

FAIRWIND

Autumn / Winter 2020

Forth Corinthian Yacht Club

NEW SINKER: 'BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD ANY BOAT IN CLUB'

Commodore's BRIEFING



It seems a long time ago that we received our last *Fairwind*. Who could have foreseen lockdowns and disruption to our lives due to a pandemic

when we were enjoying the articles back in the spring? At one point it looked like we would have no sailing this year at all but the easing of some Covid restrictions allowed a rescheduled lift in on 4th July. This allowed a few very keen members to get back to boating.

The summer was not entirely wasted as far as club activities though. We had quizzes by Zoom and made the best of the technology for Council Meetings and other activities.

Unfortunately some things could not be achieved using Zoom sessions. We organised mini work-parties casting sinkers and working on the club boats with social distancing BBQs in the yard afterwards. Some members even had the time to work on their own boats in between painting huts and fences at home. It has to be said that the yard work-parties were enjoyed mostly by our very recent members who are taking to our club with great enthusiasm and I'm confident that they are the future.

This season was challenging but we got through it with your support and I thank you all.

George Mackay
Commodore, FCYC



OK, so it's just a lump of concrete ... but it's big enough to hold any boat in the club! After expanding our mooring allocation we now need to replace the ground chain attached Royal Forth moorings on the new row with our own design. Partly because the ground chain system itself is in need of replacement, and partly because for us a sinker-based system is easier to service and maintain.

This was the first sinker out of the mould made for us by Jim Cursitor, weighing in at a hefty 500+ kilos. Learning from initial run, our subsequent casting is actually smaller, but with the higher density, and so comes in at a similar weight. George has been

gradually improving the mix of concrete, aggregate and steel balls to perfect the recipe with the expert support of Eddy North.

Odd as it seems, concrete has a certain level of buoyancy, so in water the sinker will be 'lighter' than its weight on dry land. Adding much denser material such as steel improves the sinker's effectiveness. Much of the sinker work has been achieved by a dedicated group working on weekday work-parties, including members new and old ... so many thanks for your efforts. Only another five to go...

Mark Hartswood, Harbour Secretary

NEWHAVEN COASTAL ROWERS

The year 2020 was to be the year of celebrating 10 years since the formation of the Scottish Coastal Rowing Association. Instead of the planned Row Around Scotland, passing a baton from one club to the next, we were asked to contribute to an on-line Virtual Rowaround. You can follow the link to see Newhaven Coastal Rowers in action.

https://www.rowaround.scot/virtual_legs/granton-to-leith-docks-section-11-day-10/

Under the guidance of Sport Scotland and the SCRA we were able to start rowing again in September, which of course proved to be short lived. We squeezed in one beautiful Sunday morning row, and one very wet Introductory row for two prospective club members.

We have a new addition to the club; our picnic-class skiff has been on the water in the harbour. All the years of hard graft have come to fruition! Club members voted for her name, and Bow-Tow was chosen, a historic name for a native of Newhaven.

One of the highlights of the coastal rowing calendar is 'Castle to Crane' in the Firth of Clyde. This five-mile slog from Dumbarton Rock to the Finnieston Crane usually sees an armada of skiffs vying for the fastest time. This year's event took place remotely, each club in their own waters. The allotted day was one of strong easterlies and, accordingly, choppy waters for us. Selecting a starting point 200 metres NE of the harbour entrance, we surf-rowed at a steady six knots to the north tip of Cramond Island. The row back to the starting point was inevitably slower, gruelling but satisfying. We may not have troubled the leaderboard, but as a club renowned for enjoying choppy waters, we went home happy.

When I last wrote for Fairwind, we were looking forward to celebrating the Wee Michael's 10th birthday in November. We have certainly had to lower our expectations, and are crossing our fingers that we might be able to have her on the water that day.

Pat Lawson, Chairperson, NCRC

THREE CORNITHIAN

Morag Edwards books a c

I left Scotland in September, in my wheelchair, with a one-way ticket to Greece.

I'd heard a great deal about the joys of Greek flotilla sailing. I knew Paul Taylor was to skipper one of the other yachts, not mine, but both he and my designated skipper Kev had assured me there would be no problem about my limited mobility even if they had to physically lift me on and off the boat every time. I didn't feel the need to ask any more than that! I'd had no contact at all with the other crew members so didn't know who or what to expect on that front. I hoped it wouldn't turn out to be a bit too Club 18-30 because I hadn't packed bodypaint. When the others arrived, I discovered that to my delight there were another four female crew members. There are never enough women in the boats so this was a real treat. It transpired that we were not to be a flotilla; we only had two boats, but they were quite big ones.

Our homes for the next month were a 2005 Jeanneau Sun Odyssey 49 named *Sirius* and a 2008 Jeanneau Sun Odyssey 49i named *Mirta*, both thoroughly-thrashed charter boats on their final voyage of the season. Each had four cabins, two doubles aft and two single fore cabins, all with private head and own hot shower.

There were a few design differences between the boats. *Sirius*'s Garmin only worked on shore power. *Mirta*'s freezer didn't freeze. 49i meant that *Mirta* had in-mast furling, central heating and some kind of sideways rocket propulsion, while *Sirius* was more traditional. *Sirius*'s interior had been designed by a sadist who wanted everyone to break their ankles, whereas by *Mirta*'s year, they had noticed that a level saloon floor and level steps are probably safer.

Sirius's crew enthusiastically planned meals to cook on board and spent the kitty on local food and drink. *Mirta*'s crew decided they wanted to dine ashore every night and spent their kitty on gin. Paul was on *Mirta*. I was on *Sirius*. With complete strangers. Who by the end of the week would feel like family I wanted to keep on sailing with for the rest of my life.

We set off the next morning for the far end of Thassos, the nearest island, the home to giant quarries of white

marble. At the southern end was a newly-constructed breakwater and quayside of that gleaming white marble, brand new electric and water hook-up points all along the waterside. None worked. The hilltop's Gothic mansion was empty, abandoned for decades.

I was glad to see the next day overcast after a day hidden under a big cap, mostly covered by Aussie surfer clothing, any bare skin under repeatedly applied layers of factor 50. The water looked perky too. I love a good bouncy sail in rough weather, not least because I don't get seasick.



Sketch of *Mirta* behind us.

But it was a weird kind of water. The waves came at us from every angle, the storm having begun during the night with plenty of time to bounce off all surrounding land. It was like being churned and wrung. I sat at the unused helm, prepared to take my turn at driving later. The waves grew higher. From every side.

On board *Mirta*, even the transatlantic crew dropped like flies and soon only Paul was upright and functional. At least on *Sirius* we all managed to stay on deck, but at the end of that day's sailing I

NS IN A VOLCANO

one-way ticket to Greece

entered the port of Mirina with my head in a bucket, utterly crumpled.

We waited out the storm in Mirina, macrame-ed to the wall next to three other late season yachts. Crossing gangplanks while the boat bounced around was nearly impossible for me; I still have the scars. Above us on the castle crags, horned goats peered down, jingling their bells. All shops were closed for the festival weekend of liberation from a former tyrannical country. There were to be many more of those celebrations on various islands. We were woken on the last morning by a fully-armed marching



band playing tunes on the quayside. The weather now safe enough to depart; we had the chance to play with *Sirius* in the outer harbour. Each of us took the helm to take the boat through doughnuts and figures of eight forward, doughnuts and figures of eight astern, really getting the feel of the boat. I learned to hold the boat in the right direction so sails could be raised and was soon given the opportunity to take the helm at sea too. I'd have been no good standing at a tiller; it was holding a huge wheel that gave me stability and ability, although I

kept forgetting that when the sail blocks your view just move across to the other steering wheel.

I learned many things not mentioned in the RYA syllabus. The scented poo bag. Putting the kettle on. That one mosquito in the cabin is one too many. And that while a bed is normally a horizontal surface, that can't be taken for granted at sea, so check first. Once I leaned off the edge of my bunk, slid sideways and landed upside-down in the open locker, balanced on my nose. Still not sure how that happened but I have the dent across the bridge of my nose to remind me to never make assumptions about which way is up. Learning how to sail a yacht that size moved to the bottom of my priorities. Learning how to live aboard it rose to the top.

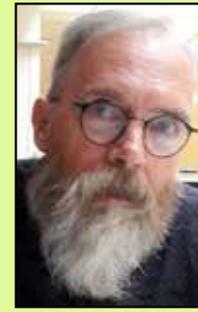
Some days we sailed at dawn right through the most scorching hours to reach the next destination before dusk. I stayed on board for days at a time, usually needing an early night much more than a restaurant ashore.

The gangway was a horror. It took a week and a couple of blood sacrifices to find a system of crossing it that worked without fear and injury, namely a person at either end and some sarcasm. In the worst weather we all needed a bit of that. Every quayside was too high or too low, adding a gradient to the wobble. Every few days I'd finally stumble across the gangway of doom, only to discover that now the land wouldn't stay still.

Due to the differences between the two alphabets, there are at least two English spellings of every Greek port and island, sometimes three. Our logbooks meander between translations. My personal logbook, something I planned to write up in diary-level detail, sat gathering sea dust because there wasn't a spare moment of evening to write, while during the day I was transfixed by the scenery, the sailing, the singing, trying not to always be sitting on the locker that was needed next, plus the hard task of avoiding sunburn. We sang every day. Sketching on deck turned out to be a much harder task than anticipated, especially on days when I was holding on.

I expected lunchtimes at sea to pass by unnoticed or that I'd have porridge, or that we'd make sandwiches in the morning and chill them until lunch, in

Editorial



It's impossible not to mention the dreaded coronavirus, much as I would like to ignore it. The latest news as we go to press is that there's a vaccine (or two) almost

ready to be let leash on the unsuspecting public. And several more in an advanced state of testing.

Let's hope at least one of these vaccines works at least tolerably well so we can get back to some semblance of normal, whatever that turns out to be in these post-covid times. Perhaps we will be able to start planning for a full sailing season next year. Some folks did manage to get their boats in the water this summer but lift-in and lift-out were nothing like the busy everyone-welcome events we normally have.

Attendees were limited to those who were strictly necessary for the lifting-in and lifting-out of each boat.

Nor have there been the usual clutch of post-race barbecues that are held in a normal season. Our hard-working Social Secretary, Tam Lochrie, has done his best, with a couple of quizzes and some post work-party 'sausage sizzles', and we are promised something for Christmas, though we aren't sure what that will be yet. The Christmas Party is normally a highlight of the Forth Corinthians year, along with the prizegiving, raffle, games and other activities. We will survive without it, but hopefully things will return to a semblance of normal next year.

Meanwhile, it's autumn, slipping into winter. The yard is quiet, and is likely to be quiet for some time to come. Let's hope that in the spring we will be able to get things going again, get all the boats in the water, organise some races and some cruises in company and ... have FUN!

John Hunter, Editor

fact I was prepared to be the journey's sandwich maker, but I didn't need to; my crewmate Melody did proper lunches. Every day she produced dishes of pasta, salads, fish, sides, juice, and we let Otto take the helm so we could eat together at the deck's dining table. On a particularly hot and memorable day, our First Mate MBH worked below in sauna-like conditions to produce a feast of roast potatoes and roast garlic chicken for lunch.

We revised our nav lights and dayshapes, but rarely saw another vessel to practice them on. We learned new knots on deck, fortunate enough to have both an RYA instructor who'd run her own sailing school in Greece for years, and a Merchant Navy sailor of even more mileage to teach me knots I'd annoyingly forgotten since Girl Guides. It would have been easier if I'd realised one was right-handed and one was left-handed before trying to follow both their sets of instructions at once.

We had an energetic guest from *Mirta* on board some days, Caroline needing extra time on our helm to practice for her Coastal Skipper since her boat had twice the crew and therefore only half the opportunities for doing certain tasks than ours.

I had by now realised that we weren't on a leisurely swim, schmooze and snorkel sailing flotilla. We were on a mission to establish the best passage from the most northern Greek port down to reach Rhodes by a certain weekend, and get back again by another specific weekend. We would be using the route down the Turkish side and we would be treated badly by the Meltemi as the season changed during our 1000 nautical mile journey. Most days we would be passed by Turkish yachts in full sail in the glorious wind that made for splendid sailing North while we were heading South.

Our skipper requested that the voyage briefly halt so we could anchor up for a good lunchtime swim before we melted in the heat, for which I was so grateful I refused to get back in the boat. The water was crystal clear. I dived to inspect the hull and propeller, and to photograph the fish. No fish. No signs of life at all on the pristine sandy seabed.

The journey took us in and out of Turkish waters, courtesy flag raised. I hadn't expected to see Turkey's landscape in such detail, nor its warships. When the wind dropped at the end of the first week, the water glassy calm and the sunshine baking hot, we were close to land, motor-sailing down narrow straights between the Turkish mainland and the now-Greek islands. Tourist season was

over. This was now the crossing time, the autumn days and nights for rafts to risk the crossing in what might be the final safe seas of the year.

We had 'The Talk' on board, of course. Assisting in any way, even to stop someone from drowning was strictly illegal in these contested waters ... and I mean Turkish jail time. But what's the

glassy water in the first light, searching and searching for any disturbance, anything, anyone, drawing alongside a dark curly-haired head half-submerged in the water that turned out to be a clump of seaweed and a plastic bag, oh god, I barely breathed.

The shoreline was littered with empty yellow lifejackets, large plastic bottles



point of staying out of prison if you have to live with that on your conscience? We set sail before dawn those days, almost guaranteed to collide with those who'd been on rafts all night and were reaching Greek shores as the sun rose.

It felt like the most important job I've ever had. At the helm scouring the eerily

and flaccid black rafts, all pulled high enough from the water and almost into the bushes that suggested their occupants had reached the shores alive then scarpred, rather than being remnants just washed ashore. We'd just missed them; they must have arrived safely while we were still carefully

navigating our way out of the dark harbour, watching the depth gauge as we passed between the outcrops.

Marina to Ag Efstadius, Ag Efstadius to Mithymna on Lesbos, then a slide between outcrops to Skala Loutros, which turned out to still be on Lesbos but inland, an exciting bit of pathfinding for our crew, inching slowly into into what looked like

yet part of the mooring party, it needed too much moving too fast. But I was ready with the ice packs and plasters. G&Ts began earlier than usual that day, *Mirta's* crew letting us be the host boat because we had the ice.

The next day the sea was pretty wild. They were the right kind of waves though, the fun kind. Incredibly, lunch was

hospital.

We moored alongside in Chios harbour which is not in the least bit protected from the wind so we bounced and rubbed against the quay in the roasting sunshine. Our Coastal Skipper trainee realised there were now only two crew on *Sirius* left to do all the cleaning, refuelling, watering and victualing, so she joined us, abandoning glamour for graft.

That night, adrenalin ebbing, we ate takeaway gyros on deck, while the city's rich kids promenaded. Chios waterfront was the place to be seen, and much designer gear slinked or scootered past with extremely well-groomed hair demonstrating the power of product against the wind. Whereas we were scruffy, bruised, shaken and we smelt of diesel despite having been hosed down on deck. But then I realised we were, nevertheless, sitting there *on our yacht*.

We had downtime in Chios until we could be sure our crewmate had the very best medical treatment, her insurance company responding swiftly. Our skipper stayed with her until everything was in order. The waterfront was noisy with nightclubs, but to me it just felt like Edinburgh in August so it was almost relaxing.

We departed Chios at dawn, new crewmate at the helm under skipper's supervision and *Mirta* close behind us. We sailed straight into a military round-up of refugee rafts heading for Chios. Our main radio crackled with repeats of 'Hellenic Coastguard this is Turkish Warship 312, over'. The helicopter flew low over us, the coastguard rib swept a loop round the packed raft causing much shouting and screaming as the wash threw the occupants around, and the patrol boat stuck to their side all the way into harbour, the Turkish warship watching from the other side of the channel, constantly radio checking on the Greek coastguard.

On the Samos to Lesbos leg the wind direction and our route did not align, so *Sirius* crew voted unanimously that chasing the wind was more important than getting to our next destination quickly, and that I should learn to helm under sail out of sight of land in every direction. We took a glorious, wind-in-our-sails detour across the North Aegean. I felt the power of *Sirius* when she had the wind full in her sails, and how I just had to turn a little to go faster and faster. *Sirius* was not designed for racing, but this charter packhorse clearly dreamed of being a racehorse. We slid into harbour at dusk.

Continued next issue

Watercolour sketch of *Mirta* alongside us.



post-apocalyptic Outer Hebrides in a heatwave. Not a single person on land, no animals, no birds, just mishmashed rustic homesteads and endless boat skeletons. It was very, very quiet. Mooring was tricky, a breeze gusting down into the seemingly sheltered tiny harbour knocking us sideways. I wasn't

prepared and served while we were at all angles so eaten mainly by catching the food as it slid past. But on approach, my crewmate suddenly slipped on the steps, fell below and broke her spine. I wedged her into place, informed the skipper and first mate up on deck, and became Dr Mo as best as I could until she was taken to

NOTES FROM A

Cruising log of Wayfarer *Fait Accompli*

It was a year ago in June that I cruised my Wayfarer, *Fait Accompli*, for the last time, writes Dan Robertson. Getting caught in a squall in the Kyles of Bute with a shivering puppy was the moment my heavily pregnant fiancé and I decided that it was time for a bigger boat. But we'd had some great adventures before reaching this decision, which I share with you now.

Sound of Jura 'booze cruise', July 2018

This was probably the best cruise in the whole time of having the boat. Ann and I cooked up the plan on one Christmas Eve drinks crawl round Edinburgh, our plans getting steadily more ambitious the more Islay single malts we drank. By the end



of the night we committed ourselves to visiting as many Islay distilleries by sea as we could. We struck gold with the weather, it being the solstice weekend in 2018 when that big heatwave started.

We set off from Tayvallich and visited Eilan Mor MacCormic, Craighouse, Lagavullin, Port Ellen, the Ardmore Islands, An Cladach bothy, Gigha and the Fairy islands over 11 days, returning home with a fair haul of single malts. It was a mixture of sleeping aboard, on shore in the tent, in a bothy and one night in a B&B for a bit of luxury. There are too many stories to recount on this trip, but some highlights include solstice at anchor on the McCormic Isles, catching cod at Lagavullin, drinks aboard our pontoon neighbour's plush boat in Port Ellen (after they helped me fix the outboard), walking off the hangover two days later by visiting the distilleries for the free coffee, several hours enjoying the wildlife at the Ardmore Islands while waiting



for a favourable tide to turn, swimming out to the boat from the beach on Gigha. If Ann didn't have the bug before, she did now!

Fidra and Kinghorn, October 2018

Our one and only multi night cruise on the Forth, we had some superb sailing to Fidra where the seagulls never rest! We stayed aboard tied up to the pier, and set off for Bass Rock early next morning, rounded and brunched in North Berwick. The wind totally dropped while we ate, and as motoring back in a flat calm didn't seem a fitting end to the trip we changed course somewhere near the fairway and headed to Kinghorn, where we put the boat out on its anchor and enjoyed steak bridges and some karaoke at the local. Upon returning to the boat we found that our tripping line on the beach had been covered by the tide. Ann didn't hesitate to rescue the day by swimming out to the floating bag on the end of the tripping line and dragging the boat back in by its anchor. The party continued aboard courtesy of the bluetooth speaker. After a hearty breakfast, we had a superb beat back to Granton the next morning, arriving with cobwebs fully cleared out.

Sutherland, November 2018

Strictly speaking this was not so much a cruise as a ferry service to a remote bothy with enough supply of food, coal and booze to keep three lads warm and in good cheer through the northern winter nights. It was a trip beset with disaster after almost catastrophic disaster, and so inevitably the one with the biggest laughs and sense of achievement in overcoming them. Talk to me in the yard for the full tale, but just to give you a flavour, we scrapped the van, broke the trailer, almost knocked out the wife for Kylesku, executed a lifeboat

launch in the dark and very nearly got stormbound. All agreed that the first whisky by the fire in Glendhu bothy was the best any of us ever had. White and McKay if you were wondering. Highlight of the trip—gorge walking and snorkelling in the dry suits.

Sound of Arisaig, March 2019

Another 'ferry to the bothy' trip, this time to the spectacular Peanmeanach bothy in the Sound of Arisaig, which is sadly due to close as a bothy in October. Given that all bothies are currently shut due to the dreaded bug which shall not be named, it may never open as a bothy again. This is the second time *Fait Accompli* visited Peanmeanach, the first being in 2017 after a pretty hairy downwind run from Eigg in a following sea. Amazingly the crew on both occasions have returned for more! On both visits we stayed for two nights, spending a day picking mussels and other foraging for a fireside feast with views down the Ardnamurchan peninsula. I feel doubly blessed.

Beadnell to Granton, April 2019

The other strong contender for the best cruise, Dad and I decided to sail the boat back from a family holiday in Northumberland. We couldn't have asked for better conditions, with wind on the beam all the way. We joined the family for the first night at Lindisfarne, and again in Eyemouth the next day. Some fickle winds and my Dad telling me stories of family ancestors lost fishing herring in the North



A SMALL BOAT

during her time at FCYC, 2018 and 2019

Sea gave me the heebie jeebies, just as the rudder gave way (we had grounded out on a low spring tide leaving Eyemouth). The rest of the trip towards Dunbar was a wee bit tense as I carried out running repairs to the rudder while Dad ensured we made progress under motor.

Repairs complete we had a superb last five miles sailing to Tyne Sands, where we dried out and had a great evening by beach fires with other campers, exchanging adventure stories. The next morning was dead calm, and as we had set off early to catch the tide we took the opportunity to dive into Seacliff harbour. This is a very eerie place at low tide, and I'm not sure I'd like to spend the night there. The local lobsterman got a surprise when he met us leaving, and told us in no uncertain terms not to come back. While I'm doubtful he had the authority to banish us, I don't intend to take a keel boat there in the future. The wind picked up as we had brunch in the Sealife Centre at North Berwick, turning into a fresh north easterly. This, along with the fair tide, got us to Granton in under three hours. A satisfying end to a superb trip.

Appin to Etive and back, May 2019

A cruise in company with the Wayfarer Association cruising secretary Boris, him single handing his immaculate Mark 1 woodie *Delphi*, and me with a colleague as crew. This turned out to be the last multi-night cruise with the boat, and it was a fine trip. A video of the trip can be seen via this quicklink shorturl.at/gktyv or with a YouTube search for 'Appin to Etive'. Do



check out Boris's other videos. I especially recommend 'Iona Skyline'.

Both boats set off single handed from Linnhe Marina, run by the extremely friendly and helpful Paul. If I were to ever keep a boat on the West Coast, I would seriously consider this place. We had a fantastic reach down out of the Sound of Shuna and into the Creran narrows to anchor up for the first night.

We picked up my crew the following day from Dunstaffnage, and then set off to the Falls of Lora just at the tail end of a foul tide. A steady westerly got us under the Connel Bridge, and we had a superb run for the 12 or so miles to the bothy in the upper loch with the tide steadily strengthening behind

us. I would love to come back and climb Ben Cruachan from this side, but in this instance we chose to motor in a dead calm and steady rain to Dunstaffnage the following day to avoid getting stuck up the Loch in the fresh westerlies forecast later in the week.

On leaving the marina after a very damp night, we found the wind and swell were a bit strong for the single-handed *Delphi* who turned back. With the extra weight and hands we felt comfortable aboard *Fait Accompli* to press on to Appin, and had an exciting reach up the Lynn of Lorn. With a

TRINITY SEA CADETS

Due to Covid-19 there has been rather little Sea Cadet activity since the spring. We had hoped to get on the water but this turned out not to be possible. At the time of writing (mid-October) the Unit was working towards obtaining permission to start meeting indoors. This involves carrying out risk assessments, considering changing room layouts and completing a range of documents and forms.

On the other hand, some of you will have noticed that the Claverhouse Centre roof has been fixed so we will no longer have to worry about water damage to unit property. The Cadets have been kept in touch with and additional instructors recruited so that the Unit is ready to start its activities again as soon as we are allowed to. Our finances are also healthy.

I will be leaving the Unit Management Team at the AGM in late October, having served for about 15 years. New ideas are needed to help re-invigorate the Unit as we recover from the effects of Covid-19. I am very pleased that Tam Lochrie has agreed to join the Committee, particularly as this will reinforce the links between the club and the unit.

Graham Russell
Chair, Edinburgh Trinity Unit
Management Team





steady force four on the beam, a fair spring tide and a following sea we surfed several waves and topped 13 knots on the GPS before dropping the main and relaxing for the final few miles, making six knots under jib.

Sound of Bute, June 2019

This was intended to be a shore based holiday at Loch Lomond with (pregnant) Ann and our salty sea puppy Bella, but in the end we found a great beach campsite on the Cowall peninsula that could not be reached by car, and was too good not to visit. We raised some eyebrows, taking a complete comfort basecamp (family tent, big double airbed and double sleeping bag, BBQ, dog crate, coal, logs, camping armchairs and a running mooring in addition to the usual cruising gear) piled over the thwart and centreboard to a beautiful campsite on the beach a few miles south of Tighnabruaich.

Gear unloaded, we set the boat up on a running mooring (thanks Joe for *Early Bird's* anchor) and had some great day sailing in the Kyles, and relaxing evenings with the BBQ on the beach. We already suspected that it was time for a bigger boat, and getting caught in a squall on this trip made the decision easier for us. It was very satisfying then that on our very last sail aboard *Fait Accompli*, back to the car laden with all the creature comforts, we kept pace under jib alone with the three yachts taking the tide up the Kyles.

Reflection

What do I miss about the Wayfarer? The sailing performance, the small(ish) budget, the freedom of sailing anywhere in the country, being able to beach and camp / both / B&B as it suited, the possibility of A to B cruising with the wind. What do I not miss? Having nowhere comfy to sit, constantly re-organising the boat, the total lack of shelter, meagre provisions. I would definitely do it again in someone else's boat, but I'm now more than happy to sail with the family aboard *Somerled* in a bit more comfort and enjoy the memories.

Dinghy cruising has certainly improved my seamanship, cruise planning and boat handling, and I would recommend it to anyone who loves adventures, spreadsheets and jigsaw puzzles. *Fait Accompli* is a late 80s GRP MkII wayfarer with some success in the class national races before I bought and modified her. She was sold to an Ayrshire family who have previously built wayfarers for coastal cruising. She will be sailed on the Clyde and on family holidays in Loch Sween, which is satisfying given our happy memories with her there.

Daniel Robertson



Cruising mods & gear

Drysuits
 Outboard
 Extra reefing in the main
 Overboom tent
 Masthead light
 Various cleats and fairleads
 Anchor and kedge
 Warp and fenders

Handheld DSC VHF
 Roller reefing (luffspar) genoa
 Long oars
 12 volt solar system (for phone and radio charging, and for lights)
 D ring fender
 100m anchor tripping line

THE INTERVIEW: Jim Glass

Q What got you into sailing in the first place?

A I'm sure it was to please my Mum whose Grandfather had been the subject of a jaunty profile in the 1920s: 'A regular old salt ... breezy in manner, loves the sea, and his spirit of enthusiasm is infectious among the men who go down to the sea from Port Macadam.'

Q When and where did you start?

A My kind employers, who had been responsible for the greatest corporate

A Racing? Please wash your mouth out.

Q What has been your most enjoyable sailing experience?

A I reckon it was after rounding Ardnamurchan for the first time in the *Ouzel* and, punching the air, sailing into Tobermory where we dropped anchor (it was West Highland Sailing week and the place was mobbed). That night a covers band sang Dignity and the whole drunken packed pub sang along. I was in heaven.

A The *Ouzel* was a 23ft Westerly Pageant—a really capable little boat with a very fabulous nearly new Vetus 11HP. Not the best going upwind, mind.

Q What is your current boat and why did you choose it?

A *Rascallion* is a Sadler 29 and I've now had it for two years. I wanted a twin-keeler, so it was that or a Westerly something or other—and the Sadler has a very fine sheen and looks proper boatlike. And it's got a lovely shiny wooden floor in the cabin, as you'll know if you have been fortunate enough to join



crash in world history, very shortly thereafter decided they could no longer afford to keep me on and offered me enough spending money for a modest sailing vessel if I'd clear my desk.

Q What is it that you like about sailing?

A Getting away from the traffic on Lower Granton Road. I jest, but once that harbour drops away behind and it's just you (and a pal or two) and the sea and sky...

Q Do you prefer cruising or racing (and why)?

Q What has been your most frightening sailing experience?

A On the pontoon in 2011, just after lift-in, I'd put my boom back on. I went below to potter, and suddenly realised the time (Hearts were at home that afternoon), so bounded up the steps—thwack! I'd split my scalp good and proper. Several hours later, I had 12 lovely metal staples and can still feel the scar.

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

the privileged ranks of those who have been invited aboard...

Q A few years back you moved to Granton. Was that to be nearer the harbour?

A It was to keep me out the Diggers.

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

A I've had some great sailing up the west coast to Stornoway from Millport with Jimmie Hill, round the top to Stornoway with George and Pete, and a

couple of weeks with Paul in the Aegean.

Q When did you join Forth Corinthians and why?

A Summer 2010; Corinthian sounded so much better than Royal, and when I rolled up to the bar on my first Monday there, I fell in with these über cool guys, one of whom had a Triumph Bonneville outside. That was Simon Monard. I wanted to be his friend.

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

A House convener (thanks to Jack Haldane at my first AGM!), Secretary, Treasurer and currently Director of the FCYC Development Company. And confidante of Commodores past and present!

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

A Never rush. And get your lines ready well before they're needed.

Q What would you like to do in future, sailing wise?

A Take my boat through to the West Coast for the summer and take Diane to the Small Isles which she'd never heard of. I promised it to her, years ago. Though that was when she thought they were on the Dalmation Coast.

Q What do you do when you're not sailing?

A At the moment, with all the Covid-19 restrictions, I grow my hair.

DID YOU KNOW ... ?

... that the original RIB was built by students and staff of the Atlantic College in South Wales in a project directed by retired Royal Navy Admiral Desmond Hoare. The idea of a rigid hull kept afloat by large inflatable buoyancy tubes had been conceived by the RNLI, as a way of reducing the wear and tear on the fabric bottoms of inflatable boats. The first commercially available RIB was built in 1967 by Flatacraft Ltd of Leicestershire (ironically an inland county with no coastline) and in 1969 the RIB was launched at the London Boat Show.

A VOYAGE TO

A planned circuit of Skye via Stornoway

After our visit to Shetland last year, Keith and I had been planning a circuit of Skye via Stornoway and the Shiants. However, Covid-19 put a stop to that. However, we managed to get away for a week to Arisaig this September on Keith's Moody 34, *Ruhig*. The initial plan had been for a trip round the Small Isles perhaps taking in Lochs Moidart and Ailort as well as the island of Soay off Skye to get our quota of rock hopping.

Kate was going to stay on Muck or Eigg while we were on the boat. However, there was no accommodation available on Muck and visitors were discouraged from landing on Eigg, and the weather was not

forecast to be SW force 5-6 gusting 7 so we decided to go to Canna.

Once we left the South Channel, we set off for Canna with two reefs in the main and made it to just short of Canna in a single tack. The new mainsail bought after last year's trip to Shetland, worked well. Just off the Sound of Rum, we were met by a pod of common dolphins which kept us entertained with their synchronised swimming in twos and threes beside the boat before diving under us. They were with us for about half an hour and there must have been lots of them although we could only see a few at any one time.

As we approached Canna, we were



The harbour at Canna.

looking promising. Kate therefore planned herself a trip on the mainland based in Arisaig.

We met Keith on the Tuesday afternoon. The weather was looking better for the morning so we did not set off that afternoon but took the opportunity to replace a battery that sits in an awkward place beside the engine. This went well until we switched the power back on and found that nothing was working. The evening was spent on the mooring reading by the light of oil lamps.

Next day we were fortunate to get the local boat electrician who discovered the lead that we had overlooked and got everything working. Due to the time and the weather we decided to delay setting off till the Thursday. The wind was

surprised not to see the Sgeir a' Phuirt port hand mark. It transpired that it had come ashore in a storm. As it was still lit when it was washed up, it was fortunate that the local people went out to cover it. Plans are in place to replace the light.

A change in local wind direction and the departure of the ferry meant that a couple of tacks had to be thrown in before we reached one of the mooring buoys in the lee of Sanday. For those of you unfamiliar with this area, what we call Canna is in fact two islands, Canna itself and Sanday which are connected by a drying channel and a bridge. The excellent anchorage lies between the two islands. We went ashore to pay our mooring fee in the honesty box in the un-manned shop and took the opportunity to buy a locally

TO CANNA AND BACK

ornoway and the Shiant's takes a different tack



Inspecting the earth houses.

produced venison Madras curry.

Next day the wind was even stronger so we went ashore again and had some lunch in the Canna café where we chatted with the owner whose Sigma 36 lay on another mooring in the anchorage. While we were waiting for the freshly baked bread to come out of the oven, we picked a large quantity of brambles that we stewed with apples for the evening's dessert.

Then it was time for a walk. The plan was to head into the wind on the track and go to see the remains of a neolithic souterrain which was located beside some ruined sheilings. When we got there, we found that you could only go a little way into the subterranean earthhouse but it was nevertheless worth seeing. It is clear that Canna has been occupied for millennia. As we were now on the north side of the island, we decided to make our way back along the top of the cliffs—just the place to be in a strong wind. We had left the map on the boat but we were on a small island so could hardly get lost. The going was rather wet in places but we could see something of Skye through the low cloud and mist. We eventually dropped down to just beside the shop where we bought some venison burgers.

Many people stay overnight on the Canna moorings before heading for

the Uists but the island is well worth a visit as it is so interesting. While taking advantage of the café's WiFi we picked up a message from Arisaig Marine asking people who intended to overwinter in the yard to remove sails as soon as they could, as the yard did not have the capacity to do that and to lift boats out

Heading home.



and they were concerned that travel restrictions might prevent owners from coming to Arisaig.

The plan to visit Soay before returning to Arisaig on the Monday was shelved—probably a wise decision in the light of the weather forecast—and we decided to return on the Saturday. Saturday morning came and we set off immediately after a squall went through. As forecast, winds were force six to seven gusting force eight at times. As the wind was from the SW, we just unrolled some genoa and tried to enjoy the ride. It was a fast passage and we averaged over six knots. We watched most of the rain showers passing to north and south of us and the heavy rain held off till we were back on the mooring. The forecast for Sunday was for even more rain and Graham jumped ship to join Kate. We took the sails off on the Monday morning while on the mooring in the dry and in a gentle force four. Then we set off for home.

We could easily have cancelled the trip in the light of the forecast but we were glad we went. The Moody 34 is a good sea boat and we prepared well for the passages. The various businesses we came into contact with were implementing the Covid-19 rules and advice well and, while there were lots of visitors in Arisaig, we only saw another two yachts at sea.

Graham Russell

ANOTHER LIFT UNDER SHADOW OF COVID

This autumn saw another lift conducted under the shadow of Covid. The date for lift-out was moved earlier by a couple of weeks in anticipation of greater lockdown restrictions coming into force.

The event was managed according to RYA guidelines and involved a core group of volunteers and skippers of the boats being moved. In the end it was a successful day, with 14 boats and 5 masts safely lifted. As usual there were some problems encountered on the day, but the Corinthian spirit—in this case of problem solving and tenacity—won through in the end. Hopefully those coming on to the hard have a successful

winter of maintenance, and the one brave soul being lifted-in gets at least a few opportunities to go sailing in-between the gales and Covid restrictions...

As usual, there was a great team spirit shown with members new and old making a great contribution. Many thanks to all those who helped out on the day, and those that joined the work-parties beforehand to get the workboat and yard into shape for the event itself. Hopefully lift-in next year will be its more inclusive and social old self again, with many more boats taking to the water and enjoying a great season of sailing.

Mark Hartswood, Harbour Secretary

THE SOCIAL SEASON

We've had a mixed bag of social events over this strange, short season from quizzes to 'sausage sizzle' work-parties and a few cruises in company in between.

It was great getting to know the new members and keeping up the Corinthian spirit during difficult times. The fleet of Corinthian boats is looking good for all the hard work. Apologies again to those who survived my first attempt at sizzling sausages and thanks to all who came along over the parties.

The quiz champs were Mr and Mrs Glass, winning the first event, and Peter 'Bamber Gascoigne' Douglas, winning the other two!

Keep an eye out for a Christmas 'do' of some form!

Tam Lochrie, Social Secretary

NEW MEMBERS



I joined the Corinthians this year. I'm Australian with the accent to boot.

I'm a keen sailor and I've been enjoying cruising the Forth in my wayfarer *Dipper*. Favourite place so far is probably hanging with the seals in a flat calm at Oxcars lighthouse. Have had great days sailing up to the bridges and around Inchkeith too though.

Cheers and see you around.

Andy Stampton



I live with my wife, Laura, and daughters Hannah and Gaia in Leith. Gaia is also very keen to sail having done her parts 1 and 2 dingy sailing at Port Edgar. I did my day skipper about 30 years ago and since then have been occasionally sailing with friends and family. In the picture you see me modelling my late father in law's gear, which proved to be a bit small, especially after three months of lockdown.

Daniel Prince



I am 48 years old, moved from Brazil to Edinburgh in 2003. I started sailing in 2012 on a Fantasy 19. Last year I bought *Arion* (25 foot, Westerly Windrush). I work in an After School Club for North Edinburgh Child Care. And I play trumpet in a band named Dias Brazil. Sailing is great for my mental and physical health and I enjoy the friendship we share at the sea.

Reginaldo Dias



I'm a self employed carpenter from Dublin living in Edinburgh now 12 years and the proud father of three lovely boys and a little sweetheart daughter called Zoe. I'm married to a lovely woman from Glasgow called Tracey who I met 20 years ago in Sydney. I've been around boats since the age of 15 completing RYA level 1 and 2 and 3 dinghy sailing Squibs in Dun Laoghaire, Dublin, followed by a terrifying few years of kite surfing. Joined Cramond boat club upon my arrival in Edinburgh and had a great time sailing lasers and racing, although I never won a race! I made the conversion three years ago from dinghy to yacht, sailing a Sailfish 18 which allowed me to sail further afield without the risk of getting soaked and capsizing. I'm now sailing a Sadler 26 called *Zephyr* which I purchased two years ago and love dearly and can't wait to sail her across the North Sea or any sea that will have me! I'm delighted to be a member of the Corinthians who have all made me feel very welcome. I should have joined this club years ago.

Tom Brady