

Covid Capers

Where Tides and the RCC Meet

Hugh Stewart

Not a sail was raised, not an anchor was weighed
As Covid the virus struck hard.
We spliced our braces and spliced our braid
While our boats remained dry in the yard.

Clive Woodman arranged for a virtual race
A TRANSAT from Cowes to New York.
A week at our screens left us pasty-faced
What relief when the fizz was uncorked.

Then word came around that the rules had changed
Perhaps we could now hold a meet?
Though Sturgeon's dictats are often quite strange
It was time to warm up the fleet.

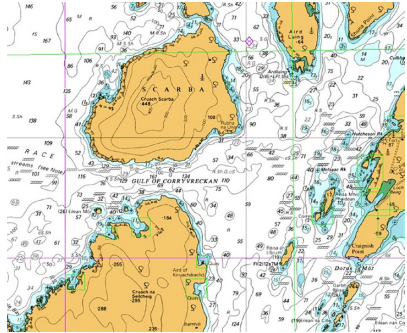
Tim Trafford and crew flew to sun-locked Spain
'What a joy to once more be afloat,
Calypso's returning to Crinan again
We will meet in the land of the goat.'

The land of the goat could only mean Jura
Pig Bay in the Gulf Corryreckan
Where tipsical tides call for lots of bravura
Tim messaged the fleet 'what d'ya reckon?'

So a plan was formed as August dawned
To attend whatever one's craft.
All sorts of vessels Club members spawned,
The tides would sort wheat from the chaff.



Hugh and Wendy aboard *Mikara*
(photo this page courtesy of Angela Lilienthal)



David Wilkie with beer and goat

Hugh Stewart

Came family Wallace in their red-sailed yawl
And Jamie's Dart catamaran
With six-year-old Carrie on lookout
for squalls,
Had they escaped from Boca Ratan?

From Crinan came *Morven*, *Calypso*
and *Redwing*
Mikara with kayaks astern
Sola, *Blue Damsel* and princely *Le Dauphin*
All hailing from nearby Ardfern.

Borealis was there with her lightful
aurora,
While *Moonlight* could guide us at
night.
Sirius' role was as starry explorer,
Blue Bayou the dreamer's delight.

The skipper of *Sarah* piped the fleet
in to rest
And paddleboards took to the water.
Morven's pork pie and prosecco was
best
As the bay resounded with laughter.

The Hamburger kayaks flew the
burgee,
People queued to lobby a ride
Such fun in Pig Bay, with great
squeals of glee
Well distanced from Vreckan's big
tides.

Members sailed round in their lug-
rigged tenders
To chat to other folks' boats,
Swimmers hung on to spare ropes
and fenders
Social distanced ashore and afloat.



RCC Fleet Proceed !



Robin Bryer, *Morven* and Clive Woodman
discuss tides



Sandcastles and bridges and persistent midges
(photos this page courtesy of Angela Lilienthal)

Covid Capers

A contest was held to build castles and
bridges
With the children who'd come by the
score,
A welcome diversion from persistent
midges
But a race against tide times once more.

Ashore in the dunes the thirsts were fast
slated
Each pitch two metres apart,
The beach was soon reeking of burgers
cremated
And sausages cheerfully charred.

On the resinous amber &&&&&* of
Jura's sand dunes
Henry King played a bagpipe revue
A melodious medley of fine highland
tunes
Like the Pibroch of O' Donald Dhu.

Thanks to Tim with a hotline directly
upstairs
The weather was pure Côte d'Azur
A fabulous Meet we all did declare
The RCC's best lockdown cure.

Covid afterthought: Disconnect your global plotter, Just enjoy a local potter.



James and Henry King with pipes
(photo courtesy of Angela Lilienthal)



Hugh, the poet loves *Amber Sands



The Scottish RCC Fleet in Bagh Gleann nam Mu (photo courtesy of Tim Trafford)