

The Aronow Express

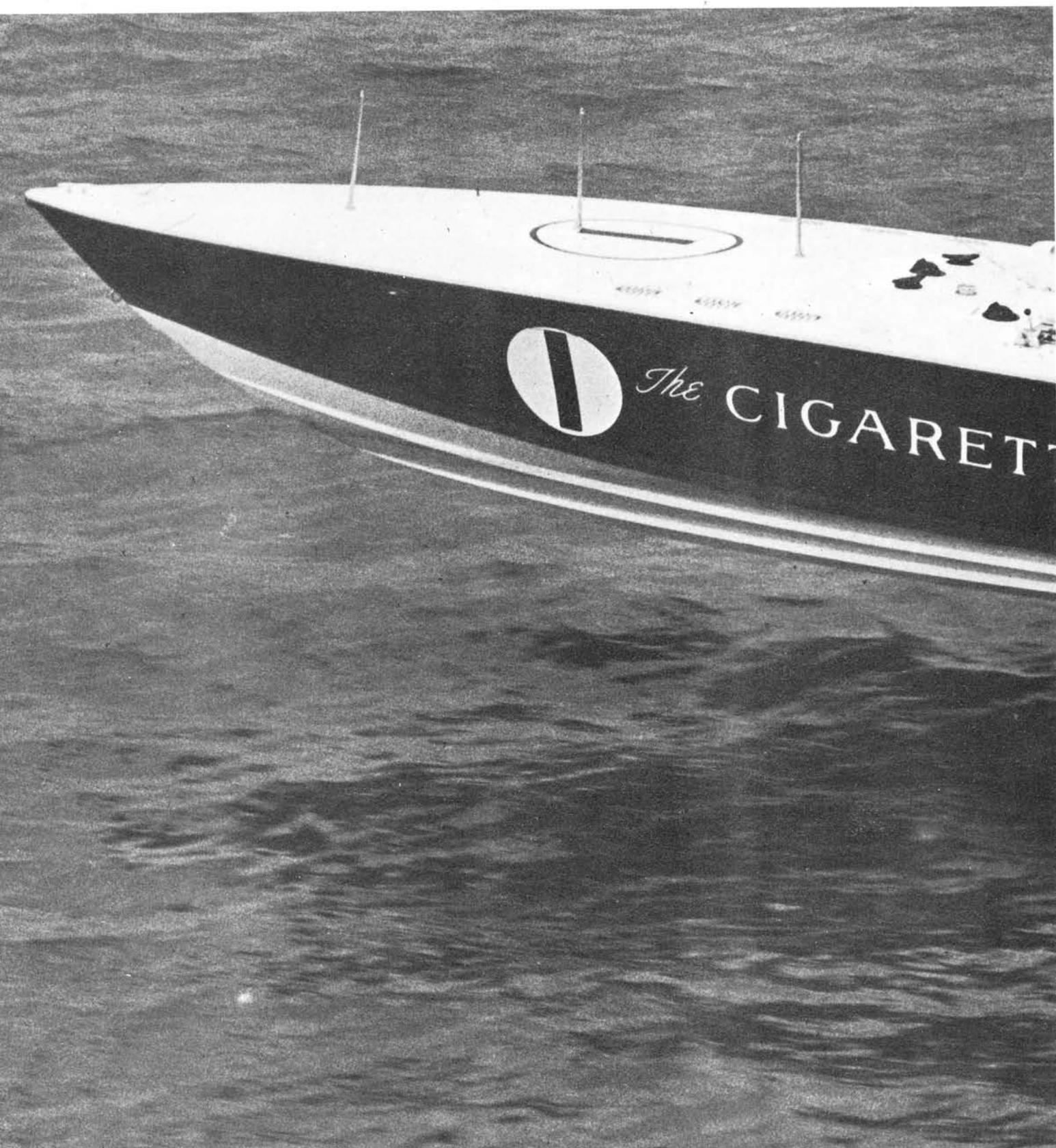
American Don Aronow wins the *Daily Express* Cowes-Torquay-Cowes Race in *The Cigarette*, at a shattering 66 m.p.h.

Report by Ray Bulman.

Photographs by Eric Coltham and Harry Roberts.

ALTHOUGH no world speed records were set, this year's *Daily Express* Cowes/Torquay/Cowes was certainly outstanding for the driving of Don Aronow who streaked home an easy winner in *The Cigarette*, 12 minutes ahead of Francesco Cosentino's *White Tornado*. His average speed for the 238-mile course was 66 m.p.h., well below the world record, but even so when this race finished at Torquay in the old days, with only one crossing of Lyme Bay, no one had ever arrived before 2 p.m.

The weather forecast of force 4 to 5 was kind in that it was mainly northerly, which put the notorious "wild" sections in the lee and hence allowed way-out speeds. If any difficulty was



reported, it was of mediocre visibility.

What was a victory for America and Italy was something of a tragedy for Gt. Britain, but at least the flag was not completely dishonoured as John Kennerley came home in a well deserved third place albeit in a totally American outfit. Nevertheless Britain was represented in the winning craft in the form of veteran Clive Curtis acting as Don's navigator/co-driver.

This event shared its thrills with a TV audience of millions, which can be a double-edged sword, for some watching—closely connected with the sport, were convinced they saw *White Tornado's* crew remove their crash helmets while under way, which, if true, war-

The Cigarette burning it up on the way to a well-deserved win

ranted disqualification for in the Open Pleasure classes to which she belongs this protective headgear is obligatory.

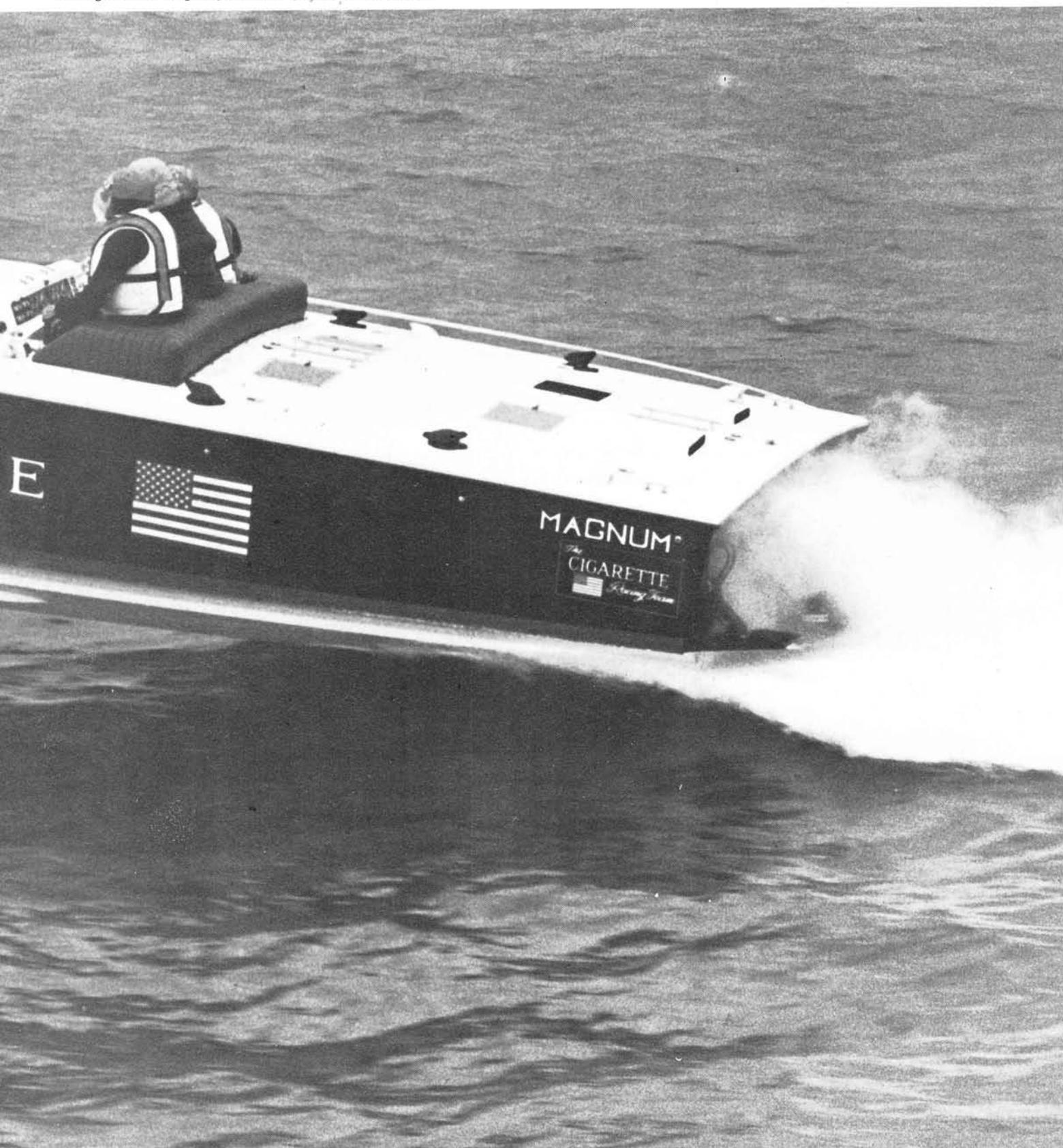
Although a record number of 75 had entered, several withdrew. This coupled with last minute breakdowns and other pre-race difficulties left a final line-up of 53 starters—still a formidable number, to the envy of many overseas organisers. Out of these, 41 were to finish proving the high standard of the craft competing and the serenity of the weather. On top of this seven were genuine overseas competitors giving the true international flavour that this event is renowned for, but only one—the winner, was American; a pity because in the

early days they were so strongly represented. This victory virtually confirms the world crown for Don Aronow.

Scrutineering

To get through such a huge field in one day is a marathon undertaking but the now experienced team of familiar faces led as always in this race by Tony "Needle" Needell worked like trojans and all ran smoothly. There do, however, seem to be certain procedures that are not standard. Equipment that was acceptable at other important international races this year was turned down—for example the popular mini-flares were considered inadequate and where these

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continued

were produced they had to be replaced with the more expensive pyrotechnic type.

Other complications arose when the lower freeboard competitors were found to be dangerously overloaded with the amount of fuel required for a race of this duration. *Hellfire* had to be withdrawn, because in her case the weight prevented her breaking over her "hump" speed, while *So Near* had so little freeboard aft she was made to fit a waterproof dodger across the stern. *Jersey Sunshine* sank at her moorings overnight—probably for the same reason, and both failed to make the line-up. But generally the craft offered at scrutineering were of high standard and the majority passed without much ado.

At the briefing there was slight trepidation at the forecast of force 4 that could blow to 5 later, bringing with it wave heights of five feet—no picnic at 70 m.p.h.

The Start

This year the heading was to the west to Gurnard and West Lepe before turning back to Southsea. At 9.50 a.m. there was a report as the 10 minute flare was fired which put hearts in mouths of the 53 competitors lying to the east of the penalty area. They had a clear way ahead for unlike past races the water-borne spectators seemed to be much better behaved

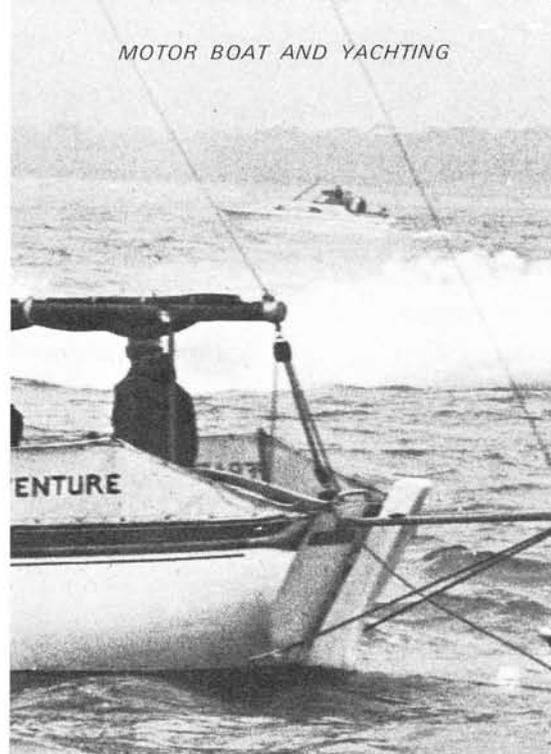
and more aware of the danger of these hurtling monsters.

Up went the five minute flare. Now all those hours of preparation would count. Suddenly the air was full of paraffin fumes as with a big belch of smoke from her gas-turbines, *Brave Borderer* started to make her run down towards the crowds off Cowes, followed by the surging, bouncing racing craft in her wash. She crossed the line, the flags dropped on the Squadron mast and they were away.

The line of leaders was over 200 yards wide. To one side Timo Makinen in *Avenger Too* was having short-lived glory before being passed at a fantastic rate by the blue streak of Tommy Sopwith in *T2*, Vincenzo Balestrieri in *Red Tornado* together with Don Shead's *Miss Enfield*, and close along the shoreline going like a ding-bat was Robin Bateman in *Screw-driver*. The difference in speeds was so great that three minutes were to elapse before all the 53 boats crossed the line. At 10.5 a.m. with the wash still tumbling, *Miss Enfield* shot past Cowes heading for Southsea with *Red Tornado*, *The Cigarette*, *White Tornado* and *T2* hot on her tail. When asked what his tactics would be, modest Don Aronow had said that he would "Lay back with the leaders". This he was certainly doing.

While all this excitement was going on the first to suffer disappointment was Ralph Hilton when a set of injector bolts on one of *HTS's* Leylands failed and she headed back to Souters within the first couple of minutes. But what was perhaps a bigger blow befell Tommy Sopwith, for a rudder key sheared on *T2's* steering and he pulled out for the Hamble

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Prop riding from J. V. Hobart's *Snoopy*, with spectator craft dangerously close.

Third boat home, John Kennerley's *Maltese Magnum Twin*, powered by similar Mercruiser petrol engines to *The Cigarette* and *White Tornado*.

The race was a personal duel (below) for the two big diesel boats *Gee* (185) driven by the Hon. E. G. Greenall and Sir Max Aitken's *Gypsy Girl* (010). *Gypsy Girl* finished eighth, only seconds ahead of *Gee*.

From a low-flying Auster

by John Liley

For the first time ever, the boats kept pace with the planes, which sounds a little disparaging. But tottering speed for a high-wing monoplane is a sprightly lick indeed. The leading quartet of craft, later a trio, later still, just two, could be kept pounding a wing tip away for minute after minute. Aronow's boat positively hurtles—and to think that *Cigarette* was the name Robert Louis Stevenson gave his canoe.

Back up the field the pace seemed more leisurely by comparison. You notice some odd details: Pascoe Watson chewing; the weep marks where scupper water has stained a production boat's topsides; James Beard's pert catamaran clipping within a chain link width of a moored sloop's cable.

The water was the inhospitable grey-green of pulverised parboiled processed peas. Of more consequence, the spectators afloat seemed perilously low in imagination at times, particularly at the Poole Bay mark, around which they were shambolically scattered. There was no obvious route visible through them, even from the air.

Similar tendencies were noticeable elsewhere and even back at Cowes, after the first highly charged thrash, the clear lane seemed too narrow. Boats with big red flags could be seen earnestly patrolling, and they managed to keep a fairway open for all three passes here. The official herdsman seemed to have lost out in Poole Bay though, and the situation was anarchic and highly dangerous. Somehow, *The Cigarette*, *White*

Tornado and *Miss Enfield* (at that time very much in the hunt) all managed to get through without reducing any of the spectator boats to a series of finely ground particles. But next year?

A boat of well-nigh 70 knots presents a highly charged spectacle. Add to this the howling racket of the engines, audible even above the din of a light aircraft, and the adrenalin really begins to course. To give some measure of the pace: it was possible to escort the leaders to Lulworth, turn back to look at each of the followers in turn, perform several aerobic circuits around an experimental rigid-sided trimaran which merited photography, have a look at Hurst and eventually discover the scarab-like *Psychedelic Surfer*, skittering past Yarmouth. By then *The Cigarette* and *White Tornado* must have been beyond Portland.

Other abiding impressions: the numerous breakdowns, the huge turnout of spectators, the brave sight of the little boats such as *Towmotor* (what a pity she packed up) and the ominous double-snouted hullform of *Delta*, in the early stages rushing forward like a vampire let loose from the loft.

Back over the East Solent, the pop festival hove into view and *Meteor III*, an early casualty, hobbled for home. A Biggles-type landing at Sandown, a quick trip by taxi and a pierhead jump at Cowes just gave time to greet the winner. Things happened fast this year; it had been quite a struggle to keep up.





Aboard *The Cigarette* with Don Aronow, right, sharing a joke with his British navigator, Clive Curtis. Centre is Don's mechanic, "Knocky" House.



Second boat home, *White Tornado*, driven by Francesco Consentino, of Italy.



Miss Enfield under close scrutiny by the scrutineers. After a promising start, right up with the leaders, she eventually retired with a broken belt in the power steering.



First outboard to finish, *Melodrama* driven by John Galliford and powered by three 125 h.p. Mercurys.



Though only managing 41st place overall, *Foxie*, owned by G. Edwards and driven by J. Slim, won three prizes, the Best All-Rounder, the Index of Performance and the Concours d'Elegance, Class I.

John Freeman's *Fordspeed* which finished 13th overall and won the All British, Restricted diesel and Production Class prizes.



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continued



Last year's winner, *Telstar*, now owned and driven by Maurice Hardy, streaking along to finish fourth overall at an average speed of 50 m.p.h. She also wins the *Motor Boat and Yachting* Award for Restricted Class II boats (£100 and a painting of the boat) for the second year running.

It wasn't always like this. *Delta's* crew had to go ashore near Torquay for more oil. She got home but was out of the race.

From *Brave Borderer*

by Alex McMullen

It was a ragged sort of start. *Brave Borderer* seemed to come up to the line all on her own, and it was with only a few hundred yards to go that the 50 odd starters seemed to realise that this was "it" and there was a disorderly rush to catch her up. No excuses either because *Brave Borderer* crossed the line within two seconds of the correct time. It was difficult to say who led at the start (not that it means much anyway), but *The Cigarette* was well up, with most of the other successful boats, though *Maltese Magnum* careered through the field rather late.

After watching every boat return from the short eastward leg we hurried out of the Solent and stationed ourselves near the North Head buoy to await the first boat, which was, of course, *The Cigarette*. *Miss Enfield* was still only a few yards behind at this stage, but there was quite a pause before *White Tornado* appeared and another tantalising five minutes or so before *Surfury* arrived. And when, off St. Albans, we passed Don Shead nursing a sick sounding *Miss Enfield* back towards Cowes, it looked as though the race was all sewn up.

The sea conditions were pretty calm throughout the course but some poptle off the St. Albans and Portland Bill headlands, (avoidable by passing close inshore).

Obviously not so calm to a driver low down in a small powerboat—I was high and dry, if a bit windswept, on the bridge of *Brave Borderer*. *The Cigarette* was making mincemeat however of what little waves there were when we passed her (going in the opposite direction) in the middle of Lyme Bay; she was on her way back to Cowes.

With no *Magnum Tornado* type sinkings (and we were in Torquay when the plane ditched off Yarmouth) our patrolling duties were relatively undramatic. We were rather puzzled to meet *Psychedelic Surfer* heading northwards in Lyme Bay. We discovered that her compass had broken and, well, we were obviously going towards Portland Bill anyway so I don't think she broke any rules by following us.

We had a few anxious moments soon after 5 p.m. (three and a half hours after *The Cigarette* had finished) when it seemed that *Sea Fox* and *Delta* were both missing. This rather worrying state of affairs was aggravated by the fact that we had failed to establish direct radio contact with race control but it was eventually discovered that both boats were, in fact, already accounted for. We headed home, accompanying *Seabear* for the last few miles, which had retired with one engine stopped, passing the ever unlucky (it seems) *Towmotor* under tow of a large yawl.

while lying fifth. At 10.16 a.m. *Miss Enfield* roared past Southsea almost neck and neck with *Red Tornado* with *The Cigarette* close behind heading round for that long run to the west.

As they came into sight of Cowes for the second time the pace proved too much for *Red Tornado* when one of her drive shafts packed in. *The Cigarette* was now in second place as they screamed past the Squadron at 10.26 a.m. through the back-markers still heading for Southsea. One minute behind in third place lay *White Tornado* with the faithful *Surfury* of Charles and Jimmy Gardner at her heels, going as well as ever after the previous night's work on a broken gearbox.

Meanwhile, *Sea Fox* (Alan Burnard), which had been lying eighteenth, had a piston failure on her port diesel and retired. The South African challenge, the powerful catamaran *Meteor III* (Ken Stephens), had a propeller disintegrate and, although she entered Cowes for hasty repairs, they found her engine-well flooded with oil from the fuel filter container which had shattered against the engine bearer through vibration.

As the fleet headed towards Yarmouth the incredible *Volare II* of the Beard Bros., lying in seventh place, stopped momentarily with a loose engine hood. Although she restarted within minutes the fault had damaged her ignition system forcing her to later call it a day. The leading group was still the same at the western end of the Solent, in fifth place, six minutes behind the leader, was a roaring *Maltese Magnum Twin* driven by John Kennerley followed two minutes later by the first outboard, *Melodrama* (John Galliford and Mike Campbell), and one minute later came the Swedish Aronow-designed *Tam O'Shanter* driven by Count Sten Bielke.

Between here and Anvil Point, Don Aronow opened the throttle slightly and took the lead from Don Shead, killing the British hopes for yet another year. *Miss Enfield* was beginning to suffer from the effects of a broken belt on her power steering which was to cause her retirement shortly after Swanage, just one hour after the start. This left Maurice Hardy in the little single-engined *Telstar*, last year's winning boat, the sole survivor of the Sopwith team lying in tenth place 17 minutes behind *The Cigarette* and two minutes behind the Round-Britain winner *Avenger Too*. The smallest power craft in the race, John Caulcutt's *Psychedelic Surfer*, was by no means lagging behind, for she had a ten place lead over the last man.

Bert Read's *Foamflyer*, which had stopped with signs of transmission trouble earlier off Yarmouth, finally retired near the Needles as it was doubtful whether she could maintain the required minimum average speed.

The first of the Ford-powered Faireys that had done so well in the Round-Britain could get no higher than seventeenth at this stage—this position being held by John Freeman's *Fordspeed*. Four minutes astern was John Frost's Perkins-powered Fairey *Fiducia*, which had suffered a broken oil pipe shortly after the start, discharging all her sump oil into the drip-tray beneath. Undaunted, he and his crew had pumped it back into the motor with a hand-pump only to discover they had several pints left over. It was later found that the drip-tray

had contained a few pints of bilge water and they now had an engine being lubricated, as well as cooled by sea-water.

With Portland Bill ahead, the forecast of five-foot waves had yet to materialise, but *Surfury* (lying fourth) retired when an alternator belt disintegrated, bits of which jammed the main drive to her engine cooling pumps. At this, *U.F.O.*, driven by Tim Powell and Norman Barclay, moved up and overtook *Tam O'Shanter* at the same time.

At 12.2 p.m. the incredible *The Cigarette* turned the Torquay mark after taking 46 minutes to cross Lyme Bay and headed east with *White Tornado* now seven minutes astern and *Melodrama*, having overtaken *Maltese Magnum Twin*, lying third 18 minutes behind her. All the remaining craft, with the exception of *Delta*, successfully turned the Torquay mark. Her crew had to go ashore to obtain five gallons of oil because she had consumed a fantastic quantity since the start.

Many minutes separated the majority of the competitors, but there was a real battle between Sir Max Aitken in *Gypsy Girl* and his old adversary, the Hon. Edward Greenall's *Gee*—both identically powered with Cummins diesels and lying ninth and tenth.

The Cigarette's return crossing of Lyme Bay was four minutes faster than her outward journey and she sped towards Yarmouth at an average speed which was well up in the sixties. Third overall was reclaimed by *Maltese Magnum Twin* when *Melodrama* damaged the bottom end of her port outboard, slowing her incredible performance. Even worse misfortune was to befall *U.F.O.* when a vee-drive stripped its gears dropping her back to twenty-seventh place. *Avenger Too*, lying sixth, took over *U.F.O.'s* fifth position for a time, but then one of her steering yokes gave way and she was overtaken by *Telstar* and *Tam O'Shanter*.

In the smaller classes Ken Cassir in *Towmotor* was lying eleventh, seven places ahead of *Black Panther* (Earl of Normanton), when through a miscalculation of fuel requirements she came to a standstill off the Needles. However, *Black Panther* also low on fuel, but with enough to finish the race, was now benefiting from her power/weight ratio and overtook six

From off Hurst Point

by Steve Scales

Keen to see as much action as was going in the calm conditions, MB and Y's "on-the-water" team settled off Hurst Point, where the uneven bottom and the rush of the incoming tide can always be relied upon to whip up some sort of a chop—but even this proved little obstacle for the competitors. Even the smallest of them didn't find it necessary to throttle back as they sped round the Point out of Solent water into the open sea and headed for Torquay.

Miss Enfield reached the Point at 10.39 a.m. with *The Cigarette* sitting right on her tail. Even at this stage there was something about her position and the way she was being handled which suggested Aronow was confident of the superiority of his boat and was content in these early stages to just keep within sight of the lead. *White Tornado* was right with the leaders and less than 20 seconds separated these three boats.

They were escorted out of the Solent by half a dozen light aircraft, fighting to keep up with them and flying precariously low in search of the best action photographs; an enthusiastic crowd of about 500 had made the walk out along the spit from Lymington to Hurst Castle to watch the boats pass, and a fleet of about 50 small craft (sail and power) hovered in and around the castle shore. As each wave of boats passed, the spectator fleet converged closer and closer

to the course, keen to get as close as possible to the action. Some of the later competitors had to make sudden changes in direction to avoid boatloads of onlookers. At times the situation looked quite dangerous and only the alertness of our own helmsman saved the MB and Y launch from being rammed in the stern by some enthusiast.

The strength of the British challenge followed in the second wave about one minute behind the leaders—*Surfury*, *Maltese Magnum*, *Melodrama*, then a short gap back to *U.F.O.*, *Avenger Too*, *Telstar* and *Delta*.

A small official rescue runabout bounced, crashed and cavitated her way wildly through the chop, drenching the occupants in spray—she slowed and turned and one of the officers plucked a large piece of wreckage from the sea. It appeared to be about the size of an apple box and could have caused a lot of damage.

It was hard to believe the fleet could open out so much in the relatively short distance from Cowes. Nearly 1½ hours separated the first and last groups out of the Solent, not including some of the stragglers who had obviously struck trouble and were still East of Hurst Castle as late as 12 noon, two hours after the start. By this time the rest of the fleet was just an oily cloud on the horizon.

of the heavier craft on her return up the Solent.

For a first-timer, an outstanding performance was being set by the "budget" boat, John Hobart's *Snoopy*, fitted with a single ex-automobile engine picked up from a scrapyards two weeks earlier. She was lying tenth, ahead of craft costing many times her building price.

At 1.33 p.m. the Squadron gun fired as *The Cigarette* crossed the line a well-deserved winner, reported later to have power in hand.

She was followed 12 minutes later by *White Tornado*, but there was a gap of 42 minutes before *Maltese Magnum Twin* received her applause for third place. *Telstar* arrived next, overtaking the damaged *Melodrama* in the last few miles.

Such was the difference in speeds that it was not until 6.40 p.m. that *Foxie*—the last of the field, serenely crossed the line, her navigation lights glowing. □

Results

1 Don Aronow *The Cigarette* (U.S.A.) 32ft Cary Marine/Mercuriser/1000 h.p. 3 hr. 33min; 66 m.p.h.
2 Francesco Consentino *White Tornado* (Italy) 31ft Bertram/Russell Specht 2 Mercuriser/1000h.p. 3hr. 45min; 63 m.p.h.
3 John Kennerley *Maltese Magnum Twin* (G.B.) 28ft Magnum Marine/Aronow 2 Mercuriser/1000 h.p. 4hr. 27min; 53 m.p.h.
4 Maurice Hardy *Telstar* (G.B.) 25ft Souter/Shead Daytona/550 h.p. 4hr. 44min; 50 m.p.h.
5 John Galliford *Melodrama* (G.B.) 25ft Souter/Shead 3 Mercury/375 h.p. 4hr. 51 min; 49 m.p.h.
6 Count Sten Bielke *Tam O'Shanter* (Sweden) 28ft Boghammar/Aronow 2 Holman and Moody Ford/800 h.p. 5hr. 6min; 46 m.p.h.
7 Timo Makinen *Avenger Too* (G.B.) 28ft Souter/Shead 3 Mercury/420 h.p. 5hr. 18min; 44.5 m.p.h.
8 Sir Max Aitken *Gypsy Girl* (G.B.) 40ft Souter/Hunt 2 Cummins/1000 h.p. 5hr. 24min; 44 m.p.h.
9 Hon E. G. Greenall *Gee* (G.B.) 40ft Souter/Wynne 2 Cummins/1000 h.p. 5hr 24min; 44 m.p.h.
10 Hobart *Snoopy* (G.B.) 25ft Woodnuts/Souter Ford/400 h.p. 5hr. 49min; 40.5 m.p.h.
11 T. Howells *Sea Hunter* (G.B.) 23ft Deer Plastics/Iddon Mercuriser/250 12 Earl of Normanton *Black Panther* (G.B.) 21ft Avenger/Shead 2 Johnson 230 13 J. A. Freeman *Fordspeed* (G.B.) 28ft Fairay/Burnard 2 Ford/360 14 B. Jelley *Oh Oh Sex* (G.B.) 24ft Botved/Wynne-Walters 2 Volvo/330 15 R. Bateman *Screwdriver* (G.B.) 21ft Souter/Shead Mercuriser/325 16 J. Frost *Fiducia* (G.B.) 29ft Fairay/Burnard 2 Perkins/350 17 B. Wright *Miss Smirnoff* (G.B.) 24ft Botved/Wynne-Walters 2 Volvo/270 18 G. E. Marsh *Maid Fast* (G.B.) 29ft Fairay/Burnard 2 Perkins/350 19 D. R. Smith *Viva Tridente*

(G.B.) 23ft Clark/Levi 2 Volvo/330 20 K. M. Rontgen *Lucy* (S.A.) Cautley/Manten 3 Mercury/375 21 Peter Twiss *Fordsport* (G.B.) 31ft Fairay/Burnard 2 Ford/360 22 J. A. Rowe *Sabre Dance* (G.B.) 29ft Fairay/Burnard 2 Sabre/350 23 Lady Aitken *Seaspray* (G.B.) 29ft Fairay/Burnard 2 Ford/360 24 A. Betteridge *Translucent* (G.B.) 28ft Senior/Kemp 2 Perkins/350 25 L. Macchia *Ba-Rolodelta* (Italy) 26ft Salerno/Levi 2 Perkins/350 26 S. C. Macey *Spirit of Ecstasy* (G.B.) 42ft Dorset Lake/Hagg 2 Rolls-Royce/920 27 T. Powell *U.F.O* (G.B.) 28ft Thunderbird/Wynne-Walters 2 Holman and Moody Ford/900 28 D. J. Morris *Fordpower* (G.B.) 29ft Fairay/Burnard 2 Ford/360 29 E. Lacey-Hulbert *Sandpiper Too of Itcheor* (G.B.) 28ft R. & W. Clark 2 Parsons Cummins/447 30 D. C. Friday *Tornado* (G.B.) 28ft W. & J. Tod 2 Perkins/290 31 Commander P. Thornycroft *Horatio* (G.B.) 41ft Nelson/Thornycroft 2 Caterpillar/800 32 R. D. Griffith *Samanda Thuz* (G.B.) 34ft Wilke/Storebro Bruks 2 Perkins/350 33 D. Bassett *Miss Bovrill* (G.B.) 25ft Trident/Levi 2 Volvo/330 34 P. Best *Graziella* (G.B.) 23ft Fairay/Hunt Perkins/169 35 R. Sibley *Fairey Huntress* (G.B.) 23ft Fairay/Hunt Perkins/145 36 J. Caulcutt *Psychedelic Surfer* (G.B.) 21ft Atlantic College-Avon/Hoare 2 Mercury/100 37 J. A. C. Renouf *Firecracker* (G.B.) 27ft Union Dynamics/Campbell 2 Perkins/290 38 R. D. Doxford *Thunderdrak* (G.B.) 31ft Bertram/Hunt 2 Perkins/350 39 D. Legg *Needlenose* (G.B.) 29ft Fairay/Burnard 2 Perkins/290 40 Miss P. Carter *Flower Power* (G.B.) 29ft Fairay/Burnard 2 Perkins/290 41 J. Slim *Foxie* (G.B.) 35ft Pegasus Marine/Cow and Haswell 2 Perkins/290.

Retirements

Before Cowes (1st time): *H.T.S.* (R. Hilton).
Before Southsea: *T.2* (T. Sopwith), *Seafox* (A. Burnard).
Before Cowes: (2nd time): *Red Tornado* (V. Balestrieri), *Meteor III* (K. Stephens).
Before Yarmouth (1st time): *Volare II* (J. Beard).
Before Anvil Point: *Foamflyer* (H. Read).
Before Portland Bill (1st time): *Surfury* (C. & R. Gardner), *Miss Enfield* (D. Shead), *Seabear* (P. Weychan).
Before Yarmouth (2nd time): *Towmotor* (K. Cassir), *Delta* (C. R. E. Gardner).

Prize list

Best All-Rounder: *Foxie* (J. Slim)
All British: *Fordspeed* (J. Freeman)
Unlimited Diesel: *Gypsy Girl* (Sir Max Aitken)
Restricted Diesel: *Fordspeed* (J. Freeman)
Visitors' Prize: *The Cigarette* (D. Aronow)
First back through Cowes from Southsea: *Miss Enfield* (D. Shead)
Index of Performance: *Foxie* (J. Slim)
Fuel Economy: *Fairey Huntress* (R. Sibley)
Concours d'Elegance, Class I: *Foxie* (J. Slim)
Concours d'Elegance, Class II: *Miss Bovrill* (D. Bassett)
Production Class: *Fordspeed* (J. Freeman)
Production Economy: *Sea Hunter* (T. Howells)
Team Award: Offshore Powerboat Club (*Miss Smirnoff*, *Sea Hunter*, *Oh-Oh-Sex*)
First past Torquay: *The Cigarette* (D. Aronow)
Restricted Class II: *Telstar* (M. Hardy)
First outboard: *Melodrama* (J. Galliford)
Lowest Powered Finisher: *Psychedelic Surfer* (J. Caulcutt)
Miami/Bahamas Prize: Don Aronow
Ladies' Prize: Mrs E. Greenall (*Gee*)
Best Presented Entry: *Miss Smirnoff* (B. Wright)