

FAIRWIND

Newsletter of the Forth Corinthian Yacht Club, Autumn 2013



Rosie Swale Pope



Somewhere very cold

A bit of a 'special' Fairwind, as the FCYC is hosting a public talk by Rosie Swale Pope MBE, the renowned adventurer, runner and sailor. The first half of her talk will be about setting a Record-breaking solo transatlantic voyage in a small 17-foot boat and the second half will be about her epic unsupported run round the world - over 20,000 miles facing extreme danger, bitter Siberian winters, wolves, axmen and desolate loneliness over nearly five years.

The event will be held at the Royal Overseas League, 100 Princes Street, Edinburgh. The talk will commence at 7.45pm and the Members Bar will be open for us from 7pm. Tickets, which are £15, are available from any member of the Council.

Rosie's many other significant achievements in her life, besides running solo around the world include -

Riding over 3,000 miles on horseback across South America from the Atacama Desert to Patagonia.

Running 27 marathons in 27 days across the UK.

Undertaking a jungle exploration by boat and on horseback of the ancient Maya Kingdom in Central America.

Running solo and unsupported over 1,000 miles across Iceland from North to South through its Lava Deserts.

Rosie is also an exceptional storyteller and motivational speaker whose messages are full of the inspiring, life-enriching lessons which we all need to hear in these challenging, uncertain times.

Her international best selling book 'Just a Little Run Around the World: 5 Years, 3 Packs of Wolves and 53 Pairs of Shoes: 5 Years, 29 Marriage Proposals and 53 Pairs of Shoes', is available in paperback, published by HarperTrue.

However, this whole issue is not entirely about one remarkable woman. Our centre pages are given over to an *exclusive* from another!

End of the Season

Lift-out is almost upon us, marking the end of the sailing season, for all but the few hardy souls whose boats are staying in. Or those who haven't paid their yard fees, of course.

I think most of us would agree that it's been an excellent summer - certainly



in comparison with the last couple of years. This is a bit of a 'special' Fairwind (see left) so we haven't allowed room for the many and varied sailing yarns which have passed for entertainment in the Bell Block. Next issue we'll catch up on some sailing news: Aros More's 2nd place in the bi-annual RFYC Orkney Race (above), the Commodore's sail to Spain, various sailing holidays in the Mediterranean and Pete Sherlock's delivery trip! And maybe even the maiden voyage to Charleston of Fiddler with its new owners.....

For Your Diaries

Lift Out :

Sat 19th October 2013

Xmas Party and Prize Giving :

Sat 7th December 2013

Burns Supper :

Sat 25th January 2014

Stories, comments, photos -
forthcorinthians@gmail.com

My New Boat

the Tale of a Novice, by Pam Strachan

It's not often that I admit that my husband Martin is right, but over our new boat he was - completely.

We went down to see the boat in the Northney Marina, Hayling Island near Portsmouth in June and both fell in love with her. We have been told she is classic French boat – a 26ft, foot, fin keeled Ecume De Mer (Sea Foam). We were later to discover that she has one locker designed specifically for wine bottles – thus confirming that she's definitely French. Her name, Tous Temps, means 'all weather' after her first owner, Mr. Weatherall.



Even before we bought it we started to discuss how to bring it up – whether to sail or trailer her up. I was all for sailing it up, but Martin was far more cautious and didn't feel we had the experience.

But come on, what experience did we need - we had sailed to Anstruther, we had been through the Forth and Clyde Canal. Really, come on!

Well, we decided to sail her up, but Martin insisted that we needed help and luckily the Brodies sailed home in time for Jim to come to our rescue. Sonja provided invaluable lists of what to take and how to manage the food.

We agreed that Jim would come with us from Hayling Island to Scarborough and then we would set off on our own. We went down to Portsmouth on Saturday 17 August and it took four days to get the boat ready. Jim proved to be a relaxed but firm skipper and was extremely generous with his knowledge. He is also a brilliant bodger. His piece de resistance being a cover for the companionway (we don't have a spray hood) made from a plastic greenhouse, some Velcro and a few batons.

Please apply to Jim for the rights to replicate.

We set off on Thursday 22 August for a gentle tootle up the east coast to Granton – or so I thought. Wrong, wrong, wrong! The first day we were running for Eastbourne and I was seasick for half of the journey. But it was a glorious day, Beachy Head was magnificent and we made it in 12 hours.



On Friday we headed for Ramsgate, running again and seasick again. However, my sickness vanished in sheer fright when crossing the Dover Straits. I couldn't believe the speed at which the ferries come in and out. Jim decided to go for it and when I asked him if he was passing in front or behind the ferry coming

straight at us and he replied 'I don't know just yet' – I knew that Martin had been absolutely right and that we really did need help from a sailor with far more experience.

Saturday, the wind was against us, so we rested up in a very



sunny Ramsgate. We passed a pleasant afternoon in the Maritime Museum. Off again on Sunday to cross the Thames Estuary. I don't know why they call it the Thames Estuary - I certainly didn't see the Thames – I didn't see any land. Jim welcomed us to the North Sea as we bounced around all over the place. Normally I like this, but for 12 hours – give us a break.

We arrived in Southwold to the most glorious red sunset. The bank on one side lined with black wooden huts, reminiscent of a scene from David Copperfield. In the morning we were woken at 5.30 when the boat was covered in swooping swallows. Before we set off for Lowestoft we had time to see Paul Taylor's Dad's boat Xanadu and to get fresh crab for lunch.

It didn't take long to get to Lowestoft, so we all set off in the

afternoon to find a chandler for some bits the guys needed. Sliders I think – not the hair variety - obviously. Making contact with a chandler proved very fortuitous as the next day, as we were about to sail to Grimsby, Jim discovered that a bit



connecting the boom had broken – a horn thingy. This was very bad news, but thanks to the chandler from the previous day and a grinder at the yacht club, it was fixed by 5pm. However this meant that to get back on schedule we had to sail through the night to reach Grimsby the next day. Now, I have to confess that I have always been scared of night sailing, mainly because I find it difficult to stay awake, but Sonja had assured me that if I that started to drowse then I should wake someone else up. However, Martin and Jim never left me on watch on my own.



Talk about it was the best of times and it was the worst of times. It had been a lovely warm evening, so I wondered why Jim put his oilskins on. Didn't take long to find out. I was freezing as I watched the beautiful, weird red wind farms. I was looking forward to warming up in bed – wrong – turns out my bunk was the coldest bit of the boat. I slept with my clothes on, plus two fleeces, two pairs of trousers, my hat, my gloves and I rammed my hands into my pockets. I wondered which would win out – the need to sleep, the need to pee or seasickness. Luckily for me it was sleep.

Well, we made it to Grimsby by about 5pm with another scary sail in front of a container ship, had our tea and crashed out. Due to local 'knowledge' and the need to fuel up we were 1½

hours late leaving Grimsby and we paid for this by having the tide against us at Flamborough Head where we crawled along. So much so, that we weren't sure if we would make Scarborough. On phoning, the Harbour Master told us that 10pm was the very latest we could get in. Once the tide turned we were flying into Scarborough, but we were just not sure if we would make harbour and the atmosphere on the boat became very tense and very exciting. Would we, wouldn't we? Well, we did make it and were tied up by 9.30pm. As our need for a drink was far greater than our need for food we were very shortly to be found in The Golden Ball enjoying a pint, crisps and pork scratchings.

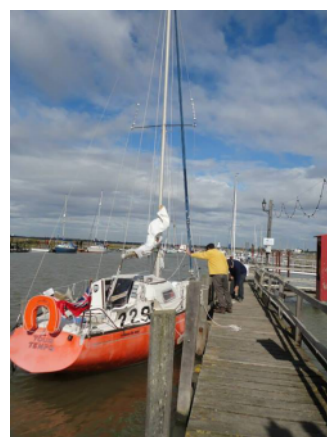
The plan had been for Jim to leave at Scarborough and for us to continue on, but Martin got work as a sparks on a film in Aberdeen and the money was too good to lose, so we all came home together. As we speak the boat is in harbour at



Scarborough waiting for us to do the second leg of the journey.

It's been the trip of a lifetime and we have just learned so much so quickly. The 3 most important things I have learnt: -

1. NEVER bend down to tie shoe laces when you're feeling sick.
2. How to tie a Clove Hitch – I have a block about knots.
3. DON'T ignore the Tide.



You may wonder why I called this piece 'My Boat' when it belongs to Martin and me. Well, he always called our old boat Fiddler 'my boat' and it annoyed me. However, I have given up trying to get him to change and have tried to see things from his point of view, so as we left Scarborough Harbour I looked back at Tous Temps and thought 'I love MY new boat!'

Introducing....Rosie Swale Pope

by Pam Strachan

Rosie Swale Pope is an adventurer, a runner, a sailor. She sailed the atlantic single handed and ran 20,000 miles round the world to raise awareness about prostate cancer, which killed her husband. She has run across Romania from the Hungarian Border to the Black Sea and undertaken a jungle exploration by boat and on horseback of the ancient Maya Kingdom in Central



America.

I am delighted to say that she is coming to give us a talk on 4 November at the Royal Overseas League. The first half of her talk will be about setting a record-breaking solo transatlantic voyage in a small 17-foot boat and the second half will be about her epic unsupported run round the world - over 20,000 miles facing extreme danger, bitter Siberian winters, wolves, axmen and desolate loneliness over nearly five years. Booking Rosie has already been a bit of an adventure for me



(though hardly on Rosie's scale).

Last year I became social convener and as I like the talks I decided to try for a big name. I started by contacting Ellen Macarthur and Robin Knox Johnston's agent, but sadly the cost of £20,000 per talk was prohibitive! Nevertheless the agent suggested Rosie, who normally receives more than we can offer, but who would consider our payment as all the money she raises goes to charity. I was delighted when she accepted, until someone said that she was a little eccentric and I began to panic! But let's be honest here – you'd have to be bonkers to do what she has done.

Anyway I wondered if I'd done the right thing, so I bought and read her book, Just a Little Run Around the World, published by Harper Collins. I loved it. I am still awestruck at her determination and positive spirit in the face of extreme hardship and loneliness. Already, we have spoken a few times on the phone and she is so kind and easy to work with. She cheers me up and is so positive.

She is determined to make our event special. I always come away smiling. I have never met anyone like this in my life and I suspect I never will again.

Anyway, I am no longer concerned about booking Rosie, because I want to meet her. £15 to meet this unique woman – a bargain! Last year at the age of 67 she ran the Rome Marathon and was awarded the Royal Scottish Geographical Society Fellowship.

Here are some comments from people who have heard her speak-

best efforts, could have possibly followed you!"

Dr Kate Miller,
University of Oxford

"Thank you so much for speaking, it ended the day exactly as I wanted it! My colleagues didn't stop talking about you and your adventures all night and then continued again this morning. Your love of life and your never give up attitude were just perfect!"

Stuart Johnson,
National Association of Head Teachers

"It was definitely right to ask you to contribute last, because I don't think that any of us, despite our

This event is sponsored by the
Royal Overseas League



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@ForthCorinthian, and on Facebook.

Farewell Fettler

News reaches the desk of *Fairwind* that those other globe trotters, Jim & Sonja Brodie, have sold their lovely boat, The Fettler, and are moving out to the country (near Portpatrick, actually - how long before there's a new boat?) to raise chickens and engage in other baffling country pursuits.

I'm sure we'll all miss them both, though they've promised to stay in touch. Best of luck to you both in your future endeavours!

