

RHYC Cruise in Company

~~London~~ Titchmarsh – 27th to 28th May

As the adage says, it's not the destination but the journey that counts and with blustery and stubbornly persistent Nor East winds, the trip to London St. Katherine's was exchanged for a wonderful weekend at Titchmarsh.

Most of the eleven strong fleet gathered in the club on Friday for a fine supper and as the evening went on, so the plan for the weekend evolved. After some indiscriminately friendly taunting about yacht handling and speeds it was agreed the fleet would (and it's difficult to comprehend that the cruise in company fraternity would stoop so low), 'race' round Dovercourt Bay before sailing into Titchmarsh.

With the Course set and start time agreed, the fleet gathered themselves and departed in glorious sunshine and a 12-knot breeze towards the start line (Languard). The course was set from Languard to Pye End via Foxs and Stone Banks. One of our newer, larger, and shinier yachts called Kanga, beat



up the river to the start with a finesse and vigor that set the tone for the race.

By 11:30 we were off and away. No handicap thingies or prestart jigs. This was a bare-knuckle fist fight sort of race with the first boat to reach Pye End claiming absolute victory and fame. More importantly, the forfeit for being the last yacht to finish was to provide beer for all on arrival at Titchmarsh – if ever there was an incentive. Panacea was the clear overall victor closely followed by Kanga and Balkis. The rest were history.

On arrival and berthing at Titchmarsh, preparations were made for the evening BBQ and a spot of



Croquet. We were blessed with warm sunshine and the fleet settled amongst the trees, freshly cut grass and a gentle breeze, enjoying the great company, beautiful food, the popping of corks and loud laughter.

The following morning the fleet gently arose, and breakfast signaled with the tantalizing smell of bacon wafting around in the Nor Easterly. The youngsters took to dinghies to explore and then a game of rounders ensued allowing the youngsters to literally run rings round their skippers.



By Sunday afternoon, the breeze was building and some of the fleet were helped out of their berths and headed back through the chop and breeze back to the Orwell. By Monday, the whole fleet was home, all safe and sound with tanned and smiling faces.

