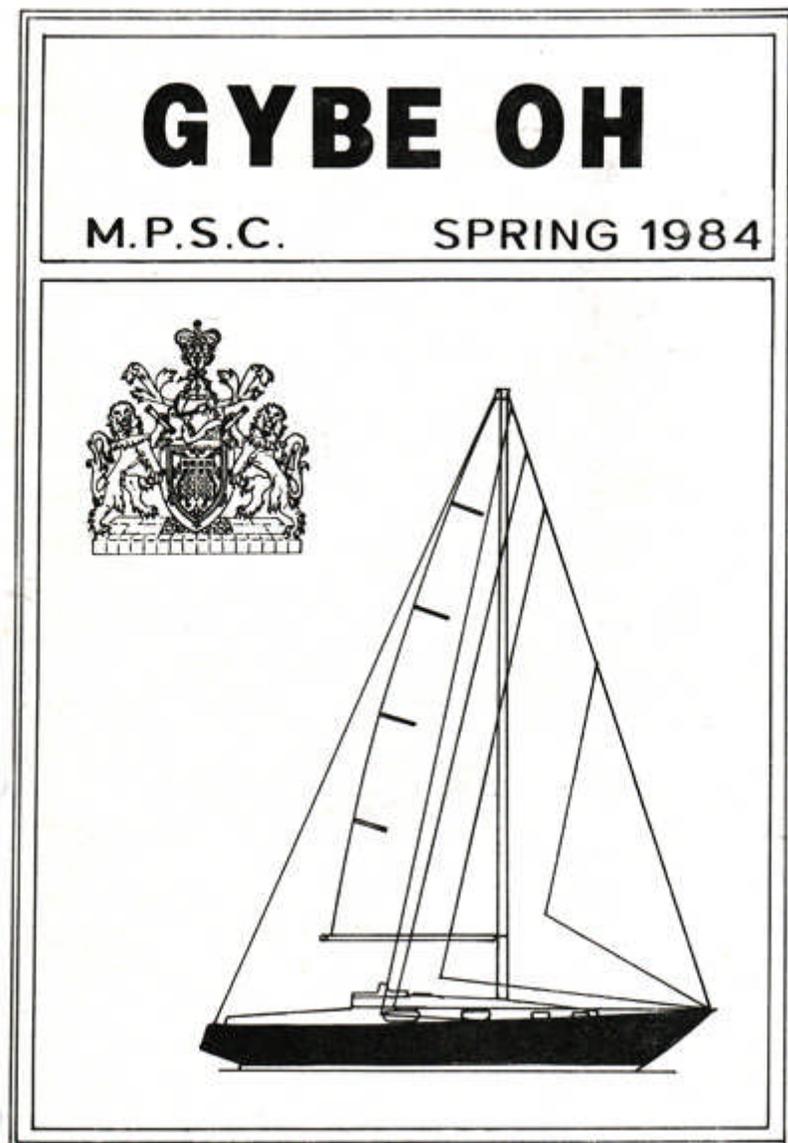


'GYBE OH' - This Newsletter of the Metropolitan Police Sailing Club was originally circulated in Spring 1984



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THE MAGAZINE OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE SAILING CLUB.

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Hon Secretary: PC 907 TD Len Gooch (TDV)

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Secretary Ch Inspector Peter Moore(B.2)

Committee PC 480 Q Clive Bishop (QD)

DC 232 Z Roger Glass (CD)

DS John Pierce (GN)

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Secretary " Inspector David Thomson(XS)

Crewing Secretary " Det Inspector Stuart Douglas (D.9)

Committee " PC 439 B Tim Bewicke (BH)

WPC 273 X Lesley Lambert.(XU)

DS John Williams (C.11)

And so another sailing season gets under way. Greetings to you all, whether you have just joined the club or have been a member for years. I wish you fair winds and good sailing.

As you will have seen from reading page two, we have had a change of Hon. Secretary. John Burbeck has done a valiant job for the past five years, but has stood down because of family commitments. He has become a father! Our warm congratulations go to John and Elizabeth on the birth of a bonny son. Similar warm wishes go also to Mr and Mrs Ross Elliston, who have also been blessed with a son. I have heard that the Burbecks have already taken their little lad skiing, so it will not be long before they have him crewing as well.

Yours Truly was elected in John's place. I hope that I can do the job half as well as he has done during his term of office.

There have been one or two other changes of office. We welcome John Pierce onto the Committee of the dinghy section, and Stuart Douglas to the Committee of the offshore section. Stuart is also taking over the Crewing Register from Lesley Goddard. So if you are eager to get afloat this year, then get in touch with him and he will point you in the right direction.

Our Commodore, Mr Dellow, has changed hats yet again, and can now be found filling the chair of Assistant Commissioner (Crime). We success wish him every in his new office. Our Vice Commodore too has changed his base. Dan has moved from the Cadet Centre at Hendon to 'JB', Barkingside. Our good wishes go to him too.

At the A.G.M. of the sailing club held in December, one of the interesting facts that came to light was that, although there was no provision for claiming travelling expenses for non-P.A.A. events, there was provision for 'selected teams' to claim entry fees for events where they were representing the M.P.A.A. There was some discussion as to what was a 'team'. The consensus of opinion was that one boat could be a team. However, before any claims were made to the M.P.A.A., the following points would have to be complied with :-

1. It was up to the Hon. Secretary to select the team
2. It must be published in Police Notices (Police Orders)
3. It must be a meeting away from the member's own club

With regard to entries in Police Orders, I do need at least two weeks notice, preferably in writing.

At the same A.G.M. John Stickland produced a very comprehensive feasibility study for the purchase of an offshore cruiser/racer for the Club. The boat favoured by most people was the Contessa 32. All we have got to do now is to convince the M.P.A.A. that it would be a good investment. The battle is by no means won, and they will not even consider it until May this year.

The new Laser that the M.P.A.A. purchased last year was put to good use at several races, but it should be used far more. It is kept at Queen Mary Sailing Club at the moment - locked up. The keys may be obtained from the following members :- Stan Laurenson-Batten, PS David Abbott (QK), PC Clive Collier (WD), WPC Lesley Lambert(XU), DS Andy Hewett (SW), PC Dave Nichols (FD).

John Stickland, Alex Ross, John Peck and many others are planning to enter, or assist with, this year's Three Peaks Race. You can read reports on last year's race later in this magazine. As a spectator to that event I found it most exciting. It was the first time the Met. had finished the course. The fine result of third place was the culmination of months of training by the

runners, years of experience by the sailors, and good team work between them all. Let us hope they can do just as well, or even better, this year.

The most important event in the police sailing calendar in 1984 will be the P.A.A. National Sailing Championships to be held at Queen Mary Sailing Club on 7th and 8th June. We are to be the hosts, and arrangements are well in hand, with Peter Moore doing most of the work so far. He would like some assistance on the 6th, 7th and 8th to welcome the competitors, and help keep the running of the event as smooth as possible. If you can assist in any way please contact him at B.2. (). A buffet/social has been arranged at Bushey Sports Club on the evening of the 7th.

To encourage as many members of the Metropolitan Police to take part in these championships the M.P.A.A. are offering a concessional entry fee for every boat from the M.P.S.C. Full details can be obtained from Peter Moore. So if you know of any dinghy sailors in the Met. who are not members of the sailing club, then here is a good opportunity for them to join, and take part in some exciting racing. You never know - they might get to like it!

John Stickland (IW) would like it known that he has still a number of M.P.S.C. cruising burgees left. They show the Force crest in white on a dark blue ground. If you do not want to fly them at the mast-head, they make good presentation gifts. One can be yours for the princely sum of £6-50. You can contact John at ().

For those of you that live or work in the East End, you may be interested to know that the Metropolitan Police and the London Dockland Development Corporation are organising a family fun day on the 8th July. It is to be held in West India Dock. This is an area that is going through a metamorphosis, and the Development Corporation are eager to get as much publicity as possible. It is anticipated that there will be static displays, water events and exhibitions, and the public will be encouraged to participate as much as possible. The organisers contacted me to see if the sailing club could help in some way. They were hoping to have a sailing event of some kind going on during the day. I attended West India Dock and was surprised by the amount of water available. There are three sections of the docks, and they are all interconnected. There is about 30 feet of water, so there is little chance of breaking your mast in the event of a capsize. We are therefore intending to organise some dinghy racing, possibly finishing up with a pursuit race. The spectators should enjoy that. If you are interested in taking part, then please give me a ring. I will send you more details nearer the date.

Do not forget to renew your membership of the sailing club for 1984. The 'new year' starts from the 1st April. Your name cannot be published as representing the M.P.A.A. unless you are a current member of the section. The membership fee is still only £3.00. I sent a renewal form to all the 1983 members, but if you did not receive one, or you would like some more, then let me know and I will send them forthwith.

Our old friend and mentor, Stan Laurenson-Batten, has now moved his home to Christchurch, in Dorset. If you are down that way at all, then look him up at (). He is certainly not taking it easy now that he has retired from the Force. He has been seen all over the place in his role as a photo-journalist. We hope to see him at the P.A.A. Champs. in June. It would not be the same without him somewhere around.

Finally, can I make my annual appeal for copy for this magazine? I would like as many dates as possible of future events open to police helmsmen; results of events in which police officers have taken part - especially if they have had good results; and stories and articles featuring police sailors.

Len Gooch

P.A.A. SAILING CHAMPIONSHIPS - 1984

This year's P.A.A. Championships are to be held on Thursday and Friday, the 7th and 8th of June, at Queen Mary Sailing Club, Ashford, Middlesex.

It will only be open to monohull dinghies having a Portsmouth Yardstick (not keel-boats or catamarans) helmed and crewed by serving police officers.

Entry forms can be obtained in the following way :-

Members of the Metropolitan Police should apply directly to Chief Inspector Peter Moore (B.2.) or to the Hon. Secretary.

Members of other Forces should apply to their regional P.A.A. Secretary. If they have any difficulty there, then contact Peter Moore as above, at ().

All completed entry forms should be sent directly to Inspector Derek Alldridge, General Secretary M.P.A.A., Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London SW1E 6BE, telephone number ().

Queen Mary Sailing Club is said to be the most exciting sailing water, and the most efficiently organised Club in the London area. The water is completely open - some 500 acres - and about 60 feet above the surrounding land. It is known as 'the best sea sailing in town'. If you attend, you can be sure of some exciting racing - given enough wind.

As this event precedes the weekend, why not bring your family with you and have a look around London ?

A buffet/social/film and video evening has been arranged for the evening of the 7th June. This will be held at the Metropolitan Police Sports Club at Bushey. The film show will be of the Three Peaks Race, in which two police teams finished in very creditable positions. The video will cover the day's racing. Bob Fisher, the well known yachting personality, has been invited along as a guest speaker.

A list of accommodation addresses will be sent out with the entry forms for those wishing to book up in advance.

Volunteers are still needed from those club members who will not be racing, to assist with the many duties required in running an event of this calibre. If you can spare a day or two, Peter Moore will welcome you with open arms.

-----oooOooo-----



Congratulations to the 'Three Peaks Team -83', by the A.C.B., Mr John Dellow, O.B.E.

THE THREE PEAKS RACE 1983

by John STICKLAND

(Rear Commodore - Metropolitan Police Sailing Club)

The race that really gets under your skin. People ask why one does it; that I can't answer. Last year I entered the race for the first time and, due to technical problems, we failed but we did finish the course. So this year, 1983, I entered the race again, having chartered a 35 foot Tri-maran, Triple Fantasy, a boat designed to take two people, but I put five burly Policemen in it; all bar one had been in the services, two ex-Royal Navy (both R.N.S.A. members), one Royal Marine P.T.I. and one soldier (ex-Staffordshire Regiment).

The race itself starts in Barmouth, North Wales and finishes in Fort William, 350 sea miles away and three mountains later.

On Saturday 18th June 1983 my crew and I crossed the line with some 30 other boats. The wind was light and was dying; the joke was, were we going to have a rowed start! We crossed the line and decided to get out the whaler oars and start to row. Others also started rowing but with our large sweeps we soon had Triple Fantasy moving at a fair turn of speed, going down through the middle of the fleet. By the time the wind came up, we had moved up amongst the leaders. Soon only 4 boats were ahead. As the wind increased in strength we made for Bardsey Sound with only MEMEC and Chips in the lead; we soon overhauled her and we led the fleet through and into Caernarvon Way in the gathering dusk. Very soon the Merseyside Police in Alexander Flyer started to close, but the Metropolitan Police were still in the lead. During the night, Flyer overhauled us. As dawn came, we were closing the entrance to Caernarvon. Ahead of us we could see Red Goblin with the all-girl crew. Out to starboard and ahead was Alexander Flyer creeping out of the morning mist.

The wind again dropped, so out oars and pull, but with the dawn came a morning breeze and we stopped rowing and sailed hard for the Mussel Bank Buoy. In the lead was Flyer, followed by Red Goblin. We were in third place as we passed the buoy and here we could start our engine for the final run to the jetty. Then it all went wrong; the outboard engine didn't want to run, the tide had turned and started to sweep us down, but eventually we got going, but only slowly did we creep towards our goal. Little did I know that this engine was going to cost me dearly on the last leg when other boats we'd beaten under sail overtook us under power. At last we got alongside and our 2 runners left to run up Snowden and back, whilst I and the rest of the crew slept, ready for the next leg to Ravenglass.

The runners returned and came aboard, and off we went down towards the Menai Straits; the wind was good and the sail down to the bridges was quite pleasant and made in good time. As the bridges came into view I could see one boat, a Sigma 33, broadside on the Platters. We downed sail and got out the oars and started rowing madly. We had committed ourselves; the fast flowing water soon picked us up and shot us through and out the other side. I breathed a sigh of relief. We had made it. We then shaped a course for Ravenglass over Morecambe Bay. In the morning the fells appeared and I sighted the entrance and made for it. The tide was falling and we had to

get in, or be stuck on the bar. As it was I could see Papageno stuck fast on the bar and, further up the estuary, I could see Skandia Life and the other all-girl crew skippered by Miss Stephanie MERRY, also stuck fast. As we arrived off the Selker buoy, where I could start my engine, the motor started and we took off the rudder and the centre boards and up we went. Soon I could see the support crew waiting for us and willing us in. We dropped off the runners to set off on the run up Scaffell Pike whilst we moved the boat into the mooring area and waited their return. We were still sixth at this point.

Our runners returned 7½ hours later after a gruelling run in the midday heat. Off we went into a pleasant sunset with a distinct lack of wind. As night fell, the boats around us disappeared. Then the wind came up and gave us a good turn of speed. The log had stopped working just after the start so we sailed by guesswork. During the night we stormed along towards the Mull of Galloway. That morning we sighted Red Goblin and two others which we passed, and later sighted Phantom Wake and Alexander Flyer ahead - we passed them both. The visibility was poor as the sun came up and we again went back to rowing. Later the wind returned and we sailed up to the Mull of Kintyre. By now we were in company with First Class and Quicksilver. Again the wind dropped and we all returned to the oars, rowing round the headland to beat the tidal gate. We rounded it in the dark and lost sight of each other, but later during the day we sighted each other off Gigha. The run up to the loch was slow to start with but as we passed the Sound of Islay, the wind picked up and we entered the entrance to the Gulf of Corryrecken crossing and on up to Fort William. By late afternoon we were closing the distance of the last leg up to Fort William with only the Corrin Narrows left, but the strong wind was dying and the high mountains caused wind shifts. We pulled through the Narrows and started up the last leg, all being very tired as we headed up the loch. Soon the wind started to blow strongly down the loch heading us. By now we were in second place, as we tacked up the loch. Then First Class came into view and eventually she managed to overtake us. Soon we reached the point ready to restart the engine for the final run. Would it start? No! Would it run properly? No! Eventually we struggled alongside Corpach at 0330 hours. We moored alongside a convenient fishing boat and the runners set off for the Ben. We finished third and only just lost the cup for the fastest passage from Ravenglass to Fort William; all because of the outboard engine! Next time we'll take a spare engine as well as a propeller; but we had made third place and were all very happy and tired.

Next time, maybe we can be first. I am sure that again I will be at the start line in 1984.



NATIONAL BRITISH POLICE LASER SAILING CHAMPIONSHIPS - 83

1st	Kevin Johnson	West Yorkshire	85256	¾	¾	3	= 1½
2nd	Roger Glass	Metropolitan	113346	2	4	¾	= 2¾
3rd	Dick Sivers	Northampton	5	3	3	4	= 6
4th	Derek Westall	South Wales	113421	4	2	5	= 6
5th	Geoff Norman	Nottingham	43330	5	5	2	= 7
6th	Alex Ross	Metropolitan	59722	6	6	6	= 12
7th	Nick Haggitt	West Mercia	64165	7	8	7	= 14
8th	John Burbeck	Metropolitan	43330	R	7	8	= 15

This meeting was held on Saturday 26th November 1983, at Walton-on-Thames Sailing Club, West Molesey. This club has a reservoir (Island Barn Reservoir) as its water, and it is a smaller version of Queen Mary Sailing Club. From its club-house, you can get a grandstand view of the Sandown Park Racecourse. As you can see from the list of results above, the turnout was very poor. This was a bitter disappointment to Roger Glass, who had put a lot of work into organising the event. However, the numbers were boosted by several members of the host club, and a special prize was presented to the highest placed host boat. The local members made us all very welcome, and the racing was very well organised.

The weather was rather overcast, and there was little wind to make the racing very exciting. However, the competition was keen and the racing was close. Roger Glass would have been much better placed if he had not capsized in the first two races. He just let his enthusiasm run away with him. Kevin Johnson, a new boy from West Yorkshire, took Roger's capsizes as a gift from heaven, and went on to win those first two races. He is obviously going to be a force to reckon with in the future. Behind the leading pair, Dick Sivers, Derek Westall and Geoff Norman fought it out for the next three positions. Although it was Dick that finally took the third place, each of the other two took a second place in one of the races.

The crafty Sidewinder duo did attend the meeting, but were cunningly disguised as rescue-boat men. They just chugged around hoping that someone would fall in so that they would have something to do. The things they do to avoid getting wet! But they seemed to enjoy the role of rescuers, even if they had nobody to rescue. It made a change to see how the other half lived.

Next September, these championships are to be held at Pitsford Sailing Club in Northamptonshire. Dick Sivers will be taking over the reins of organiser. It is a nice venue, with lots of water to get lost on. Why not go along and take part ?

SIDEWINDER



ALEXANDER FLYER approaching Caernarfon Quay early Sunday morning



RED GOBLIN at Caernarfon

AN ON-SHORE VIEW OF THE 1983 THREE PEAKS RACE.

Part 2.

The police support crew was awakened at about 1.30 on that dark and misty Sunday morning by the sound of running feet along Caernarfon quay, and the beat of a marine engine somewhere out in the mist. Then a searchlight stabbed a hole in the mist and a voice gave us the news that the leading boats in the 83 Three Peaks Race had run out of wind and were being swept out into the Irish Sea by the tide. The informant was one of the crew of JAA DEE, one of the race support boats. So we all went back to sleep.

We were next awakened at dawn - about 04.00 hours - by the chattering of voices and the noise of passing vehicles. I did not know that there was such a time of day, and I certainly have not seen many sun-rises whilst sitting alongside the water. Mind you, once you got used to the idea it was quite beautiful. The air was quite still, and there was a pink glow over everything as the watery sunlight slowly percolated through the mist. There was not a breath of wind to disturb the surface of the water - hardly a ripple could be seen. There was not a moving boat in sight. A few optimists were scanning the distance through binoculars, but to no avail. The best thing to do when waiting for things to happen is to put the kettle on for a nice cup of tea, and that is what we did. After that, it was wash and brush up time, and then breakfast. What a civilised way to greet this new day!

It was not until about 06.30 hours that the first boat was seen motoring in from the Caernarfon Bar. It was ALEXANDRA FLYER, crewed by the Merseyside Police. They slid in alongside the quay and landed their two runners, Swanborough and McBride at 06.42. After they had had their equipment checked, the two lads set off for Snowdon at 06.48.

About ten minutes later RED GOBLIN tied up and dropped off their two lady athletes, Dodds and Ramsdon. After being scrutineered, they started their run at 07.04.

The third boat to arrive was PANTALOON, the red hulled Impala, sailed by a crew of Paratroopers from Aldershot. Their runners landed at 07.24 and were away on the run at 07.30.

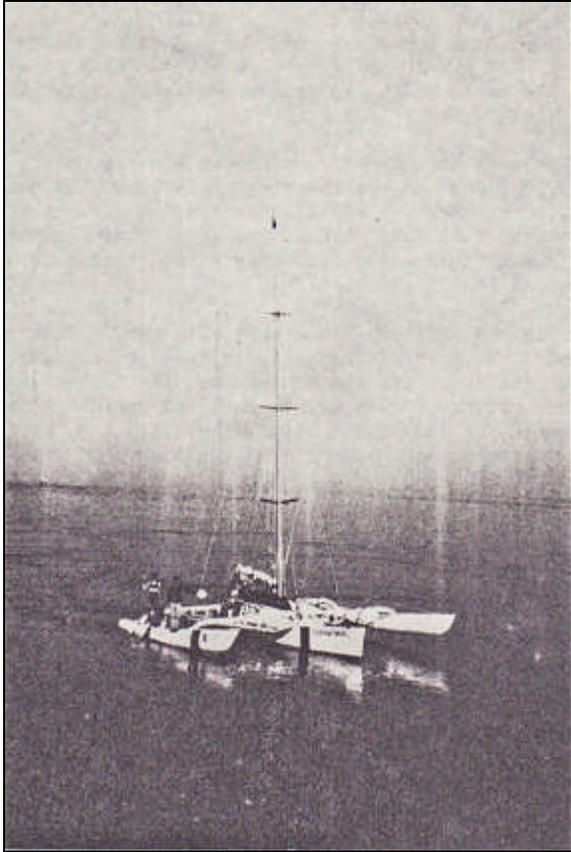
Only two minutes behind them was the comparatively small Beneteau First Class design, QUICKSILVER. They arrived at 07.26 and the run started at 07.33.

The 5th boat was PAPAGANO, a very sleek looking Aphrodite 101. They landed at 07.30 and were away by 07.38.

Then, the boat we had all been waiting for, TRIPLE FANTASY, came chugging in across the water. They were making a lot of noise with their outboard motor, but not much speed. Apparently they had got over the Bar in about 3rd position, but had then had trouble with their motor and had been overtaken by other competitors on the way in. John Peck and Trog Royle were standing on deck looking very fit, and were eager to be off up Snowdon after so many hours of sailing. They landed at 07.37, and were away by 07.43.

Almost half an hour behind the Metropolitan Police boat, came another trimaran. It was the familiar day-glow orange hulls of M M MEMEC AND CHIPS, the favourite for the race. This vessel was already a two times winner of this event, and its crew were determined to make it yet again. In Davis and Wood they had two of the most experienced fell runners in the country. They could not get ashore fast enough. They landed at 08.05 and started running at 08.09.

8th boat was CRAIFOL (8)	arrival time was 08.15;	runners away by 08.19
9th " " FIRST CLASS (15)	" " 08.19	" " 08.24
10th " CERDD YR AWEL (5)	" " 08.28	" " 08.34
11th " SKANDIA LIFE (6)	" " 08.50	" " 08.55
12th " PHANTOM WAKE (24)	" " 10.26	



TRIPLE FANTASY at Caernarfon



M M NEMEC AND CHIPS approaching Caernarfon Quay.

With the runners clear, the boats were moored up just off the quay, and the crews were able to come ashore for a wash and brush-up, a meal and a couple of hours sleep. At the same time, the boats had to be replenished with food, water and fuel, ready for the next leg of the journey to Ravenglass.

The first pair of runners to return from Snowdon was the police team from Merseyside. They got back at 10.55 (they had reached the summit at 08.58), and after having their gear checked again, this time to see that they had not discarded anything on the way, they went straight aboard ALEXANDRA FLYER. The big trimaran motored smoothly away in the direction of the Menai Straights. Soon they raised sail and cut the engine. They had started the second leg of the race.

On leaving Caernarfon the skippers had a choice to make. They could either go out to sea and sail right around the Isle of Anglesey, or they could take the shortcut through the Menai Straights. The short-cut was not without its dangers. There was The Swillies to contend with. This was the notorious, rock-filled narrows between the two bridges connecting the island to the mainland. It is tidal, and the Swillies can only be negotiated when the tide is just right. Many a boat has come to grief in those waters.

The skipper of RED GOBLIN decided to take her chances in the open sea, and when her two girls returned to the boat at 11.08 they set sail for the Caernarfon Bar and Caernarfon Bay. They had had a bad experience in the Menai Straights in the 1982 race. Once bitten - twice shy!

Only 8 minutes behind the girls, came Davis and Wood from M M NEMEC AND CHIPS. They had galloped over the course at a fantastic time of 3 hours 6 minutes - a new record time. They had overtaken two teams on the way up the mountain in spite of starting almost half an hour behind the nearest runners, and had overtaken another two teams on the way down. Somehow these two lads had managed to do that arduous run at least 57 minutes faster than any other pair of runners in the race. As you can imagine, they wasted little time in boarding their trimaran. They then set off in pursuit of ALEXANDRA FLYER.

The team times for the leading boats were as follows:-

Rank	Boat Name	Back at	Time at Snowdon	Time at Ravenglass	Running time	Total time
1st	ALEXANDRA FLYER	10.55	08.58		04.07	
2nd	RED GOBLIN	11.08	09.19		04.03	
aid	M M MEMEC AND CHIPS	11.16	09.53		03.06	
4th	PANTALOON	11.33	09.36		04.03	
5th	QUICKSILVER	11.43	09.51		04.10	
6th	PAPAGANO	11.45	09.56		04.07	
7th	TRIPLIUFANTASY	12.21	10.15		04.38	
8th	FIRST CLASS	12.29	10.30		04.03	
9th	CRIAFOL	12.45	10.40		04.25	
10th	CERDD YR AWEL	12.54	10.46		04.19	
11th	SKANDIA LIFE	14.37	11.59		05.41	
12th	PHANTOM WAKE	15.02	12.50		04.31	

So the race was on. M.M.MEMEC AND CHIPS had arrived at Caernarfon in 7th place, and had left in 3rd place. TRIPLE FANTASY had arrived 6th and left 7th. If they had not realised it before, they knew now that they could not afford to take it too easy on the mountains. Like 'MEMEC', they too chose to risk the Menai Straights, as did most of the leading boats, and they joined the procession heading for the Swillies.

ALEXANDRA FLYER had a rough passage through the narrows, but did get through in one piece. TRIPLE FANTASY, under the guiding hand of Keith Bateman, had a



John Peck and Trog
Royle preparing for
the run up Snowdon.



The Met. runners at the end of the 'Snowdon Run'.

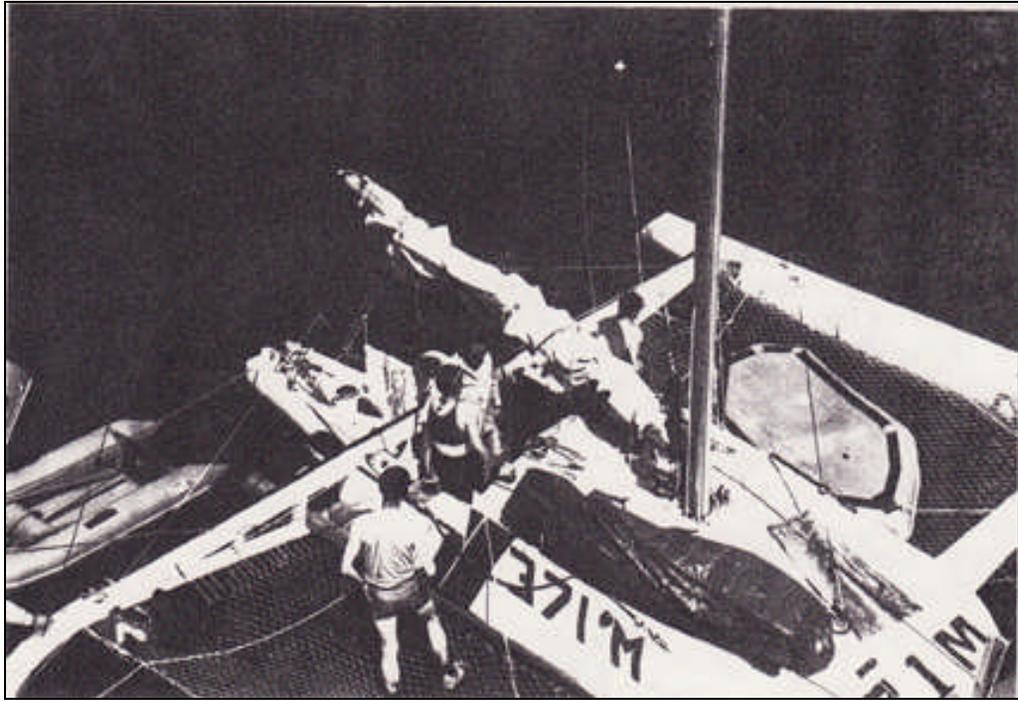
comparatively smooth run, and was soon clear of the famous Telford Bridge. They then set to, to tack up to Beaumaris and out into Conway Bay. There were many moored boats along this stretch of the tideway, and unfortunately TRIPLE FANTASY was to come in contact with one of them in rather a spectacular manner. The occupants of the said moored craft were so impressed by this close encounter of the triple hulled kind that he made a permanent record of it on video tape. The actual collision was with the tender of the motor cruiser, and not with the boat itself. However, names and addresses were exchanged in the time honoured way, and then TRIPLE FANTASY limped into Beaumaris to effect a rapid repair to one of the hulls. This was done in double quick time by Alex, who was becoming well versed in the use of Isopon P38. The delay had cost them an hour or so, but they were soon heading out into Liverpool Bay in a good, sailing breeze.

At the same time, the support crews were heading across North Wales on a busy summer Sunday afternoon. The world and his wife appeared to be on that coastal road. The crews' target was the tiny coastal village of Ravenglass, on the west coast of Cumbria. The major part of the journey could be done on the M6 motorway, but once the Lake District was reached the access road to Ravenglass was extremely narrow, hilly and winding. It could be quite hazardous after dark. However, they got there quite safely, and drove their vehicles right onto the beach, where arrangements had been made for them park for the duration of the race. There were quite a number of vehicles of all shapes and sizes already installed there. The local midges made life rather uncomfortable at nightfall, especially for the police cadets who were sleeping on the sands, alongside their Land Rover. Other than that, it was a very peaceful place to spend the night, and it was not long before everyone had settled down for a good night's sleep. It was about 06.00 hours that following Monday morning that the sleepy-eyed crews began to wake. It was a warm, clear day with a little cloud about, but very little wind. They could have a long wait for the boats to arrive! Meanwhile, the cadets had water on the boil, and the morning tea was soon brewing. That would soon bring the team to its senses!

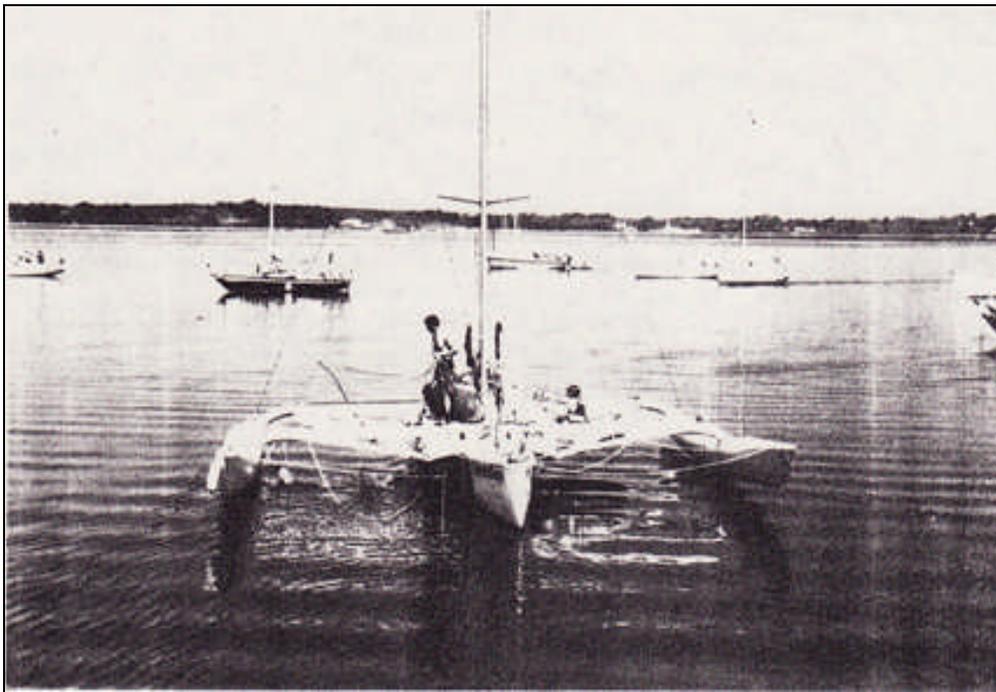
The first competitors were sighted offshore at about 09.45. The leading boat was M M NEMEC AND CHIPS. Its bright colour made it easy to recognize. They entered the harbour and managed to motor right up to the beach where they were able to drop their runners without even getting their feet wet. RED GOBLIN arrived about 14 minutes later. Their decision to take the long way around Anglesey had paid off - they had made the third fastest time for the passage from Caernarfon and Ravenglass. The fastest time went to PHANTOM WAKE, a sleek-looking catamaran built by Prouts. They had left the Welsh stop in 12th position, and arrived in Cumbria in 3rd place. Their time for the trip was given as 19 hours 21 minutes. M M NEMEC AND CHIPS had done it in 22 hours 52 minutes, and RED GOBLIN in 23 hours 13 minutes. Only one minute separated RED GOBLIN and PHANTOM WAKE, and they had their own separate race as the runners were rowed ashore.

Just over half an hour behind 'the WAKE', the 'FLYER' entered the harbour with Gareth Owen at the helm. There had not been enough wind for their liking, and the trip had taken them a minute over 24 hours. They wasted no time in getting their runners ashore. It was quite a hot day now, and the athletes would need as much time as possible to conserve their energy and at the same time get back in time to catch the evening tide.

The watchers on the beach had a long wait of about 1¼ hours before the next boat, QUICKSILVER, crept in on the falling tide. SKANDIA LIFE had come in before them, but had run aground before reaching the mark at which they were allowed to disembark their runners. When the tide goes out at Ravenglass, it really goes out. All that is left is a narrow channel of uncertain depth: If you run aground there is little or no time to refloat the vessel. Having seen the girls in SKANDIA LIFE come to grief, we wondered whether TRIPLE FANTASY would get in at all when they appeared about 10 minutes behind QUICKSILVER. But the team used their heads, and by some astute navigation they trickled up to the disembarkation buoy. Once there, they rowed John and Trog to the nearest piece of dry land (it would have been almost impossible to row all the way to the beach against the tide) in the tender. They scrambled ashore and started trotting to-



John Peck and Trog Royle back on board TRIPLE FANTASY after the run up Snowdon.



TRIPLE FANTASY leaving the quay at Caernarfon for the passage through the Menai Straights.

wards the beach and their waiting supporters. Unfortunately, the shell bank they had landed on was separated from the beach proper by a channel of swiftly flowing water. Those on the beach encouraged the two stalwarts to wade across, and assured them that the water was not very deep. So they stripped off their footwear and plunged in. Well, the 'not very deep' turned out to be just over chest high, and they came ashore rather wet and bedraggled, and had to have a good towelling and a change of clothes before they were in a fit state to start the run.

Meanwhile, back onboard TRIPLE FANTASY, the crew were having difficulty getting the boat to the designated mooring area. It did help in not having the weight of the runners on board, and it helped even further when Alex took the matter in hand and jumped over the bows into the water with the painter in his hands, and started hauling the tri' through the water like a modern day Gulliver. It did the trick, and they were able to moor up in the right position to pick up the runners on their return. They had made it by the skin of their teeth.

Only one other boat got into the harbour on that tide, and that was FIRST CLASS, and they arrived exactly one hour after TRIPLE FANTASY. How they made it in so little water we don't know, but make it they did, and this was to be very significant in the final outcome of the race.

The times for the leading boats into Ravenglass were as follows:-

BOAT NAME	ARRIVE HARBOUR	Scarfell	FINISH RUN	DEPART HARBOUR	RUNTIME
1. M M NEMEC AND CHIPS	10.07	12.52	15.25	17.47	05.03
2. RED GOBLIN	10.21	13.35	17.55	18.09	07.19
3. PHANTOM WAKE	10.22	14.12	18.03	18.13	07.26
4. ALEXANDRA FLYER	10.56	14.41	18.22	18.45	07.11
5. QUICKSILVER	12.11	14.28	19.04	19.14	06.38
6. TRIPLE FANTASY	12.21	16.23	19.55	20.00	07.19
7. FIRST CLASS	13.21	16.25	19.11	19.17	05.39
8. CERDD YR AWEL	18.16	21.16	23.48	06.30	05.22
9. CLAIRELLA	18.18	20.57	23.08	23.13	04.35
10. PANTALOON	18.21	21.40	00.23	06.35	05.52

As you can see - CLAIRELLA's runners did to Scarfell what 'MEMEC's did to Snowdon. They broke the record with that great run. They did have the cooler evening weather to help them, but for all that, it was an extremely good effort. It helped their boat to be able to leave the harbour on the last of the tide. CERDD YR AWEL, whose runners arrived back 40 minutes later, was unable to sail. CLAIRELLA must have timed it to perfection. PANTALOON's runners also failed to catch the tide, and had to wait until the following morning before they could start the last leg of the race.

Only the first eight boats into Ravenglass were able to get out on that evening tide. Most of the runners returned from Scarfell very weary and wan. It had been an extremely hot day - hardly the weather for galloping up and down mountains. One of the girls from RED GOBLIN limped in with badly blistered feet. It turned out that she would be unable to do any more running in this race, and her place in the next run was taken by one of the other team members. However, John Peck and Trog Royle got back tired - oh, so very tired - but ready to carry on. Theirs and some of the other runners' times do not do them justice, because they delayed in 'booking in' until the boat was ready to sail. This was to reduce the time of the passage between Ravenglass and Fort William to the minimum. And so TRIPLE FANTASY was able to make good their escape from Ravenglass, again having arrived in 6th place and had left in 7th place.



Trog and John approaching the summit of Scafell Pike.



Trog and John 'booking in' at the summit of Scarfell Pike.

Only four other boats came into the harbour at Ravenglass that Monday evening. They were SKANDIA LIFE, ESTA AMELIA, PAPGANO and CRIAFOL. SKANDIA LIFE - the boat that had been raced the year before by the Merseyside Police under the name MERSEY BEAT - had run aground earlier in the day and had damaged the securing bracket for their outboard motor, and had dropped the motor in the sea. So one of the jobs they had to do was to find another motor and get the bracket fixed. They were going to be busy! The runners from all these boats were going to have to get to, and climb Scarfell Pike in the dark. At least it would be cool!

Most of the support crews settled down on the Ravenglass beach for their second night's sleep there. Very peaceful it was until 06.20, when the peace was shattered by the revving of a noisy outboard motor. It was SKANDIA LIFE trying to find enough water in the harbour to set sail for Scotland. Their runners had finished the run at 03.48 and they were eager to get away on the first of the tide. The sailing crew had obtained another engine, the damage had been repaired, and they were ready for the off. All they needed now was enough water to float in. Soon the noise receded into the distance as they made for the open sea. As they left the harbour SOLENT CAPELLA motored in. She was followed in by a line of other boats that had been anchored offshore for most of the night. One unfortunate, PRESS PAPERS, SCANDANAVIA, had come too close to the shore and had run aground. It being a deep keeled boat, it had spent many hours leaning over on its side, making life very uncomfortable for the crew. They would now have to wait quite a long time for the incoming tide to float them off. They just had to sit there and watch all the other boats that had arrived behind them sail straight into the harbour. They were unable to get in themselves until 07.55.

The sun god was certainly smiling on this race, and the land crews were able to pack their things together in the bright sunshine, ready to start the trek north to Bonny Scotland. The Cumbrian roads were crowded with holiday makers - all driving extremely slowly, and it was quite a relief to reach Penrith and pick up the motorway. They were able to make good progress and soon crossed the border. The best part of the journey by far was the section between Callander and Ballachulish, where you cross Rannoch Moor and Glen Coe. The countryside is wild, the scenery is breathtaking, the roads are long and fairly straight, and there is very little traffic. It was a real joy to travel that road to the Highlands on the lovely June afternoon. The snow was still lying on the tops of the mountains, and yet the sun was warm on your face. It was like a page out of the holiday brochure - a day to savour! If only Scotland was like that all the time!

Fort William was reached at about 18.30, and enquiries at the tourist office brought directions to the village of Corpach, which is about 3 miles north-west of the town. Corpach lies at the western end of the Caledonian Canal, and vessels wishing to use the canal have to enter the lock there. It was at this lock that the Three Peaks Race would finish. The boats would have to land their runners there, who would then have to 'climb' Ben Nevis and then return to the lock and cross the finish line. Permission was granted by the Lock Keeper to pitch a tent alongside the lock. It was a beautiful place to camp. Across the waters of Loch Eil could be seen the marvelous back-drop of Ben Nevis itself, whilst further south the whole town of Fort William could be seen hugging the side of the mountain. The Royal Signals had also made camp at the lock, and they had set up a communications centre. They were in touch by radio and teleprinter with all the other ports of call included in the 'Three Peaks', including the peaks themselves. They had a team of men camped on top of Ben Nevis, in all the ice and snow, for about a week, just waiting for these morons that thought it was fun to run up and down mountains as if there was no tomorrow. It was very handy having the communications centre so close. It meant that we could get all the up-to-date news of the race right on our door step.

As beautiful as the setting was at Corpach, there was one drawback. That was the midges. They did not appear until the evening, and then they came out in their thousands. They got in your eyes, they got in your ears, they got up your nose, and in your mouth if you were not careful. They got everywhere! You just could not stand and talk without giving the 'Australian Wave' to all and sundry. If you wanted to reduce the



The Beneteau cruiser/racer, FIRST CLASS. (26' 6")



The trimaran TRIPLE FANTASY. (34' 10")

irritation you just had to shut yourself in your car ,and swat the few that followed you in. If ever there was a place where you needed a mosquito net - it was here. It is obviously one of Scotland's secret weapons. They only seem to trouble the Sasenachs! Another strange thing that happens up there is that it takes a long time for night to fall. It was still daylight at 23.00 hours. But in spite of all these strange happenings I was able to get to sleep, and slept through until 07.00 the following morning.

I awoke to a still and misty Wednesday morning. The mist clung to the surface of the loch like the scene from a horror film. Above it all could be seen the top of the Ben. Slowly but surely the sun carved away the mist to reveal a fine summer morning. The air was clear and fresh, the scenery was hard to beat, and you felt that it was good to be alive. It seemed a million miles away from the concrete jungle of The Smoke. Soon the smell of fried bacon and eggs added to the ideality of it all. There was a fine sailing breeze blowing from the south.. The multihulls would like that. However, the sun did not last, and by mid-day it had clouded over, and by afternoon there was some rain. But still there was no sign of the competitors.

There was still no sighting or news of the boats in the Three Peaks Race by early evening. Peter Ford, the team manager of the Merseyside Police team, and several other support leaders got tired of waiting at Corpach, and hired a fast motor cruiser to run them down Loch Linnhe. They were eager to see for themselves who was in the lead. There were rumours circulating that the two police boats were near the front of the pack. Peter took along a video camera to record the scene if they were. That motor boat was away an awful long time, which meant that the leading boats were still a long way off.

As the evening wore on, so the dreaded midges emerged from wherever they hid during the daylight. They set out to pester every living being, brave enough to remain outside their cars, caravans or tents for any length of time. They got so bad at times you had to wash them away from your face with a wet flannel. If you shut yourself in the Land Rover they started tunneling between the windows and under the doors. They were real pests! We ended up zipping ourselves in a darkened tent, hoping that they would not see us, and go elsewhere.

Eventually, Peter Ford returned with the news that M M NEMEC AND CHIPS was out in front, with TRIPLE FANTASY in second place. His own boat, ALEXANDRA FLYER was way behind them. The leading boats had done a lot of rowing to make up for the lack of wind, and they still had quite a way to go.

As it started to get dark we noticed that there was a change in wind direction. Instead of blowing up the loch from the south, it went round about 180 and started blowing from the north. This meant that the approaching craft would now have the wind on the nose. This would benefit the monohulls, but would do the multihulls no good at all. They were not built for tacking into the wind. From our point of view, it could not have happened at a worse moment.

As midnight approached, the cadets and as many of the Met supporters as possible were huddled in their tent, drinking hot chocolate. Now and again, one of them would go out and scan the dark waters of the loch to see if they could see the navigation lights of the leading boat approaching. Suddenly, from inside the tent they heard the sound of clapping and shouting coming from the quay. The first boat had reached Corpach. It was M M MEMEC AND CHIPS. Their time of arrival was 23.52. They had taken 60 hour8 29 minutes to complete the third leg of the race. Davies and Woods, the champions of Snowdon, wasted little time in coming ashore and booking in. They started their difficult run at 23.57. They were going to have to do the whole run in the dark. That could be quite hazardous on the mountain with the ice and snow, and the treacherous scree to contend with.

The report from 'NEMEC' was that the next boat was about an hour behind them. The whole Met support team were now mustered and were down on the beach, scanning the dark stretches of water for the tell-tale mast-head light of any moving vessel. The bright street-lights of Fort William in the distance threw the water between us into



'Taffy' Davies and Anthony Wood, the runners from M M MEMEC AND CHIPS.



Some fancy head-gear worn by a FIRST CLASS runner for the night run up Ben Nevis.

deep shadow. To spot the tiny glimmer of a mast-head light, against the back-drop of Fort William at night took very sharp eyes. But about 01.00 hours a light was spotted 'tacking' backwards and forwards past the town. Then it settled to a steady course towards us. Would it be TRIPLE FANTASY? As it got closer it became obvious that it was not a trimaran, but a small monohull. It was the Beneteau FIRST CLASS. It looked more like an overgrown dinghy than a cruiser, and obviously sailed to windward like one. The change of wind had suited them down to the ground, and they were able to overtake the tacking tri'. FIRST CLASS landed their runners at 01.14, They, Walford and Rye, were well equipped for running in the dark, and had obviously done it before. One of them even had a lamp strapped to his forehead. They looked very determined to try and catch the leaders. But remembering Snowdon - they would have their work cut out to catch that pair. At 01.19, away they went, into the darkness.

Nearly an hour went by before the watchers were rewarded with the sight of another light moving in the distance. This too was tacking backwards and forwards off Fort William. This just had to be the sleek, white trimaran we were waiting for! We would soon find out, or so we thought. They seemed to be playing a game with us. One minute they would be travelling towards us - the next, they would be drifting back down the loch. This happened time and time again. We were getting more and more frustrated. Eventually, the light started getting closer to the beach - but oh so slowly! Finally, the sound of the outboard motor came to us. Only one outboard could sound like that. It had to be TRIPLE FANTASY. Then we could see the outline of the hulls, and hear the shouts of the members of the crew. It was the Met team all right. They reached the quay at 02.16. They were all obviously very tired and frustrated, both with the change in wind direction and the performance - or lack of it - of the outboard motor. It had let them down at the end of a long sail, and had kept cutting out. They had had the greatest of difficulty in getting in against the current at all. That wind change had cost them dear. They had been well ahead of FIRST CLASS before that, but once the wind had switched around, the little monohull had romped past them.

But the race was not over yet. There was Ben Nevis to be conquered. It was up to that irrepressible pair, Peck and Boyle, to retain that third position. Many a race has been lost on the mountain. They came ashore looking as cheerful as ever, determined to give this last run their 'best shot'. They knew that the sister ship of FIRST CLASS - QUICKSILVER - was not far behind them. They started their run at 03.16, just as it was getting light. At least they would be able to see where they were going.

Once the tri' was securely moored away from the quay, the sailing crew rowed ashore. They looked very, very tired. A hot meal was provided for them by the support crew, followed by desert and then a hot drink. Keith Bateman then returned to the boat to sleep, whilst the other two bedded down in the tent, with strict instructions to wake them when John and Trog returned. One reason was to welcome the runners back, and the other was to sign the obligatory race declaration for the race officials. They were asleep as soon as their head touched the pillow.

The first runners to return to Corpach on that mid-summer morning, and to cross the finish line, were Davies and Woods from M M NEMEC AND CHIPS. The time was 03.59. The run, mostly in the dark, had taken them 4 hours and 2 minutes. They spoke of blundering about in the mist and snow at the summit, searching for the Army base there, where they had to book in. The poor visibility heightened the risk of falling over one of the precipices. Not the sort of thing you want to happen during a race, especially when you are in the lead! However, they had made it safely. They richly deserved the round of applause they were given as they cross the line.

A few minutes later, the spectators' attention was drawn away from the winning pair, to the quay, where the 4th boat had arrived. It was, as expected, QUICKSILVER, with their runners, Carter and Buffet. They would have the advantage of starting their run in proper daylight, but it was rather cold. Once ashore, they shot off like hounds to the scent.

At 04.53 Walford and Rye crossed the finish line, after a very fast run -28 minutes faster than the lads from 'NEMEC'. The darkness, mist and snow had not slowed them down very much.



John Peck and Trog Hoyle take a welcome rest at the end of the Ben Nevis Run.



The 'gang of five', at Corpach. Alex Ross, John Peck, John Stickland, Trog Royle and Keith Bateman.

There was a long wait then of 2 hours and 42 Minutes before Peck and Royle hove into view, looking hot, tired but happy that they had reached the finish. They had completed the run in the very respectable time of 4 hours 14 minutes - only 12 minutes slower than the greyhounds from 'MEMEC'. They had some hair-raising stories to tell of the scramble down the mountain. During one headlong scree-run one of Trog's shoes had collapsed and he had twisted his ankle rather badly. But, being an ex-Marine, he just carried on with the run as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. They expected to see the opposition from QUICKSILVER pounding down behind them at any minute. They were not to know that they were over 40 minutes behind them. QUICKSILVER did manage to complete the run in a faster time - 4 hours 5 minutes - only making up 9 minutes on the Met. pair.

Both John Peck and Trog Royle were tired but elated at their success. They just could keep still. They obviously needed time to wind down after their strenuous efforts. They joined up with the runners that had come in ahead of them, and spent ages swapping yarns about their adventures throughout the race. But eventually they succumbed to the weariness their bodies must have felt and settled down to sleep in the tent, recently vacated by John Stickland and Alex Ross. Alex swapped places with Keith on board the tri', and Keith and John then went off with their respective wives to catch up on their sleep.

The runners from QUICKSILVER returned from the mountain at 08.18. At 08.26 ALEXANDRA FLYER glided alongside the quay and tied up. They too had been victim to the adverse winds. Their runners took 4 hours 16 minutes on the final run - only 2 minutes difference from their Metropolitan Police rivals. It was a very good effort on the part of the police - to have two boats in the first five in such a prestigious event.

The next two boats to arrive were carrying all-girl crews, and they did not arrive until the afternoon. The bright orange trimaran SKANDIA LIFE (formerly the more appropriate CHEERS DEARS) tied up at 15.13. These Amazons from Southampton University started their run at 15.18. 24 minutes later, the massive RED GOBLIN glided alongside the quay, with their skipper, Kay Philp at the helm. She dispatched her rather diminutive but shapely runners, and they set off after their rivals from Southampton. They knew that they were only 29 minutes ahead of them. Their aim was to overhaul them as soon as possible. In fact, these two teams gave us the most exciting finish of the race. They were in sight of each other along the final stretch, between Fort William and Corpach. Slowly and relentlessly the girls from RED GOBLIN were pulling back the slender lead that SKANDIA LIFE had held for most of the run. In spite of the encouragement the latter received from their frantic supporters, RED GOBLIN caught and overtook them about half a mile from the finish. They crossed the finish line only one minute ahead of the others. Both teams had run their hearts out, and were very, very tired. The girls from 'GOBLIN' had completed the Ben Nevis run in the fastest time so far this year - 3 hours 30 minutes - and that was with a reserve running in the place of the girl with the blistered feet. The Southampton team had nothing to be ashamed of. They did a time of 4 hours 5 minutes - faster than both of the police teams. Well done ladies!

There were no more boats to arrive that day. The 8th competitor to finish was PANTALOOON - with the Paratroopers aboard - and they did not get in until 11.14 on Friday.

On the Thursday evening, the crews of the five boats that had completed the race were invited to a Civic Reception by the Town Council of Fort William. Later still, a film-slide and video show was held at the Village Hall at Corpach. Many of the local people were invited to join with the teams and their supporters in enjoying the show, and this they did. Tim Bewicke, who had only arrived by train from London that evening, was also able to join in the fun. He was there to assist in sailing TRIPLE FANTASY back to Dartmouth.

In spite of all his efforts that week, it was Trog Royle who was up before anyone else on the Friday morning. He soon had the early morning tea on the go. That was followed by a hefty fried breakfast for all the occupants of the tent. He said that he

had a lot of normal eating to make up for. He and John Peck had spent most of the previous six days living on milky bars and glucose drinks.

The rest of the Friday was spent shopping in Fort William, and replenishing the food and water stocks of TRIPLE FANTASY, ready for the return journey. The laundry was another job that had to be done. This was taken care of by Veronica Bateman and Cathy Stickland. Then there was an addition to the number of supporters, in the shape of John Peck's wife. She had caught the train to Scotland to congratulate her husband and the rest of the team on their splendid result.

The afternoon was fine and sunny, and the whole team gathered on the loch-side for a cream-cake tea, and to have some photographs taken. Now they could relax and enjoy themselves. The pressure was off. There would be the return trip, but that would be different. They would have time to really enjoy the sailing and the scenery, knowing that they had completed the task they had set themselves - and had done it well.

TRIPLE FANTASY was to set sail that same evening. There was fair sailing breeze, and the weather was fine. John Stickland was loathe to miss the chance of a good start for their trip. So at about 18.30 they cast off and motored away from Corpach. On board were John Stickland, Keith Bateman, Alex Ross and Tim Bewicke. John Peck and Trog were returning to London by land. It must have been with very mixed feelings that Veronica and Cathy waved their husbands off yet again. Their time together in Scotland had been so short. But that was not the last we were to see of the trimaran.

A Social was to be held that evening in a loch-side hotel, a few miles south of Fort William. As we made our way there by car we passed TRIPLE FANTASY out in Loch Linnhe. She was having to tack down the loch, so her progress was fairly steady. From the hotel, we had a grandstand view. She looked a beautiful sight as she sailed into the sunset. One minute she would be enveloped by the deep shadow of the mountains, the next, she would sailing on a sea of molten gold. We rushed down to the beach to shout greetings and wish the crew Bon Voyage. Grinning from ear to ear, they returned the wishes for a safe journey home. This was a fitting end to a 'golden' week.

Out of the 29 boats that started the race, 20 finished. The winner of the "Last In" Cup was DUET from Swansea. They took 7 days 10 hours and 16 minutes to complete the course, compared with 4 days 12 hours and 58 minutes by M M MEMEC AND CHIPS.

CLAIRELLA won the Scarfell Cup and the Ben Nevis Cup for the fastest times on both those mountains. Their time for Ben Nevis was 3 hours 3 minutes - almost an hour faster than 'MEMEC'.

ALEXANDRA FLYER was the winner of the first leg.

PHANTOM WAKE, the winner of the second leg, retired at Port Patrick.

Half the finishers took over 6 days to reach Corpach. This emphasizes the need to do well at the start of the race and catch the tides. As in CLAIRELLA's case, it is no good having the fastest runners if you cannot get them to the mountains quickly. It is a team effort, and it is team-work that counts in the end.

SIDEWINDER

OFFSHORE CHARTERS

1 .Westerly Longbow – 31 foot sloop with fin keel

Well equipped + 30 hp diesel engine

Kept at Poole Harbour

Sails frequently to the Isles of Scilly

Available with or without the skipper

Reasonable rates (1983 rates were between £180 and £260 per week according to the time of year – including insurance). Discount of 10% for more than one week.

Interested parties should contact Chief Inspector Peter Moore (B.2.)

2.Endurance 35 - a cutter rigged ketch, which cost £45,000 to build
Extremely well equipped – with central heating, showers, radar, etc.

R.Y.A. courses up to Yacht Master Offshore

£125 – 150 per person, per 5 days

Chartered for 5 days = £160 per person, for 5 persons

Kept at Chichester Yacht Club

Those interested should contact Chief Inspector Peter Moore (B.2.)

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PC Kevin Johnson. from the West Yorkshire Police, being presented with the LAURENSEN-BATTEN CUP for winning the British Police Laser Sailing Championships at Walton-on-Thames Sailing Club on 26th November 1984.

FIXTURES - 1984

APRIL	12	West Midlands Police Open	Chase SC, Brownhills
MAY	4-7	Cervantes Trophy	RORC
	18	De Guingard Bowl	RORC
	21-23	Easter Regatta	Bala SC, N Wales
	25-28	Cowes - Deauville	JOG
	26-28	Spring Regatta	Bala SC, N Wales
JUNE	7/8	P.A.A. NATIONAL SAILING CHAMPS.	Queen Mary SC
	8/9	Contessa Southern Championships	Hamble
	21	Leicestershire Police Open	Rutland SC
	23	Round the Island Race	
	23	Start of Three Peaks Race	Barmouth, N Wales
	29	Morgan Cup	RORC
JULY	13	Southsea - Cherbourg	JOG
	15	Cherbourg - Poole	
	18	Poole - Cowes	
	20	Cowes - St Malo	
	18/19	Dorset Police Regatta	Poole YC
AUGUST	3	Channel Race	RORC
	18/19	Cowes Week	
	4-12	Lymington - Cork Cork - Bayona	RORC
	11	Bayona - Lymington	
	18-23	August Open Week	Bala SC, N Wales JOG
	20-24	August Regatta	Bala SC, N Wales
	25/27		
SEPTEMBER	1	Police Laser Sailing Championships	Pitsford SC, N'hants
	2	25th Jubilee Round Sheppey Race	Sheppey YC