

NEW 15 SPRINT

The Official Magazine of the UK Sprint 15 Association
Winter 2019

North Island to Starboard!

The extraordinary journey by Liam Thom
as he completes circumnavigation of
Britain on his cruising Sprint 15



Summer TT Round-Up

Our new champions David Ball and Fraser Manning conquer the conditions at the Nationals and Sport Nationals

Cartoon fun with Phil Breeze

Le Tedy Regatta

Harbour raids and crab baguettes in Cornwall

COMMENTS



from the ED

It's been a year of mixed emotions for our class. We lost a close friend early in the year, a stalwart whose voice can still be heard as we round the buoys on the water up and down the country. Erling was the inspiration behind a phenomenal navigation undertaken by Liam just a few months later. It was a privilege for me to locate Biscuit on various weekends around the British coastline. It is an odd thing to look down from a Welsh headland, or Scottish loch, and see a tiny cat approaching; looking so ridiculously small and out of place. But our boat is small only in terms of feet, and to withstand the rigours of sailing every daylight hour for two months, with all the different waterways for 2,000 miles, is testament to the durability of an outstanding original design. Many of us watched on Twitter and WhatsApp, but we are still taking on board the enormity of the decision to sail a Sprint 15 from Shanklin to Scotland.

As we approach the New Year, weather may prevent us launching as regularly as we might wish, but a bracing walk is an excellent alternative - so put a small bag in your pocket when you go, and pick up a little plastic on route, and we can all help make the beaches and countryside a little cleaner for the coming year.

Huge thanks to all our contributors to this edition - there are some super stories and lots of great photos from around the country, and abroad. Please keep them coming!

Season's Greetings and Happy New Year!

Yvonne (aka Sootica 1965)

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Front cover: Liam Thom leads Biscuit out into Loch Craignish. Photo by Yvonne Pike

Your Chairman Writes...



Autumn is definitely here and I am now venturing out in my drysuit when I take to the water. The summer TT series was rounded off in October with Paul Grattage (Shanklin) winning back the trophy from Liam Thom, also of Shanklin. Well done to Jenny Ball (Marconi) who was the only person to compete in all five TTs, and well done to Simon Hare (Oxford) for winning the Isolan Sprint/Sport cup, which has not been awarded for some time.

This year we have seen some windier events, with our Nationals in July probably the windiest for many years, with most races above force 4 and one gusting 30 knots+. There was a great turnout of 48 boats for the event, hosted by Harwich for the first time and they made us very welcome. Racing was hotly contested with Kevin Dutch (Seasalter) winning the first 4 races, but in the end, it was David Ball (Marconi) with a consistent set of results who deservedly won and became our National champion for his first time.

The Sport Nationals followed soon after, held at Yaverland, for yet more exciting racing in windy and challenging conditions. It was highly competitive with 34 boats entering, including 11 sailors making the trip from NDYC, Instow. We had 7 races over 3 days with Paul Grattage, Fraser Manning and Hector Bunclark (both from Instow), fighting for the podium places.

Congratulations to Fraser who triumphed overall to become our new Sport Nationals Champion, and to Hector - a rising star and future champion.

For the rest of us, the main challenge was launching off and returning to the beach through the surf, especially for us lake sailors. On his way out to the very first race, Anthony Gray (Instow) managed to practically take off and nearly flipped his Sprint backwards as the huge surf caught his bow; a moment caught in a spectacular photo, taken by local photographer Mary Howie-Wood [see page 32]. Fortunately both the helm and the boat survived the manoeuvre and with several comments afterwards about how surprising it was that everything seemed to stay intact (give or take a couple of battens) it just goes to show how resilient and impressive our Sprint 15s really are!

I am pleased to welcome two new committee members: Liam Bunclark, from our biggest and most active Sport mode fleet at Instow, Devon; and David Ball, our current National champion and brother to Jenny Ball. He will be taking on the role of our Training rep.

Away from the racing scene, Liam Thom decided to sail around Britain on "Biscuit", his 20 year old Sprint 15. A crazy idea, but what an adventure! Having gained experience of long distance sailing on a Sprint to Alderney, Seaford and Lundy to name but a few, Liam set off in June, and made steady progress. With his posts on Twitter we were all able to share in his adventure from the comfort of our own homes; marvelling at the scenery and distances he was making. Two

months over 2,000 nautical miles later it is not surprising that we have awarded Liam the OTT plaque.

Windsport hosted their first multi-hull regatta on the Fal estuary this July. We were quite a small group of varying abilities and ages, including Keith Bartlett and Alan Welman who hadn't sailed their Sprints for a couple of years. My wife Sarah and I sailed together - and survived! - winning the treasure hunt on the estuary. Thank you Windsport also for the opportunity to try our hand at foiling - an amazing feeling and a very satisfying achievement.

In May we were represented at Carnac by our intrepid trio - Gordon Deuce, Andrew Berisford and Simon Hare. The conditions were exciting to say the least and congratulations to Gordon Deuce for becoming the Sprint 15 winner and collecting our European Winners Trophy.

Looking ahead to next year, we will be having our Sprint 15 stand at the RYA Dinghy Show in Alexandra Palace, on 29th February/1st March and George Love will be co-ordinating our activities. We are always looking for volunteers to help on the stand so if you would like to help, please let George know.

Our 2020 Nationals will be hosted by Whitstable, 22nd to 24th August. This is a great venue, so please put it in your diaries now!

*Good sailing
& best regards,
Ed Tuite Dalton*

Dart 15s at Le Tedey Regatta

Once again the Tedey Regatta took place this July at Camping Le Tedey, a campsite at Lac de Lacanau, France about 50 km west of Bordeaux; British, Dutch, French and German sailors all taking part.

The lake is home in the summer for several Dart 15s, some of whom spend their whole life in France, coming out of nearby storage for up to 10 weeks in July and August. Other Darts turn up over the summer. The lake runs almost north south being about 2 miles long and a mile wide and usually has a fairly reliable afternoon wind ideal for recreational sailors.

Once again Wilfred, a Dutchman who sails a Hobie 18, and his friends organised this informal regatta for catamarans, a fun event for all. This year he was wearing a new T-shirt emblazoned with "Race Director" on the back and a photo of the start line of the last regatta on the front!

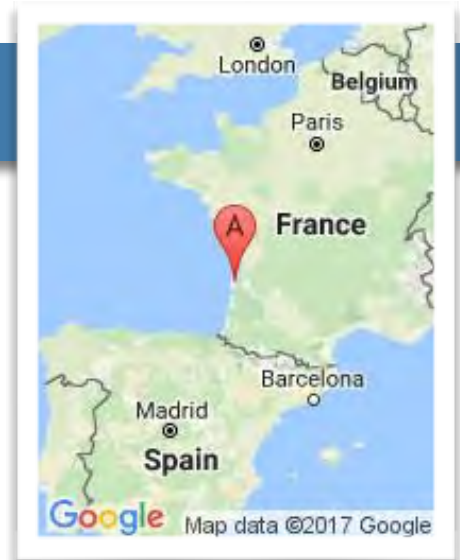
The shorter course was sailed again this year as it gives spectators a better view of the race. Starting from the campsite beach near the bar it keeps to the northern part of the lake with a broadly triangular course northward to the top end of the lake, east towards Lacanau Ville and back to the campsite where a marker buoy for the shallows off the beach had to be rounded and the course followed again for a second lap. All of this was visible from the campsite (with the help of binoculars). The course uses various navigational buoys around the lake which mark shallows and

entries to marinas. They are quite small and difficult to spot from a distance so the event generally favours regular sailors on the lake.

The weather forecast was for Force 2 winds but this increased unexpectedly with F3 gusts during the race. This year 15 catamarans took part, 5 Dart15s, 2 Dart18s, 2 Hobie16s, 2 Topcats, a Coolcat15, a Nacra, a Hobie18 and a Hobie Tiger. All started together from the beach; handicaps being applied to the finishing times.

Wilfred, as starter, gave himself a slight handicap as he couldn't get sailing until he had blown the starting klaxon! I didn't take part this year as my Dart (1434) had been sold two days earlier to a local Frenchman; old age and arthritis combining at last to end my sailing life.

The end of the first lap gave all some difficulties at the buoy marking the shallows at Tedey Point. This was approached directly upwind meaning it had to be



approached on a tack, then a further tack needed to round against the wind with only about six metres of shallow water between the buoy and the beach. This left little room and needed accurate tacking to clear it. The first four (2 Dart 18s, a 15 and a Hobie 16) approached the buoy each with several seconds gap between them and had room to manoeuvre, but the next five all arrived together and chaos ensued when the first of them misjudged the tack and was then blown back into the following craft. These had little room to manoeuvre and eventually all disembarked and walked their cats through the shallows.



The not-so-buoyant final race mark at Tedey Point.
Picture by: Keith Thomas



In the chaos, however, Vic Coleman (1949), usually at the fore of the Dart 15s, had

managed to sneak through and sail away gaining several places, which he then promptly lost by capsizing and eventually decided to retire. He was not happy, (perhaps more so because since my retirement he is now probably the oldest cat sailor on the lake!). One Topcat also retired at

this point, being well last.

First home was Dart 18 (7378) in about 75 minutes followed by the Hobie Tiger 2 minutes later, then Dart 18 (1724) and 3 Dart 15's. After adjustments for handicap the winner was declared to be the Dart 15 (1946) (Machteld van Kaan) and second another Dart 15 (no sail number) (Yaap Teule). Third was the French Dart 18 (7378) (Bernoit and wife Valerie).

Prizes of carved wood plaques and fir cones made by Wilfred's family were awarded and as usual all competitors, families and friends enjoyed the afternoon, helped along by a few beers!



Top: The Cats all head out to the start.
Above: The map of the course and prize-giving table.
Pictures by: Keith Thomas

Something from the Past

by John Shenton



During the days when we sailed Enterprises, a colleague from work wanted to sail.

He had no wet gear, so on a Thursday race night I launched the boat on my own and walked back to the shore to hand back the trolley. As soon as my back was turned The Ent. sailed off out to sea, my work colleague having failed to catch it!

My friend Erling Holmberg was quick to the rescue. Earl quickly launched his boat - a 12 foot National - and we set off in hot pursuit. But alas, we were much heavier than the unmanned Ent. Eventually the Ent. had had enough and capsized. After righting it with my colleague we took part in the race.

Some time later I moved on to Laser sailing. I managed to "Death Roll" it and became separated from the boat as she rolled over three times away from me. Earl came along and grabbed me by the top of my life jacket and towed me back to my boat saying "never let go of the main sheet!" A valuable lesson for all.

Erling was a must-win sailor. One evening it was very light wind



John and Erling are joined by Shanklin members for a sail to Whitecliff Bay on a sunny October day 2010.
Picture by: Liam Thom

and I managed to gain an overlap on him as we approached a mark. He luffed us both the wrong side of the mark rather than let me overtake him!

When new members joined the club, he was always helpful with advice on how to sail better. Often heard over the water was "ease your mainsheet!"

Erling was very active with the Sprint 15 association and managed to persuade many Shanklin sailors to go to the Travellers series and the Nationals, and helped to win the Team Trophy many times over.

Erling is sorely missed at our club. He was always there sorting out the ditches and maintenance of the buoys, plus all the chat about the results of races.

Not so long ago we were sat on a bench at one of the Nationals, discussing how lucky we were to still be sailing in our seventies.

He had mentioned over ten years ago that he was at risk of asbestos poisoning. He was so stoic when he was given the news of his condition.

A lovely guy who it was a privilege to have known.

John (below right) and Erling (below left) giving the Sprint 15 fleet a run for their money at the Thorpe Bay Nationals 2017. Pictures by: Pauline Love and Nick Champion





Forty-eight competitors and their supporters descended on a small seaside town on the east coast for the Sprint 15 National Championships.

Many of the fleet arrived on Thursday to get the best space on the large green conveniently located next to the beach and the club house. The Stone Sailing Club contingent even got there at 8am allegedly to be first up, although it's more likely that they had just got the wrong day. They were soon invaded by the Marconi SC fleet - three of whom went for a practice sail across Dovercourt Bay in the afternoon. Given the very lively forecast for the first day of the nationals they were eagerly quizzed by fellow competitors on what conditions were like - to which they confidently declared that whilst it was breezy, the water was flat and all would be well.

Friday morning dawned sunny with a perfect wind, but with a forecast of building breeze and gusts in excess of 30 knots in the afternoon. Sailors were welcomed by Event Organiser, Andy Webb and Race Officer, Didge Everett - and also the Deputy Harbour Master who reminded everyone that sailing into the shipping channel and getting run over by a ferry or a container ship was not a good

idea. The sailing instructions allowed for the schedule of races to be flexed over the three days to maximise opportunities to get all nine races completed. In view of the forecast, the Race Officer confirmed the plan to run two races and assess the conditions with regards to the planned third race.

The fleet set off in an already very stiff and gusty breeze and headed out round the breakwater into Dovercourt Bay - which was no longer that flat.

Race 1 - got underway on time, with the usual suspects who relish a strong breeze leading the way and chasing each other hard. The course was three laps with very physical beats and reaches and runs with a minimal number of gybes. And quite a few capsize. All of which were duly evidenced as they resulted in a lot of mud at the top of the sail. Our youngest helm, Hector Bunclark (NDYC), probably had the most capsize and nearly decapitated Jenny Ball (Marconi) when he pitched alongside and his mast missed her head by inches. At the front end of the fleet, Kevin Dutch (Seasalter) had a convincing win followed by Sean and Sophia McKenna (Shanklin), Robert Finch (Stewartby), David Ball (Marconi) and Chris Tillyer (Marconi).

Race 2 - the wind and gusts continued to build and the tide had turned creating a steep sea state - particularly relative to a fifteen foot boat. A number of competitors decided to call it a day and make the perilous journey downwind back to the club - of which more later. The second start got underway with Kevin making another clean break and giving an absolute masterclass in heavy-weather sailing - see Facebook for the video footage to prove it. Further back in the fleet, there were multiple capsize, particularly on the downwind leg. Jenny got knocked off her boat by an involuntary gybe and her boat proceeded to sail an entire leg on its own amongst the rest of the fleet before being eventually slowed up enough by Hector and Nigel James (Marconi) for the RIB to deposit Jenny back on board. Kevin went on to take a convincing win, followed by Ed Tuite-Dalton (Draycote), David, Paul Craft (Worthing) and Sean & Sophia. The Race Officer wisely called it a day and the remaining fleet were faced with a very challenging downwind sail back to the club in immense waves - whilst avoiding a large, and not entirely visible, breakwater which seemed to do anything but calm the water down.



The fleet heads out into open water. Pictures by Pauline Love

Nationals 2019 - Harwich (Cont'd)

There were multiple capsizes and people bounced clear of their boats by the size of the waves. Several competitors stood by those trying to sort themselves out and the Harwich Town safety boats did an excellent and professional job of assisting swiftly where required. Everyone got home safely, although not without some bruising, twisted joints, broken battens and one very S-shaped mast.

The fleet were duly revived by hot showers and lots of tea and cake and recovered sufficiently to make for a well-attended, and suitably brief, AGM. Lots of discussion was had around encouraging new people to the fleet at club level as well as out on the circuit and all were asked to lend their support. Following the AGM, the fleet were addressed by Betty, the President of Harwich Town SC who, as a very accomplished sailor herself, was entirely empathetic to the fleet's experience that afternoon and very generously awarded a bottle of whisky to Kevin for his two race wins in such conditions. This was followed by a drinks reception and an excellent evening meal. Saturday dawned with lots of the fleet anxiously consulting weather forecasts and falling into two camps - either those who wanted similar winds to the previous day or those who were anxious to actually go sailing, rather than hang on for survival. Whilst not as strong as the previous afternoon, the breeze was well up by the time the

fleet set off for a planned day of up to four races and some competitors elected to stay ashore where they could heal more quickly and be first to the tea and scones.



Race 3 - the strong winds did not deter people from crowding down to the pin end of the line but Kevin managed to get into a clear lead followed by the usual suspects. Whilst the breeze was still strong, and there was a decent chop, the rest of the fleet also had good racing. Kevin went on to take his third straight win followed by David, Sean and Sophia and Jon Pearse (Marconi) in fourth.

Race 4 - the fleet again bundled down to the pin end of the line which ultimately resulted in a general recall, although the front runners had got to the windward mark by the time they realised. The re-start went without incident and the fleet set off. This time the front runners included Jim Bowie (Thorpe Bay) who was in third place until he missed out mark 3 on the final lap, despite only having gone round it at least a dozen times already this weekend. Kevin sailed another

text book race to take his fourth straight win, again followed by David, Sean and Sophia, and Mark Aldridge (Grafham) in fourth.

Race 5 - the breeze and chop were still up and competitors were starting to tire in the

conditions, but most of the fleet stuck with it and this time, perhaps with the aid of the black flag, there was a clear start. This race saw some changes at the front with Kevin taking a turn for brushing a mark and Jim deciding to roll tack in a force 5 - 6 and promptly capsizing as a result... and then doing the same thing a further three times. David went on to take a convincing win, followed by Sean and Sophia, Steve Sawford (Rutland), Jon Pearse and Simon Farthing (Grafham) who had eventually remembered that he sails well in a stiff breeze.

Race 6 - in line with the plan for the day, and in consultation with the Events Secretary, the Race Officer proceeded with a fourth race which would be shorter in length. The fleet gamely stuck with it - relieved that they had vetoed Jenny's proposal the day before to try and run five races.

Uncharacteristically, Kevin capsized which resulted in a retirement. This time it was Sean and Sophia who went on to take the win followed by David and Simon, and with Hector, our youngest and lightest helm, achieving a brilliant and well deserved fourth place. The fleet headed home still in very gusty conditions, but mercifully flatter than the day before.





The evening heralded the annual Class Association Dinner where 80 sailors, family, friends and hosts sat down to a lovely evening meal. Talk over dinner reflected on two lively days on the water, the promise of three more races in lighter conditions the following day and the frankly eye-wateringly orange team shirts sported by Thorpe Bay. Which were no match for the purple shirts of team Marconi but better than no team shirts - take note for next year, Stone and Grafham.

Ed, our Chairman, gave a short speech during which he paid tribute to the late Erling Holmberg - a good friend and stalwart of the class who we all miss very much, and raised a glass in his honour. Ed also reflected on the amazing achievement of our webmaster, Liam Thom (SSC) who had single-handedly sailed around the UK on a Sprint 15 and this epic voyage was also toasted. Chris and Jenny (Events Secretaries) then presented the Chairman's spot prize awards as follows:

Chris Tillyer for trying (and failing) a port hand flyer in a Force 7 and, in a different race, pitchpoling upwind on top of the committee boat whilst everyone on board learnt some new words.

Hector Bunclark for being the first to capsize at the event - right on the start line about a minute before the first start. And for many subsequent capsizes or near misses - including the one where he nearly decapitated Jenny. Jemma Clarke (Marconi) who has only sailed a Sprint 15 about five times but was brave enough to go out on both days and give it a

go before deciding that discretion was the better part of valour.

Sam Rowell (Felixstow) who undertook a man overboard recovery of Simon Hare (Oxford) following a capsize and successfully reunited him with his boat in exceptionally challenging conditions on the Friday. We were really pleased to welcome Sam and his father Simon back to the fleet for the Nationals.

Skip Atkins (Stone), an experienced monohull sailor but brand new to the fleet who had been holed in the first race on Saturday and sailed home, repaired it and sailed back out to join the racing. Only to be holed again by a fellow club member but managed to complete another race before having to retire due to water intake but would be back out the following day. Clearly a great addition to the fleet who will fit in well.

Jim Bowie for giving away a top three position by missing out Mark 3, having only been round it 12 times previously. And for trying out roll tacking in a force 5-6 which resulted in three capsizes in exactly the same point on different laps.

Robert Finch (Stewartby) for achieving a mast shape that no-one had ever seen before following a prolonged capsize on the way home on Friday. He still managed to get back out racing on Saturday but lost a large hatch cover so sailed most of the day with a cocktail cabinet full of water.

Jenny Ball for getting knocked off her boat - only to find that it sailed better without her for an entire leg, overtaking three boats in the process, but

mercifully being halted before breaking up on Dovercourt beach.

Andy Webb then drew the prize draw from the first forty entries - and the prize, a £100 Windsport Voucher, was won by Mark Aldridge.

Sunday morning finally brought sunshine and more moderate winds and everyone, bar a few who had not yet recovered sufficiently, geared up for a good day's racing.

Race 7 - a significant bundle at the pin end resulted in a number of competitors either being parked or having to loop round the end and head off towards the windward mark on port tack. This allowed those who had started with a bit more space in the middle to get a better lane with Sam Rowell rounding the mark first, followed by Jon Finch (Stewartby), Paul Craft (Worthing) and Jenny who managed to squeeze into the lead by the end of the first lap. As the wind increased, the pack chased hard resulting in very close racing for the next two laps but Jenny just managed to hold on to take the win, followed by Paul, Jon and Sam. By now the sun had gone and unforecast rain came along with a strong squall hitting 30 knots which must have been fun for the Seaside Festival taking place at Dovercourt beach. It was not much fun for the Race Management Team who were obliged to move the entire course with the wind shift. It was also not much fun for the competitors who thought Friday's conditions might be making a repeat appearance and some elected to head home before that became the case.



Betty, President of Harwich Town SC, presents the prizes. Pictures by Pauline Love

Race 8 - the wind and rain ended abruptly during the start sequence and the competitors suddenly found themselves in light wind and fluky conditions which left them perplexed and flustered because no-one could remember how to sail in those conditions, except for Chris who established an early lead off the line. Those who tacked onto the port lay-line found the wind then bent significantly causing them to reach into the windward mark and then beat to the reaching mark. Chris extended his lead, followed by David, whilst the rest of the fleet remained fairly close together for the first lap. A windshift on the second upwind leg and some inter-boat activity at the leeward mark allowed a shuffle round near the front of the pack with Chris winning followed by David, Steve Sawford, Jenny and Sean and Sophia.

Race 9 - the final start got away and was followed by a windshift, causing about a third of the fleet to tack off early onto port. Those who held their nerve on starboard to the far corner generally found the favoured line and this time it was the turn of Steve Sawford to take an early lead. Rounding mark 4, the majority of the fleet found themselves bunched together in shifty conditions and having to make multiple tacks in order to make it through the start-finish line. Some of the fleet again split off early on to port up the beat and this time it seemed to pay off with places being

shuffled in the middle of the fleet. Steve was out on his own, however, to take a clear win, followed by David, Ed, Sean and Sophia.

The fleet headed home reflecting on a myriad of conditions, the fact there were six different winners across the nine races and the overall positions really had all been decided in the final stages. All of which are signs of a good and competitive event.

The prize-giving was presented by Betty, President of Harwich Town SC. We first moved through our very personal, but highly coveted, special category prizes - including Heavyweight (Kevin Dutch), Over 50 (Sean McKenna), Over 60 (Jim Bowie) and Over 70 (John Manning).

The Youth Champion, and winner of the new Erling Holmberg Trophy, was Hector Bunclark. As a result of her boat chucking her off on Friday - the Amateur winner of the Pro-Am competition was Jenny Ball alongside her Pro, Simon Farthing. Apparently, his sage advice - "try staying attached to the boat" - had worked a treat and may even have helped her win Race 7.

Our Most Improved Trophy clearly demonstrated that 2018 had been a light wind Nationals as third place went to Jon Pearse, second to Kevin Dutch

and the winner was Daren Fitchew (Thorpe Bay) - all of whom complain if it is anything less than the top of a force 5.

We were delighted to award Rob Wilson (Stone) the Paul Smith Most Persistent Trophy - noting that to complete all nine races had been no mean feat and plenty of the fleet had not managed to do so.

We then moved into the more usual prize categories culminating in Kevin Dutch - 5th place and winner of Races 1, 2, 3 and 4, Steve Sawford - 4th place and winner of Race 9, Chris Tillyer - 3rd place and winner of Race 8, Sean and Sophia McKenna - 2nd place, winner of the Two Up Cup and winner of Race 6 - and finally winner of race 5 and 2019 National Champion - David Ball who had put in a string of consistent results in challenging conditions for a very well deserved win.

Finally, the Team Trophy was presented to Marconi SC who had flooded the event with 12 competitors, nearly as many supporters and many, many purple shirts. And who were also now very proud to have a National Champion in their fleet. All that was left was to thank Andy Webb, Didge Everett and all the volunteers at Harwich Town SC for running a superb event in challenging conditions and to reluctantly head home after an amazing weekend.

Rob Wilson celebrates with the Paul Smith Perseverance trophy, whilst the Team Shield proudly sports Marconi colours for another year. Pictures by Pauline Love





Above: David Ball steers a course to become our National Champion 2019. Pictures this page by Pauline Love

OVERALL RESULTS

Competitors			Races - 9 of 9 Sailed (No. of Discards: 2)									Event	
Name	Sail	Club	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	R6	R7	R8	R9	Pts	Pl
David Ball	1923	Marconi	4	3	2	2	1	2	7	2	2	14	1
Sean McKenna & Sophia McKenna	2018	Shanklin	2	5	3	3	2	1	10	5	4	20	2
Chris Tillyer	2020	Marconi	5	6	20	5	3	6	6	1	5	31	3
Steve Sawford	1989	Rutland	8	10	7	6	11	13	13	3	1	46	4
Kevin Dutch	1938	Seasalter	1	1	1	1	8	32 DNF	14	23	33 RAF	49	5
Paul Craft	1981	Worthing	19	4	8	12	6	7	2	12	12	51	6
Ed Tuite Dalton	2023	Draycote	16	2	9	15	14	8	8	8	3	52	7 ¹
Mark Aldridge	2027	Grafham	10	49 DNC	10	4	9	5	5	9	33 DNF	52	8 ¹
Simon Farthing	1898	Grafham	11	49 DNC	5	13	5	3	19	11	6	54	9
Jenny Ball	2025	Marconi	15	29 DNF	16	8	7	12	1	4	11	58	10
Jim Bowie	2021	Thorpe Bay	9	8	13	9	26	22	15	6	9	69	11
Jon Pearse	1988	Marconi	7	11	4	14	4	14	17	49 DNC	23	71	12
Jon Finch	1942	Stewartby	14	9	14	16	12	16	3	10	10	72	13
Daren Fitchew	1642	Thorpe Bay	6	7	11	7	17	9	21	20	24	77	14
Robert Finch	1990	Stewartby	3	12	6	18	16	17	11	22	21	83	15
Samuel Rowell	1984	Felixstowe	32	15	18	17	23	11	4	14	7	86	16
Hector Bunclark	1906	North Devon	17	24	12	22	20	4	16	7	13	89	17
Kevin Kirby	196	Marconi	13	13	15	10	22	10	22	18	19	98	18
Richard Chidwick	1545	North Devon	12	14	21	21	10	21	25	25	15	114	19
Geoff Tindale	2017	Stone	22	17	19	19	18	19	18	24	8	118	20
Rob Bailey	1755	Thorpe Bay	24	49 DNC	17	20	13	15	34	16	17	122	21
Nigel James	2015	Marconi	21	29 DNF	24	11	21	18	34	19	14	128	22
Skip Atkins	1821	Stone	28	20	49 DNC	30	24	26	9	21	16	144	23
David Oakley	1742	Seasalter	20	19	22	23	25	49 DNC	24	15	22	145	24
Gary Sverdloff	1963	Thorpe Bay	49	49 DNC	36	27	19	20	23	26	25	176	25
Simon Hare	2026	Oxford	30	16	25	25	27	23	31	38 DNS	49 DNC	177	26
Simon Rowell	1985	Felixstowe	26	18	27	29	28	28	33	30	26	182	27
John Manning	1955	Beaver	29	49 DNC	26	24	15	24	20	49 DNC	49 DNC	187	28
Liam Bunclark	1932	North Devon	27	24	30	26	38 DNF	30	28	31	29	194	29
Robert Wilson	1966	Stone	37	22	32	32	29	25	38	28	27	195	30
George Love	2019	Carsington	31	21	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	29	17	20	216	31
Lee Harrison	942	Marconi	36	49 DNC	31	34	31	27	37	33	49 DNC	229	32
Gordon Deuce	2024	Brightlingsea	25	49 DNC	23	28	38 DNF	49 DNC	26	49 DNC	49 DNC	238	33
Gordon Goldstone	2004	Queen Mary	38	49 DNC	33	33	30	29	30	49 DNC	49 DNC	242	34
Peter Richardson	1983	Marconi	49	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	27	13	18	254	35
Keith Chidwick	2016	Queen Mary	35	49 DNC	29	31	38 DNF	49 DNC	36	38 DNS	49 DNC	256	36
Keith Persin	1551	Thorpe Bay	23	49 DNC	28	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	32	27	49 DNC	257	37
Dave Clarke	1917	Marconi	39	29 DNF	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	40	29	28	263	38
Stuart Snell	2022	Grafham	18	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	12	49 DNC	49 DNC	275	39
Gerald Sverdloff & Nathan Sverdloff	218	Thorpe Bay	33	24	49 DNC	36	38 BFD	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	278	40
Anthony Bailey	1872	Marconi	44	49 DNC	34	37	38 DNF	49 DNC	39	38 DNS	49 DNC	279	41
Peter Sherwin	1703	Stone	49	49 DNC	37	35	38 DNF	49 DNC	41	38 DNS	49 DNC	287	42
Jemma Clarke	1339	Marconi	44	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	43	32	30	296	43
Steve Petts	1934	Brightlingsea	44	49 DNC	35	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49	49 DNC	49 DNC	324	44
Andrew Berisford	1947	Brightlingsea	34	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49	49 DNC	49 DNC	328	45
Andy Perks	1428	Marconi	44	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49	49 DNC	49 DNC	338	46
Steve Healy	1921	Thorpe Bay	49	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49 DNC	49	49 DNC	49 DNC	343	47



Gordon Deuce, Andrew Berisford and I flew the flag for the British Sprint 15s at this year's event.

Unfortunately Tom Gurney and Aaron Kirby had to pull out at the last moment, and were very much missed.

We arrived to be told that boats were to be rigged and launched in the harbour area of the sail club, because alterations to the sea front had not been completed. Having rigged and set up, we went to registration, and then returned to our campsite for an evening meal of lasagne and salad (prepared by Lorraine) and a couple of bottles of wine.

Race Day 1

We found there were three Hobie 14s in group C4 on their own, who had requested that the Sprints be moved from C3 to join them in C4, and that finally became our group. At the briefing we were told our course was: one very long beat to mark 1, a tight reach to mark 2, a run to mark 3, back up to mark 2, back to mark 3 and then the reach to the finish-line. Three races were held in sprightly conditions, each approximately eight miles long. Gordon claimed two firsts, and I took one first as the wind hit 25 knots, and Andrew took two seconds and a third. In race 1, Gordon made a flying start, only to realise that he had gone one minute early and had to turn back! There were numerous capsizes, a couple of masts came down, and several retirements. In the evening it was all back to the club for a barbeque, beer and a social.

Race Day 2

Race day 2 was pretty much the same as day 1, except we had to wait for the wind to come in. When it did, it started off breezy and sunny and finished where it had left off the day before - very windy and very cold.

Again Gordon led the Sprints to claim four firsts, Andrew two seconds and two thirds, and myself two seconds and two thirds.

The low light of the day was at the start of the third race and in a push for the start-line, I ran into a French boat, catching his bow on a rudder pintle. Ouch! Fortunately he was able to finish the last two races. In the evening it was prize giving and oyster tasting (eugh!)

Race Day 3: Long Distance
After an early briefing and the news that the wind was going to get even stronger, it was decision time for us, as the event itself was not being cancelled. Did we go or not? After much discussion with the Hobie sailors, it was decided to stay ashore and have a leisurely pack up. We had had a great previous couple of days and decided to quit while we were ahead.

Even whilst we were packing up, numerous boats returned to the shore, some of them not even having made it to the start line!

Overall the event was well organised on and off the water. There were no language barriers; briefings being in both French and English.



Gordon, Andrew and Simon prepare to set sail
Picture by: Lorraine Hare

Overall Results

- 1st Thierry Hobie 14 (ex Olympian and world class sailor!)
- 2nd Gordon Sprint 15
- 3rd Simon Sprint 15
- 4th Andrew Sprint 15
- 5th Lisbeth Hobie 14
- 6th Dominique Hobie 14

If you are interested in going next year, give me a shout and we can do it all again. Andrew has already said he wants to be there in 2021! Can't wait...



Why would anybody want to sail around Britain?

To endure all the worst that the weather and the sea can throw at you, just to end up in the same place as you started?

Well, why wouldn't you?

Photo by Liam Thom: Tobermory harbour

North Island to Starboard



North Island to Starboard

I could have bought a cheap yacht and sailed around in relative comfort with an auto-helm, a bed and a privy, but where's the challenge in that? Much better to take a twenty-seven year old beach catamaran with a worn out sail and no conveniences; modern or otherwise.

Last year's failed attempt to go around Britain was good preparation for my second mission. In 2018 I set off with not enough sailing clothes, too many non-sailing clothes, too much food and the wrong gadgets. I started out in shorts and a rash vest and ended up wearing all my layers and still being cold.

My VHF radio would only last about six hours and needed mains power to recharge; I had a similar problem with my mobile phone.

A few weeks before the start of my 2019 journey I got our commodore, Chris Read, to beef up the rigging on Biscuit, my Sprint 15. He strengthened and doubled up the chain plates and shroud plates so I could back up the existing steel rigging with dyneema string. I took the boat's original blue and white sail to Paul Newell to put a reefing point in, allowing me to reduce the sail area down to about half.

I did a small amount of gadget shopping. I already had a Garmin GPS watch which would tell me my speed and heading as well as track my course. I purchased a 24 amp hour battery pack and a solar panel that would unfold to about a foot and a half long. I bought a new handheld VHF radio with USB charging which I tested at home and knew would last several days between charges. After much ogling of on-line gadget shops I ended up with a £190 Chinese waterproof mobile phone with a 10 amp hour battery. I also purchased the latest digital charts for the new phone as my last lot were missing all the wind farms.

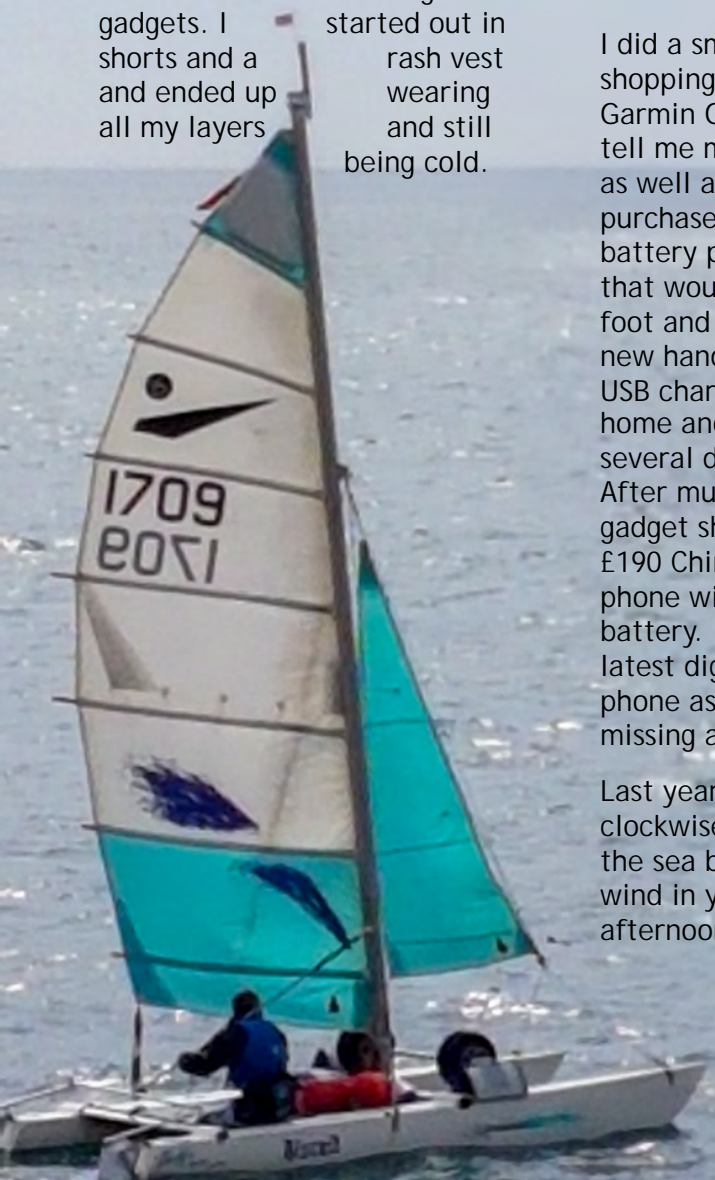
Last year I tried to go anti-clockwise. The reason for this is the sea breeze often veers the wind in your favour in the afternoon.

The downside is that the Pentland Firth at the top of Scotland is supposed to be easier the other way. The threat of the Pentland Firth was enough to send me clockwise this time.

A 17th June start fitted in with me being made homeless and also allowed Yvonne and me to take part in the two-up race at Shanklin the day before. We took her boat and dismasted before the start when the rigging snapped. I was glad of my extra rigging on Biscuit.

The first day took me as far as Swanage. Just 42 nautical miles but my body wasn't prepared for six and a half hours of close-hauled sailing. After I got off the boat it took ages to get my back straightened out, but after a delicious meal at a beach café I felt much better. I walked up to the top of the downs by Old Harry Rock and noticed the tide was getting a bit close to Biscuit so I had a two mile run downhill to rescue her from the sea.

I launched the next day at 6am with not a lot of breeze but a bit of tide behind me. I paddled between the rocks at Peveril Point and well out to sea to get clear of the unpleasantness at Saint Alban's Head and the firing ranges at Lulworth. I was six nautical miles out to sea when I heard on the VHF "Dart boat south west of Anvil Point, this is Solent Coastguard". I replied and the coastguard said they had reports of a small catamaran out to sea and was everything OK? I said I had to be this far out to miss the Lulworth ranges and all was well. I thanked him for his concern. Shortly afterwards there was repeated machine gun fire behind me.





I had set a course to go close in at Portland Bill to avoid the tidal race. Unfortunately the wind dropped and the tide sucked me away from the coast and straight towards the boiling waters of Portland Ledge. I tried to row the little boat out of danger but the current was too strong and I was taken sideways into the maelstrom. I don't know how big the waves were but they scared the living daylight out of me. Each breaking wave roared and spat at Biscuit and threatened to turn her over and eat us up. I put my legs under both foot straps and just pointed the boat up and down the slopes. After five minutes of turmoil the waves turned Biscuit into a tack but still she stayed upright. There was no end in sight; just white water for miles. All I could do was try and sit it out and make sure I stayed with the boat if she went over. We entered the race at 14:18. We left at 14:28. It was the worst waves I encountered on the trip. The boat stayed the correct way up and nothing broke.

On the 11th July (day 23) I sailed the 46 miles of open water from Port Logan to the Mull of Kintyre with Ireland looking very big and close all the way. There were very strong tides which turned against me as I passed Sanda Island and I landed at 2.30pm on a sandy beach just to the east of

where I intended. I was getting used to seeing beautiful scenery but the Mull of Kintyre was the most lovely place I had seen: a huge green mountain reaching up out of the sea up to 1,400 feet. I relaunched at 6.45pm to try to get round the headland at slack tide and avoid any bumpy seas. The wind was on the nose but the tide was starting to push me in the right direction and I made decent progress around the headland. As I got to the Mull Lighthouse the mist rolled in and the wind dropped. I was completely becalmed with failing light and no telephone signal. It was going to be a long night. I called Belfast Coastguard on the VHF and asked them to let Yvonne know I was fine but would be out a bit late. They were great although they did want to know things like a destination and an ETA which I had to make up on the fly. I paddled on through the darkness with the cliffs visible on my right but no concept of how far they were away. I had my head torch but it was better to let my eyes adjust to the darkness and sail without lights. I kept looking at the chart plotter on my phone to keep me away from rocks and it told me I could land around the next headland. As the clock passed midnight the sky became pitch black and I was treated to a magical display of bio-luminescence with fairy dust

dancing in Biscuit's wake. Eventually the lights of Machrihanish grew brighter and I pointed the boat at what the Ordnance Survey maps on my phone said was a

beach. There was a bit of sandstone at the bottom of the tide and it was not a particularly smooth landing but I had reached terra firma at 1.30am. I ate half a cake for supper.

The next morning while eating my breakfast I was shot at with a golf ball. It missed Biscuit's bow by inches.

This is where the holiday really started. I had a force 5 westerly on the beam to take me to the first of hundreds of islands that I would be sailing amongst for the next week. I passed between Cara, Gigalum and Gigha and the Kintyre Peninsula, literally whooping for joy at sailing at speed in such a beautiful, remote place. I made great progress through the Sound of Jura with the now north westerly breeze allowing me to fetch along the mainland coast. The intended target was a beach near Craignish where I was to meet Yvonne who was driving up that day. It was four miles away from the notorious whirlpools of the Gulf of Corryvreckan and the water was flowing quickly in many varied directions between a million rocks and islets. I found my way into Loch Beag where I saw Yvonne and where there should have been a beach. I dismounted by an entirely unsuitable place where Yvonne was stood five minutes earlier and dropped my sails. Yvonne, however, was gone so I looked at my phone and noticed (apart from the lack of signal) that she had sent me several messages telling me not to land there and that there was a much better beach around the corner. So I had to try to pull the sail back up while keeping it off the rocks and then tack my way out through all the whirlpools and back into Loch Craignish where there was the perfect place for a beach cat and a tent.

A pasty and contemplation. Early morning Looe, Cornwall



North Island to Starboard (cont'd)

All the way up the west coast I had been working from day to day, planning where I might land, which course I needed to take and when I needed to launch to make best use of the tide. I had all the beaches marked in my phone and I didn't need to spend much time on planning the night before. However there was one place that was concentrating my mind

while talking to a drunken Cypriot and pitched my tent on the beach. I was woken at 2 in the morning when the night clubs kicked out and apparently the fact that a catamaran was on the beach was all over social media. Fortunately the youth of Thurso were extremely friendly and having taken some pictures of me and posted them on Twitter I was allowed to sleep.

at Brough Bay where the water was flat although small whirlpools were frequent. The next target was the Merry Men of Mey and my heart was pounding as it got closer. I was aiming to go in as far as I could but there were exposed rocks at the headland and I wanted to go outside all of them. It was just past slack tide and the current was in my favour. There were four-foot breaking waves stretching out to the Orkneys but I could see flat water beyond. I pointed Biscuit at the jumps and kicked on. She sailed over them with no problems. I was through. I had sailed a fifteen foot boat to the top of Britain and through the most feared stretch of water in the British Isles. I was overjoyed. I rang Yvonne to tell her I had made it through the race and I had tears running down my face.



Above: Trying not to disturb the early-morning locals at Applecross.
Right: Leaving Oban for an overnight stay on the the Isle of Mull.

all the way round. The Pentland Firth divides the north east of Scotland from the Orkney Islands and experiences some of the biggest tidal currents on the planet with sixteen knots having been recorded. There is a tidal race called the Merry Men of Mey running the whole eight miles to Hoy with no gap. There is plenty of advice on-line about how to navigate it but none of it paints a picture of calmness. I spent several hours at the pub in Durness working out when I needed to leave to get through it and I had a long day sailing on the 19th July to get in the right place to start the next day. I landed at Thurso at 11.40pm with still enough light to sail without a head torch. I ate a tin of cold Ravioli

I launched at 6.30am with light wind and a bit of mist. I was quite happy with that as I didn't want to sail through the Pentland Firth with more than a force 4. However as I headed out towards Dunnet Head (the most northerly point on the mainland) a squall passed over and the wind built to 20 knots; I abandoned the mission for the day and headed to Dunnet Sands. Once the rain passed, the wind dropped to about 10 knots and I decided to take a second look at it. The seas around Dunnet Head were not pleasant but I had been in far worse. Once clear of the point I headed in shore





The North Sea was not friendly to me. It was a vile, choppy, snarling, nasty bit of water from the moment I turned south at Fraserburgh to when I crossed into the softer scenery of Yorkshire. Every headland was a battle through chop. The wind dropping was the worst danger as the sails and mast would clonk from one side to the other, stretching the rigging and the patience and sanity of the helmsman.

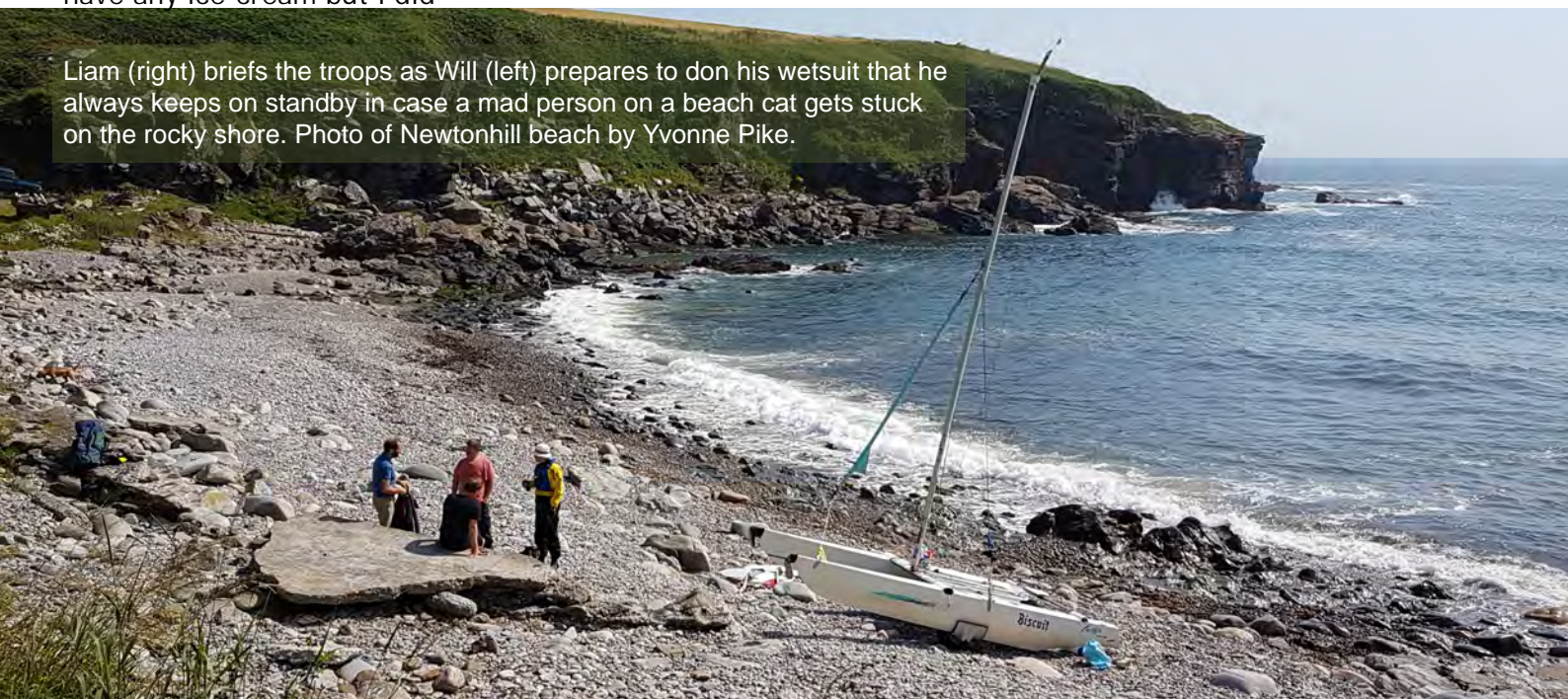
I passed Aberdeen on the 25th July with a leaky starboard hull, intending on landing in Nigg Bay. Unfortunately the harbour authorities had decided to make the bay into a harbour and were putting concrete all over the nice sand. I limped onto a stony cove at Portlethan where I shouted up to some workmen to ask for some help to get the boat onto the beach. They shouted down to say it was OK because they had called the coastguard and a lifeboat was on its way. But they wouldn't help, and I had no phone or radio signal to tell the coastguard I did not require assistance. I anchored the boat and bailed out, and headed out to sea to be met by the inshore lifeboat from Stonehaven and the larger lifeboat from Aberdeen. The Stonehaven boat did not have any ice-cream but I did

accept some bottles of water from them. The next few miles were slow and bumpy before I inched my way into Newtonhill. Newtonhill has a very pleasant harbour but you don't want to land a Sprint 15 there unless you have a very friendly, strong person there to help you. Fortunately Stuart Fraser was there and he and I manhandled the waterlogged boat over the rocks above the high water mark. He had the strength of two normal people and he lifted Biscuit's bows above his head to let the water drain out. It was an almighty struggle to get the boat to a suitable place and after Stuart had left me I curled up on the beach in the foetal position and was close to despair. How was I going to mend the boat and get her launched from such a beach? Could this be the end of the trip? I couldn't find my duct tape to try and block the hole so I went to the local Tesco to see if they had anything to fix the boat. They did not. The local pubs were not doing food so dinner was nuts and crisps. The pub did give me some duct tape though. Yvonne was on her way again with gelcoat so things were looking up. The next morning I tried to get the tape to stick but it wasn't going to last. I met a couple of fishermen on the beach

and it just happened that they had a bucket of gelcoat. I applied three coats over the course of the day with a stop for lunch at the pub and a chance to watch England beat Ireland at cricket. It looked like I had fixed the hole. The next morning I got up at 7 and met another fisherman who said I needed resin instead of gelcoat. He mixed me some up and I poked it up the hull with a paint brush taped to a batten. It dripped out of the hole like honey and set fast. I covered the outside with more gelcoat and it looked like I was in business. Meanwhile I had gathered a small posse of locals, including Will who had a wet suit, to help me get the boat off the beach.

We carried the unladed boat onto the water and Will held the bows while I put the rudders, trolley and sail on Biscuit. Yvonne waded out up to her armpits to help. There was no useful wind in the cove and plenty of swell so I sailed the boat while Will paddled like fury. Once nearly out of the bay, Will shook my hand and jumped overboard and swam in. The people of Newtonhill had been absolutely amazing. I could not have mended the boat and launched without them.

Liam (right) briefs the troops as Will (left) prepares to don his wetsuit that he always keeps on standby in case a mad person on a beach cat gets stuck on the rocky shore. Photo of Newtonhill beach by Yvonne Pike.



I landed back in Shanklin on the 13th August after eight weeks and two days. I had been sailing every day apart from six days including every day without a break from Portreath in Cornwall to Newtonhill on the east coast of Scotland.

I had covered 2,249 nautical miles. I broke two battens, virtually wore out the halyard and destroyed the plate at the bottom of the mast. I wore out an old drysuit, several pairs of gloves and a pair of old boots. My nose was continuously peeling from the sun and my hands were getting very fragile and wrinkled from being constantly wet. Other than that Biscuit and I were in pretty good condition and I was fitter when I got back than when I started.

“Rollercoaster of emotions” is a bit of a cliché but it does sum up how I felt doing the trip. I went through the darkest

despair and experienced the heights of elation. The worst moments were mostly when I was becalmed with big seas. A sail flogging from side to side in chop will drive you mad eventually. I was rarely troubled by too much wind while I was on the water.

The good bits were very good indeed. The west coast of Scotland was far more beautiful than I could have imagined. I landed on some truly amazing beaches, some of which were basically deserted from one year to the next. I landed on five Islands: Anglesey, Walney, Eigg, Mull and Lindisfarne. I saw porpoises, dolphins, a minke whale and hundreds of seals. I sailed past countless puffins, sea eagles, razorbills, gannets, guillemots, skuas, terns and dozens of other sea birds species that I cannot name.

I am so grateful to so many people that made it possible.

Yvonne drove more miles than I sailed to help at the weekends and Chris Tillyer drove round the whole of the south east of England with my kit. Jenny Ball was on call to rescue me if I got in trouble crossing the Thames. I was welcomed into people's homes by people I knew, including Donald Sloan and Paul Craft, by complete strangers and by the relatives of complete strangers. I was also allowed to sleep in a yacht on a wet night in Port Logan. I was helped up the beach by countless people and chatted for hours to strangers about my journey.

Would I do it again? Don't be ridiculous.

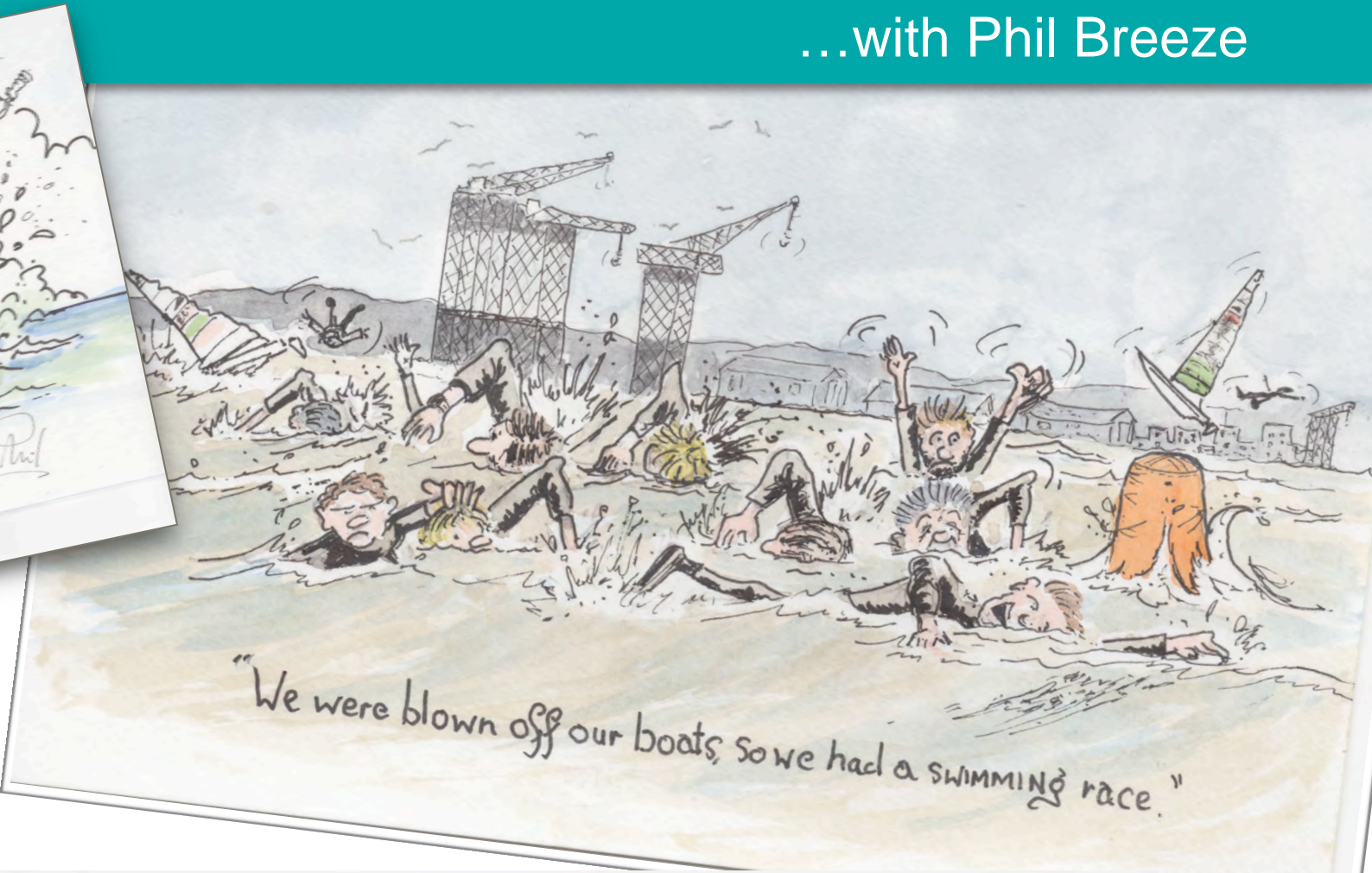


Biscuit on the beach by the village of Galmisdale on the Isle of Eigg. Photo by Liam Thom.



Cartoon fun...





The first Windsport Multi-hull Regatta

Well, where to begin?

It must have been a couple of weeks before the Ally Pally Dinghy Show, that there was a posting on the Sprint 15 chat pages (essential daily reading for 15ers) about an informal Catamaran (have some fun) Regatta down at Windsport's home base in Mylor near Falmouth. (If you don't know the area its a kind of heaven for Yachties).

As someone who has shied away from the Nationals and the TT's over the past 3-4 years (blame old age and general incompetence) this sounded like a great chance to go sailing in a superb part of the world, PLUS, there were several top gardens in the area for my non-sailing wife to visit. My next thought was how many other older, back of the fleet 15ers could be persuaded to make up a decent 15 contingent?

Despite some arm twisting I was only able to convince my former Open Dinghy Club mate, Alan Welman to join me, and we decided to take both the 15's down piggyback on my trailer. I should add that George Love, who usually occupies a much higher position in the fleet didn't need much persuading, so we knew that there would be at least three 15's competing.

Photo: The raiders arrive at St. Mawes on Day Two to ransack the locals of their pasties and crab baguettes. Photo by Windsport.



by Keith Bartlett



The first Windsport Multi-hull Regatta (Cont'd)

Brian Phipps's enticing publicity for the event talked about the ability to camp on site, next to the boats. This initially sounded great, but on careful reflection (and intense questioning from my wife about location of loos and hot showers) we decided to look for a nearby B&B. A quick call to Cookie Phipps lead us to Jessica at Trefusis Barton where we spent six very pleasant nights. OK, too much rambling of an introduction. *But what did we actually do? We had a great time!*



Day 1
This was Windsport's first Multihull Regatta, so it was a bit of a learning curve for all concerned. To get everyone more familiar with the lie of the Fal estuary, day 1 was a challenge to visit as many of the main sights as possible, and get a photo record to prove that you had actually been there.

This all sounded a bit too hectic for the Welman-Bartlett duo, so we compromised by just making our way over to St Mawes on the Saint Just-in-Roseland peninsula, by a somewhat circuitous route via Black Rock.

The only trouble was we didn't have any wheels, so it was just a quick pause on the beach before the tide retreated too

far. As we both had non sailing ladies to keep happy we decided to be early returners to the beach. Unfortunately we hadn't realised that some of the other boats had zoomed around like mad and had visited all of the sights; but then they weren't septuagenarians.

Day 2
In lovely sunshine and a good breeze the fleet went out towards St Anthony Head, but then the breeze disappeared and we about-turned and drifted back to explore the Percuil River. Suddenly the wind reappeared and we all screamed into St Mawes, zig zagging between scores of moored boats. With plenty of strong sailors on hand, all of the Cats were safely lifted up the beach, enabling the helms and crews to avail themselves of pasties and superb crab baguettes.

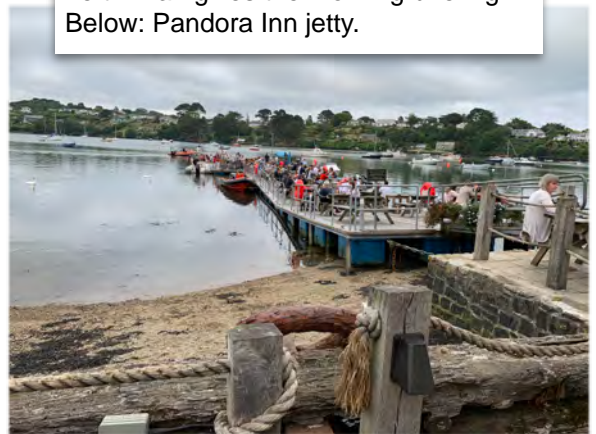
Some boats enjoyed a lively reach back to Mylor, whilst the more intrepid sought out Loe Beach. So another good day on the water, then time for a cuppa and a snooze.

By way of evening entertainment we all took to the water again, but this time in two Windsport Ribs, and made our way through Carrick Roads to the Pandora Inn, which was absolutely heaving with Yachties. Fish and chips to eat -

so probably too much indulgence in calories - but hey, you are only young once.

Day 3
A rest day, with an option to try out Trimaran foiling in the F101 under the watchful eye of Tom Phipps in the afternoon. We took the ferry across to Falmouth and mooched around the town centre until it was time to catch the return ferry back to Penryn. Only trouble was we forgot that the ferryman takes a long lunch break and I was late getting back to Windsport, by which time the rest of the gang were already all out in the Rib taking turns at foiling. I joined them in the second Rib, but as I had missed the briefing it all looked suicidally crazy: foiling one minute then crashing down the next. I had kind of made up my mind to chicken out, when it became clear that there was a problem with the foil which brought a premature end to the day's proceedings. Phew!!!! It turned out that the key foil control rod had broken and required engineering skills that

Left: Brian gives the morning briefing.
Below: Pandora Inn jetty.



Windsport have, but normal sailors do not. Those of us who had not been able to try foiling could have another opportunity later in the week.



Day 4

The chance to do a Multihull raid out beyond the Fal Estuary and round the coast to the Helford River. Some good open-water sailing before we got into the wooded confines of the Helford passage, with the wind either nothing or screaming through the gaps. Avoiding the many moored boats was a bit like your first

time at the fairground dodgem cars! Careful advance planning by the Windsport team, and good knowledge of the tides, enabled them to guide us to a safe beach, only a stone's throw away from the very busy Ferryboat Inn.

Yet more crab baguettes and a chance to meet up with our ladies

who had taken the road route, down some very narrow Cornish lanes.

We ended the day with a group meal at the Castaways bistro in Mylor, just around the corner from Windsport. After the meal we learnt the results of the Day 1 Challenge: suffice to say that all of the other boats were well into double figures, whilst the dynamic Welman-Bartlett duo were barely into single figures.

1.



2.



6.



3.



4.

5.



The first Windsport Multi-hull Regatta (Cont'd)

Day 5

Our final day. The sun was shining and there was a good breeze. There were several short races with the usual suspects of Love and Tuite Dalton always near or at the front. My distinct lack of match practice was readily evident. All went well until we were told to reverse and go round the other way. Oops - a bit of a bump on to someone's rear beam, as Sprints show they don't have a decent handbrake.

"Who wants a go at foiling?" came the cry from the Windsport Rib. Donning the obligatory crash helmet I clambered aboard the F101 Tri. Tom Phipps was on the helm and I opted for the relatively unskilled job of hanging on like mad with one hand and trying to control the jib with the other. Once you are up on the foils not only does the

speed dramatically rise but it is also smooth and silent as the waves and wake are minimal. Yes, you do go through some interesting dips and dives and sometimes it seems as if the rig is going to come down on top of you, but what an experience! Some of our intrepid band did actually helm, but if you twisted the tiller extension (instead of tweaking the rudders) a minute twist altered the foil angle a smidgeon, then you either crashed or tried to take off. Possibly foiling is only for the brave.

So our five days of on-the-water fun had come to an end. It was time to do the double stacking of 1922 and 1962 and make the journey back to West Sussex.

All of the sailors, and I should have mentioned earlier that

there were three husband-and-wife teams plus the non sailing ladies, had a great time. So a very successful first Windsport Multihull Regatta, aided by sponsorship from Gul Wetsuits, English Braids, RWO, White Formula and Visit Cornwall. Many thanks to Brian, Cookie and Tom Phipps for making our stay so memorable.

Keith Bartlett FREDDIE 1962

Photos Page 27 (clockwise from top left):

1. The boats are ready for a harbour raid.
2. Idyllic backwaters of the Carrick Roads
3. Castaways Bistro in Mylor
4. Leaving the Ferryboat Inn
5. On the way to Pandora Inn
6. The aptly named Black Rock

3-2-1-GO! Racing and harbour raids beginning from the Fal estuary.
Photos by Pauline Love and Windsport.





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Above: Tom Phipps (Windsport) instructs the brave on
the art of foiling the F101. Photos by Windsport.

Sport Nationals 2019

The weather leading up to the Nationals at Yaverland was not the usual balmy, calm conditions that we are used to on the Isle of Wight and 36 hours of strong easterlies had built the waves up into the "unpleasant" category. Nigel and Fiona Denchfield, our race officers were less than keen to spend their afternoon on the bucking bronco of an anchored yacht and opted for the warm tranquillity of the Yaverland race box on dry land. A windward - leeward course was set just as Paul Grattage turned up on the kayak which he used to get from his yacht that was going to be the committee boat.

page for proof from the winner of the "right place right time" photo category]. Paul Grattage exploded off the line, as he usually does in windier conditions, and it was clear that Paul, Fraser Manning and Hector Bunclark were in a class apart from the rest of the fleet as they accelerated away. Paul was first around the windward mark but had to retire with a broken traveller car leaving Fraser to show us all round the course. Stuart Pierce was initially up with the front runners but he couldn't maintain his place downwind. Fraser kept his lead from Hector throughout the race with Ed Tuite Dalton finishing in third ahead of Liam Thom and Chris Tillyer. Paul joined us for the second

position by being unwell all over his trampoline. Paul took his yacht to Portsmouth for the night but managed to get it back to Yaverland in time for the 10.30am start on the Sunday. The wind had dropped and turned to the south west which is off-shore in Sandown Bay and the sea state was much flatter than on day 1. A trapezoid course was set and the starting sequence was signalled on time with only four boats near the start. Fortunately for the others the fickle zephyr swung to the south and then dropped and there was an hour's postponement. The course was reset and the wind built nicely to allow the first of three races to get going in trapezing conditions.



Paul had sailed the boat single-handedly from Southampton with no furling gear or auto-helm just in time to be told it wasn't wanted. Paul capsized his kayak in the surf. The easterly gusts were well into the 20s for the 2pm start with the course leaving the sailing club to port on the way to the windward mark. Anthony Gray could not join the fun as he had pulled a massive wheelie near the beach while trying to launch through the surf [turn

race with a boat borrowed from "the other Liam" Bunclark. Again he made the early running ahead of Fraser and Hector but threw it all away by capsizing. Liam Thom, Ed and Chris fought it out for the minor places with Paul working his way back through the fleet. Fraser won the race comfortably with Hector second, Liam third, Chris fourth and Ed fifth. Paul capsized again at the last mark and finished in tenth place. Jan Elfring celebrated his eleventh

Fraser held the lead from his fellow North Devon sailor Hector for three laps with Paul (who was reunited with his original boat), Liam and Ed behind. However Hector got ahead on the last lap to take the win. Race 4 followed promptly and this time it was Paul's turn to dominate. Paul led Fraser, Liam, Anthony Gray and Ed throughout the four laps and took his first bullet of the regatta. Fraser came in second ahead of Liam with Ed pushing out Hector and Chris Murphy.



after the dinner on Sunday night. He never found his yacht in the dark and had to sleep at his father's house a full mile away.

The third day of the regatta saw increased winds with white caps everywhere and gusts from the south south west of over 30 knots. Many sailors chose not to use their jibs and others stayed ashore. We were joined by former national champions Sean and Sophia McKenna who had been too busy at the weekend to race.

Race six was initially started with a rare general recall for our fleet and Nigel went straight to a black flag for the restart.

Fraser had the worst possible start to day 3 when he had both a collision with his father's boat and a failure in his trapeze wire, and capsized. That's the story that was told to me anyway and the quality of the tale is more important than its veracity.

A few sailors had had enough after two races and went back to the beach. Jan Elfring was one of them. Unfortunately while he wandered off to get his trolley his boat decided it wanted to join the others having so much fun so it sailed out to sea without him. Jan jumped on Christine Roman's boat with her and they set off in pursuit. Jan's boat was tricky to snare and they had to wait until a RIB captured it.

Paul got to the windward mark first in Race 5 ahead of Ed and Liam, and extended his lead throughout the race to the finish. Liam got ahead of Ed on the first downwind leg and

managed to hold the position for the four laps. Ed lost out again on the final run of the race when Fraser overtook him. Hector came in fifth.

This left Fraser holding all the aces going into the last day with Hector and Paul both needing two wins each to take the silver home.

Paul had his fourth capsize when trying to paddle out to his yacht

Above: Competitors line up for a photo-call ahead of the last day's racing.

Below: Nigel Denchfield keeps a careful watch on events in Sandown Bay.

Below left: Liam Thom (SSC) steers a course through the waves.

Below right: The tallest and shortest competitors taking part in the racing (from left Sean McKenna, Sophia McKenna (both SSC) and Hector Bunclark (NDYC))



Anthony Gray (Instow) exits his boat in unconventional style as he is caught out by the surf on Yaverland beach.
Photo by Mary Howie-Wood.





1709
6071

1893
3E81



Sport Nationals 2019 (Cont'd)

It is often assumed that people at the front of the fleet know what they are doing. Frequently, however they are just fast on a boat. That was certainly the case on race 6 when a good proportion of the fleet followed Paul well past the lay line to the first mark and allowed those sailors that were looking where they were going to make up ground. In spite of his overshoot, Paul rounded first ahead of Liam and Chris Tillyer with Sean and Sophia stuck at the windward mark with their main sheet wrapped around one of their rudders. Liam and Chris were both sailing without jibs and were able to make this work by travelling less distance than the two-sailed boats, both up and down wind. Chris, Ed and Sean/Sophia had a close battle all the way around with Hector in the mix all the way. Paul finished first to keep the regatta alive with Liam second, to keep the possibility of a podium finish open for him

also. Sean came in third but at the short windward leg to the finish line Hector hit the buoy and Chris made it back up to fourth by fetching the line ahead of Ed and Anthony who both had to tack. The regatta thus went down to the last race with Paul needing a bullet and Fraser just needing Paul not to win. Paul, Fraser and Hector all got away well at the start but again overshot the lay line. Liam rounded the windward mark first but was quickly overtaken by Fraser on the downwind leg and Fraser never lost his grip on the championship after that.

Paul finished the first lap in a lowly eighth and despite moving steadily through the fleet he was never going to catch Fraser. They crossed the line with Fraser taking the win and the championship ahead of Paul, Liam and Hector. That should have knocked Hector off the podium, but Liam had been over the line at the start.

All Sports Nationals photos by Mary Howie-Wood and Alan Howie-Wood.

Below: Our new Sports National champion, Fraser Manning (NDYC), takes it all in his stride on the Isle of Wight.



Name	Sail	Club	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	R6	R7	Points	Place
Fraser Manning	1977	North Devon	1	1	2	2	3	26DNF	1	7	1
Paul Grattage	2018	Shanklin	30 DNF	10	3	1	1	1	2	8	2
Hector Bunclark	1906	North Devon	2	2	1	5	5	7	3	13	3
Liam Thom	1957	Shanklin	4	3	4	3	2	2	21OCS	14	4
Ed Tuite Dalton	2023	Draycote	3	5	5	4	4	5	6	21	5
Chris Tillyer	2020	Marconi	5	4	10	10	8	4	7	28	6
Anthony Gray	1893	North Devon	35DNC	6	7	7	6	6	5	30	7
Stuart Pierce	1916	Shanklin	7	8	9	6	10	8	4	33	8
David Grant	1943	North Devon	6	7	8	9	7	35DNC	35DNC	37	9
Chris Murphy	1915	Shanklin	8	9	6	8	11	9	8	39	10
Mark Pritchard	1979	Shanklin	35DNC	35DNC	11	11	9	10	10	51	11
Derek James	1744	Draycote	12	29DNF	16	21	13	13	9	63	12
Jan Elfring	1913	Draycote	11	13	19	12	35DNC	16	12	64	13
Ian Mounce	1908	North Devon	9	11	21	22	17	17	16	70	14
Liam Bunclark	1932	North Devon	30DNF	35DNC	20	14	12	11	13	70	15
John Manning	1955	Beaver	17	15	14	28DNF	35DNC	15	14	75	16
Andrew Heath	1256	North Devon	10	16	15	17	21	26DNF	35DNC	79	17
Phil Taylor	1426	Draycote	19	12	35DNC	15	19	14	21DNF	79	18
Christine Roman	1925	Shanklin	23	29DNF	17	19	35DNC	12	11	82	19
Alex Raymont	525	North Devon	20	17	13	13	35DNC	19	35DNC	82	20
Josephine Murphy	1372	Shanklin	21	20	22	24	14	20	15	90	21
Keith Heason	1424	North Devon	18	14	26	16	18	35DNC	35DNC	92	22
Yvonne Pike	1965	Shanklin	14	29DNF	23	20	16	26DNS	35DNC	99	23
Eamonn Browne	1861	Creeksea	13	29DNF	35DNC	17	15	26DNF	35DNC	100	24
Harry Gale	1849	North Devon	24	21	24	25	22	21	17	105	25
Ben Penny	94	North Devon	25	29DNF	28DNF	23	20	18	21DNF	107	26
Mike Dyos	554	Shanklin	22	29DNF	12	26	24DNF	35DNC	35DNC	113	27
Dougie Wright	1709	Yaverland	16	18	28DNF	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	132	28
Bob Baker	1926	Shanklin	15	19	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	139	29
Sean & Sophia McKenna	1944	Shanklin	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	3	35DNC	143	30
Richard Page	1862	Shanklin	27	29DNF	29DNF	25	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	151	31
Pascoal Fernandes	616	Shanklin	26	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	166	32
Tony Murrant	1970	Shanklin	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	175	33
Ian Bolton	1698	Shanklin	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	35DNC	175	33

Summer TT Round-Up

The Sprint 15 Summer Traveller series comprised of five events around the country and was, in the main, well supported.

The events were at Marconi (Essex), The Isle of Sheppey, Draycote (Warwickshire), Royal Western (Plymouth) and Grafham (Cambridgeshire). We experienced a wide variety of conditions but no events, or even races, were lost.

The series kicked off at Marconi on a murky weekend in early April and fourteen visitors joined eight from Marconi.

Three visitors from the growing fleet at nearby Stone Sailing Club were able to sail to the Marconi Club. There was a decent breeze on both days and on Saturday the first four places were exactly the same in each race: Paul Grattage took three guns followed by Jenny Ball, Liam Thom and David Ball in that order. Race 3 was the notorious Long Distance Race around Northey and Osea Islands, so Paul Grattage won and claimed his first trophy of the new sailing season. On the Sunday a change of wind direction just before the start caught many out but Steve Healy made no mistakes and led race 4 from start to finish,

however the next four places were taken by the 'regular' four from Saturday's racing. Gordon Deuce took an early lead in the last race but Jenny Ball came back to take the gun from Paul Grattage, whilst Gordon Deuce sailed well to take third place (his best result of the weekend). Grattage won the regatta from J Ball, Thom, D Ball and Healy.

Next up in May came a new venue for the Class at the Isle of Sheppey Sailing Club in North Kent where six travellers joined three locals (the attendance was not helped by the clash with the Whitstable Forts Race).

Remarkably six races were completed on a sunny weekend with very light winds, sometimes barely enough to counteract the tide. Paul Grattage took five guns and won the event from Liam Thom who took the other gun and beat Jenny Ball on countback. Ed Tuite Dalton was fourth and Yvonne Pike did well in her new boat to take fifth and give Ed a run for his money. Top placed local was Ian Brunger.

The Northern Championships were held at Draycote Water on the 8/9 June when nine travellers joined ten locals for some exciting sailing on a cold, wet and windy Saturday. The weekend actually started on Friday when Brian Phipps of Windsport ran a teaching session

so these guys were expected to do well in the following event. The fleet had to wait until 3pm on Saturday until the wind - which was gusting force 7 - began to moderate. At 3pm it was judged to be sailable but hairy so the first race was started. Three races followed while the wind dropped from hairy to moderate to light throughout. Paul Grattage took the gun in the first two races (the windy ones) and Jenny Ball triumphed in the third race. On the Sunday the wind had dropped to force 2 or less but it was just possible to run the remaining three races. The wins were shared between Ed Tuite Dalton, Stuart Snell and (local) Peter Slater who took one gun each but in the final result, Grattage was the event winner and Northern Champion by a large margin. Jenny Ball was second, Stuart Snell third and Ed Tuite Dalton fourth. Ed was mighty relieved that he did not suffer the indignity of being beaten by his old boat (like last year).

Thus, we were just three events into the series and Paul Grattage, with three first places, already could not be beaten in the traveller series. The Colne Point Race is run as part of the East Coast Piers race event at Marconi in early July.

This page and opposite: competitors racing at Marconi.
Photos by Nigel Denchfield.





It is not part of our fleet traveller series but it is worthy to note that Nigel James won this prestigious race on his Sprint 15 in a class field of 43 catamarans including Tornados, Hurricane 5.9 SXs, Shadows, Spitfires, A Class Classics, Dart

the conditions, especially on the Saturday, were excellent with a fresh wind and bumpy seas (Sunday was lighter winds). Three of the entries sailed Sport mode to engage with the local fleet, who prefer Sport mode. Jenny Ball was the clear winner

Thus Paul Grattage won the Traveller Series easily without having to attend the last two events. He gets the two traveller cups we re-found just in time for the end of the series. Our thanks go to Keith Newnham (SSC) who led the search for them on our behalf. J Ball was the runner up and Liam Thom was third. Simon Hare completed three events in Sport Mode so he won the Sport Mode Tankard which had to be dusted off as it had fallen into misuse lately. Shanklin won the Team Trophy by just a couple of points from Marconi. The full results for the year are listed below.

Finally, our hearty thanks go out to the race team of Nigel and Fiona Denchfield who officiated for four of our events during 2019 - clearly they are our favourites.

Final Results Summary:
Overall TT Series Top Handicap Places: 1st Paul Grattage (Shanklin) 3 pts, 2nd Jenny Ball (Marconi) 5 pts, 3rd Liam Thom (Shanklin) 11 pts, 4th Ed Tuite Dalton (Draycote) 11 pts, 5th Jon Pearse (Marconi) 18 pts, 6th George Love (18pts, 7th Simon Hare (Oxford) 27 pts, 8th Nigel James (Marconi) 28pts, 9th Yvonne Pike (Shanklin) 33pts
Traveller Champion & Standard Mode Champion: Paul Grattage (Shanklin)
Sport Mode Traveller Champion: Simon Hare (Oxford)
Traveller Team Champions: Shanklin (Thom, Grattage & Pike)
Southern Champion: Jenny Ball (Marconi)
Northern Champion: Paul Grattage (Shanklin)
Inland Champion: Stuart Snell (Grafham)
Long Distance Tankard: Paul Grattage (Shanklin)
Colne Point Long Distance Race Winner: Nigel James (Marconi)
Top Youth: Jason Clarke (Marconi))



18s, Dart 16s, various Nacras, Vipers, and a Topaz 16 CX. So, a hearty well done to Nigel for doing so well at this big catamaran traveller event. I wonder if Brian's training course at Draycote a few weeks earlier had helped give Nigel the edge? John Pearse, also sailing a Sprint 15, took 3rd place and Simon Rowell, sailing a Sprint 15 Sport, was 25th. Note: when sailing at open meetings using SCHRS handicaps it is always better not to sail Sport mode, or worse still DX mode, both of which get very poor ratings on the SCHRS system.

in July the Dart 15 Summer Traveller Series continued with the Southern Championships at the Royal Western Sailing Club at Plymouth. The attendance was a disappointing seven (five travellers and two locals) but

from Jon Pearse (2nd) and George Love (3rd). George also won the Sport division.

The biggest (TT) attendance of the year was at Grafham for the Inland Championships and the finale of the Summer TT where 25 boats took part. Marconi fielded an impressive fleet of eight travellers, Stone (four), Thorpe Bay (three), Grafham (three) and Carsington (two). We got a fine sunny weekend with moderate breezes (F2-3) both days and some excellent racing was to be had. Race wins were chalked up by Stuart Snell (3), Ed Tuite Dalton, Jenny Ball and Steve Sawford but Stuart Snell was the clear winner and Inland Champion from Jenny Ball, Ed Tuite Dalton, Mark Aldridge, David Ball and Steve Sawford in that order. Jason Clarke was the top youth and retained the Youth Trophy.



Above: George Love (Carsington) crossing the start line at the Grafham TT (photo by Nigel Denchfield).



Right and below: Draycote Water looking ominous as Jan Elfring (Draycote-right) and Paul Grattage (Shanklin-below) attempt to master the conditions (photos by Nigel Denchfield and Mark Dunkley).





Champagne sailing conditions for the Plymouth Sound TT. Photo by Pauline Love.

STOP PRESS!



Liam Thom has penned a book on this summer's circumnavigation. It is available on Amazon for £5, or there is a pictorial edition for £19.99 featuring stunning photos of Biscuit all around the British Isles. A must-read for all Sprint 15ers!



Dates for Eurocats 2020 will be Friday, May 1st to Sunday, May 3rd. Following on from the success of the 2019 regatta, please contact Simon Hare via the Sprint 15 forum for more details including camping, ferries etc.



The RYA Dinghy Show 2020 is on at Alexandra Palace from February 29th 'til March 1st, and we will be there! We need volunteers to help join the stand and help promote our Class. Check the Sprint 15 forum for a call to arms early in the New Year.



15 SPRINT

Sprint 15

Winter 2019-2020 TT Events Programme

Events Secretary: Chris Tillyer 07780 660650

Asst. Events Secretary: Jenny Ball 07941 884508

Visit sprint15.com/events for details of events and updates

Date	Venue	Contact	Phone
23 Nov	Stewartby Water Sports Club		
1 Dec	Rutland Water Sailing Club		
11 Jan	Draycote Water Sailing Club	Ed Tuite Dalton	07887 530267
16 Feb	Grafham Water Sailing Club	grafham.org	01480 810478
14 Mar	Oxford Sailing Club	oxfordsailingclub.com	01865 863201

Winter Traveller Series is for all sailing formats (Standard PY926 and Sport PY894).
Five events with three to count. First race Saturday at 11am unless otherwise stated



Summer 2020 Nationals

Date	Event	Venue	Contact	Phone
22-24 Aug	Nationals	Whitstable Yacht Club	Jenny Ball	07941 884508
11-13 Sep	Sport Nationals	North Devon Yacht Club	Liam Bunclark	01271 861390

Sport Nationals at North Devon Yacht Club is for PY894 format
National Championships at Whitstable Yacht Club is for PY926 format

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Pics.: Above: 2019 Nationals competitors at Harwich Town SC. Photos by Pauline Love
Below: 2019 Sport Nationals competitors. Photo by Mary Howie-Wood

