

The National Championships – Filey 1987.

Chris Cottrill of the Telford Sailing Club in the Midlands was a very convincing winner of the Streaker National Championship held at Filey Sailing Club over the August Bank Holiday weekend. Chris, a former International Moth National Champion, was third in 1986 event at Eastbourne and has improved his performance dramatically in the Streaker since then, taking first place in each of the five races in the series. Runner-up was newcomer to the class Peter Northen of Filey Sailing Club, whose second place was almost as convincing as Chris Cottrill's first. Pete was second in every race except the third...when he was third...which therefore represented his discard. Third place was taken by Stephen Main of Downs Sailing Club in Kent, who sail consistently with results of third, fifth, second, seventh and fifth.

This year's championship was the first when a GRP Streaker has participated so it was interesting to see how she performed. Sailed by Simon Cory of Downs Sailing Club the boat went very well, particularly in the light winds which prevailed in the first race of each day's racing.

Because of the light winds, it was necessary for race officer Tom Patrick to postpone racing on the Saturday for an hour and the start did not get underway until 13:00 hrs when a light north easterly filled in. Chris quickly established an early lead and proceeded to sail away from the rest of the fleet. Peter Northen was second, Stephen Main third and Simon Cory sailed the new GRP boat into fourth place. The second race was sailed 'back to back' by which time a pleasant force 2/3 south easterly had developed. After an indifferent start Chris sailed through Peter and John Edwards also of Filey, to finish comfortably ahead whilst Ian Whitfield another Filey helm came in fourth.

Sunday's racing began promptly at 11:00 hrs in light variable winds. The fleet started in a light south westerly breeze and made painfully slow progress on starboard tack, against the tide which was setting north towards Filey Brigg. However, during the first beat the wind veered to the west which meant that the windward mark could be laid whilst still on starboard tack. Chris Cottrill again did a horizon job on his rivals leaving Peter second and Stephen third.

The fourth race was held after lunch and started in a force two northerly breeze. By the time the leading boats were on the second beat however, the wind suddenly increased to a very solid force five and there were a number of capsizes, particularly by those who were still sailing downwind. Chris came through to win but was pressed much more closely in the stronger winds by Pete Northen. John Edwards was third and Ian Whitfield fourth.

For the fifth and final race the wind moderated to a force ¾ and superb sailing conditions were enjoyed by the whole fleet, with the wind tending to moderate slightly during the latter portion of this race. Chris again had some closer competition from Peter but managed to maintain his unbeaten record. John Edwards and Ian Whitfield were again third and fourth respectively. Stephen Main finished in fifth place to hold on to third overall ahead of John and Ian, who were placed fourth and fifth overall respectively.

It was pleasing to see two lady helms in the fleet, both of whom sailed particularly well in the first of Sunday's races, finishing eleventh and thirteenth respectively just behind George Robinson, in his last event as class secretary. George, with the weight of high office lifted from his shoulders, went on to regain the Over's Trophy that he previously held in 1985 whilst Stephen Main, for the second year running received the Under's Trophy.

John Edwards (1321)

STREAKER NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

FILEY 1987

FINAL POS.N	HELM	CLUB	POINTS - RACE No.					TOTAL POINTS
			1	2	3	4	5	
1	C COTTRILL	TELFORD	3/4	3/4	3/4	3/4	3/4	3
2	P NORTHEN	FILEY	2	2	3	2	2	8
3	S MAIN	DOWNS	3	5	2	7	5	15
4	J EDWARDS	FILEY	8	3	8	3	3	17
5	I WHITFIELD	FILEY	10	4	15	4	4	22
6	S WALKER	GLOSSOP & DIST.	6	6	17	5	6	23
7	R PLOWRIGHT	FILEY	5	7	12	8	10	30
8	S CORY	DOWNS	4	13	5	17	14	36
9	J MARSHALL	PENNINE	11	10	14	10	7	38
10	M SOWERBY	SCALING DAM	32D	15	7	9	8	39
11	G ROBINSON	SCALING DAM	7	9	10	15	27D	41
12	I GARSIDE	GREEN WITHENS	16	11	9	6	26R	42
13	I SIMPSON	FILEY	13	32R	6	12	12	43
14	D BUTLER	BLACKPOOL LC	23	8	16	14	9	47
15	B NORMAN	SCALING DAM	12	14	22	13	15	54
16	P CROOKS	FILEY	14	12	21	18	11	55
17	D WRIGHT	SCALING DAM	9	16	20	19	17	61
18	R WADE	GREEN WITHENS	17	17	19	16	13	63
19	B BRANCH	BANBURY CROSS	21	20	18	11	27D	70
20	T FORSTER	SCALING DAM	24	18	4	35R	27D	73
21	R DOWNS (Mrs)	CONISTON	20	23	13	23	18	74
22	N RABY (Miss)	SCALING DAM	19	19	11	35R	27D	76
23	C RABY	SCALING DAM	22	25	23	25	20	90
24	A ANDERSON	SCALING DAM	28	26	28	21	16	91
25=	R ANDREWS	TELFORD	25	21	24	24	27D	94
25=	I CROSSLEY	PENNINE	26	22	27	20	26R	94
27	K RIX	WALTON-O-T	18	28	29	22	27D	95
28	G KUHNEL	PENNINE	15	29	34D	26	26R	96
29	A ROBINSON	SCALING DAM	27	24	25	35R	27D	103
30	M BOYLE	PENNINE	29	27	26	35R	27D	109
31	B THORNTON	SCALING DAM	31R	32R	34R	35R	26R	123
	B WILSON	NORTH LINCS			30	35R	27D	
	A RUDDOCK	FILEY			31	35R	21	
	A CONYERS	FILEY			32	35R	19	

1st Lady
Under Trophy
Over Trophy
Concours d'Elegance
Altogether Shield
1st Capsize

Mrs R Downs.
S Main.
G Robinson
J Thornton
G Kuhnel.

Conniston S.C.
Downs S.C.
Scaling Dam S.C.
Scaling Dam S.C.
Filey S.C.

Twitches', Tweakers' and Streaker's

The report on the 1987 National's does not tell all so here is the other story;

On Friday night, towing Blue Meanie topped by Youghy-Bonghy-Bo', I drove down the windy narrow lane that leads from the public car park to Filey Sailing Club. The uncanny feeling of being watched, usually associated with a capsize in front of Scaling Dam Club house, made my neck twitch. Andrew, my son, suddenly spotted a shady character wearing green camouflage appear and then immediately disappear amongst the shrubby road edging. A second later I nearly ran over his colleague recognisable by the same uniform who literally jumped into the bushes – not quite quickly enough for we spotted a tool of the spy, namely a telescope. Yet another rose and cheekily studied Blue Meanie through powerful binoculars. Since the America's Cup nothing has been the same. Obviously rivals were using magnification aids to inspect their competitors centreboard fins. Not long ago I could openly reconnoitre and perhaps even measure when somebody's back was turned but now tweaking controls are studied secretly, and I suspected that new boards and rudders were being shaped in the bushes. It has long been known that some sneaky tweaker's sail Streaker's.

On our climb back up the bank (hill for southerners) the cheeky watchers were again apparent. Still worst, for security reasons I had hidden my centreboard in the car, another two appeared at breakfast in our B&B. I tried to engage the enemy in conversation and discovered that they were here to see the Greenish – Warbler! Most strange for having typed out the register annually for the last six years, I knew that that name was not registered. Jaybird, Tit for Tat, Green Woodpecker or Blue Tit would not have surprised me...but Green Warbler? Could it be John Edwards's new boat? What was so special about it?

That Saturday the full army seemed to be there. At least thirty, similarly dressed, muttering to themselves but not each other the blooming Greenish Warbler. Binoculars, telescopes and tripods, and even zoom cameras were easily outnumbering lifejackets. The genuine Streaker sailors seemed to look different with their scarlet, yellow and bright blue apparel marching straight through this gaggle of dark green-coated watchers. Suspiciously they hardly glanced at Chris Cottrill's boat...perhaps he...? I cornered one creeping surreptitiously along the lane but the only sense I extracted from him was 'The Green Warbler' was around here somewhere. I informed him in my best Secretary's voice that if they found it would they please tell the owner to enter as soon as possible, for to qualify you do need at least four races... and in any case we were judging the Concours d'Elegance now!

That night in the digs my suspicions were further raised for our two talked loosely and we learnt they were from Bolton, and yet there was no reaction when I suddenly said 'Harry Caine'!

Next day there must have been fifty! How did they know about the Greenish Warbler when I didn't? Yes....I had done right to resign!

On Monday evening, Andrew out with some friends casually mentioned that he had been sailing at Filey. To his surprise one replied 'did you see the Greenish Warbler?' and this chap did not even sail. A little more digging uncovered the fact that there is a secret British Telecom number in our sport that alerts those in the know to the location of special boats. The recorded message that weekend was to the effect that the Greenish Warbler had been sighted practising at Filey. As a result the tweaker's were outnumbered by the twitches'. Whilst no longer the Secretary I am concerned about the accuracy of our names register. Please let John know if you own.....

George Robinson (1189).