

FAIRWIND

Summer / Autumn 2018

Forth Corinthian Yacht Club

Challenging conditions for Midsummer Challenge

Commodore's BRIEFING



The best summer for sailing, for as long as I can remember, is now drawing to a close.

I hope you have all enjoyed it while it lasted.

Six of our yachts have just returned from a trip to the Tay. I was proud of our fleet's seamanship and how they presented at the Royal Tay Yacht Club. Needless to say, they also enjoyed RTYC's renowned hospitality and the Alba Beer Festival with vigour!

Following termination of our lease of the west harbour, George and the harbour team have worked steadily to remove our west moorings by the end of August deadline.

As you will be aware, with the AGM approaching, I will be standing down as Commodore, so this will be my last Commodore's Briefing. I think our club has a very bright future with our secure base on Middle Pier—despite losing some moorings this year, which is a current challenge. Thanks to a very enthusiastic Council and active membership for making my job over the years easier!

Frank Martin, Commodore FCYC

Anna Cox
Chairperson
Newhaven Coastal Rowers

Thirtieth of June this year saw the Forth Midsummer Challenge, the annual regatta held by FCYC and Newhaven Coastal Rowers. As participants and organisers arrived at the yard that morning with blue skies and the sun beaming down on us, it seemed that the months of planning and organisation from both clubs would be worth it.

The gazebos went up, bacon rolls and hot coffee were started, yachts were prepared and skiffs began to arrive in good time before the race was due to start. Eastern Amateur had rowed to Granton from Portobello and their assessment of conditions were 'lumpy, bumpy and fun to row'. It seemed an

accurate description from an experienced crew and so, right on schedule, the yachts went out to the bay and the race was on!

By this point the weather had gathered some enthusiasm and made for great sailing conditions although it gave the spectators a more 'interesting' ride than perhaps they had anticipated. Ahead of schedule, the first leg runners arrived back in Granton and the skiffs were off.

The committee boat coming back in

continued on back page



NEWHAVEN COASTAL ROWERS

It's been just as great a year for the Newhaven Coastal Rowing Club as it has been for FCYC. The balmy weather has been particularly beneficial. Many club rows have taken place. The early-bird slots have been particularly successful with those prepared to get up at 5.30am (or earlier!).

A number of regattas have been attended, perhaps the most popular having been the annual Ullapool Regatta. Around 30 clubs attended on the weekend of 6th to 8th July and a fine time was had by all.

The club's new Wemyss skiff is now nearing completion. This will be smaller than the existing St Ayles skiff, *Wee Michael*, taking a crew of one, two or three (including non-rowing cox). The plan is to have it in the water by Christmas.

Heading into the autumn and winter evening slots will gradually disappear, as will early morning sessions. But rowing will continue throughout the off season with weekend rows. If there's one good way of keeping warm while you're out on the water it's rowing!

SEA CADETS

Seventeen Cadets attended our summer camp in Weymouth and everyone came away with at least one additional qualification and experienced sailing and windsurfing. We will probably return next year. Two rowing teams took part in a Sea Cadet competition at Lochwinnoch and both came first in their event. As a result they will be competing at the Sea Cadet Nationals on 1st September in London. We hope they do well against competition from all over the UK.

Two teams have been entered for the Port Edgar Sailing Regatta that had to be postponed from earlier in the year due to the weather. In fact less sailing has been done this summer than had been planned due to the usual Granton combination of tide height, and strong winds but exacerbated by not having enough instructional staff available when conditions were good.

If you have a son or daughter, or grandson or granddaughter, aged 10 to 18 then consider whether they might enjoy joining the unit. Adult volunteers are also very welcome.

Graham Russell
Chair, Edinburgh Trinity Unit
Management Team

Rockall: 'Not

A conversation by text is no place to make serious plans, and so over drinks in the Herringbone, Corinthians Paul Taylor, Hana Werner, Ian Dawson and my good self agreed that sailing round Rockall was a rather splendid way to spend ten days of our summer. Two of the quartet decreed that if one is going to sail all the way to Rockall, then climbing it, if possible, was a must. Seven Rivals were to assemble on Barra and sail round the rock in a rally. Some were doing it for charity, others for the challenge, some of us were doing it 'because it's there'. The Round Rockall Rival Rally was a go!

Our adventure would begin at the very scenic Salen, on Loch Sunart, on Thursday

Keil MacLachlan *Tyche*

5th of July. Having loaded our fine vessel Ian, Paul and myself trundled up the hill for our much-deserved bar meal. Alas it was not to be. The Salen Inn was no longer serving food—not even a crisp piece! Back to *Hirta* we went for a nightcap and our bunks. Departing early, we motored in glassy flat seas and glorious sunshine on route to our first port of call. Loch Sunart is fine place and well worth a visit. We picked up our final crewmate, Hana, at Tobermory and headed west. The weather was superb and we arrived at Castlebay on

Barra that night. By this time the promised seven *Rivals* had diminished to three, leaving us with the question: how many *Rivals* does it take to form a rally?

Evening treated us to the spoils of the Café Kisimel where we sampled Harris gin, scallop pakora and Barra lamb bhuna: all thoroughly delectable. Indeed, when asked what we wanted for desert, two of our party retorted 'Barra lamb bhuna!' to which our waiter replied 'Will you be wanting chocolate sauce with that?' Alas, the kitchen was closing and all that was left to sate the voracious appetite of the more senior members of our crew were some very fine puddings.

We all agreed that café Kisimel is not to be missed if adventuring in and around the Outer Hebrides. To invoke Para Handy, the staff and food were 'chust sublime'! Before bed there was time to agree a plan of action. It was clear to all three crews sitting in the cosy confines of *Hirta*, the largest of the three *Rivals* assembled, that if one is to go round Rockall, then obviously it makes most sense to circumnavigate the entire Outer Hebrides while we are at it. One for all and all for one!

The morning arrived and three *Rivals*: *Hirta*, *Contender* and *Samsara* departed Castlebay and turned south making for Barra Head. It wasn't too long before the radio crackled 'Hirta, Hirta... you are not going all the way round Barra head are you?' Alas, the best laid plans of mice and men go oft awry and so too our holy trinity became a depleted duality. Despite promises of seeing each other 'on the



a place one went'

Rockall looms large on the horizon.



other side', haunting though that sounded, it was not to be and it was left to *Hirta* and *Contender* to make the voyage around the outermost western frontier of the European Union on a tiny speck of British sovereign territory established in the last wheeze of imperial glory (read decline) when the Royal Navy was still capable of blowing the top off rocks and not parking submarines, frigates and the like on top of them.

We settled into two-hour watches and enjoyed the luxury of six hours off to read, eat, and sleep. However, as the weather deteriorated being off-watch and down below become increasingly challenging. Here the design of a Rival 34, and her compact interior would aid us immeasurably for you are never far from a handhold. Despite this I still managed to clock up a fair few bruises, mostly to my napper!

On the two-plus days out, I noted the consumption of alcohol was non-existent. In fact, very little in the way of beverages were consumed at all. Perhaps the Krypton Factor-esque challenge of bracing oneself in the heads whilst simultaneously relaxing one's bladder was to blame. Unsurprisingly the Corinthian quartet aboard *Hirta* were getting to know each other quite well.

While life downstairs was challenging, life on deck was splendid and the fresh winds enabled us to put *Hirta* through her paces. She performed exceptionally well, powering through waves and clocking up the miles. I particularly enjoyed the night-shift where the dark enhanced every splash of water and gust of wind. The peace and quiet and openness of the sea gave time for reflection and brought perspective to the stresses and strains of the daily grind back on land.

Being offshore meant being cut off from the important geo-political events of the moment. So one night the skipper unearthed a short-wave radio and tuned tirelessly to garner a crackle of news

through the static. Success! Intently we listened as the newsreader informed us England had indeed beaten Sweden and made it through to the next round of the World Cup. Oh well, at least the good Doctor (Ian Dawson) would be happy!

Whilst it is important to remember that a rally is *not* a race, I think it equally important to stress that we got to Rockall *first*. On the morning of Monday 9th July in the year of our Lord 20'8 the gallant crew of the fine vessel *Hirta* were assembled, wrapped-up and hanked-on in the cockpit staring through the haze in the general direction of our objective. Later we agreed that this was our lowest ebb and while we kept this to ourselves in truth we were tired, sore and looking forward to reaching our objective. Ian and Hana had both determined at this point that no attempt would be made to scale the islet due to the weather and sea conditions so all that was left was to get there, take some pictures

and head back to civilisation.

Despite our internalised gloom the cry of 'Rockall Ahoy!' lifted our spirits immeasurably. For one we were genuinely elated to have reached our goal. It was stark and desolate in equal measure and its quiet, unyielding manner was a sight for sore eyes. Life abounds in the most barren of realms, with birds making use of this isolated perch to rest and perhaps nest. We even saw seals feeding next to the rock in the swell. How did they get out there? There is a distinct lack of channel markers for them to sunbathe on! Another way our spirits were lifted was when Hana unearthed a bottle of Talisker Storm. We imbibed the elixir and raised a toast to our success. A few drams were just what our aching bodies needed while we waited for our fellow Rally-er to make it to the rock.

On *Contender's* arrival the requisite photographs were taken and our mission was accomplished. Now to head for home, downwind and with increasingly amiable weather. From now on we could enjoy a more varied diet and an occasional libation. The wildlife only added to our voyage with long-finned pilot whales keeping us company, dolphins playing nearby and a cotillion of terns frequently playing tig with our burgee atop *Hirta's* mast. Earlier in our voyage I am told we also saw a basking shark; alas I was asleep.

While some sailors sadly never get the weather window to land, thanks to climate change, this year has probably seen more visitors to St Kilda than ever before. For us the strangest thing was

The magnificent splendour of St Kilda



that our arrival, at about 4:30am, felt like a return to civilisation; I guess few people approach and land there from the West! Hook dropped, dram had and few hours' kip appreciated then Ian, Hana and myself alighted *Hirta* and made for the shore.

Hana and I owe it to the bravery and selflessness of the good Doctor for taking one for the team. As the dinghy rocked, rolled and slid through the surprisingly forceful breakers we were all drenched in salt water. Ian jumped into the water and dragged us all up on to the sun-drenched shoreline. We got dried off and made for the village. The ranger—who lives in Portobello for at least half the year—welcomed us and talked us through where we could go. The weather had been so great that there was a water shortage—in Scotland!

Too much has been written about St Kilda for me to add anything meaningful. Suffice it to say it was an incredible place to visit; steeped in history and wonder. We very much enjoyed the shenanigans of the Soay sheep who seem to have a pretty good life (my impression may be skewed by the freakishly good weather). In fact, Hana has a plan to introduce them to Inch Kenneth, where she works.

On passing a public toilet I heard a very distressed bleating. One of the poor little chaps had found himself locked inside. Needless to say, the terror from his captivity had had a strong effect on his bowels. Fortunately, he had heeded the ranger's advice and had not flushed the toilet! Hills climbed, blethers had and postcards sent we returned to *Hirta* in the dinghy. Well, Ian and I did. Hana swam across Village Bay back to the boat: apparently the north-east Atlantic is quite temperate at this time of year!

Of the entire voyage the next aspect left the biggest imprint on our collective memories. We motored around St Kilda in very calm seas and were in awe of what lay before us. The rocks, stacks and promontories project out of the ocean like a work of art. Prehistoric and majestic in

equal measure it was hard to avert our eyes. Combined with a slew of birdlife that made the Bass Rock seem like an aviary, it was a sight none of us will forget. It is indeed 'an island of wings'.

Onward toward civilisation, our circumnavigation was abandoned to allow one of *Contender's* crew to take a flight home. So, to Loch Maddy we sailed where a rest, a shower and a celebratory meal was the order of the day. A newspaper was purchased and more importantly bacon. England were now out of the World Cup but the bar was open so both crews assembled in the Loch Maddy Hotel. Our evening meal was enhanced considerably by the good fortune that the TV was showing the mighty Rangers joining battle with Shkupi in the qualifying rounds of the Europa League. The company was good, the score was better and the food was washed down with cold beer and great conversation.

From here the Rivals parted company and the Corinthian quartet headed to Canna and a more picturesque spot you'll be hard to find. Sheltered in the welcoming harbour we practised picking up a mooring

under sail and then rested, taking in the glorious vista. On going ashore we discovered a shop well-stocked with all the victuals a hungry crew could require. The honestly box and notepad for which to pay for and record your groceries, helped reaffirm my faith in humanity. Later, the staff at the Café Canna welcomed us and served up an excellent meal in an evening I shan't forget.

The next morning our departure was met with strong winds. *Hirta* took them in her stride: romping along effortlessly in the gusts. As the we headed for Tobermory the weather was much more Scottish: dank and dreich. I lost a crown from my tooth while chomping down on a cereal bar laced with dried fruit. The Twix eaters amongst the crew faced no such dental calamities, which just goes to show eating healthy is expensive and avoiding sugar is bad for your teeth!

Tobermory was a blast. After a few celebratory gluten-free pints of Drygate Pilsner and a meal the skipper retired to bed. The crew headed off to the Mishnish to blether, make friends, drink, and rock out to east coast band KWAK. When the bars closed the shenanigans continued along the main street and as the lightweights made for home the indefatigable crew of the fine vessel *Hirta* kept the torch lit. An absolute belter of a night was had to mark a fitting end to an epic voyage. Thank goodness the skipper was charitable enough to make for Salen alone as the crew only got to bed an hour before departure!

All in all, it was a genuinely brilliant, challenging and thoroughly rewarding adventure. were seen, laughs were had, and friendships made. After a fantastic 676nm round trip all that is left is to decide where to go next.

My final thoughts are of the words I heard from one gentleman sailor to another on the pontoon at Loch Maddy: 'I didn't think Rockall was a place one went'.

Perhaps it isn't, but I for one cannot recommend it highly enough!



Paul Taylor's yacht *Hirta*.



Paul's yacht moored in Village Bay on the main island of St Kilda. *Hirta* on *Hirta*.

THE INTERVIEW

John McLaren, Rear Commodore

Q When did you start sailing and why?

A I started sailing in 1985 in Bosun dinghies with the RNSC at Port Edgar. Working for BT we could join the Civil Service Sailing Club and had access to all these Military Service facilities. I always liked being around the water initially from a family holiday on the Norfolk Broads.

Q What do you like about sailing?

A The best way to get away from it all and relax. I have made some great friends through sailing and seen a lot of the world that I wouldn't have otherwise.

Q What has been your most enjoyable sailing experience?

A In 2000 my friends were in Auckland for the Americas Cup and invited me to join them. We took part in the final race of the Millennium Superyacht Regatta on Kiwi Magic KZ7 with a professional crew. I was on the starboard runner and learned so much watching the crew whilst worrying about my own job. First experience of a boat with trim tabs, very impressive. We ended up 4th, not bad when you saw the competition.

Q What was your most frightening sailing experience?

A We were due to do the North Sea Yacht Race from Banff to Stavanger in 1988, just after the Piper Alpha disaster. The race was changed to a cruise in company due to the ongoing rescue and recovery operation and we were warned to look out for debris

which could include floating bodies. You could see the glow of the fire for a large part of the crossing. The cruise started out as a gentle motor but turned into a full storm half way across. This was before the days of GPS or Decca; navigation was by RDF, which is not simple or accurate in big rolling seas. On watch, on my own with the wash boards in and no sails up I had plenty of time to worry about what could all go wrong on



a small boat in the middle of the North Sea with no rescue cover.

Q What was the first boat you owned and what did you like/dislike about it?

A My first real boat was a Fireball dinghy, she was great fun and fast but too advanced for me. We spent a lot of time swimming back then.

Q What other boats have you owned?

A I owned a Hustler 25.5, *Satsuma*. She was originally orange but someone had painted her red and I ended up painting her blue. She was my first proper yacht, I learned a lot about sailing on her and had some great adventures. Then *Belle lle*, better for the longer passages, we have visited the Orkney Islands, St Kilda and most of the West Coast, I also now have *Ned Kelly*, a Troller that was motored up from Australia, she needs a lot of work but is my retirement project.

Q What was your favourite boat?

A After a few drinks going through the Crinan Canal, I ended up in a loose partnership to buy a Corby 35, called *Joyride*. She was 35ft with a 15ft bowsprit and asymmetric kites. Off the wind she would just take off. We learned to sail her in the winter series at Inverkip. On our first downwind leg after we had managed to hoist the kite we hit over 20 knots and then blew two kites one after the other. This probably saved our lives. Her worst point was when she wiped out with a 12ft beam and an open cockpit. It is a long way to fall. We finished by winning Class 1 at West Highland Week after we had suitable winds the

whole week. Racing was never the same after *Joyride*.

Q Apart from the Firth of Forth, where else do you sail / have you sailed?

A I have sailed right round Britain, not all at once but during various races and deliveries. I spent a few holidays racing

continued on back page

Cruising in company:

Cruising in Company 1: Waiting to be served in South Queensferry



Cruising in Company 2: Princess Anne watches the sail past.



Willy Barr Malin

The 2018 cruising in company programme has managed four very different events to date. Regular cruisers can now tell tales about our overnight in Queensferry involving Chinese meals, singing on the pontoons and serious low tides, our Parade of Sail with HRH Princess Anne as part of RFYC Anniversary celebrations, a barbecue (and a swim!) on Inchkeith Island with our last event involving 11 boats sailing to

Burntisland as part the FYCA Muster and the official opening of their new pontoons.

Responding to regular requests to organise a club overnight, our first outing of 2018 took a jovial bunch of Corinthians up to South Queensferry in May. Five boats in all stayed overnight in Port Edgar (Evening Star, Kashangi II, Somerled, Selkie and Malin) with a total of 24 diners enjoying some tasty nosh in the local Chinese Restaurant, Bamboo.

The owner, Patrick was a bit startled when we arrived for dinner as the original booking had been for 12 persons! However, once he re-organised his seating and set a special table for the kids all was well and we stayed near enough until



Cruising in Company 3: A pair of troublemakers on the beach at Inchkeith.

A good mix of events

closing.

Back on the pontoons everyone was out on deck in the soft summer air with Rachel and Skye offering some light entertainment with guitar and singing. A very low tide meant a late departure the following morning allowing a lazy morning breakfast, more Corinthian banter and a learning opportunity!

Our next cruise involved many Corinthian boats supporting our fellow sailors at RFYC with their big day on 2nd June to celebrate their 150th Anniversary. After a short safety briefing in the yard all skippers and crews headed on their boats into Wardie Bay to take up position for the two-knot sail past of *HMS Archer*. We were all welcomed back to RFYC Clubhouse afterwards for a bowl of chicken curry and a beer (or two). A huge highlight for Andy Black and family must be when HRH stopped to chat to them and their dog whilst *Tasara* was tied against the pontoon.

With gentle SWS winds blowing it was a relatively easy down-wind sail for the eight club boats that took part (*Smij, Kashangi II, Eastie Beastie, Somerled, Manana, Sea Otter* and a Wayfarer dinghy) accompanied by John and Jackie McLaren who kindly offered support and a ferry service with the FCYC RIB. Once boats were safely at anchor and everyone was ferried ashore we enjoyed a barbeque on the beach. For the more adventurous there was a hike up to the lighthouse was in order while their burgers sizzled. The wind picked up a bit for the return journey which meant a motor-sail home for most.

Bringing things up-to-date our last outing was to Burntisland Harbour on 11th August to see the brand new pontoons that have been permanently set up in the inner harbour. Some 11 Corinthian boats ventured north and it was really great to see David on *Quicksilver* with his young crew and Andy Gunn's *Kyle*, fully crewed with fishing nets at the ready! Members of BSC came down to greet us when we arrived and although we were early for the celebrations that were scheduled to take place later that night, we were all made very welcome up to their clubhouse.

After an opportunity to admire the pontoons and use the facilities we all headed back to Granton in a warm westerly breeze—just magic! Boats involved included *Eclipse, Selkie, Kashangi II, Sapphire, Quicksilver, Tyche, Malin, Kyle, Manana, Misty Blue* and *Pegasus* (sporting a wee flag!)

Although there are no other dates identified for a day cruise in 2018, my hope is to organise a trip up to Cramond

Cruising in Company 4: *Pegasus* flies the flag on the way to Burntisland.



Racing results so far

Our first race of the season had a great turnout of TEN yachts, our Commodore once again victorious in his own regatta!

Misty Blue is still a force to be reckoned with having won three races so far, and leading the Joint Passage Series. Kashangi II has won the Friday White Sail series. A total of 19 different yachts has taken part in our racing so far.

	JPR	INCHKEITH1	WILSON 2	SURRY 3	SCOTT 4	JUBILEE 5							Place (Pts)
	BRAVE	1	2	1	DNS								
	MISTY BLUE	3	1	2	1								
	SMIJ	DNS	4	3	2								
	ECLIPSE	2	3	DNS	3								
	APPARITION	7	DNS	DNS	DNS								
	KASHANGI II	7	DNS	DNS	RTD								
	MALIN	DNS	DNS	DNS	RTD								
	MANANA	DNS	DNS	DNS	RTD								
	FWS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8				
	KASHANGI II	P	P	1	1	4	1	5	1	4			(4)
	SMIJ	P	P	2	4	2	DNS(9)	DNS	DNS	4			(17)
	INDULGENCE	P	P	4	2	1	2	DNS	2	2			(7)
	ECLIPSE	P	P	3	3	3	3	DNS	3	3			(12)
	LADY NADONNA	P	P	DNS(9)	DNS(9)	RTD(5)	4	DNS	DNS	7			(27)
	MALIN	P	P	DNS(9)	DNS(9)	DNS	DNS	2	6	6			(26)
	TYCHE	P	P	DNS	DNS(9)	DNS(9)	DNS	4	5	5			(25)
	DORADO	P	P	DNS	DNS(9)	DNS(9)	DNS(9)	DNS	1	8			(28)
	OTHER EVENTS				LADIES RACE	WICKES SC	B E L L	CLOSING R					
	COM'S REG		PE STERN										
	SMIJ	1	3	4	5	4							
	MISTY BLUE	2	1	1	2	1							
	ECLIPSE	3	2			3							
	OUZEL	4	DNS										
	KASHANGI II	5	6			5							
	SELKIE	6	4	3									
	EVENING STAR	7	7										
	LADY NADONNA	8											
	SILVER LINING	9											
	EASTIE BEASTIE	10											
	TASARA		5										
	INDULGENCE			2	4								
	BRAVE				1								
	APPARITION				3								
	MALIN				6								
	NOKOMIS				7								

P = POSTPONED DNS = Did not start DNS = not counted RTD = Retired

THE INTERVIEW: John McLaren

continued from page 5

and cruising in the Caribbean. Antigua Race Week is yacht racing in perfect conditions with the parties to match. The British Virgin Islands are stunning, with great diving and sailing. I've also cruised in the Canaries, a fair part of the Mediterranean. Holland, Ireland, the Faroes and the Azores

Q What is the furthest destination you have sailed to?

A I sailed across the Atlantic in 1989 from Gibraltar, Madeira, Bermuda to New York, stunning arrival sailing past the Statue of Liberty as the sun set behind it. This was a massive learning curve on the teamwork and loads required to sail an 80ft maxi. My watch leader on the trip was Tony Phillips, who was washed overboard in the Southern Ocean on the same boat during the Whitbread Race. A top man and very safety conscious.

Q What is your favourite place to sail and why?

A In 1987 while visiting friends in Australia, I had a week on an ex-Americas Cup boat that had been converted for cruising. We sailed the Whitsunday Passage, diving on coral reefs, visiting deserted beaches and drinking in barefoot bars. I would imagine it has changed now but would love to return.

Q When did you join Forth Corinthians and why?

A The CSSC used to do a yearly yacht charter on the West Coast and I met a lot of Corinthians on these trips so probably 86/7. The Corinthians also used to invite CSSC members out for an introductory sail in a yacht.

Q Have you held positions on the Council of Corinthians and if so what?

A I have been on the council for various terms being Sailing Secretary, Vice and Rear Commodore. I enjoyed every post, and worked with some good people,

Q What important piece(s) of advice would you give to newcomers?

A Sail with as many people as possible to learn different ways to do the same things, one of them will suit yourself and your boat. Two bits of racing advice from skippers I have sailed with: watch the speedo and the spinnaker always pays.

Q Do you prefer cruising or racing?

A Racing is great, in a racing boat but hard work on a cruising boat that races, most boats are a compromise.

URGENT NOTICE!

All members should by now have received the club survey, sent out by Sailing Secretary Kenny Allan on 24th August. If you haven't already done so, please complete this and return it to Kenny at kennyallan@aol.com as soon as possible.

Midsummer Challenge

continued from front page

before the skiffs returned was a good indicator that all was not well at sea! More clues were skiffs returning full of water, soaking wet crew, a couple of rowers with sea sickness and one experienced rower declaring that they were 'never going out THERE [waves hand erratically in the direction of Wardie Bay] again!'

As the runners (now damp and slightly green looking) set off back to the yachts, who were waiting at Newhaven with their own challenges (a rope wrapped around a propeller and someone not being back from the chip shop in time) there was growing concern for the weather conditions. Lumpy and bumpy had turned into windy, wavy and 'downright mental' (quote from Amble Rowing Club) and so, as the yachts made a cautious but speedy return, the race was temporarily paused. Rowing crews were sent for hot coffee and dry clothes and a second skippers meeting was held. The final rowing course was hastily redesigned to be held within the harbour—still a 2km race and in those conditions, still a challenge. Two-minute staggered starts and the race was on again! Overtaking was a tricky affair but there was some impressive Formula 1 style manoeuvres around some corners and everyone finished smiling and exhilarated and not

at all in the order they started!

Back in the yard the burgers were ready, the beer was chilled, the band was playing and a relaxed and happy atmosphere prevailed.

Congratulations to *Kashangi II*, her skipper and crew and their partner club Eastern Amateur for being overall winners of the event.

And thanks to everyone who prepared, planned, organised, sailed, rowed, ran and came and enjoyed our event. The organisers are especially grateful to those who assisted behind the scenes and those who gave up sailing to help out at both harbours on the day. It really was a team effort from both clubs and it was pulled off in a grand fashion!

