



TOGLINE



The Quarterly Journal of the Trent Offshore Group

AUTUMN NEWSLETTER 2006

FIX: The true position a boat and its crew are in most of the time.

Here we go again! Once more the dark days of winter loom on the horizon and memories are all we have to go by. But... what a grand summer we have had and what great memories. We hope you were able to take advantage of the opportunities which the Council organised for your delectation and which, we hope, met with your approval.

East coast, West coast, South coast, Scotland, Southern Brittany, our Training master's expeditions *et al* and the examinations you have taken – or are preparing to take for next year. We have also had some smashing reports, for which I thank you most sincerely and I hope those which are in this issue, further kindle your interest.

I enjoyed reading those articles received from crew members, who give their impressions of two expeditions, both with a wry sense of adventure and with humour. Many thanks and – please - keep them coming.

I am equally impressed with two reports from Keith and Arthur, which show two sides of the same coin – happy and sad - with regard to children and boats. Start them young, but keep an eye on them!

The last trip of the year, the October sailex, was a great success, even though the weather was – *hem* - less than kind! A wind of 38 knots across the deck can really lay a boat over – as many can testify! Charting a course under those conditions is a **very** challenging exercise. Looking for the dividers which are somehow quivering in the locker on the leeward side, the charts and the plotter somewhere on the floor and the chart table vertical! What a bracing sport and, I feel, a great way of discovering your strengths and weaknesses. Beating to windward up Southampton Water, with two container ships approaching from opposite directions, the Red Funnel ferry coming up astern and a yacht caught between the channel and the sticky stuff – tacking skills certainly improve!

I feel we owe a great debt of gratitude to the unsung heroes – our skippers - within the group. They give up a lot of their time and money unstintingly whilst doing their utmost to ensure that we playboys enjoy ourselves. They teach us, test us, take us to places we would not normally visit – and we take our accommodation with us! How many of us can not own a yacht but can sail happily into any marina, secure in the knowledge that we are in good hands? All those gin-palaces around and you stick your nose in.....! As an “all-inclusive package”, I think you will agree, our cruises take some beating.

Thanks a million skippers, for all you do.

We can best ensure that their efforts do not go unrewarded, by giving them – and your council - all the support we can. How about it everyone?

May I, in my turn, say just a simple thank you to everyone who has contributed to TOGLINE over the years. I never tire of your contributions and I'm always happy to oblige. Remember the Annual Dinner on January 20th at Greetham Valley. Details will follow in good time. Until we meet again...!

Happy Christmas and a swinging New Year to you all!



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Sconce Buoy

A Flag Story

Reading yet another article on ensign practice in last month's SAILING TODAY reminded me of Toothill Flotilla's visit to East Loch Tarbert in July 1990. Every time that we had stayed there, we had noticed that only a minority of visitors struck their ensigns at sunset (2100 in Summer): the rest "kept their washing out overnight" to use a contemptuous naval expression. This time, as luck would have it, I had Colin Smith with me: a Toothill Music Teacher and a former Army bandsman who had brought his trumpet along especially for Tarbert! All the Mates were told that Colin would sound "sunset" at 2100 and that all our ensigns were to be lowered together whilst he was playing. The manoeuvre was very successful. A few of the other yachts were preparing to strike their ensigns as the first notes of "sunset" sounded-----but, oh dear, the vast majority were at a complete loss. Crews rushed out into cockpits and attempted to untie knots that, at best, were a week old, whilst others sat right aft looking nonchalant as they tried to unravel knots and halliards with their hands behind their backs. The ex RN Harbourmaster was tickled pink and indubitably impressed. Colin's performance was so professional, that a number of our neighbours came over to congratulate him. One, whose ensign was still fluttering, with a crew member valiantly sawing away at the halliard with a blunt table knife, came over and asked me with a laugh "what time are we going to perform the reverse of this lark in the morning?" Talk about ignorance – there's a lot to be said for the RYA shore based Day Skipper Course!

The Latest on AIS

Generally the marine press has been fairly quiet about Class B AIS since my last update in the Summer 2005 issue (Class B you remember is the Automatic Identification System for small /pleasure craft). In the Institute of Navigation's Journal for May this year, there was an article on the "effects of Class B on the Class A systems" but, despite its title, there were some snippets that were of interest to small craft users. The author, Andy Norris of the University of Nottingham, indeed put forward the proposition that the Class B system would be seen by potential users as a "low cost RADAR" that was, therefore, likely to sell in substantial numbers, thus bringing the price per basic unit (including display) to below £500. I am surprised that there has been so little discussion in the yachting press on the subject but this hesitance, I presume, results from the caveats that I reported previously. At present, sales emphasis is on RADAR: some years back the emphasis was on GPS which superseded DECCA; before it was DECCA which superseded RDF...and so on. The provision of a practical but moderately priced RADAR set is still the ambition of many small craft owners. The caveats concerning Class B AIS, that I wrote about previously, are so valid: boat

owners are going to be suspicious when informed that too many Class B AIS sets operating in closed waters could lead to chaos. This could lead to the MCA/Coastguard facility to "switch off" devices in a particular area, and we still come back to the scale of the current agreed specification which curtails Class B to one watt with a concomitant maximum range of 3M. Boat owners are likely to consider these caveats an unsatisfactory return for the capital outlay involved. Well, all we can do at present is "wait and see".

Is This Collusion?

Richard Oakes, our Treasurer, had cause to 'phone me a couple of weeks ago concerning the final loose ends of our May Sailex. He apologised for his delay in contacting me and explained that it was caused by holidays (his wife insists on a 'proper' holiday and wisely refuses to sail), together with the ramifications of some major reorganisation at Nottingham Trent University. He told me, with some pride, that he was now responsible for all teaching concerned with Fraud Management. Methinks an inspired choice for the Treasurer of TOG!

Fenders

Who left Yarmouth with two fenders still dangling? I did. Just shows that none of us is perfect! Many thanks to the Skipper who pointed this out with some glee on the VHF. We could easily have lost one or even both, in that pretty lumpy sea. (*Sorry Skip. I was in charge of the deck! – Ed*)

PUSHPIT PRATTLE by Keith Stedman



This year (2006) has seen a significant error being included in the Reeds Small Craft Almanac. The tide tables for both Brest and Oban were printed incorrectly and were reissued as amendment sheets later in the year.

As a matter of good practice we all rely on the Almanac (amongst other publications) to deliver all sorts of information necessary for sound passage planning. Times and heights of both High and Low water, tidal streams, port entry details, navigational information, waypoints and what facilities can be expected at the destination can all be found in the Almanac and used by us.

We should, however, all remember to update our Almanacs with the updates/corrections published throughout the year. These corrections are available for Reeds Almanacs online by visiting www.reedsalmanacs.co.uk/updates.asp.

As well as keeping our "Sailors Bibles" up to date we should also visit the UK Hydrographical Office website on www.ukho.gov.uk to obtain the latest information from the Admiralty Weekly Notices to Mariners. You don't have to wade through every Notice to Mariners issued to date to find anything in the area you are interested in. Once you are at the

Hydrographical Office home web page click on “Marine” at the top of the page. Then at the left hand side select “Notices to Mariners” and then the “Admiralty Notice to Mariners Search” in the pop up box that appears.

So far, so good. Then follow the menu through “Search for Notice to Mariners Chart Updates” and then select your method of searching e.g. Search NMs by – Chart Number only”.

By doing it this way you save having to sort through a lot of information which may be irrelevant to the area you are interested in.

It really doesn’t take long and gives you the confidence that you have done all you should to ensure your charts and information are as up to date as possible.

How up to date are you?

REPORTS

The TOG Story (*cont.*) by Norman Allen

Part V – Halcyon Days 1988 -1989

The Flotilla had ended 1988 in a buoyant state: in November the second Annual Dinner, held at The Ram Hotel in Newark, had attracted over fifty members and guests; our Skippers List had expanded to eleven (six of whom now held RYA Coastal or OS tickets) and the Skippers’ Council was meeting regularly and proving of great value. Brian Hill had started RYA DS evening classes at the school under the auspices of the Nottinghamshire Schools’ Sailing Association (alas now defunct for many a year) and the practical competence of the youngsters was being improved by members who were dinghy sailors and sailed with the Retford Argonauts or Notts County Sailing Club. The afterguard Easter Trainex remained popular and the next tranche of RYA candidates were being given every opportunity to secure experience, knowledge, skill and sea time.

Some organisational changes had been implemented in the autumn: in addition to the Commodore other permanent flag officers were now appointed; Brian Hill was made Vice Commodore (with a list of specific administrative functions to control), Ken Merryweather was appointed Rear Commodore (Operations) and Mike Lawrence became responsible, as Rear Commodore (Training), for the co-ordination of sea going and shore based training and for the testing and award of our own Day Skipper and Competent Crew certificates. The post of Captain of the Fleet (now effectively Secretary/Treasurer) was given to Mike Stevenson, a member of staff who had been sailing with us since 1986. These changes were approved by the Skippers’ Council and agreed by the Honorary Commodore (John Eagles, the Headmaster).

The ’89 Easter Trainex in RAFSA’s Sea Eagle sailed with five VI form trainees and one new member of staff, Alan Jones. It was a pretty awful week weatherwise with F7/8 gusting 9 on the first day crossing the Solent, but fortunately with the wind ENE x E, to dense fog and buoy hopping on day four. However Cowes, Lymington, Buckler’s Hard, Yarmouth, Fishbourne, Hamble and Bembridge were visited and, because Sea Eagle was a bilge keeler, a trip up the Medina to Newport on the second day, as conditions were so foul at sea: even then on the return passage to Cowes we logged F6/7 all the way. A total mileage of 117M was creditable in the conditions that had prevailed.

In May we had a ten strong afterguard Scilly Isles’ Sailex from the River Tamar. I skippered RNSA’s Kestrel of Lynher, which Ken had chartered, and Lester Brookes brought along his own Sigma 32 Amritsa (which he kept at Saltash).

Although moderate to poor visibility was with us for much of the time we visited St Mary’s, Tresco, Bryher, St Michael’s Mount, Penzance, Falmouth and Fowey. It was during an evening visit to a rather elegant hotel on Bryher that Plumber was asked by the hotel manager to play his accordion, which he had lugged ashore on the offchance. He performed magnificently! On the return to our dinghies Plumber led the way still playing like some latter-day Pied Piper. At a V junction he took the wrong option whilst the nine of us, plus a French crew, very quickly took the right one. Plumber actually reached the sea before he realised that he was on his own!

Also in May Brian Hill took out a small party of VI form afterguard, including my youngest daughter Beverley, over the Bank Holiday. They all enjoyed the opportunity to sail along the Norfolk coast and, as usual with that crowd, had a wonderful time and ran poor Brian ragged!

The 1989 Scottish Sailex was the largest so far: nine yachts took part ranging from a Moody 292 to three 36’s (one of which was a big Westerly Corsair). Adult skippers and mates totalled 14 plus Liz Hammond, now at college; there were 12 VI & V form mates and bo’suns plus 34 pupil and two adult hands. Promotion to mate came this year to John Ellis, who had joined the previous year as a bosun at the behest of son Rob (a mate since 1987): he proved a stalwart member and went on to become TOG PRO and then Administrator. (His wife’s golf club finally subverted him at the time of his retirement from Boots in the late ‘90s). The weather was the most changeable that we had experienced in the Clyde varying from flat calm F0 to rough seas and driving rain with wind gusting F7, to a F2/3 with rolling fogbanks and thick drizzle. The two races for the Adam Tankard proved as popular as ever, as was the week long seamanship Top Yacht Pennant competition; the spirit of rivalry is a wonderful stimulus. Total distance covered was 190M and two new ports were visited: Ayr, a midday stop in a commercial port with very uncomfortable berthing arrangements, and Girvan, which everyone thought superb despite the wretched visibility that made entry “interesting”. The latter was an example of how things can go badly wrong. The Sailex Rear Commodore (Windmill) stayed by the harbour entrance in the drizzle and fog and directed our yachts in with the aid of VHF and a foghorn: I had gone in first and moored up, having sailed in Liz Hammond’s Moody 292 because, as a first time skipper, she had felt too unhappy about conditions to go it alone. I stood on the jetty, in the drizzle, checking them and directing, where necessary, to pre-arranged berths, courtesy of the HM. All were accounted for as Windmill’s Sigma entered last. Five minutes later came a call over VHF “Flag, Flag – this is Storm Dancer. I am lost.” I should have spotted the fact that one of the Moody 31’s that had entered was not wearing a Flotilla burgee and wasn’t one of ours! Fortunately just as I was about to depart with a two yacht search party the HM came over to tell me that he had a radio fix on Storm Dancer. Within a quarter of an hour he had talked Mike Stevenson’s yacht to within visual distance of the harbour entrance (which by this time was about a cable). It appeared that Michael had considered “that I had been over cautious in ordering all yachts into Girvan because where he was (right at the rear where a smaller yacht shouldn’t have been) there had been a good half mile visibility”. He had decided to

do a bit more sailing and only became concerned when the visibility dropped dramatically: he hadn't a clue where he was because being so close to land he had not considered it necessary to man the chart table! I confess to suffering a sense of humour failure! Everything else went very well and, to quote from the report, "the week was probably the best that we had had in Scotland for variety". We had covered 190M and picked up one hour of night sailing.

The opportunities for the youngsters continued to grow and we had had a welcome influx of keen adults in Jeff Bowering and Alan Jones (Toothill teachers), Trevor Sanderson (parent), Rod Connah (Humber sailing neighbour of Bob Adam) and Bob Wright (a member of the Humber Yawl Club and a RAF chum of mine). The year of 1989 closed with a most pleasant Annual Dinner, held again at the Ram Hotel, Newark, with some seventy members and guests attending. The future for the Flotilla looked very bright indeed: these were truly halcyon days.

Hebrides Sailex: Saturday 22 July to Saturday 5 August 2006

Full Moon - Moody 33' Eclipse

Neil Macfarlane (Skipper),

Cliff Marshall,

Peter Tytler

)/Phil Riley, (first week

Stewart Cook (second week).

Tally - Harmony 34'

Richard Oakes (Skipper),

Brian Morris

Brenda Wood

Arthur Wood (Commodore).

Saturday 22/7 - Crews assembled in Largs Marina around lunchtime in bright sunshine, sampled Nardini's ice cream, provisioned their yachts and were introduced to their vessels by the owner or Flamingo Yacht Charter staff. *Full Moon* was a mature vessel with certain idiosyncrasies (see later), and *Tally* brand new and shiny but "unengaged". After safety briefings, both yachts slipped their moorings around 1600 and left the marina; chose different courses around Little Cumbrae, then headed south-west for Holy Island. A F2-3 south easterly allowed a leisurely sail towards Lamlash bay. Observing the Buddhist monks frolicking on Holy I. we anchored in the SW corner of the bay, off Kingscross Point. Dined and spent quiet night at anchor, passage planning for the next day.

16 miles.

Sunday - Left Lamlash Bay under engine at 0630 with the sun up, passing south of Pladda Island avoiding the overfalls, then south west to Sanda I. on the SE tip of the Mull of Kintyre, where sails were hoisted at 1150 in SE wind F2-3. Rounded the Mull, again avoiding overfalls, to sail goosewinged 335M to Islay. Motored when wind died to moor up to buoys in Port Ellen harbour at 1815. Intermittent heavy swell experienced overnight. Checking frequent operation of bilge pump on *Full Moon* showed her to be leaking at some 501 h-l.

65 miles.

Monday - In the morning, brisk activity by a naval frigate, police boats and helicopters heralded the arrival of the *MV Hebridean Princess*, a converted CalMac ferry, bearing H. M. The Queen, family and guests. *Full Moon* crew went ashore in dinghy to shop, and mingle with flunkies, local worthies

and loyal subjects - observing the arrival by helicopter and Range Rovers of HMQ and more Royals. An attempt to water

and fuel up on the pontoons was abandoned when *Full Moon* (draft 1.7m) touched bottom in a "dredged" charted depth of 2.05m. Both yachts left Port Ellen at

1400 to head east, bound for the Sound of Jura intent on catching a favourable tide. *Full Moon* hoisted sails in a light south-easterly, past the famous distilleries, but made poor progress behind *Tally*, losing wind off Ardmore I. so restarted engine. Dipped ensign in loyal salute to overtaking *Hebridean Princess* but not acknowledged. Passed McArthur's Head at 1730 to enter the Sound with *Tally* about 2m ahead. Earlier delays resulted in 1-2 kts of foul tide for *Full Moon* at the narrows at Port Askaig. A fresh SE wind assisted our passage, but the engine would not run at more than 2000 rpm without overheating despite Cliff's tender care, so slow progress was made past the Paps of Jura. Luckily, as the Sound widened, the adverse current decreased and the wind picked up so *Full Moon* made better progress. Eventually dropped anchor at 2130 on the north side of Loch Tarbert on Jura about a cable from *Tally* which had arrived some 1.5h earlier having made better use of the tide. FM crew alerted to dragging anchor in early hours that required removal of masses of kelp and re-anchoring with an increased scope. (NB Later it was revealed that the Oban Tide Tables in the Reeds Almanac were in error which may explain in part the foul tide experienced but also emphasises the need to be alert for almanac corrections.)

35miles.

Tuesday - After a leisurely breakfast and exploration of Loch Tarbert under engine, both yachts headed for Colonsay on 315M under sail in bright sun and a southwesterly F2-3.

Having inspected the limited mooring facilities of Scalasaig, *Full Moon* went south to the nearby calm anchorage of Loch Staosnaig, later to be joined by *Tally*, and two more yachts, one French, the other Finnish. The French had a party and climbed the mast, ostensibly to check navigation lights; the Finns leapt naked into the sea before breakfast - no birching was observed.

11 miles

Wednesday - On a calm and sunny day, we left Colonsay at 0945 under engine. Rounding the island's north tip, *Full Moon* set a course of 335M for Rubh Ardnalnish on Ross of Mull, while *Tally* took a more westerly route towards the Sound of Iona. A course change to 295M took *Full Moon* close to the Ross, and then through the Sound of Iona by pilotage. *Tally* made a brief visit to Baile Mor on Iona, while *Full Moon* anchored briefly north east of the island. Both yachts then turned east to drop anchor in the shelter of Bunesan Bay on the north side of the Ross. The crews went ashore by dinghy for showers and beer in the local hotel, then dined in a good, if rather pricey, restaurant. **30miles.**

Thursday - *Full Moon* weighed anchor at 1200 under skipper Peter Tytler and ICC Examiner Arthur Wood. With a light and fitful SE wind the two yachts took slightly different routes and sail configurations past Staffa and the Treshnish Isles, east of Mull. *Full Moon* rigged its cruising chute and made good progress, then later practised MOB drill. Both yachts sighted pilot whales to add to the basking shark observed earlier by *Tally*. *Full Moon* had a close encounter with a minke whale that passed under the yacht and surfaced astern. Throughout the trip, there were many sea birds, seals and porpoises sighted. Passing off the white strand of Calgary Bay, the yachts rounded Ardmore Point under sail bound for Tobermory. *Tally* arrived first, bagged a buoy and *Full Moon* rafted up alongside at 1915. Crews celebrated Peter's successful ICC with a fine malt.



34 miles.

Friday - After time ashore shopping in Tobermory, both yachts slipped their moorings in afternoon. *Full Moon* went to the new pontoons for fuel and water, then entered the Sound of Mull, tacking smartly against a F3 south-westerly. At 1600 the wind died off Eilean Glasa so, under engine, Lismore Island was left to the north and passage made to Kerrera Marina, where both yachts had moored to buoys by 1930.

23 miles.

Saturday 29/7 - Both yachts spent the day in the marina with crews taking advantage of on-shore facilities, including shopping in Oban, good beer, and an excellent lunch in the harbour sea food restaurant. *Full Moon* bade goodbye to Peter who returned to Stirling, and welcomed Stewart and Phil to the crew.

Sunday - At midday, after watering, the yachts left Kerrera under engine in bright sun. A splendid sail up Loch Linnhe in a F3 south-easterly ensued with Lismore Island to port and fine views of Ben Cruachan to starboard. With Port Appin on the beam the yachts turned, tacked south west, and then negotiated the narrow entrance to Loch Creran under engine against a strong tide. The yachts followed the loch and anchored for the night in the shelter of the south shore off Barcaldine Castle in shallow water close to a mussel farm. *Tally* had a disturbed night having dragged and re-anchored as squalls ran through the loch.

14 miles.

Monday - With threatening weather, the day was spent in Loch Creran, sailing up towards the head of the loch on a good run in a F4 westerly, followed by tacking back to the south bay with *Full Moon* borrowing a buoy for the night and *Tally* anchoring.

10 miles.



Tuesday - With improved weather, the yachts upped anchors at 0830, left the loch under engine and set off down Loch Linnhe bound for Crinan. In good weather and a F3-4 south-westerly, *Full Moon* and *Tally* were close hauled and made

excellent speed down the Firth of Lorn. *Full Moon* left Kerrera to port while *Tally* took the inshore passage. Seil and Ling were passed, with other yachts sighted passing through the Gulf of Corryveckan between Scarba and Jura. The yachts arrived in Loch Crinan at 1445 and circled in the bay awaiting the opening of the sea lock. At 1520, five boats entered the lock together and then the basin, where two Clyde puffers were moored, including the *Vital Spark* of Para Handy fame. *Tally* and *Full Moon* went through the first fresh water lock to moor for the night, the latter's mooring enforced by problems with the gear/throttle controls. Owner and charterer were alerted.

36 miles.



Wednesday - *Full Moon* had a morning's enforced leisure absorbing the sunshine and peace of the canal and awaiting an engineer from Crinan Boatyard. He arrived around lunchtime and spent 3-4 hours dismantling and

replacing the Teleflex gear and throttle controls. Meanwhile, *Tally* made steady progress through the locks. Repairs were completed by 1630 and then *Full Moon* advanced quickly through five locks, assisted by *Tally's* crew who by then had stopped for the night. Leaving lock 9, disaster struck again with engine and gear-box controls failing completely at 1830. A despondent crew joined *Tally's* in the pub.

3 miles.

Thursday - Somewhat heated phone-calls to the boatyard, owner and charter company ensured the return of the engineer and the complete replacement of throttle and gear control cables. The extremely leaky stern gland could not be rectified, so the electric bilge pump continued its relentless work. Meanwhile, the crew absorbed even more of the peace and beauty of the canal and its environs - with Phil seeking out wild raspberries. *Full Moon* was underway by 1345, motored through the locks meeting *Tally* in the sea basin at Ardrishaig at 1930 to spend the night there.

4.7 miles.

Friday - Both yachts exited the sea lock into Loch Fyne at 1000, then tacked south in a F2 - 3 south-westerly. East of Tarbert, the wind more or less died so, under engine, both boats rounded Ardlamont Point and entered the Kyles of Bute, proceeding to Rothesay under a combination of sail and power. At Rothesay, berths were found on the small public marina, the remarkably restored Victorian lavatories patronized, and then crews mingled in a local pub for food and drink for the traditional last night Sailex supper.

32 miles.

Saturday - Both yachts left Rothesay at 1000 under engine. *Full Moon* hoisted sails, making the most of a F3 south-westerly across the Firth of Clyde north of Great Cumbrae and into Largs Marina. *Tally* crossed the Firth under power. After fuelling, cleaning the boats and giving some forthright feedback to sympathetic Flamingo staff, the crews loaded their cars and dispersed.

9 miles.

Total Distance over ground: **314 miles**

OCTOBER SAILEX by Keith Stedman

Quicksilver:

Keith Stedman – Commodore
Mike Jakes
Karl Luger
Suzanne Fisher
Tom MacFarlane

Petasus:

Neil MacFarlane Skipper
Dave Clark
Ian Griffiths
John Griffiths

Skywave

Norman Allen – Skipper
Ian Calderwood.
Dan Edson
Tony Cox
Peter Jackson

Just4Fun

Mark Davies - skipper
Heath Bailey
Paul Judge
Guy Judge
Leif Watson
John Byrne

Wednesday 4th October.

Well it all started off fine. The weather was clear and dry for the journey down to Gosport for the crews of Quicksilver, Skywave and Petasus and for those of Just 4 Fun who were boarding their boat at Fairview Sailing on the Hamble.

There was a tinge of sadness when picking up the boats from Gosport as both *Skywave* and *Petasus* were still without spray hoods and the *Quicksilver* crew were amazed to see that they

would have to relive the days of changing foresails as *Quicksilver* did not have a furling headsail.

The crews at Gosport all enjoyed a light lunch at the Hornet Sailing Club and after crew briefings were able to cast off for the pre-arranged meeting place of Cowes Yacht Haven. A steady light wind enabled the boats to tack down to Cowes arriving just before dusk. All the crews then met up and visited the Island Sailing Club for an evening meal and a few pints!!

The plans were discussed for the following day. It had originally been planned to take a fairly long sail down to Weymouth but the forecast did not look too promising. It was tentatively agreed that we would see what the morning brought by way of weather and the possibility of a shorter sail to Poole was considered.

Thursday 5th October.

A fine morning with sun and a strong wind blowing from the South West, but, the updated forecast proclaimed approaching high winds possible 6/7 later. Skippers and mates got together and after listening to the predicted weather conditions decided that they would revise the plans and make for the alternative destination of Poole. Having made a reasonably early start from Cowes all boats turned westwards and hoisted sails (with two reefs already in before leaving port) for a tack towards the Needles Channel and Poole.

Initially, sailing conditions were good and steady progress was made. However, as the day went by the conditions deteriorated. A third reef was put into mainsails and when *Quicksilver* experienced 36 knots of wind across the deck it was decided to cut the trip short and seek shelter in Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. On contacting the other boats, *Pegasus* had also registered 36 knots and both her and *Skywave*'s skipper had made the same decision.

((J4F had deliberately left Cowes early so that they could navigate the Needles Channel just before slack water and, in the event of the weather being too bad to continue, would have time to return before the outgoing tide proved too strong. By the time we reached the Fairway buoy, we had registered gusts of 38 knots. The decision to turn back was made easy, when the strongest member of my crew, (Ships Mate Heath Bailey), trapped his thumb between the genoa sheet and winch. This was bad enough in itself, but was made even worse as Heath had broken that very same thumb two days earlier (ouch). On our return to the Solent, we were entertained by a sailor in a one man Laser, tacking to and fro across the west end of the Solent with extreme proficiency. However, it was not too long before the dinghy capsized about 1 cable astern of us. We had just started to turn back to see if he/she needed any assistance, when the craft was righted and continued on its way (Impressive in those conditions). As we made our final approach to Yarmouth, the Laser capsized again (this time in front of us) and again recovered. Ten minutes later, we were safely moored up in Yarmouth, only to hear on the radio a Pan Pan to rescue a single handed Laser yachtsman who had capsized, in the process of which, the mast had become unstepped. (Perhaps solo sailing in a one man laser was not so clever after all, though I must admit who ever the sailor was, he/she was really good). Mark Davies))

With all boats moored on the alongside pontoon in Yarmouth the delights of the town were enjoyed by all whilst the wind howled but amazingly the rain held off!!

Today had been a fine example of why boats leave port "making for" their intended destination.

Friday 6th October

So what happened Friday? Well not much sailing got done. The morning found the rain had caught us up and if anything the winds had increased. When I say rain I don't mean the showery rain beloved of poets and song writers in April. I mean the sort of rain that starts at the beginning of the monsoon season and doesn't let up until the end!!

There certainly was no chance of sailing so the crews decided not to sit around and bemoan the lot of the sailor but in true bulldog spirit to make the most of what had been dealt to us. As such various groups descended on such varied parts of the Island as Osborne House, Newport Town Museum, The Classic Boat Museum and of course The George and the inevitable Yates's.



The rain certainly persisted until mid afternoon and those of us that took the bus into Newport were amazed to see the manhole (or personhole if PC) covers being lifted off with the sheer pressure of water in the drains. The bus driver

certainly did well to keep the vehicle on the road and some of us felt decidedly more seasick from the bus ride than if we had gone sailing!!!

If you ever find yourself in Newport I can however recommend the Classic Boat Museum as a place very much worth visiting. You can find the museum on Newport Quay.

The evening found all crews back at Yarmouth having sampled the delights of the Island!!

Saturday 7th October

Overnight, conditions had eased considerably and the rain had passed through leaving a brisk westerly wind. As Sunday was to be the last day, with the boats having to be returned to their respective ports, it was decided that we would do our own thing for the day with an appointment for lunch at the Hamble (courtesy of the Royal Air Force Yacht Club) and then make an afternoon sail back to Cowes for the evening. This arrangement left all boats with a bit of a sail on the Sunday to get back to base.

On *Quicksilver* we decided to run down with the wind and tide to the Gosport area and as the tide turned to beat back up the Solent to Southampton Water and the Hamble to meet up with the other boats for lunch. A good sail down and a bracing beat back up to the Hamble saw *Quicksilver* alongside *Skywave* for lunch spot on 13:00 hours!!

The weather deteriorated again after lunch and all crews were content to do a quick sail across to Cowes for the overnight stop. A large Sunsail corporate racing event had taken over Cowes Yacht Haven for the night so, all but *Quicksilver*, had to berth at the East Cowes Marina. Although mooring in different marinas, all crews met up at the Union Flag for the evening. (Funny that!!)

Sunday 8th October.

We awoke to westerly winds 3/4 and a flat sea. Turning right at Prince Consort, North Cardinal Buoy, *Quicksilver* hoisted sail and made good progress to Portsmouth where we lowered the main and made entrance into Gosport under foresail only. (The engine was running however as required by regulation.)

On the way up from Cowes to Gosport I happened to make the remark that with these conditions we would be set fair to go all the way to Bournemouth. Little did I know that work would in fact see me in Bournemouth Marina on the following Tuesday. Wish I'd packed my suit and kept going!!

SUMMARY

All in all, a good trip and full credit to the crews who made the most of a bad few days' weather. Well that sailing folks!!

(I would like to say a special "thank you" to Bob Wright and Dan Edson for the following two "supplementary" reports on the May and October sailxes. More of the same, please!!)

Mission Improbable by Bob Wright

Your mission, gentlemen, should you wish to accept it, is

(If I were to tell you more at this stage I would have to kill you)

In these terrorist infested times it is not surprising that the secret security services, particularly the Naval Intelligence, keep a close watch on maritime websites and publications. Amongst these are, of course, TOG and it was therefore, no surprise that the heroic adventures of "Mon Capitaine's Crew" (see TOG Summer 2005 Newsletter) came to their attention.

Thus it was that on one Friday in May (note the subtlety of a non-Saturday start) the culmination of months of planning commenced with the arrival from various points of the compass of the tried and trusted crew. Aply marshalled by their co-ordinator code named Ann, they met in a small, newly built port on the Brittany coast - Crouesty. Mon Capitaine (code name Norm) had his usual assistants, Ian the Pilot, Aid the Cox, Burgh the Bosun, Bob the Builder and Jean-Paul the Man from the Maquis.

The gallant crew had been provided with a brand new boat (and you thought the intelligence services were intelligent). So

having performed the most important task, fixing a halyard to hoist the TOG pennant, as the alternative - the captain's towel left hanging over the side - seemed inappropriate, the crew



immediately set out on a trial run. Having broken nothing it was decided to set sail early next morning for Isle de Yeu. In order to throw off any potential followers. We shortly arrived in Trinite sur Mer! This had nothing to do with the pilot's new set of



genuine brass instruments or the fact that the tourist meteo forecast a force 10 and the weather was flat calm. Maybe it was because he claimed "not to have been this drunk for thirty years". A claim disputed after Torquay last year.

It was in fact so that we could look at the sealed orders which had been smuggled aboard inside one of Berice's fruit cakes.

We soon found the truth in that old seaman's saying:

"Calm wind abaft the mast,
Makes Berice's fruit cake vanish fast"



The next point of call was Belle Isle. Here, over a pleasant evening meal, there was much discussion about whether we should stay for a day and explore the island or move on. The vote went 5:1 to remain, so the next

morning at 0800 we set sail for Isle de Groix. Here the party split into three. Jean-Paul the Maquis conducting a solo recce, Mon Capitaine and Pilot sussing out possible watering holes, while Cox, Bosun and Builder took to bikes for an island-wide exploration. Here the first major casualty occurred when Cox broke a rib while hurtling down a dangerous cliff path in search of something. After that he didn't seem to agree that laughter is the best medicine.

At this point it can be revealed that the dangerous mission that the gallant crew had accepted was to photograph the secret u-boat pens at Lorient.



Some might mock and think we were sixty years too late, but who knows.

This was, as one might expect, the most dangerous part of the mission, but with a selflessness which has become legendary, our skipper subtly led his crew to a suitable vantage point by a most circuitous route which would have fooled any watching Germans, or Afghans, come to that. Regardless of the damage to his feet and without (much) complaining we completed the mile (*Hur Hur – in your dreams!! – Ed.*) in not much over the hour. Again that night, he led by example and without (much more) complaint led his crew on a foot reconnaissance of the area.

Now the challenge was to return with our valuable intelligence, which was accomplished via Quiberon and despite a freezing gale.

Once again, Dad's Navy, aka TOG, had proved their worth to Queen and country. Look out for their next adventure.

TOG SOLENT TRIP 4th – 8TH OCTOBER 2006

by Dan Edson

Day 1:

The tone for the trip was set as we arrived at JSATC Gosport and headed straight into the Yacht Club for beer and a roll before any consideration of whether we had boats to sail away in later that day. However,



forces efficiency meant that the fact should never be doubted (*don't you believe it! – Ed*) and 3 yachts were ready and waiting; *Skywave* (my boat), *Pegasus* and the relatively new *Quick Silver*. Across in the Hamble another crew, skippered by Mark, were picking up "Just4Fun". We met our fellow

crew members whom, across the whole group of 20, varied from young to old, experienced to novice and one brave lady. All with a simple, common objective of enjoying a sociable few days sailing, - and that is the route of such a trip's success. **By mid-afternoon** we cast-off out into the Solent for a sail in a pleasant evening across to West Cowes with the crews getting to know each others capabilities. On my boat, the Skipper was Norman, who has considerable experience and was, as he put it in his jovial manner, "In charge so don't expect me to actually do anything!" Ian was Mate or was it "No.1" (I was never quite certain!) who ensured the rest of us crew were kept in order and doing the right things when we should have been. Sometimes us crew, that is myself, Peter and Tony even obliged! (*The odd touch of the cat helps! – Ed*). West Cowes welcomed us into its very organised Yacht Haven then it was straight off to the second Yacht Club of the day, Island Yacht Club. Here we consumed beer, a three-course dinner and tales from the various Sailing expeditions. Last orders in The Union Flag before back on board to sleep. End of first day balance of drinking time to sailing time about 50:50, how will this measure change through the trip?

Day 2:

Woken to strong winds and the Skippers deliberating over the pressure charts and shipping forecast. Verdict was to go, but head down to Yarmouth only, as shelter may be required as the day progresses and the wind strengthens. However, *Just4Fun* thought it had better live up to its name and try to get in extra entertainment by heading beyond Yarmouth. Little did they realise it was to become *Just2much4Fun*. *Skywave* headed out about 9am sailing into the wind over tide, as the winds strengthened up to F7 the sea started to roll. The sail area gradually being decreased in proportion to the wind, *Skywave* kept sailing on guided by its crew. Down on the chart table I was plotting our route and course one minute, and sitting on the floor in a heap of chart papers the next as the boat rolled and heeled! Soon learnt how to wedge myself in though. After just over 2 hours we reached the shelter of Yarmouth along with 2 other boats whilst *Just4Fun* continued - *4Fun* of course. Tony cooked a bacon and egg lunch before, guess what? Off to another yacht club, Royal Solent Yacht club. Great location to watch the few remaining boats in the Solent fight their way to shelter and watch the lifeboat fly out of the harbour just 6 minutes after hearing the maroons go up. *Just4Fun* returned to Yarmouth safely but did admit to having *Just2muchFun* down by the Needles. The afternoon and evening disappeared in between yacht Club and Pubs, everyone being very sociable. Ratio at the end of Day 2, 70:30 drinking to sailing.

Day 3:

Oh dear, the stays are whistling and the forecast is Force 8 gusting 9. Safety first, so no sailing today. A free day on the Isle of Wight, somewhere I had not been before. Not to be wasted, a very efficient bus network took a number of us to Newport and a few more changed and headed for Osborne House, Victoria and Albert's summer residence. What a great place to visit, even when it's so windy and rainy that you cannot sail safely. The island hopper ticket allowed Peter, Paul, Guy and myself to tour the southwest corner, stopping for a pint at Freshwater Bay overlooking the crashing waves. Back to Yarmouth for more drinking and eating. Ratio 60:20:20 drinking, sailing, sight seeing.

Day 4:

At last we woke to a fantastic day for sailing - bright with a F3/4 wind. Off we cast, with smiles on everyone's faces, out

into the Solent. *Skywave* and crew had a fantastic sail across the Solent then tacking up Southampton water, navigating the channels and avoiding the warehouse size container ships. Everyone having a go at helming - except the Skipper of course - because he was in charge! The sun continued to shine as we ran back down to the Hamble where all 4 boats met at The RAF Yacht Club, surprise, surprise, for beer and a bite to eat. However not wishing to miss good sailing we were soon off again out into the Solent and across to Cowes where we moored in East Cowes Marina - well most of us - as *Quicksilver* sneaked into West Cowes, grabbing the last spot! The crew claim they were duped into it believing there was space for all. In order to avoid the fayre they call food at the Brewers Fayre, we had an enjoyable water Taxi ride, courtesy of Sally, to West Cowes all meeting up for food in the Union Flag. Sal's taxi took us all back after a good day's sailing and night's drinking. Ratio 50:40:10 drinking, sailing, sight seeing.

Day 5:

Awoke to another good day. A lighter wind but enough for a sail back to Gosport. We cast off with Tony cooking sausage sandwiches which we ate before lifting the sails. By now, we just did it regardless of what "No.1" asked us to do, as we never were quite sure if, when "No.1" said the Main, but meant the Genoa, which to go for. We just put it down to age or beer or both. (*spot on! Ed*). As with the day before, we had a great sail back to Gosport; what an idyllic way to spend a Sunday morning. At the refuelling pontoon the absolute common sense of wind power generation was reinforced as the cruiser in front clocked up £325 of diesel whilst we struggled to squeeze in £2.65 after 5 days sailing. Ratio 40:50:10 drinking, sailing, sight seeing.

Overall I would like to thank TOG for organising the trip, Skipper for being in charge, Mate for keeping us busy, Peter and Tony for great company and everyone who came along for being sailors. The TOG trip has given opportunity for sailing in varied conditions, exploration of new areas, meeting of new friendly people and of course drinking of copious amounts of beer. Who could possibly complain about that?

REPORTS FROM COUNCIL MEMBERS

PRESIDING MASTER :

KEITH STEDMAN



WHEN PRINGLES TAKE PRECEDENCE

Just before I commit myself to paper, let me make it quite clear that "Pops" is a term of endearment specially reserved for my 3 year old (going on 18) grandson Ben and his brother Finn (1 year).

"Pops" is reserved for themONLY.....so I don't expect to be referred to as "Pops" within the boundaries of the

Trent Offshore Group....OK.? Right! I'm glad that is out of the way.

I thought I would just give you a brief overview of my launch of the "start em young" campaign, specifically aimed at introducing the youngest members of our family to sailing.

The weather was perfect, gentle winds and warm sunshine, just what we wanted to introduce the boys to our boat. After all this time it was good to see my daughter and her husband with the two boys walking down the slope from the marina office towards the pontoons. Ben was already in a fairly high state of excitement and was already fighting off the pirates who, of course, abound at Woolverstone Marina!!

Having introduced everyone to the darkest recesses of the boat and fitted both boys and all the adults with life jackets, done the safety brief and answered a myriad of questions from an inquisitive 3 year old, we were ready for the off. The wind



was a steady 2/3 coming from the East, so I had decided on a gentle motor up to Felixstowe (to look at the BIG boats) and a sail back under foresail only.

Ben had settled down nicely now and was in the cockpit bombarding Pops with questions like "How do you drive your boat Pops?" and "Why do the sails make it go?"

Thinks.....keep him busy, no time to ask questions.....give him some real hands-on experience. So we sat down together and steered the boat. I showed what happened when we pull the tiller one way then push the other way. OK. Now try to do it all on your own – Pops will just watch – great well done!! So far so good, I think he's a natural I'm really proud of my three year old grandson.....then it happened!! My daughter's head appeared from below, with the cheerfully asked question "Anyone for Pringles?" Ben didn't need asking twice. When there is a choice between steering a boat or getting a handful of Pringles there **IS** no real choice! The tiller got pushed out of the way, the boat took a 90 degree change in course to port and headed straight for the shore!! Surreptitiously looking around, I retrieved the tiller while Ben, grinning widely, got his Pringles.

Fortunately there were not *too* many boats to witness my embarrassment at what they would have considered to be a *very* erratic piece of helming on my behalf!! Perhaps we will try again in another three years!!

DEPUTY PRESIDING MASTER

ARTHUR WOOD



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN.

Saturday 5th May 1990

An anticyclone was well established when the bank holiday arrived. Our plan to spend the long weekend sailing our

Manta 19' trailer-sailer *Woodpecker*, on the River Trent was quickly changed. A lifting keel and a 2 metre beam enable her to swim on any inland waterway if we drop the mast. This was left at the marina and we went motor-boating.

Through Nottingham, the Trent Navigation takes a two-mile diversion through the city to bypass a shallow, rocky section of the river. Passing under the Midland Railway Station, it eventually rejoins the river at Beeston. Further upstream, the Trent is joined by the River Soar.

By late afternoon, we were in the Soar, surrounded by meadows, with cows grazing, cuckoos calling, may blossom, and buttercups in the fields with rushes along the river banks. We became aware that a lot of boats were waiting to get through and with nowhere to moor. With no wind or current, we were quite happy to wait in midstream. Brenda made a cup of tea whilst we relaxed and enjoyed the tranquil scene.

The tranquillity was abruptly shattered by a commotion at the lock. People were shouting and running about – the a woman began to scream....

Brenda had just completed a week-end first aid course in connection with her job as a nursery nurse. "It looks as though your first-aid may be needed". I said, starting the engine and driving the boat into the rushes. Brenda leapt ashore whilst I warped the boat to a tuft of vegetation.

As Brenda arrived at the lock, a 4-year old boy was being hauled out of the water. I was close behind and, together with a few other people, we began C.P.R. Many people wanted to assist, but, few were first-aid trained.

There were no mobile 'phones then and marine VHF is not used upstream of Nottingham. As we were a good distance from a road, it took about twenty minutes for someone to contact the emergency services, who had told us to continue the C.P.R. We carried on for another 10 minutes, whilst the whole time, understandably, the mother was continually sobbing and screaming.

Eventually, a blue flashing light and paramedics, who had driven across ploughed fields, appeared. They took over and continued the C.P.R as they were driving away.

After a sleepless night, we were sad to learn that the boy was DoA. Later, at the inquest, the coroner ruled that the boy had died from heart failure with the shock of the cold water. He stated that he was satisfied that the rescue and treatment was correct.

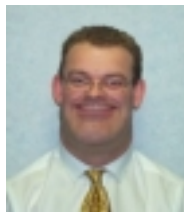
A family group had hired a narrow-boat. The children all wore life-jackets. Whilst the lock was filling, the boy – minus his lifejacket – fell into the turbulent water and disappeared.

LESSONS FOR US ALL

The Obvious. Avoid falling in. Wear a lifejacket. Keep your first-aid training up-to-date. We had an anxious time awaiting the coroner's report.

The less Obvious. "Man overboard " does not have to be "a dark and stormy night"! If it is, you WILL be taking care. Consider a yacht on a calm and windless day, anchored in a safe estuary. There is an ebb or flow of 2 knots. The wash from a passing vessel throws one into the water. This is moving at 1 metre per second. 10 seconds after hitting the water, he is a boat-length away..... imagine if you are moving at eight knots.....!

PAUL RATCLIFFE - MEMBERSHIP (01778 341475)



-SOCIAL EVENTS



LINDA JONES (01778 342375)

JUBILEE SAILING TRUST

About 30 members and friends gathered at Rutland Sailing Club on Saturday, 21st September for a social get-together and to hear Ann Thomas, Rutland Chair of the Jubilee Sailing Trust, talk about the work of the Trust.

An interesting introduction by Ann, talking about the different types of disability that can be accommodated aboard the two square-riggers – *Lord Nelson* and *Tenacious* - set the tone for the evening. It would appear that most disabilities can be handled, with each disabled person having a “buddy” to watch over them. Disabled or not, you are expected to pitch into the jobs during “happy hour” – holystoning the decks and general tidying! Lovely little touches, are the small boats set against the gunwhales showing the direction of the sharp and the blunt ends respectively. Helming, sheet hauling, cooking, etc. are all shared – blind or not! Weather permitting, the crew can even visit the crows-nest – wheelchair and all in a special hauling tackle.

A **slide** presentation followed, showing the various stages of the building of the wooden *Tenacious*, the quality of the craftsmanship and the accommodation. This also brought home the pleasure, totally transparent for both the buddies and the charges, of the shared activities. A video afterwards, brought the slides to life, with the acute observations of the participants showing all too clearly, the confidence and satisfaction they had gained from the trip.

A **raffle** afterwards collected £70 for the Trust, which is over a million in debt, with the cost of the *Tenacious* and other running costs. As Ann said – every little helps! Keith warmly thanked Ann, who replied in turn, thanking us for the collection. All in all, a very pleasant evening, with time for a chat afterwards.

Saturday, 20th January 2007.

The Annual Dinner is once again to be held at the Greatham Valley Golf Club.

As you enjoyed it this year, so you **will** enjoy it next year!
Details and Application form to follow.

FUTURE SAILING EVENTS

DAVID BRETTE (016233 882924)

See back page for full details.

Wash/East Coast/North Sea – long weekends with Colin Brockett.

Norway and Croatia were also suggested as possible locations. Suggestions from other council members would also be welcome.

Bawley oyster boats and Thames sailing barge weekends are another possibility. See Arthur Woods!

PLEASE NOTE that we do need to have **early commitment, with deposits**, for all our trips, just the same as any other holiday organiser.

See Booking Form and questionnaire on our website.

-NAVIGATION



CLIVE CRANKSHAW (01664 454403)

Trinity House rethinks changes to Western Solent Buoyage.

(The Sconce buoy, situated in the Solent, to the west of Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, will remain in place for the time being while Trinity House reconsiders its future.

Trinity House had proposed its removal following the Marine Accident Investigation Bureau's enquiry into the grounding of the *Attilio Lavoli* in June 2004.

The removal of Sconce had not been part of the 2005 General Lighthouse Authority review of Aids to Navigation, which the RYA broadly favoured. The RYA and the Yarmouth Commissioners General Advisory Committee, challenged the change of plan on the grounds that The Sconce, with The Warden, provide a valuable transit for Solentbound smaller craft, who want to avoid the deep water channel and the poorly lit Totland and Colwell Bay shores, when large craft are transiting the Needles Fairway.

-ADMINISTRATION – COUNCIL MATTERS



NEIL MACFARLANE (01159 663028)

-TREASURER



RICHARD OAKES (01636 640414)

BO'SUN'S STORES



MARK DAVIS (01949 860815)

TRAINING



COLIN BROCKETT/MARK DAVIS
(01205 722886) / (01949 860815)

Diesel Engine
Radio (Short Range Certificate – GMDSS etc.)
First Aid
Radar
Sea Survival

I try to offer sailing experience over a range of weekends on the Wash/East Coast, to TOG members and friends on my yacht "Nosey".

The east coast is a good sailing area to help one understand tides and the importance of arriving or leaving at the correct state of tide, as most harbours are drying. The Wash, with its sandbanks and channels make navigation a **very** interesting challenge! These weekend trips are particularly interesting and useful to students who have taken, or are taking, RYA shore based courses and wish to put their theory into practice. Get to grips with offshore sailing, together with instruction and testing for the International Certificate of Competence (ICC).

On any trip, the work is changed round and crew members are brought on in general seamanship navigation, boat and sail handling

One of the things I find it hard to understand with some of the TOG Members is that when talking to them, they say they are keen to sail but cannot get a week off, or even afford to go on

one a week charter, but that weekends would suit them. I am not touting for business but, having had the proposed "Nosey" programme put in Tog Line the past few years, I am amazed at the virtual total lack of interest in the opportunities presented. All of Tog, or associated trips, are designed for the membership. If what we try to arrange is not what you want, then please - tell us what is. It is difficult for the council to suggest and arrange trips and charters, only to have to cancel them due to lack of support. Come on members, help us to help you.

- WEBSITE

PLEASE VISIT OUR WEBSITE! There is a wealth of information on it!

www.trent-offshore-group.co.uk

It has been upgraded considerably and now has a "buy and sell" section to help you dispose of those unwanted bits and bobs!

You will also find all the Application Forms as required by the Group



The *Lord Nelson* moored in Southampton Water.

ASIDES

Various Quotations to either make you think, or just have a laugh. *by Tony Cox*

"Golden, Ripe, Boneless Bananas, 39 Cents A Pound." - Advert in a US newspaper.

"Sure there have been injuries and deaths in boxing - but none of them serious." - Alan Minter, Boxer

"The internet is a great way to get on the net." - Bob Dole, Republican presidential candidate

"Most cars on our roads have only one occupant, usually the driver." - Carol Malia, BBC Anchorwoman

"China is a big country, inhabited by many Chinese." - Charles De Gaulle, former French President.

"It's time for the human race to enter the solar system!" - Dan Quayle

"The world is more like it is now than it ever has before." - Dwight Eisenhower

"Boxing's all about getting the job done as quickly as

possible, whether it takes .10 or 15 or 20 rounds." - Frank Bruno

"**The streets** are safe in Philadelphia. It's only the people who make them unsafe." - Frank Rizzo, mayor of Philadelphia

"**I have opinions** of my own --strong opinions-- but I don't always agree with them." - George Bush

"**If it weren't** for electricity we'd all be watching television by candlelight" - George Gobel

"**I do not like** this word "bomb." It is not a bomb. It is a device that is exploding."

- Jacques Le Blanc, French ambassador on nuclear weapons

"**Traditionally**, most of Australia's imports come from overseas." - Australian cabinet minister Keppel Enderbery

"**Solutions** are not the answer." - Richard Nixon

"**A bachelor's** life is no life for a single man." - Sam Goldwyn

"**If history** repeats itself: I should think we can expect the same thing again." - Terry Venables

"**Some people** say that I must be a terrible person, but it's not true. I have the heart of a young boy in a jar on my desk" - Stephen King

"**Middle age** is when your age starts to show around your middle." - Bob Hope

"**A hippie** is someone who looks like Tarzan, walks like Jane and smells like Cheetah." - Ronald Reagan

"**Commit** the oldest sins, the newest kind of ways." - William Shakespeare

"**I've had** a wonderful evening, but this wasn't it." - Groucho Marx

"**I never** think of the future - it comes soon enough." - Albert Einstein

"**I've been** on a calendar, but I've never been on time." - Marilyn Munroe

"**I don't know** anything about music - In my line you don't have to." - Elvis Presley

"**This is on me**" is what Dorothy Parker wanted on her tombstone

"**Wise men** talk because they have something to say. Fools talk because they have to say something." - Plato

Who was the first person to look at a cow and say, "I think I'll squeeze these dangly things and drink what comes out"?

Wouldn't it be smart to make the sticky stuff on envelopes taste like chocolate?

Isn't it funny how the word 'politics' is made up of the words 'poli' meaning 'many' in Latin, and 'tics' as in 'bloodsucking creatures'?

TAILPIECE

