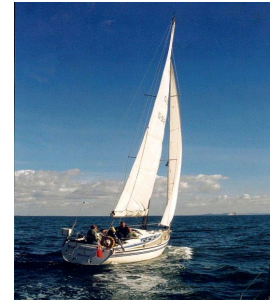




TOGLINE



The Quarterly Journal of the Trent Offshore Group

AUTUMN NEWSLETTER 2007

Wooden Boat: A hole in the water surrounded by planks into which a sailor pours money.



How quickly the year seems to go! Autumn/Winter is upon us again, the nights draw in, the mist and the cold descend, the last of the sailing trips is put to bed and is history. It seems a long time 'til the Spring, when once more we can crawl out of

our cocoons, cast off the odd clout and stretch to welcome the warmth as the sun grows stronger.

I have read of the pleasures one can get from sailing in the winter, on a crisp bright day, with a touch of frost to sharpen things up. Yeees. maybe, but.... you can't beat a warm, sunny day, a willing crew with the sun beating down, a good wind with white sails contrasting against the blue of the sky and the sea! No wonder there is so much poetry written about the sea – it's a natural focus for many of the beauties of nature. Always restless, ever changing - ah me!! And you do meet some very nice people!!

Four years ago we were in New Zealand on a holiday that happened to coincide with the America's Cup. We visited Viaduct Harbour, the purpose-built base for the competitors and the centre of the sailing universe at the time. It was HEAVING with people determined to enjoy themselves and a genuine, happy-go-lucky atmosphere. Huge gin palaces, rented for the season, followed the yachts as they went to do battle in the Hauraki Gulf. Specially built sheds to protect the secrets of the participants; restaurants and sideshows - all completed the glittering picture redolent of wealth - and the noise.....!

We visited Viaduct Harbour again in October this year – and the contrast was startling. Silent quays with restaurants barely serving; instead of the gin palaces, a grimy old tug and floating crane. There was an opportunity to sail in NZL 40 and 50 – two of the boats from previous America's Cups. From the white

heat of competition, to trips round the gulf twice a day. How are the mighty fallen! It is sad to see such greyhounds reduced to trip boats, but there appeared to be a demand for places. We did come across her, paralleling our course and easily maintaining station with the ferry from Auckland to Devonport in fairly light airs. What a stirring sight she would have been in a Force 6!

As you go South over the main bridge into Auckland, there is no doubt that sailing is **BIG** over there! The largest marina I have ever seen – Westhaven - nestles just below the bridge, with berthing for 1800 boats. Need I say more? It is a wonderful sailing area with it's myriad islands – and one is never far from the sea. I wish I had a friend out there with a yacht....! As many of you are doubtless aware, N.Z. is a wonderful place and also is home to some very nice people. Could it be a trait with island populaces and being surrounded by water.....?

!

I will close this editorial, by reminding everyone of the Annual Dinner Dance and Awards night on January 19th 2008, at Greetham Valley Golf Club again.- details attached. We do look forward to seeing you there!

My grateful thanks to all who have contributed to **TOGLINE** during the year and I would like to wish you all a Very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

'Til next season.....

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CLUNKERS

Some of you may have seen the editorial and follow-on article in the Summer 2007 RYA Magazine which concerns the possible running down of the Sailfish 25 OUZO by P&O's PRIDE OF BILBAO at a presumed

position some 7M SWbyS of Ventnor, Isle of Wight, at just after 0100A on 21 August last year. To me one paragraph stands out as a stark warning to us all:

"OUZO's crew were experienced and usually hoisted an octahedral radar reflector in the rigging while on passage. We should all be concerned that the subsequent study of the ship's "black box" showed no trace of the yacht on its screen".

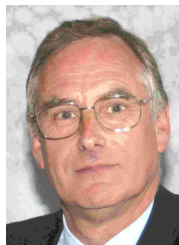
The octahedral radar reflector is what we called in RAFSA a 'clunker', so named because unless you could fix it semi-permanently it went 'clunk/clunk' against the rigging, spreader or mast with every passing wave. Many of you will be familiar with this piece of wartime maritime history. It comes flat-packed and can be quickly assembled and hoisted on a signal halliard whenever visibility drops because of meteorological conditions or approaching nightfall.

The drawback with the system is that if this reflector is hoisted as a top/bottom eight faced lozenge shape then radar signals, transmitted from vessels in the vicinity, hit the vertical surfaces at right angles and are bounced back from a miniscule area (if at all, when the reflector is on the move in roughish weather), resulting in a poor/very poor/nil pulse to a receiving radar set. What you can do is to secure the reflector with additional ties so that an incoming radar signal hits one surface and is deflected across to another before bouncing back to the sending set. The problem with this scenario is that every time the vessel is tacked someone may well have to go forward to undo all the support ties so that the reflector is again parallel with the mast and clear of flapping sails and then re-secure it again at an angle: an unnecessary exposure of a crew member at night in any sort of disturbed sea. Even after all this hassle it might not have been re-set at the optimum angle so the response could be on the weak side and, unfortunately, there is no way the skipper would know this.

Yacht owners, whether private or commercial, primarily sail or power, often spend an inordinate amount of money on 'the latest' navigational aids yet do not think of buying a sealed radar reflector (with a honeycombed interior that produces a magnificent 'blip' on the receiving radar set) which can be fixed permanently on the mast. Last year was a case in point. The TOG South Brittany Sailex took place aboard a brand new Sun Odyssey 40.3: her navigational aids were superb but we had to break out a 'clunker' from its plastic wrapping with the advent of a bit of fog. To my mind the reliance on a piece of equipment that has not changed since the 1939-1945 War is pushing one's luck today. The sheer size of some passenger ferries, the PRIDE OF BILBAO is a good example, let alone container ships and giant tankers, makes visual lookout contact for them in reduced visibility somewhat historic and

radar a necessity. In the yachting world the radar set is considered a useful aid to navigation but to my mind the much cheaper permanent radar reflector is no longer just an aid but a necessity for any yacht whether sail or power if it is intended to make passages anywhere near the major shipping lanes of North Western Europe. You may ask about cost and you will be pleasantly surprised to find that prices range from £35 for 'tubes' that are permanently mounted on the shrouds to £120 for the larger and greater range mast mounted reflectors.

PUSHPIT PRATTLE by Keith Stedman



Michael Hall

It is with great sadness and much regret that I have to report the tragic death of Michael Hall (Mike or Plumber Mike as he was known to many of us) in a boating accident on the East Coast. Mike was a member of long standing of the Trent Offshore Group.

He had held many positions within the Group, one of which was that of Training Master. Many of us will have "learnt our craft" under Mike's watchful eye and now owe our current love of sailing to his encouragement and tuition in the early days.

He will be sadly missed.

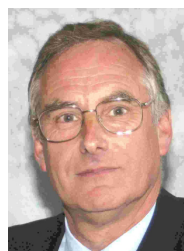
We shall be remembering Mike in the next issue of TOGline.

The winner of the Quiz Competition in the Summer Edition of TOGline was none other than the Membership Secretary Paul Ratcliffe. Paul's was the first all correct answer drawn from the hat. In fact, Paul's was the only entry received!!

REPORTS

PRESIDING MASTER

KEITH STEDMAN



SO WHERE NEXT?

With the closing of the 2007 sailing season our thoughts are naturally now bent on getting ready for Christmas and if there are going to be any turkeys left for the traditional Christmas dinner!! The

members of Council of Trent Offshore are no different but already we are beginning to think beyond the festivities of Christmas and the New Year and think about the Sailing trips for the 2008 season. We are as yet very much in the tentative first steps of getting the likely trips together. A lot will depend if we can get willing skippers to give up some of their time and lead the various expeditions. We have sketched in the following trips as possible during 2008:-

The Easter Trip on the South Coast

Scotland during June or July

Milford Haven in May

North Wales – August.

Holland and the East Coast – sailing with Colin Brockett.

Italian inland waterways.

Canary Islands - winter sun in early 2009.

I must stress the provisional nature of the above trips at this moment in time and we will keep you all informed as things firm up. The reason for the early notice is that if you have any ideas about where you would like to go let us know. If there are enough people and a willing skipper then let's see if we can make it happen.

As you will appreciate the Skippers for TOG are all volunteers and give of their time without payment (and in fact pay the same as everyone else on each trip) so I would like to say thank you to all our Skippers for their hard work during 2007. Whilst on the subject of Skippers we are always looking for willing and enthusiastic members to act as after-guard on our trips and to eventually bring them on to be Skippers for TOG. So if there is anyone who thinks that they have got what it takes why not let us know. We are none of us getting any younger and some new young blood as part of our Skippers list would be welcomed and help to secure the long-term future of the Trent Offshore Group.

DARWIN, THE BEAGLE ET AL.

This was the first time for many years that I managed to miss the October (End of Season) Sailex. I am pleased to read that all went well and the participants were blessed with excellent sailing weather and good winds, even if the number of boats enjoying a little late sunshine did prove a little problematical.

The reason why I was unable to attend, was that I had undertaken an expedition of my own (with Jenny of course) to the Galapagos Islands, Amazon Rainforest and Ecuadorian Cloud Forest; a great experience and one that I can thoroughly recommend (and bore anyone to tears, with the holiday snaps!!)

On my return home, wading through the pile of post (mostly junk mail – can anyone tell me how to stop it, please!?), I came across a brochure addressed to me at Trent Offshore Group regarding the building of a working replica of HMS Beagle. This is to be built at Milford Haven (a regular TOG sailing area) and due to be launched in 2009. She will take about 14 months to build and cost around £3.3 million pounds.



The aim is for the replica to be completed and launched in time to be the centre piece of the 200th anniversary of Darwin's birth in February 2009. The replica will make a world circumnavigation in her ancestors wake, recreating the famous 1831-1836 voyage when Darwin reached the Galapagos Islands on the 15th September, 1835 (which happens to be the date of my birthday – day and month

only of course although you may not think so from the photo below!!)



If you would like to know more about The HMS Beagle Trust Wales or the project, why not visit the Trusts website :

www.thebeagleproject.com

Have a great Christmas and New Year

Keith Stedman
Presiding Master

DEPUTY PRESIDING MASTER **ARTHUR WOOD**

MEN WITH GUNS!!



In April 1993, we were helping the owner of "Joshua's Wake". a 45-foot steel ketch which he had built at Newark. Together with his wife and children, they had sailed to the Med. and after 3 years cruising, had finished at Larnaca, returning to the U.K. and leaving the boat ashore. We flew out together, and after a week of re-fitting, set sail on the first leg of the return trip to the U.K.

Sailing along the south coast of Cyprus, we received a securité message to the effect that a rectangular zone of sea adjacent to the coast was closed to all traffic. We reluctantly altered course, heading out to sea to sail along the outer limit of this zone. We sailed happily for several hours without sight of any reason for the diversion. As we approached the south-west corner of the zone, to save a few miles, we decided to cut the corner. A small warship suddenly approached us from the shore at very high speed and ordered us back out of the zone. It then positioned itself on the corner and hove-to as we sailed past looking down the barrel of it's gun!

Later that year, "Joshua's Wake" had got as far as Lagos and we were invited to have free use of her – provided we finished nearer to England! After several days cruising, we had rounded Cape St. Vincent and headed North. One night we were berthed alongside in the then new harbour of Sessimbra. About 4 a.m., there was a knocking on the hull. I looked out of the window to see a RIB containing several men - one of whom was wearing a menacing amount of gold braid. In perfect English he said "We are the Portuguese Navy - and you are in our berth"!!

ROUND THE WASH WITH "Nosey" *Friday 10th August.2007.*

Brenda and I joined Colin Brockett aboard "Nosey", his lifting keel, 32 ft. Parker moored on a pontoon at Fosdyke Bridge on the River Welland.

After a quick, but very professional safety briefing, we relaxed in the saloon with a gin and tonic and some enlightening conversation (*that's the way to do it! – Ed.!*) In addition to his nautical expertise, Colin is a mine of information about the locality and its wild life.

Saturday 11th August.

Up at 05:45. Bright sunshine but – no wind! At 07:00 we slipped into a racing ebb-tide and motored down the river with myself at the helm. Brenda was fascinated, remarking on the swallows, martins, terns, waders, other various sea-birds with Colin pointing out the many items of interest.

By 08:30 we were anchored in calm, blue water at Clay Hole, enjoying a leisurely breakfast in the sun of hot croissants. We watched the sandy beach uncover and were watched in turn by a seal swimming around the boat. About mid morning, a light breeze had sprung up and we began sailing well as “Nosey” carries a very large mainsail. Lunch was enjoyed underway and by 16:00 we were approaching Brancaster on the North Norfolk Coast. Once we had located the fairway buoy at the entrance to the harbour, we anchored to wait for the tide. We relaxed in hot sunshine, watching the holidaymakers on the beach playing games and flying kites.

Come 18:00, the sand had disappeared, being replaced by a vast expanse of blue water with a multitude of craft, - dinghies, yachts, canoes and various motorboats going in all directions.

Colin took the helm as we negotiated the tortuous channel, marked only by small green buoys. As there were no free visitor moorings, we dropped the anchors – one bow and one stern - to prevent her swinging as the tide changed. Once Colin was happy with the anchors, he raised the hydraulic lifting keel to allow her to settle on the sand as the bottom became much closer to the top.

Having completed this exercise, we had no desire to inflate the dinghy and visit a smoky pub. Colin raided his on-board stores and produced an excellent evening meal. We finished the gin and started on the wine!

Sunday, 12th August.

Weighed the anchors at 07:00 and motored out of the harbour in a freshening wind with a lot of threatening signs in the sky. Once at sea with the jib set and the autohelm steering, Colin produced a Full English Breakfast! After this we hoisted reefed mainsail and steered “towards” Boston. “Towards” being a relative term. with the wind and tide both on the nose. At this point, Colin gave me some valuable tuition of the finer points of beating onto a foul tide. Despite his skill, Skegness on our starboard quarter, persisted in getting closer. This entailed us using some engine assistance until the tide turned at about 14:00. We then enjoyed a lively sail past sandbanks covered with seals and seabirds, to arrive back at Fosdyke Bridge at the top of the ebb.

Our thanks to Colin for a lovely time and I hope this little report encourages others to take advantage of Colin’s offers and his expertise.

(See “Training “ at the end of **TOGLINE** – Ed.)

October Sailex: 3 – 7 October 2007



by Neil
Macfarlane and
Mark Davis.



“Cassiopeia”
Bavaria 37

Mark Davis (Skipper)
Toby Walker

“Selkie”
Bavaria 37

Neil Macfarlane (Skipper)
Norman Allen (Commodore)

Paul Judge
John Byrne
Debbie Gee
Jo Wood
Fiona Cooke

Ian Calderwood
Len Biddulph
Bob Arnold
James Macfarlane

Thursday 3 October

TOG old salts and virgins to offshore sailing overcame the logistical problems of organising transport from all corners of the East Midlands and beyond, including Plymouth in the far south-west, to assemble at Port Hamble Marina on Thursday evening. With the Presiding Master, Keith Stedman, far away paddling up the Amazon in search of Darwin’s finches, his predecessor, Norman, returned from France with broad pennant at the ready. Mark had booked two Bavaria 37s, “Cassiopeia” and “Selkie” from Fairview Sailing so crews were assigned to their bunks and provisions and kit stowed before the formal handover from the charterers, followed by a safety briefing. Rather than attempting a late start for the traditional run over to Cowes it was agreed to spend the night at Hamble so crews made swiftly for the local pubs.

Friday 4 October

After a leisurely breakfast both yachts left the marina about 1000 and motored down the Hamble and out into the Solent. The day was spent familiarising the crews with the yachts, which entailed both showing the ropes to novices and letting the old hands refresh their skills. Conditions were ideal with balmy weather, the sea state slight and an easterly F3/4 that allowed sails to be hoisted late morning. “Cassiopeia” made her way up to Portsmouth Harbour while “Selkie” tacked forth and back across the East Solent in the vicinity of Cowes. Once the tide turned and began to ebb west both yachts made for Yarmouth with “Selkie” mooring up to a pontoon at about 1600 and “Cassiopeia” following about an hour later. As the wind lessened in the late afternoon both yachts resorted to their engines.

Distance covered: 15 NM

Saturday 5 October

“Selkie” left Yarmouth harbour under engine about 0845 and “Cassiopeia” somewhat later. The yachts headed down the West Solent and took the Needles Channel out into Poole Bay. “Selkie” cleared the Needles about 0930, breakfasted underway, and headed SW down the Needles Channel to the Fairway Buoy. The wind was NE/E F3/4 and the sea state slight with a bright autumnal sun. Leaving the Fairway Buoy the yachts headed west across Poole Bay under sail, mainly running before the wind, sometimes goose winged. *Selkie* headed towards Handfast Point, passing Old Harry rocks, going south on a broad reach to pass Anvil Point, then to turn west passing St Alban’s Head well offshore. As “Selkie”



checked a dodgy log on the “measured nautical mile” on the coast a gunnery safety vessel hailed us to warn us that the Lulworth Ranges were in active use. So the smoke plumes onshore to the west and the

dull booms reverberating across the sea that we had remarked upon (subsequently confirmed by a VHF warning) were explained - and a prompt course change elicited. “*Selkie*” continued a splendid sail and retraced her track to Handfast Point, then headed up the Swash Channel to Poole Harbour entrance.



“*Selkie*” dropped sails, passed the narrow entrance, skirted the chain ferry, and made her way up the buoyed channel to Town Quay. “*Selkie*” moored up in Poole Quay Yacht Haven at 1615 and was later joined by “*Cassiopeia*”, which had also had an exhilarating day’s sailing. Having admired the tall ship “*Prince William*” moored on town quay most crew members dined that evening in the Poole Arms or

visited local relatives.

Distance covered: 36 NM

Saturday 6 October

After a leisurely breakfast aboard, “*Selkie*” left the marina at 1115, the plan being to return to the Solent and make for Cowes. Having left Poole Harbour “*Selkie*” hoisted sails in the Swash Channel then headed SW across Poole Bay in similar sea and wind conditions to the previous day. Close hauled on a long port tack the intention was to pick up the Needles channel near the Fairway Buoy. A few short starboard tacks put us nearer to that goal, but with the wind failing and a foul tide the engine became necessary at about 1530. A mobile phone call to Cowes Yacht Haven revealed that it was full, as was East Cowes Marina - due to several yacht rallies in the Solent and no doubt compounded by the fine weather. Hence a similar call to Yarmouth anticipated a crowded harbour but the welcome offer to “fit us in somehow”. “*Cassiopeia*” was alerted of this change of plan and “*Selkie*” entered an extremely busy harbour to moor up to the piles close to the quay at about 1730. One more boat alongside would have saved the cost of the water taxi. “*Cassiopeia*” followed about half an hour later and was similarly berthed. Once more Yarmouth yacht clubs and pubs had the benefit of TOG custom.

29 NM

Sunday 7 October

Last morning – “*Selkie*” left Yarmouth at 0910 and motored up the Solent on a glassy sea with little wind. At 1050 she passed over the bar and entered Beaulieu River, navigating the



passage up to Bucklers’ Hard via the channel buoys and withies (OED) many of the latter now having been taped up in red or green. “*Selkie*” merely admired from afar the fine buildings of the boatyard and the site

where the keels of Nelson’s ships were laid, before turning to head down river again. “*Cassiopeia*’s” crew following a little later and being more spendthrift paid the extortionate berthing

fee and sampled the beer in the Shipwright’s Arms. Replete with the serene beauty of Beaulieu River or beer the yachts set course for Southampton Water mooring up in the early afternoon after refuelling. After packing up and ensuring the yachts were in good order for handover to the charter company, the crews dispersed reflecting on what for most was the last sail of the season.

Distance covered: 18 NM

Total distance: 98 NM

OLD GAFFERS by Ian Calderwood



It was a warm, humid, overcast morning to start with as we stood on the bank in front of the Marconi Sailing Club at Stansgate on the River

Blackwater opposite Osea Island, looking upstream towards Maldon. Berice’s cousin had invited us down to Maldon for the weekend and we were watching a motley collection of 13 Thames sailing barges and 9 fishing smacks. They were backing, filling and meandering round in circles, reluctant about putting a bowsprit over an imaginary line before a bang was heard. They were waiting for the starting signal of the annual Blackwater Handicap Barge Match.

At 9:30 a.m., we heard the bang and off went the barges, moving purposefully and ponderously downstream, doing their best with what little wind there was and taking advantage of the ebb. They were on a twenty mile circuit - out to a mark in the estuary and back to the finish at Maldon Hythe with the flood.



It was an unforgettable and romantic sight as these 100-tonners, rigged so that they could be worked by a man and a boy, drifted quietly past. Still, they were serious about the racing, with two or

more side-by-side and even tacking across each other’s sterns to try and gain a slight advantage from the faint north-wester. Fifteen minutes later, the smaller smacks and oyster-boats set off – much more dramatic, full of bustle and purpose with a towering mass of sails in proportion to their length and beam. We stood there enthralled as the mass of sails gradually disappeared eastwards into the distant haze of the estuary.

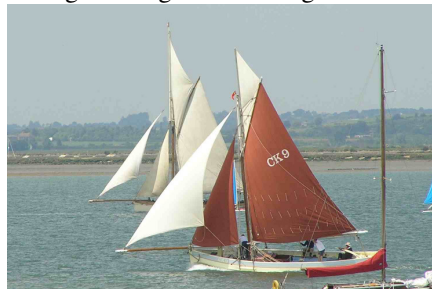
We thanked our host for the privilege of our grandstand start, tore back to the car and shot off down to Bradwell point below the power station. As we drove, we caught tantalising glimpses of sails over the banks and hedges. Alas, the roads

of Essex are winding and slow – “the winding English drunkard, made the winding English road” -and the boats easily kept pace with



us. Arriving at Bradwell at last, we hastened down past the station perimeter to the foreshore - and were just in time to see the last of them head into the estuary.

Still, the sun had now come out, the breeze had risen, the sand was warm, we had a good vantage point perched on an old gun emplacement - and we had brought a picnic. We decided to stay there, enjoy ourselves, chat and just enjoy the sheer pleasure of being by the sea with all its attendant wildlife and friendly silence. We could still see the sails, keeping close to the shore, ready for a good tack northwards among the barges and through the binoculars, the kaleidoscope



of colour was simply amazing.

At length, at about 14:30, the first smack reappeared round the point. The wind had picked up to a good F4/5 and as she speared past, with a bone in her

teeth, all billowing sails and a definite list, she looked magnificent. The two leaders were no more than 13 seconds apart, one working hard to keep it that way and the other trying just as hard to make sure it didn't! One after the other they passed until, eventually, the first barge appeared, making her stately way. Totally oblivious to and obviously above, all



the preceding hustle and flurry of the lower orders. But what a sight! Two and even three abreast, stately queens of the river with little between them and still racing hard. The

field was well spread out by now, the leaders a little speck in the distance with still others out in the estuary.

The heat of the sun had dissipated slightly and dinner was calling. Reluctantly, we turned our back on the river, gathered up our belongings, trudged back to the car and made our way back to Maldon. All we had left of the day were some stirring memories, a sunburn and a mass of pictures. The sights would long stay with us and the memories are still as sharp. Long may those "Old Gaffers" continue to grace our rivers and give us the unique pleasure of watching them perform.

PAUL RATCLIFFE - MEMBERSHIP (01778 341475)



-SOCIAL EVENTS

JOHN BYRNE



Evening all!

I must apologise for not appearing in recent issues, but I have been somewhat busy at work and have found it difficult. However - here we

go - better late than never!

You will find an Application Form and menu etc. for the Annual Dinner and dance at the end of this TOGLINE. We had a smashing time last year and intend it to be so this year! I do hope you enjoy it and look forward to seeing and meeting as many as possible for a great evening.

If you have any suggestions or preferences for Social Events next year, please get in touch and I will do my best to see what can be arranged. We want to provide the sort of entertainment that members - **YOU** - really want! Without that feedback, we are struggling somewhat! Please, let us know!

-NAVIGATION

CLIVE CRANKSHAW (01664 454403)



NEW PENALTIES FOR THE DRUNKEN SAILOR.

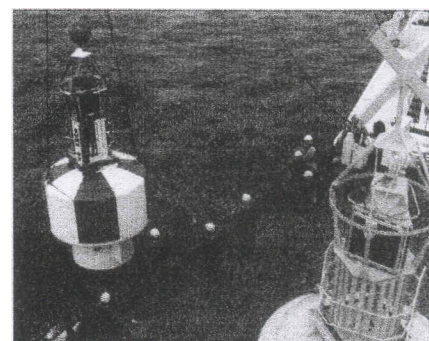
The Government is pressing ahead with the introduction of an alcohol limit for non-professional mariners. The limit of 80 milligrams per 100 millilitres of blood will be equivalent to that already in existence for professional mariners, and will apply to anyone involved in the navigation of a vessel greater than 7 metres in length and/or capable of a maximum speed of more than 7 knots.

The limit for non-professional mariners is being introduced after a consultation in 2004. Announcing the results of the consultation, former Transport Minister Dr Ladyman said he was satisfied the measures provide the best balance between improving safety and avoiding unnecessary regulation:

Traffic Separation Scheme - Sunk?

Trinity House undertook what it called the biggest reorganisation of aids to navigation in UK waters in 30 years on 30th June, introducing a new Traffic Separation Scheme (TSS) to the Sunk, an area in the northern approaches to the Thames.

The scheme includes establishing 11 new class one super



buoys and the repositioning of the Sunk Light Vessel, which is to be renamed the Sunk Centre.

However, confusion has since set in among some sailors because almost immediately after the new TSS

came into being, the information system that had previously been operating to keep sailors updated of conditions and rules

in the area was suspended. A spokesman for the Maritime and Coastguard Agency (MCA), which is ultimately responsible for marine safety, said the suspension came about because it had been unable to reach agreement with Harwich Haven, who had previously supplied the system.

'We're still negotiating with Harwich Haven: he added, 'and we still hope to resolve these issues. In the meantime, everyone should follow the rules of the new TSS, irrespective of whether there's an information service or not'.

Solar Flares Can Paralyse GPS.

GPS receivers can be profoundly affected by flaring from the sun, according to new research from Cornell University.

During an unprecedented solar eruption in December 2006, researchers at Cornell confirmed that solar radio bursts can have a more serious impact than previously thought on GPS and other communication technologies. Solar radio bursts begin with a solar flare that injects high-energy electrons into the solar upper atmosphere. Radio waves are produced which then propagate to the Earth as noise, over a broad frequency range, including those used by GPS.

Forecasters observed two powerful solar flares on 5 and 6 December 2006. The 6 December flare created an unprecedented intense solar radio burst causing large numbers of receivers to stop tracking GPS. 'We found the effects on GPS receivers were more profound and widespread than we expected. Now we are concerned more severe consequences will occur during the next solar maximum.' said Prof Paul Kintner of Cornell.

Professor Dale Gary of the New Jersey Institute of Technology added 'This solar radio burst occurred during the solar minimum, yet produced as much as ten times more radio noise than the previous record.. At its peak, the burst produced 20,000 times more radio emission than the entire rest of the sun. This was enough to swamp GPS receivers over the entire sunlit side of the earth.

All items with thanks to "Navigation News" July/August 2007

-ADMINISTRATION – COUNCIL MATTERS



NEIL MACFARLANE
(01159 663028)

Council Meeting - 7 September 2007

Nine members attended with Keith Stedman in the chair. The success of the Channel Islands trip in the travel

logistics, the yachts and the sailing was reported. About a dozen members had signed up for the October Sailex on the Solent. By contrast the social scene had been rather quiet so it was hoped that the annual dinner would again be well attended.

TOGline had appeared in colour for the first time and included some first-rate articles from members. No excuses for not getting your flags and ensigns right!

Membership was healthy with over 100 members fully paid up.

Club funds were good and meant that charter deposits could now be paid from funds rather than relying on credit from those organising trips.

Training courses on Sea Safety, First Aid and VHF were planned but it was proving difficult to find suitable instructors and venues to provide courses at reasonable cost.

It was planned to seek members' agreement for sharing of email addresses to distribute club material. Individual consents would be needed to comply with Data Protection legislation.

TOG skippers were needed – efforts would be made to encourage more members to act as skippers on TOG trips. Funds were available to assist members in obtaining RYA practical qualifications to enable them to skipper yachts.

Council Meeting - 9 November 2007

Six members attended with Keith Stedman in the chair. The October Sailex had attracted thirteen members and some splendid autumn sailing experienced (see report elsewhere).

The sailing programme for 2008 was discussed in outline. As well as the Easter and October trips on the south coast planning began on trips to the Hebrides, Milford Haven, North Wales, Holland and the Adriatic (inland). Interest from among members would determine which took place.

Other matters reported on included: the annual dinner; club funds; and training. Council members were anxious to encourage greater participation by members in sailing trips and how to achieve this would be the main subject of a future council meeting

-TREASURER



RICHARD OAKES (01636 640414)

BO'SUN'S STORES



JOHN BYRNE

TRAINING

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

TRAINING



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



Radar Sea Survival

Colin offers sailing experience over a range of weekends on the Wash/East Coast, to TOG members and friends on his yacht “Nosey”, a PARKER 325 (33ft) Lift Keel yacht, well equipped with safety and navigation aids. Accommodation for six in three cabins - four berths being available on any trip.

Sailing out of FOSDYKE YACHT HAVEN on the river Welland off the A17. approx 3 miles east of Sutterton.
Vitals, fuel, etc. to be shared plus £10 per day contribution to boat. All insurance to be the responsibility of the individual.

- 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

ASIDES

KIND OF MAKES YOU PROUD

A recent study found the average American golfer walks about 900 miles a year.
Another study found American golfers drink, on average, 22 gallons of beer a year.
That means, on average, American golfers get about 41 miles to the gallon.
With thanks to Bob Wright

FANCY THAT!

I met this bloke with a didgeridoo and he was playing Dancing Queen on it. I thought, "That's Aboriginal."
This lorry full of tortoises collided with a van full of terrapins. It was a turtle disaster.
I told my girlfriend I had a job in a bowling alley. She said "Tenpin?" I said, "No, permanent."
I went in to a pet shop. I said, "Can I buy a goldfish?" The guy said, "Do you want an aquarium?" I said, "I don't care what star sign it is."
I was at a Garden Centre and I asked for something herby. They gave me a Volkswagen with no driver.
Batman came up to me and he hit me over the head with a vase and he went T'PAU! I said "Don't you mean KAPOW?? He said "No, I've got China in my hand."
I bought some Armageddon cheese today, and it said on the packet. 'Best Before End'
I went to buy a watch, and the man in the shop said "Analogue." I said "No, just a watch."
I went into a shop and I said, "Can someone sell me a kettle." The bloke said "Kenwood" I said, "Where is he then?"
My mate is in love with two schoolbags. He's bisatchel.
I went to the doctor. I said to him "I'm frightened of lapels." He said, "You've got cholera."
I met the bloke who invented crosswords today. I can't remember his name, it's P something T something R.

I was reading this book today, The History Of Glue. I couldn't put it down.

I phoned the local ramblers club today, but the bloke who answered just went on and on.

The recruitment consultant asked me "What do you think of voluntary work?? I said "I wouldn't do it if you paid me."

I was in the jungle and there was this monkey with a tin opener. I said, "You don't need a tin opener to peel a banana." He said, "No, this is for the custard."

This policeman came up to me with a pencil and a piece of very thin paper. He said, "I want you to trace someone for me."

I told my mum that I'd opened a theatre. She said, "Are you having me on?" I said, "Well I'll give you an audition, but I'm not promising you anything."

I phoned the local builders today, I said to them "Can I have a skip outside my house?" He said, "I'm not stopping you!"

This cowboy walks in to a German car showroom and he says "Audi!"

I fancied a game of darts with my mate. He said, "Nearest the bull goes first" He went "Baah" and I went "Moo" He said "You're closest"

I visited the offices of the RSPCA today. It's tiny: you couldn't swing a cat in there.

I was stealing things in the supermarket today while balanced on the shoulders of a couple of vampires. I was charged with shoplifting on two counts.

I bought a train ticket to France and the ticket seller said "Eurostar". I said "Well I've been on telly but I'm no Steve McQueen."

I phoned the local gym and I asked if they could teach me how to do the splits. He said, "How flexible are you?" I said, "I can't make Tuesdays or Thursdays"

With thanks to George Hampton