build into her this winter such as a table and other minor items like back rests for the bunks etc. and any interior pictures you have would be most helpful, although Michael Crosthwaite was of great help when he was here."

(Some pictures have been sent, but if any reader has suitable interior photographs to offer these would be very welcome. Please send to Class Captain.)

"I delayed racing until last month (Sept.) as they do not use the R.O.R.C. rule here regreably. They use the Cruising Club of America rule (CCA) which permits an unlimited size of genoa. I had

to race in a class of boats under 37 ft. however of the three I entered I managed to win two, so you know I was very proud....."

"I am thourally in accord with you in regard to standardizing all things in the class, but I do not think there are any modifications to the plans and specifications that we require here, other than those granted by your association already. I may be required to go hog wild on a very light genoa for very light weather, and to have it considerably larger than that I have now, if I am required to race in CCA handicap races, but they will promptly be forgotten when we can have sufficient boats for class racing.

"Your pamphlets and newsletters are much appreciated by us here, and I would like to continue as a member of the association ....."

Well, we never really had any doubts that SCODs would be a success in North American waters, but it is certainly very nice to have it proved so convincingly right from the start. Obviously the credit must not go only to the boat, and Mr. Donaldson deserves our warmest congratulations on the very fine record of two wins in three races.

We have evidence from other sources of the enormous interest "Adios" has created, and look forward to having much more news from Canada to print in future issues.

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Note by M.J. Crosthwaite:

"Adios" was built by Jeff Noble, in a large corrugated iron shed in the garden of his house outside Port Credit (approximately 20 minutes from Toronto). Jeff at one time was a rigger in an aircraft factory, building boats in his sparetime. Now he has orders for SCODs (three at the time of my visit in May 1958) and he is building full time. He works single-handed at his building, and reckons it will take him, after the first, 4 months to build and finish a SCOD (including spars). To launch "Adios", she was taken by road approximately two miles, to port Credit, where the actual launching took place.

Jeff Noble is now building SC 50 for Dick Clarke.

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COWES WEEK

Cowes Week again proved a great success, attracting boats from Poole and Chichester Harbour, and even one from the West Country, and providing a fleet of from 13 to 17 starters. This made us one of the largest classes after the 'X' Class. The weather, though cheerless, at least favoured us with moderate breezes most of the time, and only once did a few competitors have to kedge.

"Caviar" emerged a clear winner with the remarkable record of four 1sts and two 2nds in seven races; but she did not quite have it all her own way and three other boats shared the remaining first prizes. Indeed, a most satisfying feature of the whole week was that in eight races the 24 "flags" were shared among no less than 13 competitors. Few classes can be so evenly matched.

As was to be expected, the regular racers took the prizes to begin with; but, as the week progressed, so did the newcomers. It was very impressive the way some of them found their touch after two or three races and came up to challenge for the honours. This bodes well for hot competition next year, and we hope that more cruising enthusiasts will be encouraged by their colleagues' success to join in a few more races.

Socially the week was equally successful and a rigorous test of stamina. Since there are no Cowes residents in the Class at present, it proved impracticable to organise a SCOD cocktail party, but members had many opportunities of meeting each other at numerous other parties, ashore and afloat. SCOD parties in previous years have proved very popular and the committee will be only too pleased to revive the function if any members, wives or friends care to volunteer as organisers.

We must all have made many new friends during the week and it was very satisfactory that these friendships seem to have survived an unusually heavy crop of protest cases. Most of these cases were resolved amicably over a drink, which is as it should be. Perhaps a special word on this subject may not be out of place.

PROTESTS. by the Class Captain.

If I write on this subject, it is not because of expert knowledge of the rules - few people can claim that and I am only too well aware of my deficiencies. But proposals for far-reaching alterations to the rules are in the air and, if put into effect, may lead to an increase in protest cases until we all become familiar with the changes. So perhaps this is the time to remember that

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protests are a normal part of racing procedure and should be accepted with equanimity. This is not easy: no one likes being protested against. But, when it happens, we can try and regard it simply as an opportunity of gaining more thorough knowledge of the rules.

From the earliest days, the founder members of the Class endeavoured to set a high standard by avoiding "incidents" as far as possible while racing, and by retiring promptly when they thought themselves in the wrong. Fortunately, ours has always been a very good-natured class too, and it is most important that it should remain so. Whatever the reason, there have been extraordinarily few protests throughout the history of the Class, until one day at Cowes a very trying beat up the Green on a light air gave rise to about half-a dozen.

This is not necessarily a bad thing. A complete lack of protests may be a sign of exemplary behaviour, or it may indicate that the Class is a little too easy-going and encourage recklessness. But it is certainly not a good thing to have too many of them: that is a sure sign that something is wrong.

It seems significant that trouble arose when short-tacking in a light air. The point, surely, is that SCODs are heavy boats and cannot be spun on a sixpence like a dinghy. It is not surprising that they are slow in stays in light weather and take some time to gather way on their new tack. So we often have the position where a boat has plenty of room to tack without hailing for water, but not enough to clear boats coming up astern. The book says that a boat standing into shallow water may claim room in which to tack. X Common sense says that she is also entitled to room in which to gather way before she can be expected to avoid other competitors. In a decent breeze there is not much difference between the two requirements - but in light weather there is; and experience alone can teach us the extent of that difference. In these conditions the merits of a port v. starboard case often depend solely on the judgment of the two helmsmen involved, and it is up to the starboard tacker to put himself in the other man's shoes and not expect him to do the impossible. It is equally up to the port tacker to do what is possible, even if it means running off straight downwind, and to show that he really is trying.

The cut-and-thrust of a beat along the Green is a thrilling experience and I am the last person to want to see that excitement diminished in any way. But we are not sailing dinghies and a false move could cause a lot of damage. I am sure we do not want a class in which every triviality gives rise to a protest. Nor do we want one in which the thruster is encouraged to trade on good nature and endanger other peoples' boats. There are times when we, perhaps more than any other class, have to use our good sense in striking a happy balance.

X amended to "tack and clear" 1973

ADERYN'S CRUISE TO BRITTANY.

Anyone keen on cruising must surely either have been to Brittany or be longing to go there. This year, at last, we made it; and we certainly hope to go again as soon as we can, for it is far more fascinating in the reality than any description we have heard.

With only a fortnight to spend, we rowed aboard on a Friday evening and slipped moorings soon after midnight. We think we know the Solent pretty well, but beating down against a fresh sou'wester in pitch darkness we began to wonder. Trying to pick a course clear of unlit buoys without getting tangled in the steamer route certainly gave us no relaxation and we were both a little weary when dawn found us off the Needles. The Channel chop soon disposed of any ideas of breakfast, so we abandoned our idea of making a long passage and bore away for Alderney instead. This is one of our favourite ports, so it was no real hardship to be weatherbound there for a day.

On the Monday afternoon it was still blowing fresh, but easing, and we caught the first of the tide down through the Alderney Race and within four hours were speeding along between Jersey and Sark. Came the reckoning when the wind eased and the tide turned foul and the Corbière light scarcely moved all night. The next fair tide carried us south of Roches Douvres and Barnouic and brought us on to Lézardrieux leading marks. We were then faced with a slow beat up past Ile de Bréhat against the tide; but we were no longer in a hurry, it was a beautiful sunny morning and what better way of spending it than in studying and enjoying this enchanting piece of coast? We used to think Cornwall was rocky but now, for the first time, we realised what rocks really are! Our course up the river to Lézardrieux introduced us to the excellent Breton seamarks - mainly strapping great stone beacon towers, each with its name painted on very large. I turned in with the impression that pilotage in these waters was going to be very interesting but, with luck, not too difficult.

The weather soon returned to normal with plentiful wind and rain, but we were happily employed, one day going about 6 miles up river to Pontrieux by dinghy through beautiful scenery reminiscent of the Conway valley or Exmoor. Another day we walked through winding muddy lanes, thick with honeysuckle and wild flowers, over the hill to Loguivy, a fishing village almost too picturesque to be true. On the Friday morning we took advantage of the neap tides to anchor in La Chambre at Ile de Bréhat and take a quick walk over the island. I hope I am not overdoing the superlatives but this tiny little harbour really is a pippin and must be seen to be believed.

It seemed to be blowing rather fresh and we had decided to take

2 rolls in for our passage on to Tréguier but, on the strength of a lunchtime forecast of 4-5 easing, we set full main and had the working jib bent on ready. Outside we soon found ourselves beating into a full force 6, which certainly did not ease, and an enormous swell running with a Channel chop superimposed on it. We would have done better to set storm jib and roll a bit of main in, but the foredeck did not look very inviting in the circumstances, so we just carried on under full main only. Apart from carrying a good deal of weather helm, our little boat behaved beautifully under this rig and gave us complete confidence - indeed, she excited the admiration of an experienced ocean cruiser who passed close to us in his much larger boat, heavily reefed.

I suspect that few SCODs carry a sextant, and some people may think me eccentric to do so. It is true that I am not yet skilful enough to get a reliable astro fix, nor am I often going to need one; but the instrument has other uses and this was one occasion when I was very glad to have it aboard. Visibility was rather poor and we could not hope to pick up the Tréguier leading marks from a safe offing, so we would have to hop from buoy to buoy. We had to start by skirting Les Heaux, a very large rock plateau, mainly submerged, on which stands a tall lighthouse. Two miles WNW of this is La Jument buoy, marking the NW corner of the plateau, and this was the first link in our chain. The rocks extend some distance northward of the line between lighthouse and buoy, so the only way to find the buoy was to tack in from seaward at the correct distance from the lighthouse; and we had to do this fairly accurately since, in such a big sea, we could not see the buoy more than half a mile away at most. Using the sextant to find our distance off, this was child's play and we brought the buoy up bang on the nose; without it, caution would have prevailed and we should probably have kept too far off and missed the buoy altogether - which could have been awkward.

After a couple of days at Tréguier we decided to make a longish passage to L'Abervrach. The tides were coming up to springs and it seemed worth pushing well on to the westward where the range is smaller and the streams are weaker. This time the wind went to the other extreme and we spent the night almost stationary off Sept Iles and a long day slatting around off the Ile de Bas. Then the wind freshened in at nightfall and, having taken 30 hours over the first half of the trip, we did the other half in 6. We then had to beat into L'Abervrach in the small hours against a dead noser, but with a fair tide; this seemed preferable to waiting for daylight and a foul tide. Once inside, there was nothing for it but to sail up and down on the leading lights, waiting for dawn to see our way up river. This went on for about two hours, and it seemed much longer; torrential rain gave us some diversion, but not altogether a welcome one.

This again was a most attractive spot and we would willingly have stayed longer. All Breton cooking is good and the helpings are generous, but I think our farewell dinner at the Baie des Anges was the most memorable meal of the cruise. But be warned if you go there; just when stupefaction is about to set in you will be given a clean menu card and asked to draw or write something witty on it.

Now that we were a good 200 miles SW of Cowes, it seems unnecessary to record that the wind went into the NE. Nevertheless, for the first time on the cruise, it was of moderate strength and we made a most enjoyable passage to Guernsey. We left L'Abervrach by the Chenal de la Malouine - an experience not to be missed. The transit passes within about 50 yards of a towering rock 70 feet high, and about 100 yards away on the other side a few teeth break surface to betray the Plateau de la Pendante. There was an intriguing moment when we were blanketed by the Malouine and began to feel the cross-set - but not to worry; it is quite safe really. I would not try it going in, though, until I knew the place better. One of the leading marks has not been painted for years and is hard to pick up from seaward.

We spent a glorious sunny day at Guernsey, leaving at 6 p.m. with a gentle breeze and a hint of haze about. All went well until we were almost at Roustel beacon in the narrowest part of the Little Russel and then, when I looked ahead, Roustel was not there any more. Before we knew it, we were in fog as thick as a hedge. The tide was just getting going under us, so it was futile to turn back for Peter Port. This was no place to hang about and the only thing was to get clear as quickly as possible. We drew some comfort from Platte Fougère lighthouse booming away to port, but none at all from a steamer hooting to starboard and steadily closing on us. Taking no chances, we cast off the dinghy gripes, donned lifejackets, hoisted a biscuit tin up the mast and jangled the pressure cooker for all we were worth.

Once clear of immediate dangers we seemed to have two alternatives and soon discarded one of them, namely cutting out to sea westward between Guernsey and the Casquets. We are now the only engineless SCOD and our outboard was feeling poorly, so this seemed no time to try and argue with a strong contrary tide; still less with a cross-set northwards towards Alderney and the Casquets and the many dangers between them. With the main force of the tide directed towards the Alderney Race, much better go with it and out that way. That would still leave us one of the world's busiest shipping lanes to cross, but we could hope that all steamer lookouts would also be on the alert.

This spring we had blued far more than we could afford on the most up-to-date radio D.F. set; right now, it seemed worth every



penny. Having decided on our course there was nothing to do for a couple of hours, when it would be time to start plotting our way through the gap; so we had a jolly good dinner, and enjoyed it. Without the set we should soon have been nervous wrecks; but in the end we did not have to use it, as the fog cleared two or three miles from Alderney.

We had a very dull crossing back, mainly under outboard, aiming for Poole where we hoped to meet up with the SCOD fleet racing from Calshot. But there was no wind on the coast either, and no one finished the race; we, too, were late on the tide and had to anchor in Studland Bay. And so back to Cowes next day, still wondering how anyone can think it a holiday to go and get wet, tired and seasick - yet very much hoping to spend our next one the same way.

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#### CRUISING.

The Westward Bound Race has, of course, a strong flavour of cruising about it and it gave four SCOD crews an enjoyable holiday in the West Country. Needless to say, many other owners fitted in a cruising holiday at some time during the summer; this seems natural enough to us, but many other yachtsmen seem genuinely astonished to hear that SCODs really do cruise quite extensively. The idea is firmly implanted in some minds that racing folk don't cruise, and would probably be bored stiff if they did. We know better. Our keenest racing owners would be the first to speak up for the pleasures of cruising; and they would probably all agree that a little variety makes their racing all the more enjoyable.

So we would like to record that the West Country has seen at least three other visiting SCODs this year, *Curtsey*, *Tuonela* and *Myfanwy*. *Tuonela* worked the English coast as far as Falmouth before crossing to Tréguier and Lézardrieux, two of the most popular Brittany ports - also visited by *Aderyn* and *Paramatta*. *Curtsey* in a two-week cruise called at Alderney, Salcombe, Yealme, Brixham, Torquay, Swanage and back to the Hamble, whilst *Myfanwy* in two weekends and two weeks called at Weymouth, Torquay, Dartmouth, Salcombe, Fowey, Newton Ferrers, Dartmouth and direct back to Cowes. *Aderyn* probably qualifies as the most confirmed francophile, with three Channel crossings in the year - to Cherbourg at Easter and again in the September race, and to Brittany in mid-summer. Others seen in the Cherbourg-Channel Islands area include *Crevette*, *Marsarma I*, *Troika* and *Gambit*.

We cannot expect a SCOD to visit the Baltic every year and, as far as we know, no one has been to Holland this season either. These waters are not easily accessible to the Solent fleet but, now that *Aallotar* has sailed round to the East Coast, and *Troika* plans

to follow, there may soon be a local fleet exploring the North Sea coasts. As it is, the longest cruise of the year is probably the one made by Tio Pepe from Milford Haven to the Biscay coast of Brittany.

We apologise for excessive use of the word "probably", but we can only refer to the cruises that we have heard about - there must be many more that have not come to our ears. We hope that members will remedy this deficiency in future years and enable us to give a more complete picture of SCOD activity. One of the essential pleasures of cruising is yarning about it afterwards, and there must be many readers who would like to hear through the pages of this newsletter of the ground covered by other SCODs.

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#### RACING

The Class Championship was won by Caviar with 218 points for her best eight races. Second was Aderyn with 205½ points, and third Hampshire Maid with 151.

By request, we give below the results of all races during the season:-

May 3rd.	R. Corinthian Y.C. Regatta.	Hampshire Maid, Troika, Aderyn.
" 10th.	Lymington-Sturbridge-Cowes.	Caviar, Aderyn, Troika.
" 17th.	Hamble-Yarmouth.	Caviar, Aallotar, Aderyn.
" 18th.	Yarmouth-Hamble.	Aderyn, Caviar, Aallotar.
	(Winner of combined race - Aderyn.)	
" 23rd.	Cowes-Cherbourg.	Race cancelled (heavy weather).
" 31st.	Poole Bar (Phoenix Trophy).	Troika, Aderyn, Tucnela.
June 7th.	Bembridge Ledge (Hebe Trophy).	Caviar, Aderyn, Peter Baker.
" 14th.	Christchurch Ledge.	Caviar, Hampshire Maid, Aderyn.
" 21st.	RNSA Regatta, Portsmouth.	Damian. (3 starters.)
" 22nd.	R. Albert Y.C. " "	No race.
July 5th.	Calshot-Poole. (Rheinfield Trophy.)	No competitor finished. (flat calm.)
" 12th.	Round the Island. (Aisher Trophy.)	Aderyn, Paramatta, Caviar.
	(Aderyn also 2nd in open race for Gold Bowl.)	
" 19th.	R. Victoria Y.C., Ryde.	Aderyn (only 2 starters).
" 20th.	" " " " " "	No race.

(continued.)



COWES WEEK.

Aug. 2nd.	R. Southampton Y. C.	Nilly Willy, Caviar, Paramatta.
" 3rd.	R. Thames Y. C.	Caviar, Aallotar, Hampshire Maid.
" 4th.	R. London Y. C.	Caviar, Beaujolais, Lullaby.
" 5th.	R. Yacht Squadron.	Aderyn, Caviar, Troika.
" 6th.	Island S. C.	Aderyn, Hampshire Maid, Beaujolais.
" 7th.	R. Yacht Squadron.	Caviar, Aderyn, Jolie Madame.
" 8th.	Cowes Town Regatta.	Caviar, Troika, Aderyn.
" 9th.	R. Southern Y. C.	Aurigny, Gambit, Selga.
" 16th.	R. Lyminster Y. C.	Peter Baker, Jolie Madame, Damian.
" 17th.	" " "	Vittoria, Damian, Peter Baker.
" 23rd.	RASCYC., Yarmouth.	Aderyn. (only 2 starters.)
Sept. 13th.	R. London Y. C.	Race cancelled (no wind).
" 19th.	Cowes-Cherbourg.	Aderyn, Marsarma I. (4 starters)
" 27th.	Hamble-Yarmouth.	Caviar, Aderyn, Gambit.
" 28th.	Yarmouth-Hamble.	Hampshire Maid, Aderyn, Peter Baker.

(Winner of combined race - Aderyn.)

...oOo...

Peter and George Nicholson followed up a very successful Cowes Week by winning the Burton Cup and points championship for Burton Week in their 12 ft. National "Intuition". Our warmest congratulations to them on this triumph in one of the most hotly contested events in the yachting calendar. In view of this achievement, the fact that "Caviar" does not invariably win must be a great encouragement to the rest of us.

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AALLOTARCowes to Burnham-on-Crouch - August, 1958.

As neither my brother nor myself were free for the latter part of August, Mr. and Mrs. John Clay and Mr. John Button kindly agreed to sail Aallotar from Cowes to Burnham-on-Crouch in readiness for Burnham Week. John Clay's brief account follows:-

Friday, 8th August:

"John Button and I arrived on the 19.30 Cowes ferry to find Susan, my wife, in the dinghy having provisioned ship and therefore exhausted. Despite everything being ready it was not until 20.55 that we dropped the mooring, and under main and working jib ran out before what, under the Island, was only a light to moderate SW wind. Unfortunately the low cloud and haze soon obscured our view of the fireworks astern of us.

Saturday, 9th August:

"As we drew clear of the lee of the Island, it became clear that a reef would considerably ease the steering. At 00.00 we therefore luffed up and half hove to in order to tack down 3 rolls. This wasted half an hour, as the "tiddley" lashing of the fall round the kicking strap took some undoing and then the shackle pin on to the boom had bent under the strain and required the use of a large shifting spanner. Once the kicking strap was off, the reefing gear seemed simple and worked admirably. However, it was not until 01.45 that the Owers Light Vessel was abeam. Through the rest of the surprisingly warm night, she ran very happily under reefed main and jib. At times she could have carried full main with ease, but with only one on watch it seemed not worth the trouble of calling the watch below, and for much of the time it would only have given her an extra half knot.

"After breakfast, and feeling more energetic, we shook out the rolls as the wind was slowly decreasing. Visibility was moderate to poor, and at 11.15 the Royal Sovereign Shoal buoy was abeam with the light vessel still invisible. Through the afternoon the wind slowly moderated and we had occasional sun, and at 15.15 we were able to set the spinnaker. At 16.15 we sighted Dungeness and gybed, and at 16.45 Dungeness was abeam. We carried a dying breeze past Folkestone (abeam by 19.00), but at 19.45 we were becalmed and had to start the engine, entering Dover harbour soon after 20.00, and we had borrowed a mooring by 20.45. After dinner ashore we slept well, though infuriated by the slap of halyards on a tin mast from the boat astern.

Sunday, 10th August:

"By 05.25, having breakfasted, we were underway to a light NE wind under main and jib (the genoa lacking a leach line). We passed between the piers of Dover harbour at 05.50 and took a few slow tacks, until at 06.30 the visibility, previously poor, became very poor and the wind died. We started the engine and, so as to avoid shipping, proceeded along close to the coast, rock dodging. At 07.30 a light SE wind sprang up and we were able to stop the engine. 07.45 saw us very shaken to find that since our 1956 chart had been issued they had put Deal Pier across our course! The tide was with us, so we had to tack round, and for safety started the engine to get round the end of the pier. Then we stopped the engine and set a course across Pegwell Bay, still in thick fog.

"Having decided we must wait in Ramsgate, we were relieved to sight the Quern buoy less than a quarter of a mile off; then as we came up to it we suddenly sailed out into the most perfect of sailing days with brilliant sunshine, moderate visibility and a moderate NE wind. Hopefully we changed the jib for the genoa, but then decided it was harsh on it so changed back again. 10.40 East Margate buoy abeam, and at 11.00 we set spinnaker. 11.10 Queens abeam; 11.55 Tongue Tower and Light Vessel abeam. We were then infuriated to discover that the new chart, which I had purchased on Thursday was only corrected up to 1957 and the buoys at the SE end of the Edinburgh Channel bore no resemblance to those on the chart. Fortunately, after reading the name on the one buoy, we were able, having dropped the spinnaker, to guess our way into the North Edinburgh channel and found the inner buoys conformed with our chart. We then cut across between the Knock John and the SW Sunk to the Mid Barrow Light Vessel, then from No.9 Barrow to the West Swin and up the East Swin, which we could just lay.

"At 16.20 we turned into the Whittaker Channel just short of the Whittaker buoy, rather envying a boat with local knowledge which cut close round the Beacon. The wind died as we sailed up the river Crouch, and just short of the moorings we started the engine and dropped sail. The petrol feed then blocked and we had to rehoist the main, luff up by our buoy, drop main, bear away and pick up the buoy - all under the eye of the Royal Corinthian, but fortunately without disaster. On moorings soon after 18.00, however, and then ashore in the dinghy to hand over to Messrs. Newall and Petticrow.

"The crew were much impressed by the way Aallotar kept going, the only complaint being an occasional very disconcerting appearance of the helm when close hauled; possibly a still tighter forestay might cure this."

J. Clay.

Burnham Week.

Mr. G.F. Hulme-Wright, who has been sailing in SCODs for several seasons - this year almost entirely with Hampshire Maid - agreed to act as skipper and helmsman for the Week, and the results are given in an abbreviated form below.

Saturday, 30th August:

Very little wind; kedged on the line, and finally got across two hours and forty minutes after the start. Took second gun.

Monday, 1st September:

Conditions were very much the same as on Saturday with only the faintest Easterly breeze, which hardly ever reached force 2. Took second gun.

Tuesday, 2nd September:

Conditions unchanged with an early start (10.10), and a finish about 6.30 p.m. Course about 23 miles. Took first gun.

Wednesday, 3rd September:

A very pleasant sailing breeze from the East, reaching force 3 and fairly steady. The course was out to the West Boxey and back - about  $15\frac{1}{2}$  miles. This race turned out to be a duel between Lalerne (a Teal class yacht who had to give us time on handicap) and ourselves. Lalerne kept ahead in the smooth water of the river, but once outside conditions were more suitable for Aallotar and we took the lead, being about half a minute ahead at the West Boxey buoy. Rather to our surprise, Lalerne did not overtake us during the run home and we took the first gun about ten seconds ahead.

Thursday, 4th September:

Same course as Wednesday with less wind. This time Lalerne and Chovette (an East Coast Restricted Glass yacht) took first and second places and Aallotar third, though boat for boat we crossed the finishing line well ahead of Chovette.

Friday, 5th September:

Took first gun after another duel with Lalerne.

Saturday, 6th September:

A wonderful day; warm, sunny, a clear sky and a South West

Breeze which gave us a spinnaker run out to the West Boxey buoy, again a beat into the river and a reach home. We managed our fourth first, which gave Aallotar the Sabin Cup, awarded on points during the Week.

This report, regrettably, hardly does justice to the other entries in the B2 Class Handicap, which consisted of Lalerne - the Teal, our chief adversary - two East Coast Restricted Class yachts, who in light airs could keep up with us but we feel in any wind or seaway would not worry us, a Vertue (Nora Sheila), Leprechaun - a local boat always in the picture - and one or two others who did not come every day.

A most enjoyable Week, well organised with good services from the yards and sailmakers ashore.

We hope this visit to Burnham will stimulate interest in SCODs on the East Coast, and our heartiest thanks must go to Gerald Hulme-Wright, who organised such good crews during the week and who sang the praises of the class afloat and ashore.

A. Palgrave Brown.

...oOo...

The Hon. Treasurer reminds all members that their subscriptions are due on the 1st of January. He would appreciate members paying without a further request.

He will be happy to provide a Bankers Order for anyone who so wishes.

Please make cheques payable to SCOD Association.

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The Hon. Secretary and the Hon. Treasurer will be grateful for any articles or photographs suitable for the next issue of the Newsletter, which they hope to publish in March/April 1959.

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Designed by C. A. NICHOLSON

L.O.A. .... 25' 11"  
 L.W.L. .... 21'  
 Beam .... 7' 10"  
 Draught .... 5' 3"  
 Ballast Keel 2.045 tons  
 Tons T.M. .... 6

Sail Areas :

Mainsail 192.6 sq. ft.  
 First foresail 94.8 sq. ft.  
 Genoa 140 sq. ft.  
 Spinnaker 400 sq. ft.  
 approx.

