

North Fambridge Open Day Saturday 26th June.

The NFYC Open day went well, with fantastic weather all day. We did, however, have crowd control problems, even with the sunglasses clad men with cropped hair, strange ear pieces, surreptitiously talking into their sleeves. The entertainment would have made Harvey Goldsmith proud, particularly the Watching the Anti-foul dry competition, Best Needle and Palm show, and Guess the size of my bowsprit-a blindfolded event. A hard chine rowing race was arranged; I thought it was something to do with chucking crockery-there was a typo in the programme. This was won by Paul 'Pincen't' Steggles at a cracking pace. I hear there were a couple of entrants who couldn't get off the wind over tide pontoon-softies. A race was arranged for the massed squadron of NFYC's finest, amazingly, with a strong wind, tense moments tacking through the moorings, cries of 'starb'd' and tacking duels. There were rounding ups, yacht aground (no names no pack drill), and some very close racing with Brian and Barbara taking line honours for the first time in the glorious annals of the NFYC. It will be a moment talked about for many a season usually beginning with 'where were you when B&B won their first race'. Victory was short lived however, when the race officer working the club abacus like a whirling dervish pronounced that Don and Pauline had won on Gafficap. My sources tell me that Bob fell asleep and missed the first three boats. Either that or some payola was judiciously plied to Bob in the way of cream teas. Brian Dalby managed to obtain an old life-raft, which was deployed from the pontoon, no one had ever used one in anger and it worked perfectly. I hadn't seen as much rubber and latex since the Clubs Millennium Tarts and Vicars party. Norman saw that two ladies had boarded the raft and was in there like a Ferret up a drainpipe! The food-oh the food, thanks go to Glenda 'Delia' Steggles, and the backroom staff of Ready, Steady, Butter! The evening was perfect for cremating meat and a jolly time was had by all, some even more so, again chivalry prevents me from naming names Barbara. The only downer was the tragic news that the mythical FOD may have sunk before it's even been launched. Apparently the builder has more pressing projects, rearranging his belaying pins we hear. Still, respect to Richard Walsh for his unstinting work and comprehensive research and canvassing for support. We could call it an act of FOD. If there is any unallocated cash from the fundraising, I could do with a new cruising chute.....

Thanks to all those members who took the trouble to turn up, and shame on you who did not attend, the footie wasn't even on!