

the BEAMER



Port Edgar Yacht Club's Newsletter – October 2018

Hello, everyone!!

Welcome to a (ahem) late edition of 2018's Beamer. Health issues have rather got in the way of real life for me this year, however here are some interesting articles which I'm sure will appeal to many of you!!

With the Night series just completed and the Autumn series already started, fingers crossed for some Indian Summer sailing between now and the end of the season!!

Catherine

Featuring:

- **Commodore's update.**
- **Information about the new club house**
- **The second instalment of an intrepid voyage to Svalbard**
- **The previous Beamer Editor has fun and games off Ireland**
- **Rowing across the Atlantic**
- **Reflections on PEYC from Shanghai**

Commodore's Update

Terry Kirchin

This month saw the passing away of Guthrie Stewart ... one-time Commodore of PEYC. Guthrie will be fondly remembered as being helpful to a fault, inevitably cheerful and an inveterate whistler. His funeral brought together a fine gathering of lifetime friends and colleagues, including a 'Who's who' of PEYC.

It's been almost ten years since he was Commodore. How things have changed since then.

Back then the Council ran the site through Edinburgh Leisure. Investment in the marina would have been low on their list of priorities. Routine maintenance was a challenge and development was a pipe dream. Their ideal future for Port Edgar was probably a white knight developer taking on all of the land, putting up luxury flats and perhaps, as an incidental, re-developing the marina. Needless to say, it never happened ... despite a number of attempts.

Instead, the site was long term leased to a commercial operator. Things began to change. Buildings were flattened, car parks created, commercial operators moved in. Down on the marina, there were additional pontoons, upgraded walkways, a travel hoist and two major dredging programmes (thank goodness).

Still shoreside, and less helpful (from our perspective), the marina's dinghy park 'went west', so to speak while the changing rooms and toilets went east and shrunk somewhat en route.

As for PEYC, we soldiered on in our old clubhouse. That said, major changes look to be on the near horizon.

On the water, there have also been a number of significant changes.

The club acquired a Committee boat *and* a new race box. The Committee boat gives us start line options we'd never previously enjoyed – as back then, the start line was off the east breakwater. Back then, the race team operated from a small white box on the end of the breakwater. The box was held in place by bolts and some stainless-steel rigging wire. You needed a steady nerve to get there in a blow, having to stride across a narrow-ish walkway. The hut invited yachts to choose their start place on the line... away from the wall in full tide or near the wall to dodge the tide (and, hopefully, the wall too). Tough call.

Also, sometime back then, we acquired two 707's. They, and our other 707's, have added so much to the club. Over the same time period we replaced and upgraded our Rib.

And, outwith the Yacht Club but still at Port Edgar? We've seen the creation of both a rowing club and a Dragon boat club (with Guthrie acting as one of the founder members) along with the smooth and successful transition from the Council run sailing school to the commercial operation run by Port Edgar Watersports.

So, there you have it. Things change and Guthrie would be the first to acknowledge we live in a changing world. Yet, he'd be amused to know, some things never change. Despite all our efforts (and expense) our race marks still have a mind of their own and still show an independence of spirit. Last Wednesday, W was hiding just below the surface on a strong outgoing tide and the previous Wednesday Q wasn't hiding, Q had done a runner.

Plus ca change, Guthrie!

I can picture him smiling.

Terry Kirchin, Commodore



The Latest News on the Clubhouse

Neil McDougall

At the August EGM the latest plans and proposals were presented, utilising the existing bungalow to the rear of our existing clubhouse, plus locating a modular building linked to it on the raised ground to the West of the bungalow.

The scheme is to prepare footings for a modular building currently being used by the bridge contractors, which will then be relocated to our site to form a new club room with bar, kitchenette and separate office / training room. This will be linked to the bungalow with a purpose-built entrance lobby. Renovation of the bungalow will create changing and shower accommodation. When these works are complete, we will demolish the existing clubhouse creating a dinghy park in that area.

To facilitate the above it was agreed that

- The expenditure of around £12,000 to cover pre-build requirements including a pre-lease ground survey, professional fees, planning permission etc.
- To continue with the strategy outlined in the briefing paper issued by the Commodore and presented at the EGM.

This entails the following actions:

Securing a lease for the ground of our existing clubhouse (plus the elevated area to the rear.)

Carry out a professional site survey.

Apply for a £100,000 grant from SportScotland.

Produce architectural plans and apply for planning permission.

Continue to work up the scheme to meet the brief created from the membership survey and the feedback from the town hall meetings.

Replacing the clubhouse has been an on-going project for more than 20 years and finally we have reason to be upbeat. Agreeing a 67-year lease on the land and bungalow happens to coincide with the chance to purchase a second-hand modular building for a much-reduced sum, making replacing our clubhouse and creating additional facilities financially viable.

You are probably aware that the scheme has been reworked a number of times to bring the costs down from £600,000 to an affordable £300,000. To achieve these cost savings without compromising space is why I have come up with utilising the two existing buildings.

Unfortunately, we cannot claim back VAT, so the already tight budget is really only £250,000 for builder work costs. To achieve what we want within this budget means that members' work parties will be required to cover some of the basic and less skilled tasks.

Raising £300k may seem a large task but we are fortunate to have £130k in the bank earmarked for this project and if we are successful with our bid for a £100k grant from SportScotland, we only need to raise £70k which, with a membership of about 300, equates to £250 each. To put this in perspective it is similar in price to a decent sailing jacket (but will last a lot longer).

Having proper changing and showering facilities and a warm and comfortable social space with a view should make the club a much more attractive venue for us all, yachties and dinghy sailors, and will attract potential new members.

For comparison, our existing building is 175 sqm floor area and the proposed one is in the region of 185 sqm. Both the bungalow and the modular building will be up-graded to modern insulation and environmental standards, becoming fully accessible and utilising air source heating and air conditioning.

We have been advised that the expected life of a modular building is similar to conventional construction as long as it is properly maintained.

Membership survey results were clear that the building should not be open to the general public, so as running a member only cafe is thought to unviable at this stage, you will see from the plan that there is a kitchenette rather than a full catering unit. We are seeking advice and looking at various options to provide the snack meals currently enjoyed.

Our existing workshop and fuel store will have a minor facelift so that it can be retained until we have a suitable alternative.

To reduce a significant cost in the project, we are working with the Sea Cadets on a shared drainage system, linking to mains sewers so that our effluent will no longer go into the river untreated.

To get to this point, we are very grateful for the work that has been put in by our professional team of Ken Pritchard, Barrie Turnbull, Andrew Marshall and Gus Roxburgh, supported by Terry, Peter and Charlie. Thanks also to the group of volunteers who have done a power of preparation work.

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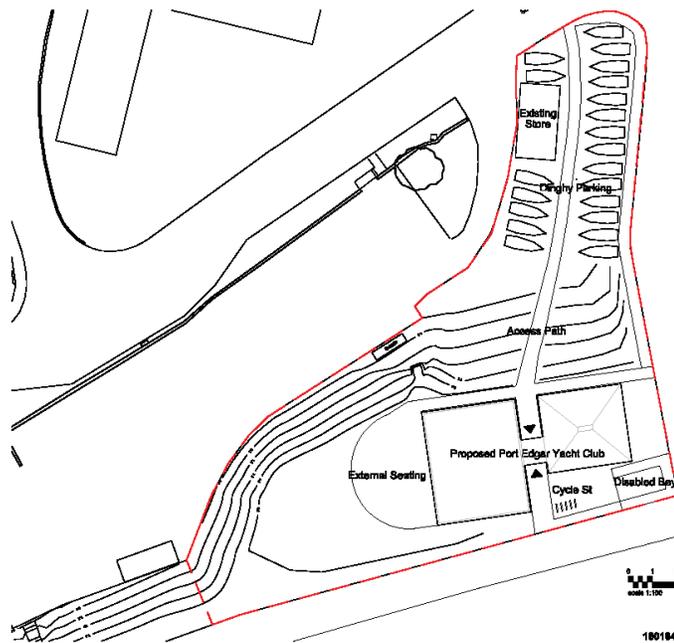
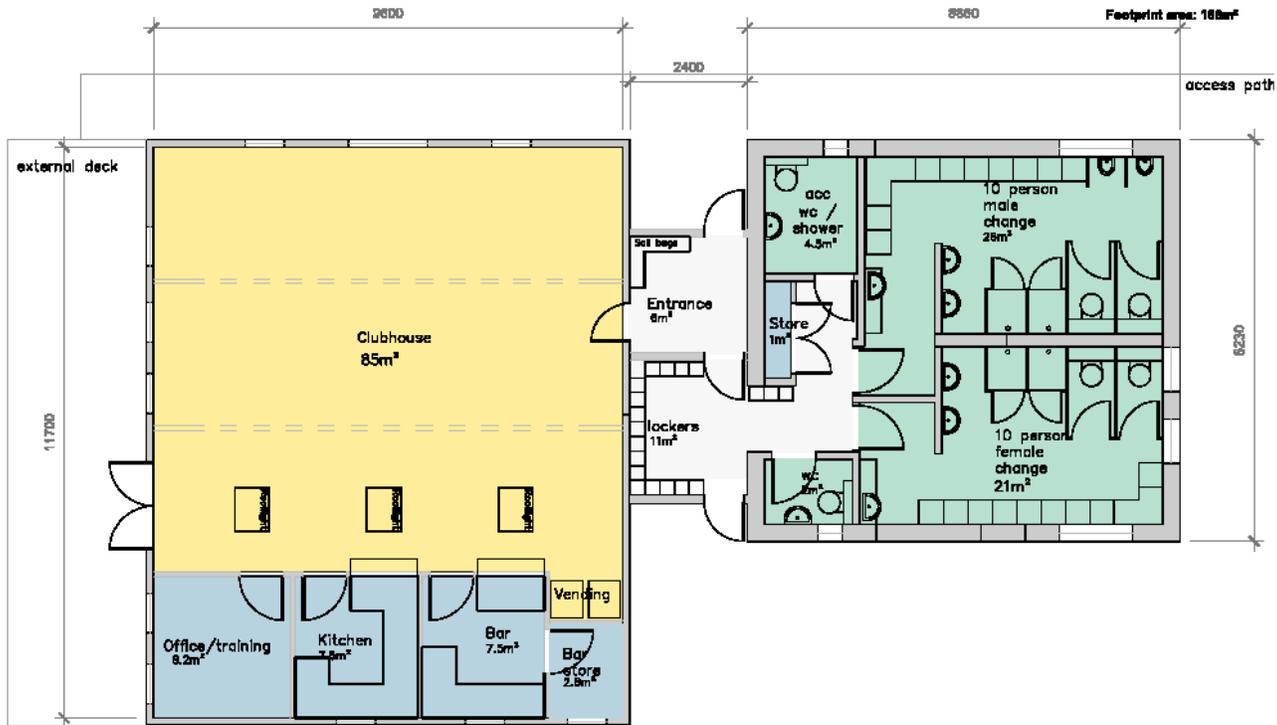


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There is still a lot of planning and contractual work to be carried out before we start on site, but with a fair wind and a following sea we could well be in our new clubhouse by this time next year.

For the committee and development team to make this happen, your contribution financially or in kind, is crucial in turning this dream into reality.

If you have any questions or would like to know more, please contact me or one of the other project team members.



NOTES
All area, dimensions, boundaries and layouts are indicative only and are subject to a measured survey and confirmation of site.

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80 Degrees North – more or less – Part 2.

Flora McPhail

In the Dec 2017 Beamer Newsletter, we published an account of Flora's voyage from Inverness to Svalbard. The following article continues the story ...

We had moored in the bay at Longyearbyen around 3am. We were mercifully allowed to go to bed and sleep. However, only until breakfast which was at the usual time of 7am. I slept soundly in spite of it being broad daylight at 3am. At 7am when I awoke it was still the same bright daylight. I made my morning coffee and went to sit on deck while the crew below groaned and woke and got ready. I went for my 5 minutes peace, alone on deck in the remotest archipelago on the planet. However, it was not to be. To my horror a cruise ship with 4000 Italian tourists was tied up on the pier not 200 yards from us. A monstrous ship the size of a city skyscraper so out of place in the remote landscape. After breakfast and a deep boat clean we were given shore leave. But first our guide came on board to give us important safety information regarding polar bears.



We were shown a map of the town and the boundary lines. Within the boundary lines we are fairly safe. Outwith the lines you must carry a rifle. Sometimes polar bears come in to the town but most house doors are unlocked as well as the few cars. So, you are to just to seek shelter as fast as possible. Eventually we got off the boat and walked into town with the 4000 Italian tourists. Many of whom looked bewildered as to where they were and many more were dressed in Mediterranean summer clothing and not summer Arctic clothing. My fellow mate and I went in the opposite direction to the young crew and we went off and looked in the shops and museum on the one main street. This was then followed by an alcohol-free beer and Thai meal.



Some facts about Longyearbyen. It has a population of 2000 souls. Anyone can live there but there isn't a social welfare system as such. If you become too ill to survive you are rehoused on the mainland of Norway. Therefore, the population is fairly young and healthy. Of the population around 144 are Thai. They run and work in the huge and substantial supermarket that sells everything from avocados to kitchen aid appliances. You want for nothing there. In addition, there isn't a lot of tax on products like alcohol, unlike in the rest of Norway.

The archipelago is only governed by Norway but not part of Norway. Due to mining rights and such like almost anyone can create their own settlement there. Which is what the Russians have achieved. They have two settlements. One is Barentsberg with a population of 600 people, mainly Ukrainians, who sign up for 3 years or 5 years with all living costs and expenses paid until the end of their contract, at which time they are paid their

wages in a lump sum.

The other settlement is now a famous ghost town, Pyramiden. This ghost town at one point had 2500 souls living and thriving in a perfect Russian Arctic town. We visited the town as we sailed up the west coast on our week-long exploration of the archipelago. The ghost town is as you would expect - eerie but also fascinating. In the summer, the hotel is open and you can stay there - we had tea and fresh Russian pastries. But when you walk around the town you must carry your rifle. The town was like something out of a zombie apocalypse. The reason the ghost town is deserted is 25 years ago a series of unfortunate accidents happened which lead to the total evacuation of the town in the space of a day or two. The inhabitants could only take

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what they could carry which resulted in everything else being left. Frozen in space and time. When you walk around the town you find in the cultural hall there is the cinema, reels of film and cinema chairs still in place. Musical instruments in the music room, books on the floor in the library, pictures, ornaments, gym equipment in the gym hall.

Everything is in a time capsule, a snap shot of how the Russians had tamed that wild corner. Nowhere else on the whole of the archipelago is there any vegetation but the Russians had imported and cultivated special Arctic tundra grasses that grow in the social areas and some plant tubs and civic lawns. They had huge barns (for growing food and keeping animals) that are still standing. The walkways housed heating pipes which allowed people to walk on wooden streets during the deep snows. There were also squares and parks with statues and benches and beautiful symmetrical paths. It was truly unbelievable what the Russians had achieved. Some looting has taken place over the last 25 years but much of it is preserved.

Annoyingly, as we tried to leave, our anchor was foiled on spoiled debris on the seabed. However, after much work by our amazing skipper we were released from the clasp of the industrial metal trying to keep us there.

As we left the bay and headed over to one of the famous glaciers I saw the most incredible sight. Whilst keeping look out for icebergs I noticed some icebergs heading towards us. It was only as they got closer that I realised it was a pod of Beluga whales. SO beautiful and delicate and they swam right around us. Then we headed for the glacier. It was HUGE. We got as close as we could to it. We heard it and smelled it. Every so often huge eerie cracking noises happened. It was amazing. Many of the teenagers were in disbelief as the material they had studied in geography came to life.



When Pyramiden was a thriving family town with a swimming pool and cultural activities, the capital, Longyearbyen, was mainly a mining hub full of men and industry. It was only in the 1980s that woman and families were encouraged to settle and have children. Now for its size of population there is a huge amount of kindergartens. Additionally, as a result of the decline of mining in the area as well as whaling, the industry of today is geological sciences, research and tourism. Research is huge and it is the ideal place for it with the extremely well-resourced university. There are few distractions in the winter when there is no daylight and outside is too cold to do anything.

On one of our days we helped with the research by collecting rubbish from a remote beach. We achieved 2 huge rubble sacks full of plastic. All kinds of plastic but mainly small bits everything from cotton buds to pens. Our skipper, who had been there 4 years previously, was shocked at the different kinds of rubbish. In the past it was big plastics from the fishing industry like nets and other rubbish. But now, well, it is small everyday plastics that end up there. It was very very sad to see. The rubbish is then taken to a special unit which the research centre empties and analyses.



There are also many interesting museums and the famous Global Seed Vault to be found in Longyearbyen. I would say, though, that my favourite experience was visiting the Walrus colony, a short sail up the fjord. We could get very close to them. They are very funny creatures. Their history though is frightening. In the past whalers would attack them on the beaches where they lay resting and slaughter whole colonies. Many whalers were also killed in the process so all round the fjords you find cemeteries to dead whalers. Many of the bodies and their clothes are still well preserved, however as the temperatures are warming up the decomposing is beginning to happen. It is a miracle that any walrus were left as they are a slow animal to reproduce. You do however, see some swimming around peeking out to look at you.

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We got to explore many of the famous and important sights in the west of the Svalbard. For me the most memorable was sailing as far north as almost 80 degrees -79.8 degrees. What did I see there... a shimmer, a pale pink glow and the ice shelf. Ocean Spirit is not an ice breaker vessel, but we got as close as we dared to the ice. We did at times have to push the ice away from the hull with boat hooks and steer ever so carefully. The ice makes strange noises as it melts in the water releasing the air trapped inside. The shapes are like no sculptures you see in art galleries but more beautiful and with a hint of jeopardy. When we walked on one of the glaciers it was amazing to see it up close and see how it is in real time shaping and grinding away at the landscape which without a doubt in a few decades will have plants growing, different animals thriving and maybe even more colonies of humans surviving in what was once a remote and dangerous place but is now inextricably changed forever.

A Day in the Life of an Itinerant Sailor

Karl Saville (ex-Beamer Editor!)

There is a tiny island called Inishtrahull which sits five miles off Malin Head, the Northernmost tip of Ireland, in the strongest of the tides which rip around that headland.

Inishtrahull is home to large colonies of seals and seagulls, an un-manned lighthouse, and a potential anchorage called Portmore, described in the Irish Cruising Club's indispensable pilotage book "Sailing Directions for the East and North Coasts of Ireland" as a "wide rocky gut". Indeed, the book even boasts a photograph of a yacht comfortably anchored there. It seemed an ideal stopover as I rounded the lonely headland, and, since I laid the island towards the evening just as its horrifying overfalls eased off, I decided to take advantage and nosed my way in. Imagine my surprise to discover that the photograph in the pilot book must have been of a model yacht, because that rocky gut turned out to be barely wider than my rather bijoux yacht!

Having dropped anchor as close to the centre of the fissure as I could manage and paying out barely thrice the depth of chain, I discovered that it would only take a few feet of drag to bring my stern up against the spiky rocks of one side of the gully or the other. This is certainly no port in a storm.

Luckily for me this being one of the hottest, calmest summers Ireland has ever known (as the more honest locals admitted - those less trustworthy assuring me it was "like this every summer, to be sure" while standing in the greenest, moistest pasture land in the world) I survived the night there without incident.

Not even a peep from one of my three independent and tightly tuned anchor alarms, though there was a deal of howling from the seals.

That luck, sad to say, didn't last out the day.

I motored out of my overnight crevice with some relief early next morning picking up the beginning of the westward tide and happily burbled along in the gorgeous, cloudless, absolutely windless sunshine. Then suddenly the engine coughed and stopped. Not good. Not the first time it had happened though - I'd had some engine trouble coming across the Irish Sea from Fleetwood, and I thought it must be the same issue.

Over winter in Fleetwood marina I'd replaced the diesel filters as part of the maintenance schedule, and while bleeding the fuel back through I had noticed that it took a few goes tightening the bleed screw to stop it oozing, but thought nothing more of it. Later having crossed to Northern Ireland from the Isle of Man, just when I really needed drive to fight through the strong tides in the mouth of Belfast Lough and anchor against Copeland island the engine inexplicably died. Just like this.

That time I'd had to heave to, so I could climb around the engine compartment to try and figure out what was wrong, discovering that no diesel seemed to be reaching the injectors and the small engine-mounted fuel filter chamber was inexplicably empty. I used the bleed pump to refill the system with diesel after which the engine ran smoothly again.

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Following a great deal of puzzling I noticed that the thread on that problem bleed screw had partly stripped off and I guessed that it must be allowing air to suck into the system while the engine was cooling, eventually emptying out the diesel filter and causing the running failure. Accordingly, while I was in Ballycastle marina I un-bolted the filter chamber and took it along to a local garage to have the thread re-tapped, which I really hoped had solved the problem, and I was pretty annoyed to think it hadn't. But this time the engine re-started eagerly enough and ran just fine. Until I put it in gear, when it immediately stalled.

So I dug out my wetsuit and swimming goggles and went for an investigatory dive under the boat - not such a chore on a warm sunny day if I'm honest, even in the Atlantic Ocean - and discovered that an unbelievable mass of heavy plastic packing straps had wrapped itself around the keel, the propeller and the rudder. The stuff was absolutely everywhere.

I spent the next hour diving for as long as I could hold my breath cutting away at the mess with my ship's knife. Unfortunately, it just wasn't possible to scrape it all off the propeller shaft to which it seemed to have welded itself solid. At least, not in the time I could stay submerged. Eventually I had to give up and consider my options, which looked a little bleak if I'm honest. There was still not a breath of wind, and I was sweeping helplessly along on the 2-knot tide getting gradually closer to landfall. I figured I had about an hour, and was just on the point of calling the coastguard (again!), when a sea breeze finally kicked in, and I got the sails up and gained control over the boat.

There was enough wind to sail into Lough Swilly and make for Portsalon where I at long last put my yachtmaster training into practice sailing onto a visitor mooring. Just a pity it took me a dozen attempts to grab it, during which I lost my boat hook - the buoy pulled it out of my hands in the now uncomfortably strong wind and it sank without trace. All of this in full view of the local pub. Perhaps the yachtmaster certificate should require sailing onto a mooring single-handedly? At least I managed to avoid fangling the buoy with my rudder or ramming any of the nearby boats. Better to miss the pickup any number of times than that.

Like every small Irish town pub, Portsalon's "Old Stores Bar" has its own Mister Fixit, who was able to drum up a diver for me, to come along the following day and spend a good half an hour scraping melted plastic off my prop shaft, which he reckoned must have come from a factory fishing ship.

On my way again with only a day wasted - a happy ending.

For me anyway - the diver made the mistake of asking me to pay him what I thought the work was worth, and I blurted out the amount I'd been hoping to get away with, which I then felt too uncomfortable to row back on. Even though the guy assured me forty Euros was just fine, I didn't believe him and I've been feeling kind of guilty ever since. Next time I have work done by an Irishman I'll have a fair price figured well in advance.

Just in case.

Why I am rowing the Atlantic with a woman I just met! Mark Agnew

I will be at sea for almost two months, in a seven-metre boat, with no more than an hour and a half sleep at a time. My hands will be covered in blisters and my bum will be so sore I'll struggle to sit. And for some reason, I volunteered for this.

In December, I will row the Atlantic from Gran Canaria to Antigua. For any adventure, the most common question is 'why?'.



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The basic nature of ocean rowing is what most appeals to me. It strips life bare. Everything you do is to survive and to row. There are no deadlines or bills. There is nothing but the most basic instinctual pressures.

Since entering the office after university I've been racked with thoughts of 'this cannot be it for the next 40 years' even though I love my job. How many existential crises can you have before you are 30? Whatever the number is I've had the maximum. So, I like the simplicity of the row: The only aim is to get from A to B. All you need to do is survive and move. Eat to move and survive. Sleep to move and survive. And row to move.

Secondly, I like interacting with nature. I feel like a lot of people travel to places with nice views. But I want to be part of the view, with and at its mercy.

It is harder still to answer the 'why' question when you know I'll be facing this complete isolation with a woman I've only just met.

Lizzie Gill and I form Atlantic Albatross, and will be embarking on the challenge together with the hope of beating the mixed pair world record, which stands at 60 days.



Atlantic Albatross is my third team. I first tried to row the Atlantic in 2016, but the group was cobbled together by a madman we all found on the internet and we were rescued only two days into the trip.

So, whilst in the rescue helicopter en route back to land, I decided to organise my own team and not trust a random captain with a website. Then, having formed my four-man team, admin swamped of us and the team fell through in June. I had gone as far as buying a four-man boat, which now resides in Port Edgar as my spare.

Desperate, I probably would have agreed to row the Atlantic with a monkey. But instead, I was introduced to Lizzie and fortunately she and I got along like a house on fire. So, no monkey partner or random internet captain for me. The most important aspect of picking a partner is ensuring you are on the same page. If one of you wants to set a world record and one of you wants to cross in their own time it is a recipe for disaster. When the going gets tough and you have no deadline, it is tempting to put the sea anchor out and catch up on sleep. But if the other is hell bent on a particular time, no doubt there will be a fight.

And once you have had a fight and worked out you have fundamentally different aims the trip is ruined for you both and you still face days and days together at sea.

For Lizzie and me the aim is a world record, but not at all costs. If we reach the other end, have set the record and had a miserable time, we will consider that a failure. The two of us will be searching for the balance between pushing ourselves and making sure it is still fun.

Each day, we will row in shifts - two hours on, two hours off - all day and all night. We will eat dried food packs amounting to 6,000 calories a day. And we will go to the toilet in front of each other in a bucket.

All in all, it sounds like great fun to me.

You can follow our progress on Facebook at Atlantic Albatross Row (https://www.facebook.com/AtlanticAlbatrossRow/?ref=br_rs)

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I owe PEYC a lot! *Alistair Skinner*

It is now 18 years since I came to China and boy, how our sport has grown in that time.

Sailing, and life in general, is not just about grasping opportunities, but also accepting help from those around you who are willing to give you a push up. I have been fortunate along the way to have that sort of assistance from time to time.

When I arrived here there was no 'non-government sailing' but we soon sorted that with the formation of Shanghai Boat & Yacht Club. In true Monty Python fashion, the constitution just had PEYC scored out in crayon and SBYC inserted.

Although that expat club has now gone, it has spawned 4 other clubs in Shanghai and was China's first actual entry into the America's Cup. Sadly, or perhaps correctly, we withdrew that entry at 15 minutes to the deadline as, although we had the entry money, we could not guarantee to be able to raise the funds to do the club, the team and most importantly The Cup itself justice. We were actually told at the time that, had we not withdrawn, the entry of China Team by Le Defi would not have been accepted and the performance of that team is well enough documented elsewhere.

Then, 4 editions ago the Volvo Ocean Race came knocking on China's door and after an initial offer of help was rejected, back they came with "Can you really help get us into Shanghai?" 10 days later appointments were arranged with the Mayor and the Party Secretary's office (a certain Xi Jing Ping). VOR simply didn't turn up – not a smart move.

However, it was the start of our involvement. I say our, because by then I had met my now wife, Li Li. It led to doing the in-port race in Qingdao with Ken Read on Puma. The following race I was tasked with being the sailing manager for the Sanya stopover. The one after that Dongfeng entered the fray with Li Li as Key Account Director and trips to the likes of Auckland for the stopover and Gothenburg for the finish.

Then this last race? Well, to say that all expectations were exceeded is an understatement. The atmosphere in The Hague was tense – or should that be intense – up to about 1 hour before the finish line when it changed from tension to euphoria. Amazing feeling to be a small part of a team that truly had a family feel to it. For my part I was just unofficial rules adviser and thankfully had a quiet race but if you think PEYC NoR's and SI's are complex take a look at the Volvo's – phew. And I am glad to say that Dongfeng is unlikely to be finished with their support of sailing

Along the way I took up writing and was fortunate enough for a certain Bob Fisher to take me under his wing and am now a regular with Sailing Anarchy and, more recently, Seahorse.

And when it came to learning the rules, my mentor has 3 America's Cups behind him and is Chairman of the Sydney Hobart Protest Committee (yes it was he who had the courage to penalise Wild Oats XI last time out)

Like I say, lucky with those who have helped along the way.

Back here in China we have a Swan 82 in refit and a Cookson 50 we are rebuilding a team for. We project managed her 3rd overall IRC & 1st Overall in ORCi in the 2016 Sydney Hobart and are responsible for the regatta management of China's premier regatta which this year will had 45 J-80s on the start line. Sadly all this activity means that our two quarter tonners Kiral3 (now named 4 Dragons) and Bird of Prey hardly see the light of the marina entrance but when someone offers you his 82 foot Swan to play with it is hard to say no!

Then of course there is the small matter of a series that will (or by the time you read this 'that has') be(en) announced in October which I suspect will be awesome viewing, even for non-sailors.

The foundation of all this, especially putting back into our sport, lies with my time at PEYC. A club which was always welcoming and terrific fun to be part of with members looking out for each other almost as much as they did for themselves and from what I hear, although the marina has gone through significant changes, the club appears to be the same. I wonder if the Royal Navy had any idea when they built their temporary Officer's Mess in 1916 that it would still be providing a home for users of the sea over 100 years later.

I look back at my 14 years at PEYC with true affection, not just for myself but my daughter (Kizzy formerly known as Kirsty) who grew up at PEYC and not just in terms of years. Known as 'Shorty' by the Abso guys who took her under their wing she is now in Tasmania and has recently competed in her 5th (or is it 6th?) worlds driving to a 10th in the B14 event down under.

Yes indeed, as far as this family is concerned Port Edgar Yacht Club has a lot for us to be grateful for and is responsible for many, if not most, of the happy memories of my time in Edinburgh.

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Articles wanted!! An exciting opportunity to get your name in print!!

There have been a number of requests for topics to be covered. Can anyone with inside knowledge (or who is able to research) provide copy for either of the following two subjects:

- To continue to investigate the history of the club and the clubhouse. Articles can include photos/pictures.

An interesting history of the early years can be found at <https://www.peyc.org.uk/wp-content/uploads/A-History-of-Port-Edgar-Yacht-Club.pdf>

- To continue to investigate the origins and histories of the trophies and awards presented by the club. Club member Brian McCombe wrote a very interesting piece about the Ogston Trophy, the Chattan Sternchase Trophy, the Admiralty Cup and the Drambuie Cup in the last Beamer. But there are plenty more trophies to provide interesting reading!!

As ever, thank you to our contributors for this edition.

If anyone would like to submit an article for future editions, or has an idea for an article, then do please contact me at any time on catherine_bryant@yahoo.com

And if you would like more information about the club or its activities visit the website www.peyc.org.uk or e-mail peycwelcome@gmail.com