



Forth Corinthian Yacht Club Autumn 2026



In lieu of any competition winning image, Kerryanne Joyce provides this one of Hale Kai ("Sea House" in Hawaiian), a Golden Hind 31 designed by Maurice Griffiths.

Banner image, above, by Jim Crossdale.

Greece Revisited

Iain and Susan Gray

Having sailed our old boat "Aros More" from Scotland to Greece 10 years ago we had a desire to go back to the beautiful waters of the Greek Ionian Islands. It is over 20 years since we had been on a flotilla holiday but we took the plunge and booked a two week south to north trip with Sailing Holidays for mid May. May was the chosen month as we recall it being overly warm in July/August!



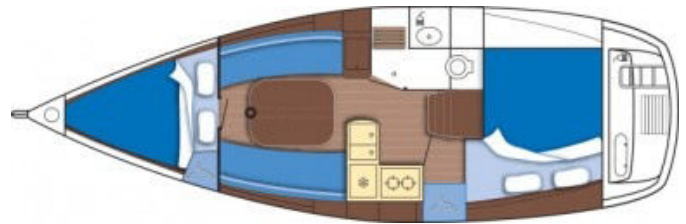
While many club members have taken these holidays before, it is useful to outline what's involved and encourage newer members to give it a try.

A 6am flight got us to Preveza and a short bus trip had us in Nidri (somewhat different from Edinburgh's Niddrie) by early afternoon.

We had chosen the smallest boat they have

which was a Beneteau 323 but it was perfectly adequate for Susan and I. They do, though, have boats up to 50ft. There were 10 boats with 24 people in the flotilla. We had wondered what the age group would be and with the exception of one couple the rest were 60+. Dare I say: Saga sailing! It was all couples apart from two old school pals who had escaped home for a boys jolly. It's likely younger families etc. would be along later in the year. The people on the flotilla were from all walks of life and very pleasant, sociable and it was a pleasure to meet them all.

The lead crew consisted of a skipper,

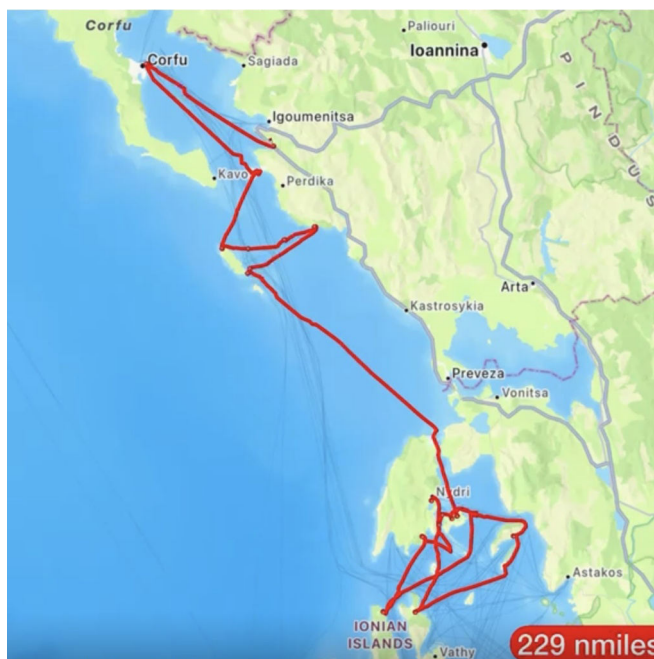


engineer and a hostie. They were all 30ish and always very helpful with a relaxed and positive attitude. The sailing side involved a short brief on how to operate your boat thereafter very relaxed and often humorous daily briefings which detailed our intended destination highlighting any safety considerations for the trip which would be made in your own time with your own route. Destinations varied from 12 miles to 40 miles and they were chosen to suit the weather conditions with no early starts or late finishes.

Our destinations included Sivota, Fiskardo, Spartakhor, Frikes, Kalamos, Little Vathi, Mongonissi, Parga, Lakka, Sivota (mainland) Corfu Town finishing at Plataria. Most of the destinations were typical small villages with the unique pleasantly rustic appeal only

found in Greece. And always a handy taverna for a cold beer or a litre of local red wine. The food wasn't à la carte but was wholesome and hearty at a reasonable price.

Weatherwise, winds in that area can be a bit light especially in the morning but often pick up in the afternoon and on occasions can be quite spicy. We had some good sails with some hard beating to windward but the boat we had was easily handled with 2 people. Standard on all boats is furling mainsail and



headsail which made for easy reefing

There was also inevitably a lot of motoring involved but still very pleasant with beautiful scenery and 25°C. Oh, we did miss our autopilot though!

Stern to berthing can be challenging in strong winds but the lead crew make it stress free, always encouraging without criticism, and giving instructions by radio with an occasional push from their dinghy if required.

The social side involved three group meals and one beachside punch party. The other evenings were for individuals to do as they wished but often involved a meal or a drink with some of our fellow cruisers. We're not the most sociable couple in the universe but

we thoroughly enjoyed every evening.

There is, disappointingly, now not an end of cruise race, but the last night involved a presentation of a range of prizes. I'm pleased to report maintaining FCYC high standards as Susan and I got the coveted top award for best skipper and crew!



We really enjoyed being back in such a beautiful part of the world and found a Sailing Holidays flotilla an excellent way to make it happen. The area doesn't seem to have changed much although I hear it gets even busier in summer. They do now require minimum qualifications of ICC or Day Skipper practical. We considered it to be good value for money. While there are, of course, other providers with more modern boats, they are more expensive.

We're already thinking we'll book another one for next year! Things I would consider taking for a future trip would include: a handheld VHF as, when mooring, I was on the helm and Susan on anchor duty on the foredeck so not easy to go below to send messages; and I'll see if I still have my Greek charts on my old iPad. Whilst I'm sure Nelson would have given his other arm for the tiny Garmin GPS plotter located below at the chart table alongside the radio, it wasn't handy to instantly check out a heading or chart feature. Also, if you like to wear a life jacket all the time then bring your own. The

ones provided resembled an orange version of a Mae West of which I never saw anyone wearing. I believe you can take your automatic life jacket in hand luggage on airlines – they all have inflating ones on board anyway.



Susan's perspective:

It was with a little apprehension that I agreed to go on a flotilla holiday again after so many years. However I didn't have to worry. Being back in Greece was wonderful and sailing into beautiful Greek villages was a joy. The boat itself was plenty big enough for two of us and was clean and tidy inside. It had a good range of plates, dishes and cutlery. Although we intended cooking on board

occasionally, the tavernas were just too enticing with their souvlaki and moussakas, not to mention the cold beer and fabulous Greek wine!

The showering facilities on board were not



luxurious, but perfectly adequate. Many places provided showers ashore for a small cost but we preferred to use the boat shower. It would have been nice to have access to a hairdryer occasionally but it was a minor inconvenience.

The boat was easily managed by the two of us and I even got promoted to radio operator as well as being in charge of the anchor! An electric windlass and a great lead crew made anchoring very simple.

Commodore's Briefing



I hope you are all enjoying the long hot summer of 2026, and in particular getting out sailing. The club has managed to run almost all the events planned for the season so far; it is always great to see abuzz of activity. Among the highlights, we hosted boats from other clubs on 11 July despite the haar, and a number of club boats participated in the Festival Regatta, with Misty Blue coming fourth in the Cruiser class.

There's still a couple of months left of the season as I write, and the Late series of the Friday White Sails races has just started – these are simple races aimed at encouraging all to participate, so please bring your boat along or use WhatsApp to offer your availability to

crew.

Still coming: 26 September – FCYC Closing Regatta; 17 October – lift out; 26 October – Annual General Meeting
Looking forward to seeing you on and off the water, and wishing you all the best for a fine end to the 2026 season.

Peter Douglas, Commodore

My father & Granton in WW2

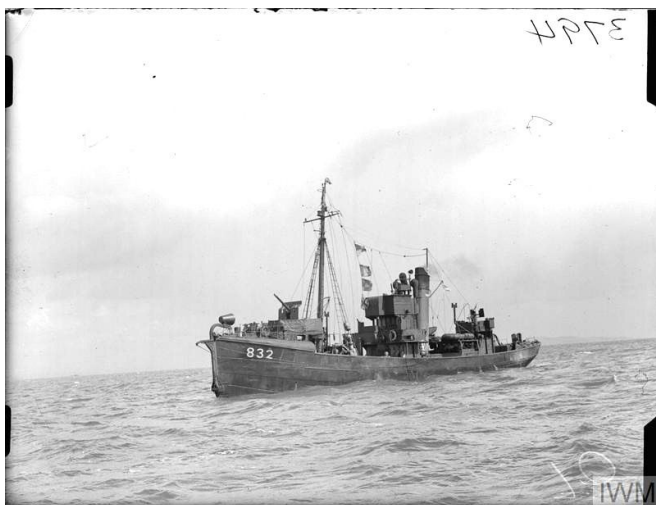
Denis Wight

I was born and raised about a mile from Granton Harbour. My first memories of it was when my father was in the navy during World War II. He served on minesweepers and he was lucky to spend two years at Granton. His first year was as Number One to a real trawler skipper from Hull and then he was given his own ship, HMT Wallena.

She was a converted steam trawler with a timber and canvas open bridge on top of the wheelhouse. The great thing for me was that we were allowed to visit the ship when she was in port. I was able to climb all over her – great fun for an eight-year-old.



On one visit the ship was moved from the



HMT Wallena

east side of the middle pier to the west and I was allowed to hide below the rail on the

bridge. The only way of controlling the ship was by speaking tube from the bridge to the wheelhouse. In the wheelhouse was an



engine orders telegraph which sent commands to the engine room. Lots of room for misunderstandings. On this occasion all went well and, after many shouted commands, we docked safely.

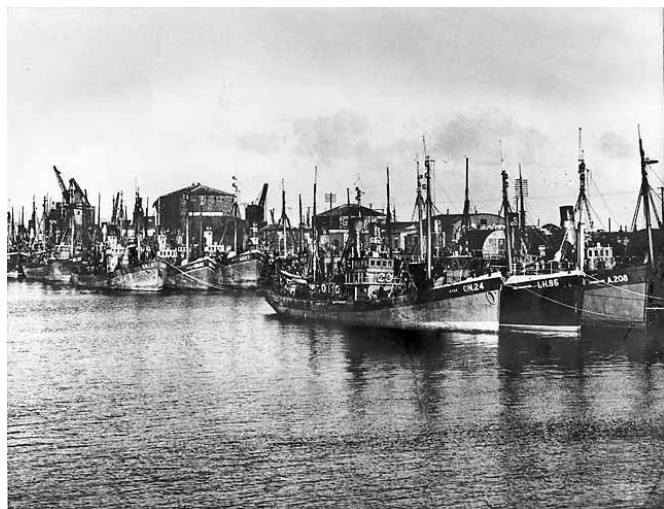
Dad was posted to Portsmouth later and given a purpose built minesweeper. When he was demobbed two years later he was keen to start sailing again and Granton was the nearest place.



I became a cadet member of the Royal Forth and learned to sail in the club's own clinker built 14 foot dinghies.

Granton was now a busy commercial port. On the middle pier there was a fish market, an ice factory and coal bunkering. Goods trains ran across the entrance. The trawler fleet were back fishing, open bridges and guns gone and repainted in their owners' colours. The west pier was used by a variety of cargo ships especially those carrying

esparto grass, imported to make high quality paper. Here you could pick up a pet tortoise which had travelled in the grass. Pharos, the Northern Lighthouse Board vessel had her dock and depot where the Royal Forth is now.



It is surprising there was any room for sailing. The three clubs shared the boatman and a joint committee allocated the moorings. We had access to the slip and a set of steps where the present pontoon ramp is. A rowing boat took us to and from our moorings. There was a hut for the boatman and the Almond Boat Club had a small

clubhouse in front of the Gunpowder Store.

There was no yard space on the pier. Some of the boats that could not be taken home in the winter were lifted out at George Brown's yard at Junction Bridge, Leith – the limit of navigation in those days. Dinghies were also on moorings and outriggers were improvised for those liable to capsize on the mooring. The West Harbour was much larger and provided a safe area for us youngsters to sail on our own.

Where were the Corinthians at this time? Most of the activity was at the clubhouse in the New Town but there were a few sailing members. I remember Major Wicks and his daughter Patsy who sailed a lovely old gaffer called Leonora.

Races were started from the breakwater. Two small cannon firing shotgun blanks were lashed to a bench.

I left Granton in 1956 for my first job in London. I did not return until I joined the Corinthians in 2000.

My Boat: Dipper the Wayfarer

Hugh Standen

Dipper is a 15ft Mark II Wayfarer dinghy which I was fortunate enough to buy from a fellow club member in July last year. With over 11,000 boats produced since 1957 Wayfarers are a familiar sight at sailing clubs all round the UK but as far as I am aware Dipper is the only one at FCYC.

The boat was designed by Ian Proctor and is used for class racing as well as family day sailing and cruising. It is unballasted and relies on a long centreboard, chined hull and the weight of the sailors to stay upright. At only 170kg I have found that it is just

possible to drag it up the granton slipway by myself, provided the tide has covered the potholes, and yet is big enough for two people to sleep on the floor or four people and a dog to sail over to Kinghorn for a pint.

Dipper's sailing performance is excellent, in light winds the boat will ghost along while the bigger boats are wallowing and in force 5 with sails reefed and a working jib it is just about possible to beat to windward. I have only done this once and don't plan on doing it again any time soon.

I've had Dipper for just over a year now and have sailed her many times on the Forth, as far as the Isle of May, on the Tay from Newburgh down to Dundee, and from various slipways on the Isle of Skye. Most recently my partner Mol and I did an overnight trip from Portnalong (on Skye) out to an Island in Loch Varkasaig where we rolled her up the beach on the fenders and camped for the night.

More adventurous sailors have taken these



boats much further afield, notably Frank Dye and Bill Brockbank in their "Summer Cruise" from Kinlochbervie to the Faroes and thence to Norway in 1964 where they survived a force 9 in the middle of the North Sea. There is a film that they made at the time, available on Youtube and well worth a watch. More recently Will Hodshon and Rich Mitchell sailed a 60 year old plywood Wayfarer round the UK non-stop in 15 days, setting the open boat record in the process.

Dipper is a fibreglass Wayfarer and therefore shouldn't require much hull maintenance. However what I didn't anticipate is that the deck and transom are formed with a

sandwich construction using a balsawood core. Inevitably water has penetrated in places and so far I have had to break out the chainplates and reset them with epoxy and I will be doing some more sticky goop work on the transom next year.

Next for the boat will be fitting a set of rowlocks (I have no outboard and intend to keep it that way as long as I can), buying or making a boat tent and mounting a compass somewhere. All with the intention of doing



Easy downwind sailing on Loch Harport

longer voyages from Skye.

All in all Dipper has been an excellent first sailing boat, for me she is a great compromise between seaworthiness and low cost lightweight trailer sailing. I couldn't recommend Wayfarers highly enough to anyone new to sailing or anyone who is fed up with fixing engines and applying antifoul!



Mooring up to the rocks on the Isle of May (out of season)



Rolled up the beach on Harlosh Island



Dipper in the reeds at Newburgh on the Tay

Artist Afloat

Mo Edward

Pondering the origins of my pursuit of art and ecology afloat, I see how the passion emerged in my early years.

There were several keen sailors amongst the grown-ups in the family. My uncle, however, was a submariner and deep sea diver, so he preferred to be under the water. He taught me to draw, and introduced me to the marine biology of Jacques Cousteau. He painted seascapes and harbour views around the world. In contrast to the boats I'm accustomed to nowadays, he freely used oil paint and turps because there were far more antisocial smells than that in the submarine's recycled air, and he could stow comparatively large paintings in the torpedo room to dry for months at a time.



Argentina

My mum also preferred to be immersed. She taught me to swim in a warm indoor pool as a baby, later introducing me to the joy of icy sea swims. We painted watercolour harbours, wrote stories and read books about oceans. Her sister gave me a copy of 'The House That Sailed Away', so I eagerly awaited those monsoon rains. My mother also taught me how to read the waves and clouds to find their welcome or warnings, how to tie knots and read nautical flags,

stars and seaweeds. She shared her love of the folklore, art and music connecting us all to the seas and rivers. Water art that we too could create.

Years of sailing and sketching in strange places has manifested odd collections of illustrated logbooks, audio recordings,



One of the bird buoys painted for Historic Environment Scotland.

handmade books, and miniature paintings. Anything larger is developed from this fieldwork. I find that art on board is more immediate and feasible when pocket-sized and fast drying.

The marine art usually exhibits and sells well on land and sometimes while still on the boat, and then, if I'm lucky, it leads to



Pocket portholes: painted fragments of sunsets and sunrises of the South Atlantic.



Pocket reliquary of driftwood and copper, Isle of Bute residency.

further residencies, galleries and commissions, and best of all, to more sailing time. This is the life of an artist afloat.

Boat-wise, my strengths are that I'm comfortable living on water, I'm quite tolerant and patient, and I thrive when part of a crew. I have a background that encompasses fine art, marine biology, maritime archaeology, and journalism, with a side of wildlife rescue, ice-water swimming, Sea Cadets and skiff-building, all of which



Painting shortlisted for the Scottish Portrait Award.

help generate possibilities.

This rich and varied potential is negated by my weakness, to put it mildly, which features an immune system disease that cripples me, and when at its worst prevents any semblance of a working life, not just for weeks or months but for years at a time.

In my more mobile, but still restricted eras I only need enabled access, reasonable adjustments, and some competent

assistance. However, even at my very best I don't have the health or mobility to run my own studio, work full-time, work often, or sail solo, therefore I can't qualify for traditional jobs, nor can I work completely independently. These circumstances have contributed to the defiant alchemy required to construct my career.

Life with this kind of illness is extremely isolating, which is also unfortunate for career opportunities that tend to be generated from familiarity, unexpected marina encounters, or dedicated schmoozing. As a result of my extended absences from the world, I regularly decline commissions and miss amazing opportunities, I'm often mistaken for an outsider, I can't prove commitment through physical presence, organisations lose my paperwork, my contacts and references are usually out of date, and my CV looks like I'm in witness protection.

However, the illness fluctuates dramatically through cycles of relapse and remission, so whenever I'm able to escape to sea, if I can find a boat that'll take me, then the results are epic.

Boats are transformative. Once I'm actually onboard, then my transport, accommodation, work location, and destination are the one and same place. I'm already where I need to be, and I can't be left behind. No matter what the size or type of boat, they can generate a quality of life and a level of inclusion that is completely unparalleled on land.

On land, the biggest challenge is finding accessible water. Becoming a trustworthy house and boat sitter revolutionised the ways to find suitable water's edge accommodation. I keep people's homes safe, and for the duration I have an immersive studio space/ outdoor bed, so I can work where I sleep.

Sitting very still, observing closely, attuned to my most immediate surroundings. Cormorants, puffins, and penguins alike settle to preen next to someone who hasn't moved in a while.

It's not only birds that I encounter. A few years ago, while night sailing in equatorial waters, I met the creatures I had long hoped to observe more closely. Flying fish erupted from the waves in vast numbers, flying directly at us, many becoming painful fishy impacts in the darkness. No imminent sail changes were required, so we attempted to helm and stand watch as normal, while dodging airborne fish, chasing them around the boat, and trying to evict the invaders before they slithered below deck. It was a magnificent night.

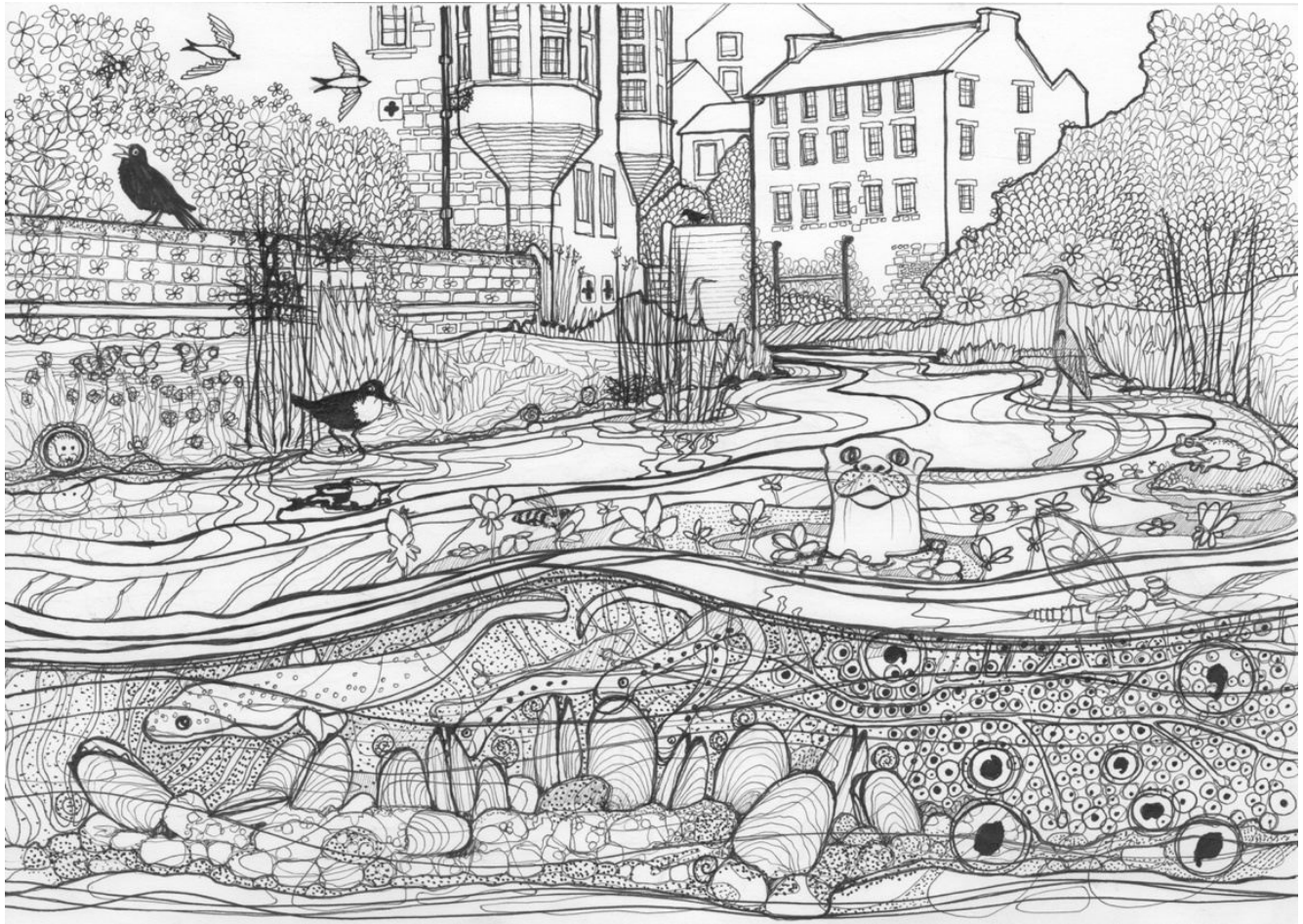
I'm keen to actively pursue Exocoetidae to study them properly. Maybe I'll find a boat for such an expedition next year, health permitting. This time I'll pack a helmet along with the paints and microscope. Visits to Fisheries Museums, lighthouses, RNLi stations, HMS Victory, HMS Discovery, HMS Belfast, Cutty Sark, and Amerigo



Vespucci were all real treats. Some of those huge boats felt alive with bloodstained history and shared purpose, but I also

remember sunshine, sketchbooks, and cake. As for little boats, my father was a Scout instructor, so I watched the village boys enjoy a decade of canoeing on lochs and rivers, and it looked like canoes were truly liberating. When I was older, my

printmaking studio access and a good assistant, but on a boat I could achieve similar mark-making with Gytaku of a very small dead fish. However, during the experiment using *Velella velella* and an unidentified horned fish, the paper stank,



From a series of ecology education colouring sheets commissioned by Forth Rivers Trust.
Drawn entirely while stuck in bed.

friend's big sister took us canoeing too. Paddling through the Norfolk Broads in a happy flotilla, I discovered the magic of traveling so low through salt landscape, alongside wildlife, hidden from land humans, carrying only what fitted into a backpack. I was hooked by that kind of boat life too.

Why couldn't I just live on the water, though? That's what I wanted to know. Preferably sunny water. I still ask that question, but the answers have changed.

My planned large scale intaglio and lithography flying fish will require

and there was no smell-proof place to leave it. The technical limitations of materials often come down to avoiding unfriendly fumes, hence the use of acrylic paint on wood in so many of my sea paintings and sketches. I don't yet have a viable technique for fishy printing at sea unless it's on a fishing vessel. I'm keen to pursue the Exocoetidae to study them properly when I find a place on a boat heading south, health permitting. But next time I chase flying fish, I will also pack a helmet and goggles.

Damaged Fingers on the Vilaine

Philip and Christina Leith

It was one of those mornings where your faults were being focused upon by the crew. The environment was pleasant but the context for the skipper, not so much. We were in France on the River Vilaine where the Dehler is now based, and I was recovering from my pelvis injury. Pootling about the 20 miles of river seemed a good idea. We arrived at Foleux, stuffed with boats, but far from anything else, tied up at the temporary pontoon and I went to sort out our berth for a couple of nights. We started to leave for the other berth by springing off, but the bow would not come around far enough to pass a boat lying across us. Communication between skipper and crew was not great (see above) and I changed ropes round to spring off the other way. We managed to reverse out (inelegantly) but Christina calmly said that the ends of her fingers were hanging off. I hadn't told her what I planned to do and she had tried to undo a tightening rope. Quickly over to the other pontoon, tied up and onto the VHF to get help from the office which was luckily still open. They called the emergency service and it was decided to take her to Vannes hospital, some 40 minutes away with blue lights flashing. An operation on her two fingers the next day, and two weeks of bandage changing put her hand back together.

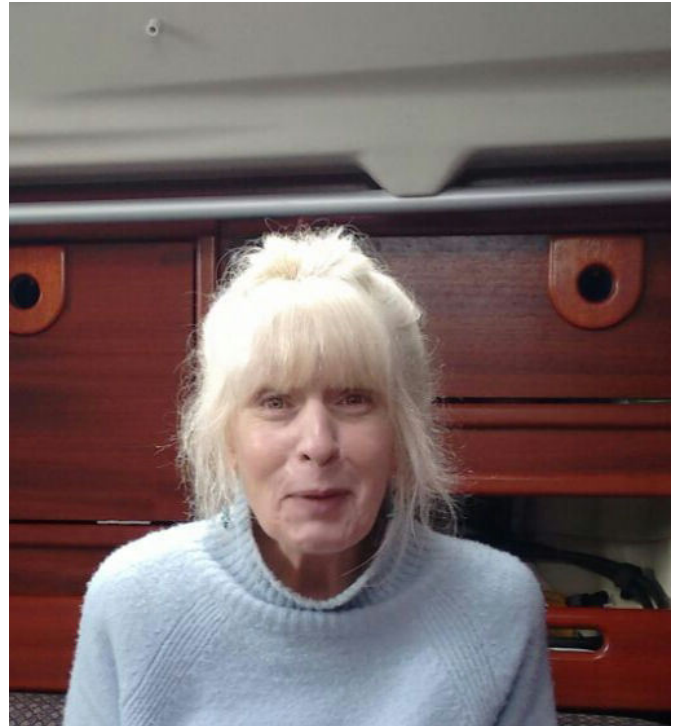
I returned to the hospital to reclaim her (a non opening bridge kept me overnight until it opened). Christina was a bit annoyed by my delay and – she claims – me chatting up a young nurse. As if!

She was prescribed a whole pack of pain killers, but barely took any. A higher pain

threshold than most of us.

We were lucky that the marina office was still open. I would not have known what to do, and have no French. This is rural France and everything outside main towns needs a car. Foleux has no transport.

Often when things go wrong its because you changed your mind mid task. That was what happened here. I should have tied up again and started afresh. Luckily we had the UK Health Card which paid for most of the treatment but it was expensive enough for a stupid mistake – hospital, hotel, taxi, and a couple of weeks at a marina near a nurse. Euro 900 or so.



The crew in better form. We had actually travelled several thousands miles without incident. But the skipper will not be allowed to forget this.

Christina says:

The pain was all-consuming, the blood was running like a rampant river and the tips of two fingers (pinkie and finger next to it) were hanging off. Bones turned out to have been broken too.

I was in shock, which I think, helped me cope with the pain.

Fortunately, everything seemed to move quite quickly after that with an ambulance arriving on the scene and the screaming siren warning all other traffic of emergency and to let us through. Waiting for hours in

the hospital before being sent out to return the next day had to be accepted. Luckily a room was available in a nearby hotel.

The operation of stitching the tips back on to the fingers went well especially as the surgeon sang me 'Flower of Scotland' which made me laugh. After a night spent in hospital bed, it was felt I was fit enough to be released but had to wait for the skipper to arrive. I visited a nurse every second day for bandage changes. After two weeks the fingers had healed well and I am now on the final stage with two new nails growing. Well done to the French doctors and nurses, I say! And the staff at Port Foléux.

The End of Rose's Sailing Days

Andrew Sutherland

After discussions regarding what to do with Rose, a Hurley 22 which had an unusual junk rig, and an elderly owner who had given up sailing (such as looking for a new owner) it became clear that disposal was the only option. I agreed that I would take on the task of disposing and 'cutting her up'. It became clear that if left on its mooring it could present a risk to herself and other boats in the harbour.

I've come to realise that owning a boat is so much more than sailing. So when you are part of a historic club, where better to seek advice on anything and everything boats than from other members in the yard. I will always remember being told, 'you will be given many opinions on many topics, the skill is to listen to them all and then decide what opinions are worth noting'.

After this I used my experience of working in the vehicle accident repair sector to prepare.

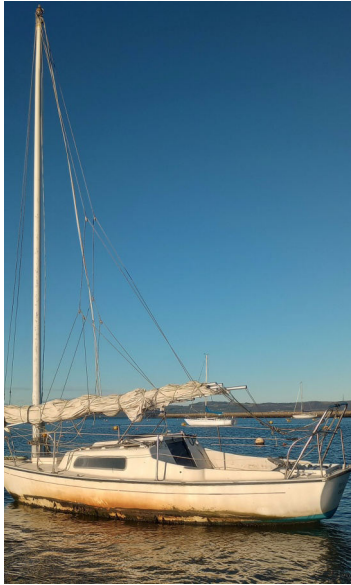
I began with the focus on PPE, tools I would need and an outline of timescales.

Although I first thought this would be a small-scale job it did require some thought and planning around the waste disposal as well as the impact of dealing with fibreglass, wood, metal components and the overall environment impact. This included the impact on other members using the yard and of course our nearby residents. One of the biggest issues and considerations was the fibreglass dust and the potentially harmful impact if inhaled or it came into contact with my eyes. Being outside and not in a confined space helped. As usual with me I had far too many coffee breaks, however, this helped me have breaks away from the process and to plan each stage and clear up as I go along.

First, appropriate PPE is essential. It is a dirty business and had the possibility of doing

harm to me.

Second, in breaking down and cutting up my approach was essentially to work through Rose systematically rather than simply attacking the hull with power tools so as to reduce any chances of accidents when dealing with sometimes heavy and awkward materials. As with all boats I've learned that most jobs are never straightforward so I felt that tackling one section at a time helped me understand just how well boats were



built at the time of construction.

I planned to remove as much as possible before the actual cutting up stage. Anything that could be removed intact was removed first. This made the dismantling of the hull much easier and, importantly, created an

opportunity to save components that could potentially be reused or sold to help off-set the cost of disposal.

The mast and rigging were removed before lift out, none of which could be reused. Most fittings, hardware, timber components, electrical equipment and other removable items were separated where practical. With no inboard engine to contend with, the removal of the outboard was one of the first jobs. Some items were in good enough condition to potentially have another life, with this in mind I removed as much as I could, storing removed items in the harbour container for the owner to collect at a convenient time. I learned that not everything is saveable and that a good principle is to save only what can 'safely' be used and dispose of what genuinely has no further use. I think a lot of us can be guilty of keeping parts that we think we will reuse but

in reality they are sometimes just clutter and could be unsafe to reuse. I'm obviously thinking of myself here.

Third, on the environmental side we had to consider that Rose like most of our boats was made from glass-reinforced plastic (GRP), consisting of glass fibres embedded in a resin matrix. Unlike steel or aluminium, this isn't a material that can simply be melted down and recycled through a conventional metal recycling process. The environmental impact of disposing of old fibreglass is probably the biggest challenge. I was sadly informed that unfortunately most of this will need to be sent to landfill.

Breaking GRP into pieces also creates dust and small fragments, with this in mind I took care to prevent debris entering the surrounding environment as much as possible using water and sweeping up regularly. Working over a suitably contained area and keeping the work area clean helped reduce the chance of fibres, dust and fragments being carried away by wind or rain.

Other potential environmental issues to be aware of are that our old boats can contain paints, resins, adhesives, oils, fuels, batteries, electrical equipment and other materials that shouldn't simply be thrown into general waste.

I did focus on taking particular care to identify and separate anything that could be classed as hazardous or contaminated waste.

One of the things that became apparent during the dismantling was just how many different materials are incorporated into a relatively small boat.

These included GRP, stainless steel, aluminium, copper, timber, glass, rubber, plastics, foam, wiring and various coatings and adhesives. I attempted to remain

focussed on separating these as much as possible to reduce the impact on our environment, however, this aspect could and possibly should have a dedicated article written by someone much more equipped and informed about the subject than myself, given the importance and environmental impacts.

Metal is particularly worthwhile separating for recycling. Stainless steel, aluminium and copper have established recycling routes, while timber and some plastics may also be suitable for recovery depending on their condition and local facilities.

The final job was to do the cutting up once the useful fittings and recyclable materials



had been removed. The remaining structure was broken down into manageable sections. This is probably the least glamorous part of the whole process. At several points during the dismantling of Rose I pictured her sailing out of our harbour into the Firth of Forth, and reflected on what had now become a collection of pieces of fibreglass destined for disposal. A very sad sight.

But there is some satisfaction in knowing that the boat has been dealt with methodically rather than simply abandoned or left to deteriorate.

The job also highlighted an important point: responsible disposal starts long before the final trip to the waste facility. Removing reusable components, separating different materials, controlling dust and debris, and identifying potentially hazardous materials

all have to remain as a main focus throughout the procedure.

Dismantling Rose was a fairly physical and dirty job, but the experience reinforced a few lessons for me and others considering taking on this job. First, don't underestimate the PPE and safety requirements. Fibreglass dust, cutting tools and old coatings are not something to take lightly. Second, take the boat apart with reuse in mind. There can be a surprising amount of perfectly usable hardware hidden in an old boat. Finally, think about disposal as a process rather than an end point. The environmental impact can be reduced by separating materials and making sensible decisions about what can be reused, recycled or safely disposed of.

Rose may have come to the end of its sailing life, but that doesn't necessarily mean everything it contained had reached the end of its useful life. With a little time and effort, parts can find their way onto other boats, materials can be recycled, and the amount of waste requiring final disposal can be reduced.

Would I do it again? Who knows, my wife sometimes reminds me to not always volunteer so quickly but that's just me and as I highlighted at the start, it's another 'opinion' to consider.



Glass Eye

Another irreverent look at his own—and the club's—activities by Corinthian Jim Glass.

Looking back at the last Fairwind, I find I was bemoaning the weather at the start of the year and noting that by the law of averages we would be in for an excellent summer. And I must say, I can't complain. The weather has been so benign that the west harbour fleet is still happily bobbing away as is the motorboat on the slip. Would it be so very wrong to wish for some winter gales?

Given the fine weather, and being a fair weather sailor, I've actually tried to involve myself in that most exclusive of Corinthian pastimes, "racing." First up, the Opening Regatta. I'm not really sure what the difference is between this and normal sailing. I understand there are things like moving the cars, tightening the boom vang and all manner of other

adjustments that could make a difference to my performance. I think however that this would make as much difference to my sailing as shaving my legs would do to cycling. The sidekick, aka Lady Vice, observes scathingly that she's only ever seen me "setting the sails to medium" as she calls it. She might not be far wrong.

In an effort to improve my racing I even joined in the Jubilee Cup, crewing for a senior member of the club on a very fast boat with Kevlar sails. It being a stern chase, we started at the back of the pack and I do think we'd have made our way up the field if it wasn't for another sail that the skipper had in his back pocket. This

was called a spinnaker, and dear reader, it is a very unruly beast indeed! I shall not be requiring this additional handicap.

A final race I must mention which I entered was the Bass Rock Race. Off we went - goosewinging the whole way, my crew being Rog and Dave "Coxy" Cox. First over the finish line! Way hey!! Once all the results are in and we're happily being

entertained at DSC, I find we're fourth!! Not even on the podium. I then find there's not even a podium. It's worse than the Glasgow Commonwealth Games, this malarkey. I may take up bowls.

Back to normal business - the famous Corinthian Cruise-in-Company, to Aberdour. And to Aberdour again. Fair play, it is a very attractive harbour, but

inspecting their clubhouse, which is well bedecked in club burgees, I find that they lack a Corinthian one! Honestly, I can only conclude that this club of ours has been very poorly served by its Commodores in recent years. We must present one to them on our next CiC, which will be along shortly.

Thinking of alternative destinations for our CiCs I must say my eye was very taken on a recent sail to Anstruther by the harbour at Cellardyke. Plenty well maintained ladders, as well as mooring rings. Someone needs to go at low water and check out the bottom but fellow Corinthians, it's free! And it's not like the toilets at Anstruther harbour that you pay for are any great



shakes or are even open overnight. Besides, it's right beside the Haven, a decent little pub. Make it happen, as RBS used to say.

As everyone who owns a cruising yacht knows, you really need a decent understanding of many aspects of your vessel, like the diesel engine, 12V electrics, GRP, rigging, even plumbing. That latter on my boat includes a calorifier and electric pump which I know well, but one thing I've never tampered with is the Jabsco toilet. It's always just worked, with the occasional introduction of sunflower oil to keep it squeak free. Unaccountably, on the trip to Anstruther my crewmate, who should know much better, decides to see whether a wet wipe could somehow miraculously go down there and disappear. I can report that my education in the innards of the jabsco toilet is now complete. A joker valve! Well, I didn't know such a thing even existed.

Surveying the sailing season, undoubtedly one of the most challenging experiences that I've been involved with has been the erection of the beer tent in the north yard. About a dozen of us attended MP's call to arms. I mean, a beer tent isn't like mooring work, or Bell Block maintenance, some nice

to have activity. Noooo! It's an absolute essential. I just hope someone has a photo of the finished article so we don't have to rely on the obscure hieroglyphics MP marked on each section when it comes to next year. Or his memory.

One little activity which "came over my desk" in my role as VC was an email from one Tamzene, a songstress and aspiring superstar, wondering if it would be possible to shoot some footage on a boat in the harbour for her next musical release (entitled "Harbour"). I cautioned her that we only have white plastic boats which might not be quite the vibe she's after. But she could not be dissuaded. So off we set, her dancing on the foredeck in her Brora dress while her team filmed away. Sadly I make no appearance at all in the footage, despite putting on my best ray-bans and holding my stomach in at all times. She should be appealing to oldies not young folks! We're the ones with the money!

Talking of which, I'm shortly off celebrating a significant birthday on some flotilla holiday, for which Lady Vice has been rehearsing man overboard procedures. If this is my last article, it's been a blast.

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Grammar by Christina.