

FA RWIND

Newsletter of the Forth Corinthian Yacht Club, October, 2000

Clan Gordon, the 90 year-old Loch Fyne skiff, right, which has been restored by Pip Hills, at the start of her maiden cruise to Anstruther in August.

It's certainly an experience sailing on *Clan Gordon* - a main like a barn door, muckle bits of tackle flying about at head height, a deck like an ice-rink, and not a guard rail in sight. However, Pip and Maggie's hospitality (and whisky rations) make sure crew will always return!



Clan Gordon shown here with Maggie, Joe Ramsay and Fiona McIntyre.

AGM

MON 9th OCTOBER
7.30, the clubhouse.
The Treasurer's financial report is enclosed. Questions about the report? Get in touch with Pete Sherlock, on 0131 334 7775, before the AGM

LIFT-OUT

SAT 28th OCTOBER
Note: Please have your insurance certificates available for inspection on the day.

Flag Officer's Foreword

September already! It does not seem long since we were lifting the boats in and now we are discussing the lift out. There is no further progress to report about the development proposals for Granton Harbour. The City Development Department are still awaiting the Environmental Impact Statement which was required as part of the application for retrospective planning permission for the infill in the West Harbour. Nothing can happen till that is received. In the meantime we watch with alarm as the depth of water at the marina decreases.

One recent event has been the declaration of the provisional boundaries for the Forth Special Protection Area for wild birds. There are actually two, the other being the Forth Islands, but the one that affects us includes most of the shoreline of the Forth. Those of you who are birdwatchers will not be surprised to know that the East Harbour has been scheduled. This is mainly for the wading birds that use it for feeding and roosting in winter. David Darling from the Royal Forth and Graham Russell

have already had a useful meeting with staff from Scottish Natural Heritage and we are confident that our activities will not be constrained by the designation.

Some new members have said that they would appreciate advice about sailing technique and navigation in the waters round Granton. At this stage in the season, it is really too late to organise anything formal but many of the larger boats are always looking for crew and I am sure that experienced members of the club would be willing to join new members on their boat to give informal advice (although there's no guarantee the advice will be consistent!). If you are a new member looking for advice then come down to the Clubhouse on a Monday evening at about 8:00pm (there is a photograph of the Council members on the wall so you can recognise us) or ask at one of the FCYC boats on the pontoon (check the list of club boats in the handbook). Next year we hope to organise cruises in company to help members gain sailing experience.

Many thanks to those of you who

have marked your tender with your current boat name. The unclaimed tenders in the Middle Yard will be on display after lift out and will be offered for sale to the highest bidder in the club. If you have not yet marked your tender then please do so before lift out.

Plans for lift-out are well advanced as you will see elsewhere in this newsletter. The process can only be completed within the available time if members help each other. Please do not arrive just before your boat is due to be lifted out and leave immediately after. Members without boats being lifted out are particularly encouraged to come along and help as there are many jobs that need to be done. This year we hope to lift out the workboat first, scrub her bottom, anti-foul her and put her back in the water before the crane has finished with the North Yard boats so lots of volunteers are required. If you are able to help with any aspect of the lift-in please contact Howard Thomson (Harbour Secretary) or Graham Russell (Vice-Commodore) on the day or, even better, let us know beforehand.

BOAT JUMBLE

- The club has a **portable VHF radio and battery charger** available for members to use on club business eg races, cruises in company etc. The radio can only be used on a registered club boat under the supervision of a member who has passed the VHF exam. The radio is kept behind the bar and can be signed out and returned, with the battery fully charged, within three days. Any problem should be reported to the Sailing Secretary.

- The Club possesses a small collection of **books and videos** which have now been catalogued. The books and videos can be borrowed by club members on application to the Vice-Commodore, Graham Russell. We would welcome the offer of recent books and videos to add to the collection.

- **CONGRATULATIONS!** to Dr Ann McNeill on gaining her Doctorate in Business Studies.

- **THANKS!** to Joe Ramsay for supplying mooring shackles.

- The Council is acting to improve **security in the South Yard**. This will include replacing the barbed wire atop the wall, and improving fencing. However, it is vital that all members are vigilant. Always close the gates, get to know who's working on which boat, and keep an eye open for any suspicious activity.

Please remember that **Dumbo** is run and maintained by club members, for your use as a ferry.



- Club members only may drive Dumbo.
- Club boats pay £20 per year for usage.
- A quick training course is available for anyone who wishes to use Dumbo. Ask any Council member.
- Dumbo is a ferry, so be considerate and aware of who else is waiting. Don't keep her out at boats for longer than is absolutely necessary.
- Report any damage/repairs needed to Colin Campbell on 0131 316 4280.

Cruising the Nile

by Charles Jedrej

"Cruise on the Nile?"
"Yes, special offer. A travel company called *Voyages Jules Verne*."
"Go for it!"

We flew into Luxor and on the bus from the airport to the Nile where our ship was berthed we caught glimpses of the great ancient Egyptian temples of Karnak and Luxor among the modern shops and streets of an obviously thriving modern city. But I was more concerned about this cruise ship, after all it was going to be home for the next seven days. *MS Ra* turned out to be a splendid modern vessel and soon we all thought she was the best on the Nile. She and her sister ship were built for Eastmar in Hull, something rather special since almost all the two hundred cruise ships now plying the Nile were built in Egypt. Eastmar is one of the original Nile shipping companies and has a reputation for vessels of character. At one time they had King Farouk's old royal yacht and used it for cruises. *MS Ra* accommodates up to 140 passengers in air conditioned double cabins each with a bathroom. French windows open to allow you fine views of the banks of the Nile. "This will be just fine. Now I wonder what the other passengers are like?"

The food was excellent, especially the buffet lunches which were usually Eastern Mediterranean in style, superb fish, koftas, salads, pastries and always unleavened bread freshly baked. Dinner was a bit more formal, maybe a change of chef, somebody who had worked in an old fashioned English golf club perhaps, brown windsor soup, steak and kidney pie and jam rolypoly with lashings of custard, just like nanny's. On the first evening, looking up from my second lashing of custard, I studied the people at our table. To my left was a fine figure of a woman already well into a conversation with the others. I immediately felt at ease when I recognised her as Jenny, my wife. Les and Doreen, a married couple from Birmingham were serious package tour holiday makers and she had met Les and his first wife Maureen when she was on holiday with her previous husband Harry, a butcher from Salford, isn't that right Les?

The ship set off that evening for Aswan and I admired how she was manoeuvred out of her berth with the aid of an anchor which had been put out when she had come in. The crew moved 240 feet of ship in and out of some tight spots without any fuss and with nobody saying much to anybody. Between Luxor and Aswan are a couple of barrages to control the flood

water and regulate irrigation and the next morning, as we locked through the first at Esna, I came to understand why the cruise ships were all the same size: another coat of paint and we wouldn't have got in. Young traders take advantage of the locks to sell merchandise to the passengers. As the water in the lock rises and deals have to be closed the goods and money are thrown up to the top deck and down to the shore with increasing urgency. It seemed to work.

The top deck was a kind of beer garden. Near the stern was a bar and towards the bow a pool for the sun bathers. Behind the bar was an al fresco gym with a lot of machinery for your body to work on. It wasn't much used. The lager beer, local, was excellent but there didn't seem to be any imported drink on the boat: local wines and whisky. By good luck I had my own litre of Grouse, so I was spared the headache of Glen Sphinx.

I had also remembered to bring the binoculars and they were useful to study life on the river banks: old men on donkeys, someone in the rich green fields working an irrigation channel, big black buffaloes in a pile of straw, date palms everywhere and glimpses of villages of mud brick houses set back from the river bank. On the east bank we saw the ruins of the temple of Kom Ombo but it, and several others, were to be visited on the way back down river. As we travelled south up-river, barren stony hills and desert uplands sometimes came quite close to the water side and reminded us that Egypt really is the river Nile.

At Aswan in the evening the ship berthed, again that clever work with the off-side anchor, and the next day the serious business of touring the remains of ancient Egypt began with a short flight to the magnificent temple of Abu Simbel and the colossal statues of Ramesis. But we also found time for a trip on a felucca. These locally made boats, now of welded steel plate, have a lateen rig and a centre board. They sailed efficiently up-wind, even though the sail looked as if it had been patched too frequently with material from discarded pyjamas, and down wind the crew controlled the boat by scandalising the sail. But from now on it was temples and hieroglyphics, Egyptian mythology, mummies and tombs. At night it was belly dancers, discotheque, treasure hunts, fancy dress parties, whirling dervishes, until we arrived exhausted back in Luxor. Maybe we should have made use of that gym on the way to Aswan.

The *Blue Blazer* crew, Tim and Ann, joined Sam Bartlett aboard *Sammie J* in Gibraltar this summer.

This is the story of their *African Adventure*

by (Dr) Ann
MacNeill



You may recall that Sam sailed off from Granton to Gibraltar a few months ago. As seems to be the way with Corinthians, Sam met heavy weather and had an entertaining time 'hove to' in the Bay of Biscay for twelve hours or so before continuing her passage. We did it the easy way and flew out and joined Sam. Moored at the Queensway Quay in Gibraltar, *Sammie J* is in the company of some super-yachts, many tenders appear to be larger than the average Corinthian yacht. Gibraltar is quite a stunning chunk of rock, most interesting because birds of prey gather there on their way South for the winter. At any time there are lots of birds arriving, hawks and eagles of many types. When a group of up to 30 get their soaring perfected, they head off in a group across the Straight to Africa.

In true Corinthian spirit we decided that we would set sail for Africa for a weekend jaunt. As *Sammie J* is undergoing engine repairs we joined Sam, crew Al and friend Elaine aboard a Jeanneau 37, and left Gibraltar bound for North Africa, some 20 miles or so away. The mountains were visible across the

Straight of Gibraltar and we set off in what seemed to be insufficient wind for a decent sail, but with lovely sunshine. After five minutes worrying about lack of wind the "Blue Blazer" effect took over and we found ourselves in normal (for us) conditions with 38 knots of wind and a well-reefed main. The good news is that in the Straight the wind either blows from the west or east. This means essentially that you can reach across and back, and reach across is exactly what we did. A cracking sail was had; it's amazing how different everything looks in sunshine. Despite the brisk wind, and fairly steep short seas we enjoyed great sailing, breaking Elaine and Sam's fastest time across in the process. This despite (or maybe because of) the fact that Tim was rolling around the cockpit floor with the hangover from hell. The one "hairy" point of the Straight is the huge amount of commercial shipping. As ever the Corinthian standard of "he'll go behind us" was in evidence, (as ever it was frequently wrong).

We arrived in Africa in the Spanish outpost of Ceuta. Having hoisted our Spanish

courtesy flag we sensed the tension between Spain and the UK over Gibraltar, as much arm waving by the Spanish official suggested they were not best pleased to see us. Our Corinthian "charm" won them over (Elaine saying "just let's see them try to make us leave!") and a quick discussion confirmed they were hosting a huge tuna fishing competition and had very few spaces. However, they kindly accommodated us next to a very dirty harbour-cleaning boat, and we awaited the arrival of the tuna fleet. The tuna boats duly arrived, and stunning pieces of kit they were, with triple height flying bridges and racks of rods etc. That night's prize tuna weighed an impressive 320kg. and would easily have fed a small country for a week or so.

The next day we moved on to Morocco for an eye-opening trip, which was a really interesting experience.

Space prevents more detail on the sailing in the area, but we gained the impression of some super sailing, and excellent facilities for yachties. Sam promises to update us as she continues her onward voyage, we wish her all the very best.

Blyth Spirit, story of a yacht delivery, Denmark to Granton

by Malcolm Blyth

A Friday in June...

0500 alarm call to start car journey from Edinburgh to Harwich to catch the 1600 ferry. Car packed to the gunnels including every last crevice.

After a night's sail, we arrived early at Esbjerg, Denmark. A one hour journey to Haderslev found us at the X-Yachts factory on a sunny Saturday afternoon with our new pride and joy moored at the waterside. After unlocking the hatch, a quick rummage into the starboard saloon locker revealed the necessary bottle of bubbly we had cunningly left on board during our earlier visit in April.

Rather than break the bottle over the bows, Hilda opted for opening it conventionally, but we did splash 10cc on the bow, named the new vessel Blyth Spirit, and shared the rest with our neighbours, also in an X-332.

Next morning, we put on the sails, prepared the anchor, and all the rest of the boaty bits you do at the start of the season, and by 1400 we set off down the long fjord under power (the engine did work then!). At last, open sea and a bit of depth on the sounder, so we set sail. She sailed beautifully. No pull on the helm and six knots of boat speed. Overnight stop was a placed called Middelfart(!) on the island of Fyn.

Monday, and Jack Haldane, who joined us for the trip, had to leave to get back for the car at Haderslev, then onward to the ferry home. Next morning, the wind was still strong from the west, but forecast to decrease, so we put three reefs in the main and set off up the channel between Jylland and Fyn. By mid afternoon the wind was easing and we started to pull out the jib for a gorgeous sail into the port of Juelsminde.

Moving on north the next day, we intended to stop at Ebeltoft. However as we approached a small island called Tuno, between Samsø and the mainland, we noted a small harbour full of yachts. Not ones to miss a party we duly went in for the night, only to discover there was a music festival about to start. Bunting was

everywhere on the boats, we felt quite out of place on our bare yacht, but one yacht took the prize for best dress. There strung aloft must have been in excess of 100 brightly coloured ladies bras. I have yet to establish if this was the skippers trophy chest!

On North to Grenna. A marina claiming 550 berths with 350 for visitors. By now we were discovering all marinas charge 85 Krona (about £7.50) for the night regardless of the boat size and that includes shore power. Bows to the pontoon with rear post did take a bit of getting used to, particularly judging the width between the posts.

Our next guests arrived, and we were now six on board, as we set sail on a lovely Sunday Morning for Hals on the eastern entrance to the Limfjord. It was near perfect conditions, with no sea, light breeze and sun.

Friday morning and it was off to Struer where we had arranged to meet our North Sea crew. Wind was 20-24 knots from the NW so we reefed down and made a brisk sail SW. On arrival at the harbour entrance I started the engine, only for it to die on me just after we had dropped the sails.

Saturday morning and the local yacht club engineer came to the rescue. He had the engine running within two minutes. On his advice, I changed the fuel filter and re-blebed the system. Running again.

We left harbour late morning on the last leg of the Lymfjord to Thyboron. Arriving mid afternoon we checked with Forth Coastguard for the latest weather outlook and decided to set sail immediately as the passage looked favourable until Wednesday when we could expect strong winds from the North. We were out into the North Sea with the sails set by 1700. The sun was shining, the sea was calm and the SE wind was taking the boat along at 6.5 knots. Two on watch for three hours, followed by six off was the order of the day. Sail was shortened for the hours of darkness and the autopilot was working well.

Hilda and I were back on watch at

0600 on Monday. The morning was bright and conditions good, we carried on sailing, running the engine later for 1.5 hours as agreed, to top up the batteries. Our log readings overnight were showing a steady drop in barometric pressure as we would have expected. As the day wore on the wind dropped and as agreed the engine would be fired up if the speed dropped below 5 knots. Motoring on later in the day the wind swung round behind us and came from NNE with increasing freshness. Whilst I was off watch I was aware of Eddie listening to a weather forecast from the oil rigs. The only bit I remember was his comment at the end "Oh Sh*t."

When I took over watch from him at 1800 the mainsail was down completely and we had a small jib out. The wind was now very fresh and there was a slight swell. As daylight turned to darkness the swell increased. George, the autopilot, was still coping very well, but increasingly we were being subjected to breaking waves over the side. Water started to find its way past the starboard bulkhead and soaked the bunk cushions. Watches were shortened to two on four off.

Hilda and I came back on at 0600. Now daylight, and we could view the huge seas. George had taken a knock when Willy landed on top of him on a previous watch so we were now steering by hand. The dodgers had been ripped off by the waves, as had our ensign. It took me a good 30 minutes to master the waves and stop the severe crashing of a breaking crest on the broad side. On one occasion of a breaking crest that I misjudged, the cockpit was more like a bath with the life raft floating under the tiller.

About mid morning I announced I thought we should top up the diesel tank. We were getting the container ready when a huge wave struck. All I remember seeing was Eddie flying through the air backward, feet up, and landing heavily on his back on the leeward side of the boat. My heart missed a beat, I thought we had a major injury on our hands; but he jumped up and got straight back to

the refuelling. Then even before we opened the fuel filler cap, the engine stopped. I knew immediately it was water in the diesel. We carried on refuelling which went successfully and tried to restart the engine which just didn't want to know.

We were too tired to contemplate checking the fuel system at this time so we decided to carry on under jib alone and try again later if we had some fresh energy. The rest of the day we battled on heading as far west as we dare but drifting further south. As soon as we realised that even the Forth was no longer viable we altered plans to head for Blyth where we knew there was a safe harbour.

We were just under 30 miles off land when we tried the coastguard on the VHF. Immediately they responded. We asked if it were possible to get assistance to take us into the harbour at Blyth which we estimated would be around 0200 on Wednesday morning. After a quick check they came back to us and reported it was organised and could we give them updates of position every hour. We duly obliged. The wind now eased and the crew were beginning to come alive with the prospect of dry land. Slowly we increased the sail area. Then we spotted land ahead. The waves stopped breaking. Ahead was the familiar site of the windmills at Blyth harbour, then the lights of the lifeboat could be seen coming from behind the breakwater

They towed us into the harbour where we were met by the flash of a camera. The press was there (at 2 am in the morning!). We couldn't get tied up properly for them wanting to get a story. This set the pattern for the rest of the day. One reporter with a photographer after the other. Eddie, Willie, Kevin and Martin all decided to take the train home, leaving Hilda and myself at Blyth, still with no engine.

We did eventually arrive at Eymouth to be met by Rupert, a new crew member, and Bob Queen, who had both kindly agreed to come away at short notice and get the boat up to the Tay. Hilda took the opportunity to go home.

The next week at the Tay was eventful, but great experience. We required a tow to get out of the Tay due to the lack of wind and engine. Arriving home to Granton on Saturday evening to a wonderful welcoming party gave us all a lift after what had been a very hectic four weeks!

Where does it not grow dark; everybody (or at least every *man*, including the President) is called Vladimir and the national currency is best exchanged in the back seat of a car parked outside the Bank?

Russia that's where!

by Stewart Boyd

Earlier this year David Buckpitt (an RAF Yacht Club pal of John Forsyth) took his 52-foot character ketch from Devon on the Cruising Association's Baltic Millennium Rally. I was lucky enough to do the "up and back" motor-sail through Europe's two biggest inland lakes - Ladoga and Onego.

The whole log is fascinating - at least to me - and some of the snapshots are pretty passable.

As space is tight here is a Cook's Tour of our time in the semi-autonomous Republic of Karelia.

We mustered at the Central Yacht Club, St Petersburg, built but never used for an Olympic Games and returned there so we got a good chance to see Peter the Great's "Window on the West" carved out of canalised mosquito swamp (the mosquitoes are more like spitfires) at a point in history when building materials and human life were cheap. We saw the sights - the Hermitage; Winter Palace; and took a hydrofoil down to the Summer Palace (the fountain-bedecked Peterhof) trooped dutifully round the Peter and Paul Cathedral where we saw the new graves that contain the last of the Romanovs now retrieved from the well at Ekaterinbourg where they lay after their execution. There were beautiful broad streets - like Berlin or Paris - and the Old Town, which was floodlit, looked like a child's pop-up art book.

To get inland we had to get bridges opened for us, both leaving and re-entering St Petersburg. We also required a

pilot (ours was Boris whose long-disused English returned with the passage of time). We also shipped a Vladimir as translator/facilitator and Viktor, son of another Vladimir. He is 18 and was our willing if inexpert cabin boy. Confused? Read on if you dare!

We left St Petersburg on a beautifully milky-lit morning just after midnight and went up the River Neva in company with timber carriers, tankers and boatels. Soon we were at Sleisselbourg - (quaint old fortress town) and heading up channel to enter Lake Ladoga. Progress halted to let two elk swim across our bows! Fleet soon strung out but kept radio contact.

The skipper has a power winch to which he leads lines from mechanical winches. One day one of the mechanical winches decided to sheer through the last two of the eight screws that should have held it in position. The size and shape of a cannonball it narrowly missed Boris, myself on wheel, and (if it had gone into the main cabin) Mrs Buckpitt for the hatch was open. We all felt duly thankful that dented timber was the sole cost!

We had forays ashore for food - the riparian dwellers were very poor but kind and we had some real hassle at one bridge. It took courage to face out KGB guards and only a call to Moscow got one bridge open after a 30-hour delay. Coming back we simply said we had "presents" for the keeper so a basket of goodies went up on a long line and the bridge wnet up without delay. We negotiated two huge locks and we wound

round and round shallow channels. We bartered vodka for fresh caught fish; ate typical feasts and peasant fare and, in contrast to many locals, ate well and regularly!

Petrozavorsk was big and saved from outright condemnation by a nice promenade and a jolly "Blue Onego" boat festival in which the C.A. fleet played a central role. We were TV stars overnight and added Vietnamese to our tally of restaurants. The hosts were hot on history! They even fired a cannon at us after welcoming us all by name. We took the VIPs for a wee sail. This followed an impressive historical tableau which featured warriors through the ages to the present day. Our sail past was followed by an "open ship" session which saw us host over 50 youngsters - all polite and well behaved. At the official dinner I wound up tieless (the Tourism Minister fancied it) and legless. Since then the Council has replaced the tie, thanks folks.

Onward and upward we strove to reach our turning point, Kizhi, home to quaint wooden churches and a folklore museum whose staff when going off duty in their colourful costumes simply rowed off singing into the sunset. It was magic. Locals fed us typical meals, tea from a samovar and beer and vodka. Soon we didn't even notice the mossies. A lady dentist and her mother fed four crews twice in 24 hours making us feel quite guilty.

We made friends within and outwith the Rally fleet and we tried to do our wee bit for East-West relations. I'm glad I went.

VOLUNTEER BAR ROTA OCT/NOV 2000

Here's the volunteer bar rota for October and November. Thanks again to everyone who has volunteered to help.

If you are not sure about keys/bar etc, please come along before your stint and find out.

If you cannot manage "your" day or evening, phone someone else on the list to arrange a swap. It is *your* responsibility to arrange cover! (And to get the keys to the next person on the list.) If you have a problem transferring keys, you can leave them with Ed North, where they can be picked up by the next volunteer. Arrange this among yourselves. Ed is at 3 Trinity Court (552 4901).

Any real difficulties, phone Fiona McIntyre on 07710 545 164.

WINTER BAR HOURS

Saturday - 2-7pm

Sunday - 2-7pm

Monday - 6.30 - 11pm

Monday nights

2 Oct, Joe Ramsay,	467 6142
9 Oct, Stuart Coulter,	443 9391
16 Oct, H. Thomson,	665 4648
23 Oct, Ed North,	552 4901
30 Oct, Pip Hills,	556 2026
6 Nov, Melvyn Bond,	346 0591
13 Nov, Ted Stanley,	669 5806
20 Nov, C. Hoffmann,	552 8622
27 Nov, B. Pennycook,	552 5886

Others available:

Pip Hills	556 2026
Willy Barr	553 2471
Linda Pennycook	552 5886
John McLaren	339 3919
Phil Chester	332 5767
Bob Beaty	665 9882
Brian Bathgate	667 0066
Derek Bathgate	449 2457
Ann McNeil/Tim Wright	556 1478

Malcolm Blyth	337 6618
Jack Haldane	552 9995
Ian Hellewell	312 6336
Fiona McIntyre	337 4879
Ernie Coulter	443 9391
Paul Lough	554 7078
Andy Macfarlane	468 0706
Graham Crawford	657 1012

Three regattas and an East Coast Week

A mixed season in terms of racing turn-out and results. All three regattas were well attended, despite a distinct lack of wind for both the Mickery and Edinburgh ones. Not such a good turn-out for the longer club races, though Evening Points has been fairly healthy.

Mickery Regatta

Paupertas and *Firecrest* took 4th and 5th respectively in the Slow Handicap, with *Serenata* coming in 6th in Medium. *Roundabout* flew the club flag in the Fast Handicap.

Edinburgh Regatta

An Cala (2nd), *Jenny* (4th), *Paupertas* and *Cat's Cradle* (formerly *Little Squirt*) in the Cruiser Class; *Serenata* and *Firecrest* finished in the second half of a very large Medium Handicap Class; while *Blyth Spirit* and *Roundabout* were 2nd and 6th respectively in Fast.

Cramond Regatta

More wind for this and, again, a good turn-out of Corinthian boats - support much appreciated by the 'home' club. In a field of 20, *Quicksilver* took a 6th & 7th, with *Serenata*, *Firecrest* and *Jenny* in attendance. *Dabchick* was 2nd in the Slow Handicap, with *Cat's Cradle* 4th.

East Coast Week

Another brilliant week on the Tay, both in terms of weather and sailing. Only one race was abandoned due to lack of wind and, as ever, the week was full of incident and adventure. Not a great haul for Corinthians in terms of sailing trophies, but we certainly bagged the most Yellow Jackets (the coveted Dick of the Day award)!

On the racing front, *Blyth Spirit*, with little time to recover from her North Sea adventures, was in line to take the championship until a protest was upheld against them on the last day. The *Blyth* team still came a creditable 4th, with *Roundabout* 7th. *Firecrest* sailed in Division 3, *Siris* in 4, with *Dabchick* in Cruiser 2, and *Ragnor* and *Early Bird* standing by.

Gabriel Noonan won the Yellow Jacket for lauching himself, and crew members Dave "The Coiled Spring" Loudon and Phil Fennell, from *Siris* deck into the tippiest (Dory) water taxi. Ron Lorimer, who was driving, is still in therapy.

Ian Hellewell donned the Jacket not for simply going aground ('cos nearly everyone does that at the Tay), but for (allegedly) throwing crew Fiona McIntyre into the water to push the boat off.

Willy Barr, however, topped the lot by winning the overall Dick of the Week award for his arrival at Broughty Ferry. After a few sweet sheries at Anstruther, *Firecrest* opted for the direct route into the Tay. (Just ask to see his GPS screen for their track into the river!)

As ever, a combination of great weather, brilliant organisation and hospitality, ripping tides, close-tacking up the beach, and apres-sail, made Tay 2000 a huge success. Congratulations to all involved.

East Coast Sailing Week 2001 will take place at Granton. Lots of volunteers will be needed both on the water and shoreside. Please get in touch with Linda Pennycook if you can help in any way.

STOP PRESS

The Wickes Stern Chase was won by *Blyth Spirit* closely followed by *Siris* then *Roundabout* and the Gadie single handed race was won by *Jenny* followed by *Nokomis* (unfortunately only two boats took part).

WINTER PROGRAMME

A full and finalised winter programme will be available at the Club AGM. This will, hopefully, include: - a talk from British Waterways on the Millennium Link canal project - a talk from Alan Wynne-Thomas on his transatlantic adventures - a talk from Owen sailmakers - a night on racing rules and experiences - and the all-singing, all-dancing George Milne Quizzes

In the meantime, here are some dates for your diary...

Monday 9 October
AGM

Saturday 21 October
Curry Night - the return match with Cramond - tickets on sale in the club.

Saturday 28 October
Lift out - food and drink in the club at night.

Friday 1 December
Club Prize-giving Friday 15 December Club Christmas Party

Friday 26 January
Burns' Night

Council Contacts

Commodore
Linda Pennycook
0131 552 5886

Vice Commodore
Graham Russell
0131 229 8959

Rear Comodore
Ed North
0131 552 4910

Treasurer
Pete Sherlock
0131 334 7775

Secretary & Fairwind Editor
Fiona McIntyre
0131 337 4879

Membership
Tim Wright
0131 556 1478

Harbour Secretary
Howard Thomson
0131 665 4648

Sailing Secretary
Ian Dawson
0131 555 2987

Minute Secretary
Phil Chester
0131 332 5767

Phil Fennell
0131 538 4632

Melvyn Bond
0131 346 0591

Sarah Price
Fiarwind Editor & Website
0131 229 0029



Sam Bartlett and Al

Perhaps in years gone by sailors had to rely on message in bottles to get word out.

Today, **Sam Bartlett** just uses *email*.

If you'd like to contact Sam, to find out about her travels, or just to say hello, you can write to her at samantha.bartlett@virgin.net.

Her website is at www.cybersail.org