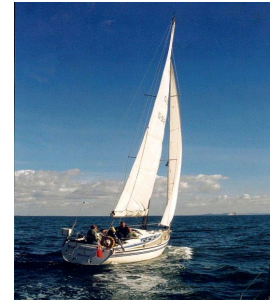




# TOGLINE



The Quarterly Journal of the Trent Offshore Group

## AUTUMN NEWSLETTER 2009

**Landmark/Leading Light:--** A feature ashore, as an aid to navigation, that is always invisible to the pilot.



**Welcome once again** to the Autumn edition of your TOGLINE as we prepare for the long nights of the Winter and the (hopefully) Festive Season. Looking back over the year, we have had a very mixed

sailing season, having had to cancel both the Milford Haven and the Summer sailexes. The former through having no response and the latter for personal reasons affecting the skipper. There has been sadness as well, with our Presiding Master Keith, losing his lovely wife Jenny in September, after their long battle with her deteriorating health. Norman Allen, has given us a warm epitaph within, that sums up our feelings very well. Keith also knows that he has our sympathy and support as he attempts to come to terms with his loss. Jenny was such a lovely lady.....

**On a lighter note**, the Easter and October sailexes went with a swing – although stormbound for a day in October in Lymington. (See report inside). It was great once again to meet old friends and to meet new ones in the make-up of the crews. I have said it before, but I say it again – there is so much enthusiasm out there for acquiring “the knowledge”. Congratulations to Mark and all the other instructors who do their best to ensure that the enthusiasm is channeled in the right direction by providing the proper training essential for safety at sea.

**I find it very heartwarming** to read about young Mike Perham and his effort to sail around the world. He must be comfortable in his own skin for, at the age of sixteen, to attempt to live with yourself and all the worries attendant on a trip of that sort for that length of time beggars belief.

Yes, he did cross from the Azores to Antigua at the even more tender age of fourteen, but he did have his father tailing him..... even so – once committed, you gotta go!! I hope he eventually succeeds. The more youngsters who are inspired, the better. I came to sailing far too late!

**I would like to put** in a reminder of the **Annual Dinner and Dance/Awards Night on Saturday January 30<sup>th</sup>**. There are still some final arrangements to be made and everyone will be informed via a separate flyer in good time. Please, put it in your diaries, join us at Greetham Valley and have a really good time! Relax, reacquaint yourselves with sailing companions, hold your breath at the awards and release your inhibitions with a dance!

**In spite of everything** that has happened,, Keith has put together a plea in his usual “Pushpit Prattle” slot, that we on the Council heartily endorse. We want to try and involve as many of you as possible – and the best way of doing that is via any feedback you feel you can give us. We can only do so much and we need to know whether we are giving you the right mix? Any comments, complaints, praise, brickbats you feel you would like to throw at us – pretend we’re a coconut shy!

**Until 31<sup>st</sup> January** deadline – Have a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year. **Hoping to see you at the Annual Dinner Dance.**  
TTFN!

*Ian Calderwood  
19, St. John's Close  
Ryhall  
Stamford  
Lincs. PE9 4HS*

*Tel: (01780) 763748. e-mail: berician@aol.com*

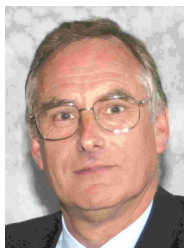
## **TAFFRAIL TATTLE – by Norman Allen**



Norman sends his apologies, but is on strike this edition. Has been very busy and is awaiting further information 'ere he cuts loose again.

He will be around in the Winter Edition.

## **PUSHPIT PRATTLE by Keith Stedman**



### **YOUR CHANCE TO GET INVOLVED**

The Council of Trent Offshore Group are extremely keen to ensure that you enjoy your sailing experience with us in a fun, relaxed but safe manner. There will always be times when someone is

disappointed that we couldn't sail on a particular day because of the weather but that is beyond our control. Each of our skippers is issued with a "Skippers Manual" to assist him or her in managing the boat and in preparing (in a general way) for any sailing expedition.

The Skippers Handbook does not purport to be an "A to Z" of all necessary information covering each and every eventuality (I don't think any such tome exists or ever could exist) but does give useful information on several subjects e.g. preparation for an expedition, crew briefing and items to be included, passage planning, guidelines on taking over a charter boat, how to run a watch system etc. etc.

Most of this content will probably go un-noticed by and large to most of the crew, but where you should be directly involved, is in the crew briefing sessions. If you have sailed with us you should have been given the opportunity to attend a pre-trip briefing session and should have been given a crew briefing on going aboard the boat. Have you ever had one of these briefings and yet still had some piece of vital information missing? Did you ever feel that something needed to be explained but unfortunately wasn't? Take a few moments to think about it.

A small executive group of the Council has been set up to review the content and workings of the Skippers Handbook and I have been charged with calling the group together and getting the job done. For personal reasons I am running behind schedule with this review but it does give an opportunity **for you to get involved**. If you have taken a few moments to think about the questions posed at the end of the previous paragraph and feel that something could be improved, then **please let me know**. My email address is [kandjstedman@btinternet.com](mailto:kandjstedman@btinternet.com). Please head up the email Skippers Handbook Review, which will help me in pulling it out from the various emails that still seems somehow to get through the filter system. Your suggestions could provide an invaluable insight as to how such briefings come across and any bits of information that future crews may find helpful.

I guarantee, that if you send any suggestion in, the Skippers' Manual Review Group will consider it. I cannot (and indeed will not) guarantee that it will be subsequently adopted but it will get a fair hearing and be duly considered. Well..... **over to you.**

Now that the sailing season has almost come to an end for this year (except for the hardy ones), may I take this opportunity to wish you a Happy Christmas and a Great 2010. I hope that many of you will be able to make the **annual dinner this coming January.**

Keep smiling and keep sailing.

Keith Stedman  
Presiding Master.

## **REPORTS**

### **JENNY STEDMAN**

*A brief obituary by Norman Allen*



**Most of you reading** this issue of TOGLINE will be well aware of the sad death of Jenny Stedman. It had been fairly general knowledge that she had been seriously ill for some time but at the beginning of this year, following complex surgery and extended treatment, she began to make a remarkable recovery. So much so that by the time Ann and I were over in March we were able to be well entertained by Keith and Jenny to lunch at their home – and a

very merry and happy time was had by all.

Unfortunately, later in the year, she had a relapse of which we knew very little: we did receive some e-mails from mutual friends intimating that all was not well with Jenny but both Ann and I hoped that this was but a temporary relapse and hoped for better tidings soon. We arrived in the Vale of Belvoir, in early September for a Royal British Legion function and spoke with Keith. We progressed on down to East Anglia at the end of that week. Our next contact with Keith gave us the sad news that she had died two days previously.

Jenny has been, and will continue to be, sorely missed by us all. When we "emigrated" to France both Ann and I were confident that TOG's future was in safe hands with the Stedmans at the helm. In the matter of sailing we were a similar couple: Keith, like me, was a dedicated maritime practitioner (and also originated from the Isle of Wight): Jenny, like Ann, was a bit suspicious of the whole thing but nevertheless also became a very competent deckhand and helmsman.. Of course it doesn't stop there. A vast number of minor but important admin matters descend upon the Presiding Master of TOG and Keith was, like me, able to offload much of this on to his wife!

Both Ann and I have spoken with Keith by 'phone but circumstances were not germane for either of us to express our true feelings. I would, therefore, like to conclude by saying that we both had the highest regard for Jenny and considered her to be one of our great friends. We loved her and we shall miss her.

Norman and Ann Allen  
La Bazouge des Alleux  
France

## OCTOBER SAILEX – 30 SEPT – 3<sup>rd</sup> OCT, 2009



by Stuart Cook  
and Neil  
Macfarlane



2 x Beneteau Oceanis 37ft  
*Par Excellence* - *Carte Blanche*.

### Crews

| <i>Par Excellence</i>  | <i>Carte Blanche</i>        |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Stewart Cook (Skipper) | Paul Burghart (Skipper)     |
| Ian Calderwood         | Neil Macfarlane (Commodore) |
| Peter Chivall          | Diane Johnson               |
| David Chivall          | Adrian Johnson              |
| Jayne Arnold           | Stephen Eccleston           |
| Mike Windsor           | Ian Gill                    |

### Wednesday 30<sup>th</sup> September

Crews arrived at Fairview Sailing on the River Hamble in the early afternoon to pick up the yachts – two of the charter company's complement of new Beneteaus. After handover from Fairview and the crew briefing concluded (including this time Fairview's comprehensive risk assessment of on-board



Creeping in....!

potential hazards), the yachts slipped their moorings, left the marina and motored down the Hamble bound for Cowes. As the Solent opened up with a strengthening wind from the NE the yachts turned west towards the setting sun and hoisted sail to give the crews the opportunity to familiarise themselves with the yachts and their gear. After an hour or so, skirting Bramble Bank, *Par Excellence* turned east to enter Cowes Yacht Haven in the early evening and take up a berth close to *Carte Blanche* which had arrived a little earlier.

After a couple of pints in the Anchor an enjoyable meal followed in a local Indian restaurant (as recommended by Phil &

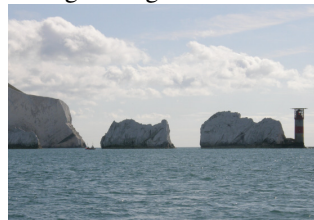


Le Grande Bleu off Yarmouth\*\*

Emma Greetham). The skippers conferred to determine the plan for the trip, in the knowledge that gales were forecast for Saturday, by which time the yachts needed to be in safe haven somewhere in the Solent.

### Thursday 1st October

After a good night's rest and leisurely, hearty breakfast to



make best use of the tides past Hurst Castle/The Needles, both yachts set sail mid-morning with Poole as the destination. With a fair wind again from the north-east and the sun shining, the Needles passage was soon

left behind and a good sail ensued across Poole Bay. *Carte Blanche* took a fairly direct route towards Poole, while *Par Excellence* headed further out to sea on a course for Swanage Bay, where she dropped anchor for a late lunch. After an excellent buffet, the anchor was raised and the sails set to take

*Par Excellence* into Poole

Bay before tacking back towards the entrance to the Swash Channel. With a fluky wind, towards the entrance to the Swash Channel, the sails were dropped, and engine on they motored towards Poole



Lunch at anchor - Studland

Harbour only to have hold station as the Studland chain ferry crossed ahead. With pre booked berths, they tied up at 17:20 h in Poole Haven, to join *Carte Blanche* which had arrived earlier in the afternoon after making a different course across the bay and inspecting the Old Harry sea stacks off Studland. Some favoured crew from *Carte Blanche* crew went aboard *Par Excellence* to sample the water of life before both crews went ashore to dine in the Poole Arms.

### Friday 2<sup>nd</sup> October

The skippers having got their heads together and deciding that mid-afternoon was the favourable time to re-enter the Solent,

some crew members took the opportunity to go ashore and spend time shopping in Poole. By midday, with the crews re-assembled, both yachts slipped their berths. *Carte Blanche* had a straightforward run through Poole



Are you sure.....?... Paul & Adrian

Harbour, past the busy entrance at the chain ferry and down the Swash Channel. She then set an easterly course for the Isle of Wight making best use of a favourable but fickle



Close encounters – Poole Harbour

NW/W wind that necessitated some motor sailing. Leaving a little later and turning towards the exit, *Par Excellence's* way within the marina was blocked by an incoming local



fisherman's catamaran, resulting in a few minutes close manoeuvring to slip by within the tight marina. Motoring through Poole Harbour they had a good view of an incoming Brittany Ferry and again suffered the misfortune to meet the crossing chain ferry and to hold station. At the end of the Swash Channel, the sails were raised and a pleasant sail enjoyed, as with a relatively warm wind from the stern (westerly) they crossed over Christchurch bay, gybing a few times to enter the North Channel and passing Hurst Castle on a strong incoming tide.

Back in the Solent and with a warning of a force 6/7 wind coming in earlier than originally forecast, it was decided to forego Gosport as the destination and enter Lymington as a safe haven. *Carte Blanche* entered the river reporting that the depth below their keel was down to 0.20 m. *Par Excellence* some 45 minutes later recorded 0.00 m on starboard side of



Steve Eccleston

the channel as the Yarmouth outgoing ferry passed. Having checked and calibrated the soundings earlier, leaving an additional clearance they were comfortable on not touching the soft river bed. At 18:00h they tied

up in Berthon Marina beside *Carte Blanche*, closer to the town centre than the usual overnight stop at Lymington Yacht Haven. Apart from a shorter walk into town, the showers facilities etc were considered by all to be excellent. Both crews met up on *Carte Blanche* for pre-dinner drinks and nibbles (ice and lemon provided) before spending a pleasant evening together in the King's Head, Lymington

### Saturday 3<sup>rd</sup> October

With a weather forecast worsening overnight - gale force 8 expected, and 9/10 in surrounding sea areas - it was decided to remain in harbour!

Around mid-morning a Mayday was picked up on



Stormbound in Harbour - Lymington

Channel 16 - a 70ft sail training vessel with a crew mainly of youngsters had gone aground off Gurnard Ledge and the Solent lifeboats were launched to assist. The coastguard imposed a "seelonce" and the crews listened while the vessel managed to extricate herself from the grounding and was escorted safely into Cowes. Other Maydays and Pan Pan alerts

followed as the wind force increased. The two crews made the most of their time in a number of ways, some walking the salt marshes and bird watching, some taking lunch in the town and shopping, others snoozing or

An angry Solent.....Saturday



working their way through the papers. Mike and Ian Gill

caught the train from Lymington, boarded the ferry and spent the afternoon in Yarmouth. Both crews again met up for pre-dinner refreshments aboard *Par Excellence* and, not to be outdone by *Carte Blanche*, a selection of nibbles (crisps & nuts). Peter and David kindly supplied olives fresh from a local market stall (but still no ice!). As the previous evening's meal had been enjoyed by all, we returned to dine at the King's Head window table for another pleasant evening.

### Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> October

With a more favourable weather forecast and the gales gone, both yachts slipped their moorings at 08:00h, piloted down the river and its entrance, and hoisted sail off Jack-in-the-Basket. The overnight weather was a complete reversal with the wind having all but disappeared. Watching the movement of yachts leaving Yarmouth harbour, it was decided that the better winds were to be had on the island side of the Solent. So after a slow crossing of the Solent the more favourable wind was picked up



Size matters.....! T.S. Tenacious

and progress was now made towards Cowes. Sunday and the first day of the winter sailing season meant that the area around Cowes entrance and Bramble Bank was very busy with racing yachts. *Par Excellence* listened to the VHF as the race marshals were debated where to set the start line in relation to the current wind etc. Having made their way through the racing fleet they continued sailing towards Ryde, remaining out of the main channel to avoid a number of container ships before changing course towards Portsmouth, tacking back across the Solent towards Ryde before setting course for the North Channel into Southampton Water. Meanwhile *Carte Blanche* approached Gosport via the leading marks of the war memorial and block of flats before turning westwards to benefit from a broad reach and a most enjoyable final sail towards the North Channel. Our skipper, an experienced dinghy racer, took us adeptly through a fleet of racing yachts.

It was a busy day for the coastguard as a number of requests for assistance were heard, ranging from a missing rudder to the most serious being a collision between two yachts just outside Portsmouth Harbour entrance, with one yacht being dismasted. Having cleared the North Channel and passing on the way a square-rigged vessel that continued on her majestic way straight through the racing fleet, the sails were dropped at the entrance to the Hamble. Motoring up the Hamble, the river



was very congested due to the racing fleet now returning to their berths. Having refuelled, both yachts tied up at Fairview

Sailing's berths at ca 15:00h. The yachts were cleaned and with a final coffee, the crews bade farewell before their homeward journeys,

### Distance logged (GPS) – 105 NM.

*\*\* Le Grand Bleu is a 370 foot mega yacht (114 meters) and received international attention as the home base for Roman Abramovich during Chelsea Football Club's attempt to beat AS Monaco in the UEFA Champions League. Currently owned by Eugene Shvidler, she is one of the largest private mega yachts in the world. In 2002, Abramovich bought Le Grande Bleu and had her lengthened and refitted by HDW in Kiel. In 2008, under the ownership of Eugene Shvidler, Le Grande Bleu was refitted again in Jackson, Florida. She has a 74-foot sailboat and a 67-foot speedboat stored on her aft deck. She also makes room for a helicopter. In 2006, Roman Abramovich presented Le Grand Bleu as a gift to old friend Eugene Shvidler, an asset-management and one-time oil Russian billionaire who became an American citizen and is the present owner of the vessel. (You were right, Paul! Ed.)*

### WEEKEND SAILING 30<sup>th</sup> JULY to 2<sup>nd</sup> AUGUST 2009 by Clive Crankshaw



**The trip was advertised** in TOGLINE for several weeks but we were unable to fill any places. The week before we were due to set sail, Graham and I managed to pressgang one person each onto the trip.

**We departed Somerby** at 09.30 hrs on

Thursday, collecting Mark from junction 2 on the M69 en route to Plymouth to pick up "Jester", a 42 foot Dufour. After the handover, as the crew had never sailed before, we decided to take her out for a shake down. We left the Mayflower Marina, passing Drakes island and motor-sailed out of the eastern channel. By now the sun was shining, the wind was blowing and the sea was gently rolling as we sailed along the breakwater, practising our sailing skills, sail setting, and going about!!! After a short while, we noted that Mark was well adjusted to sailing, with tales of windsurfing and triathlons, whilst Lisa was going ever more green. A good time to get her on the helm and to focus on the land!

**Returning through the western channel**, under the bridge and picking up our mooring back at the Mayflower Marina, it was time to get some travel sickness tablets, a meal and one or two beers before bed.

**Friday morning** was chilly and slightly overcast as we set off at 08.30, out of Plymouth Sound and east to Dartmouth. For those of you that sailed in Scotland with Graham and I, you will remember we nicknamed him 'one tack Wassall', as he is superb at setting a course to take you straight to your next destination with limited tacking. This was made possible with F2-F3 winds.



intermittent sunshine and moderate seas. Upon entering the River Dart we radioed the marina who were very helpful with our mooring lines and gave us a lovely berth for the night. A short walk in to the town for an evening meal, the ensuing discussions on the days sailing, our sun burnt faces (and other body parts) and who's got the after- sun cream. A good day

was had by all, with no unhappy events thanks to the Stugeron!

**Saturday started early** to take advantage of the tide in our favour as we were heading west to Salcombe, a short hop to our next overnight stop. The winds were slightly better at F3-F4 and with bigger waves to surf down, we made good time. With lots of going about, Mark on the helm was delighted to see 9- 9.5 and then - for a brief time - 10 knots!! Never to be repeated for the rest of the trip although we all tried. The entrance to Salcombe soon appeared. Time for me to take the helm to pass the bar safely before calling up the harbour-master and picking up our ball for the night. En route, Mark was talking about his swimming, running and cycling experiences and how he might go for a swim in the morning to start his day off! We were some 3-400 meters from the river bank and I had explained to Mark about the flow and speed of the water as we went ashore in the river taxi for a walk about, a bit of shopping, and an evening meal. Once again we took part in a few beers and had the "who's got the most burnt face" competition. Returning to Jester, Mark was still making comments about an early morning swim - bearing in mind we were departing at 06.30 Sunday.

**As I was dozing in my bunk** a rustling noise from Mark's cabin at 05.30 was logged, followed by a splash, a brrrrr and sounds of swimming. Some 30mins later, more sounds of swimming with much panting and chuntering as he climbed back on board and returned to his cabin.

**It was soon time** to slip our line and motor down-river into the morning mist and out to sea for the last leg of our sailing weekend and return to Plymouth. We raised the main sail but, with the engine still running, we motored slowly through the mist. Mark & Lisa looked a little concerned, but we reassured them that all was well and that we were cheating with a little help from the chart-plotter and radar! As the mist lifted and we could see the shore in the distance, conversation and chit-chat returned. At this point, Mark confessed he had been shocked by the speed and flow of the river as he stood on the beach, watching the water moving over his feet. Not quite as shocked as was the owner of the yacht on the next ball down-river to us when Mark climbed on board in his black swimsuit and goggles at 05.45!! He asked Mark, "Do you mind telling me what the \*\*\*\* you are doing on my yacht ? "Oops - sorry wrong boat!" Splash, swim, swim!! We laughed all the way home, poor Mark. Can you imagine telling your crew you were woken at 5.45 by a man in black swimming-trunks and goggles? They would want to know which beer it was and how much you'd had!

**The winds** took us back to Plymouth with ease, whereupon a nice hot shower was waiting and a clean-up of Jester before our return home. A good weekend was had by all, and the press-ganged crew would love to sail again.

**What a result!**

### DEPUTY PRESIDING MASTER

ARTHUR WOOD

### "WILD LIFE ON THE WATER"

No....not the sort you're thinking of....



**One aspect** of yacht sailing that I enjoy is my encounters with wild life in the wild sense of the word....

**During the time** we kept "Woodpecker" moored at Hazleford



island in the River Trent, we had a pair of kingfishers as close neighbours. So close that they would use our boat and mooring warps as fishing perches. When they were feeding their young, we could sit on the bank with a BBQ, as they completely ignored us. As they flew back and forth, they would plunge back into the water to clean themselves after leaving the nest.

**One windless day**, we anchored for tea and watched two crows catching fish with their feet, just as an osprey does. More dramatic however, was the battle between a heron and the enormous eel it had just caught.

**Sailing in the Canary isles**, we have watched flying fish, turtles and seen numerous multi-coloured harbour fish. One day, Frank hooked a fish on his rod-line, and whilst busily winding in, failed to notice the black triangular fin rapidly approaching. He was not amused when he landed just the head!

**Basking sharks** are not very rare in English waters and with a dorsal fin that stands two feet out of the water, a mouth as wide as a dustbin, they are well worth a closer look if you get the opportunity.

**Always a delight**, are the various cetaceans. Take the seals on the beach and those that swim around the boat, raising their heads to look at one. Even better are the dolphins and porpoises that accompany your yacht when sailing fast. On one occasion in the med, whilst admiring a white-crested, blue wave, a dolphin shot out, turned a 360 degree somersault before splashing back into the water.

**On one Scottish trip**, we hove-to for half-an-hour, whilst minke whales swam around and under the yacht. Earlier that week, we had walked amongst nesting seabirds on the Shiant isles.

**The gannets**, which close their wings high above the sea and drop like a bomb, are always worth watching. Both Ailsa Craig and Bass Rock are breeding grounds for thousands of these birds and in July, are amazing places to sail past.

**One thing that** always fascinates me, is the luminosity generated at night when micro-organisms in the water are disturbed and glow in the dark. It mostly seems to occur in the impure, warmish water found in harbours and estuaries. A yacht's wash will sparkle and glow with green light. One dark night aboard the 72 foot sail-training vessel, "Francis Drake", we were enjoying this phenomenon when the display suddenly increased enormously as a group of cetaceans came to escort us.

Making a passage off the Portuguese coast, we moored in a brand-new fishing-harbour. This was very near to the old fishing-harbour but, as the shoreside construction was not yet completed, the fishing fleet were still using the old one. Nevertheless, there were plenty of dead fish floating around our boat.

**Returning aboard** after an evening ashore, I found a 4-foot long ribbon-fish, dead, but still very luminous and green, lying on our side-deck. I just assumed that some local lad had played a prank on us and kicked it back into the water. A little while later, I went on deck and found the fish back aboard! Strange? No-one in sight and nowhere for anyone to hide....? Dead fish do not jump out of the sea..... do they? I kicked it back in and looking around, noticed a fishing vessel was about to pass the harbour entrance and watched with great interest. When it had gone, I was amazed to find the dead fish lying on our deck again and as green as ever. At this point, I began to doubt my sanity. We had drunk some wine with our meal, but nothing excessive.....

**I kicked it overboard** for the third time and stood staring at it as it glowed in the water. Just then another fishing-boat went

by and as our yacht rolled gently in its wash, our mooring spring suddenly tightened, catapulted the fish in the air and onto the deck.....! Problem solved!

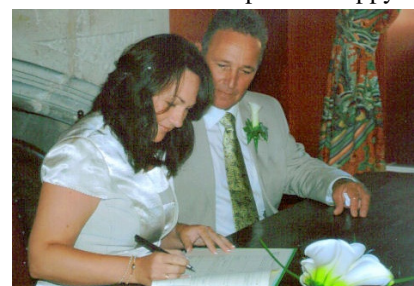
### TOG WEDDING of the YEAR



On 12 September at the Allington Manor House, near Grantham, Lincs, a stunning Jacobean building steeped in history with its origins recorded in the Domesday Book, Ms Deborah Gee and Mark Davis, Esq, Yachtmaster and TOG Deputy Training Master celebrated their wedding. Debbie was formerly a student at one of Mark's RYA classes but nevertheless, has subsequently joined several TOG

trips. Having at one time taken the plunge from the fuelling pontoon at the Port Hamble Marina and been plucked from the swirling waters by skipper Mark, she nobly decided to take the plunge a second time. The weather shone upon the happy couple who,

with their families and other guests, enjoyed champagne and canapes on the manor's lawns after the formal ceremony. TOG was represented by Neil and Megan Macfarlane and John and Leslie Byrne. The honeymoon was taken in Turkey then sailing the East coast of England. The newlyweds now reside on a broad beam boat on the River Soar.



### PAUL RATCLIFFE – MEMBERSHIP (01778 341475)



### JO WOOD

### -SOCIAL EVENTS



**ANNUAL DINNER 30<sup>th</sup> JANUARY 2010**

**Greetham Valley – details to follow soon**

### -NAVIGATION

**CLIVE CRANKSHAW (01664 454403)**



## ADMINISTRATION – COUNCIL MATTERS

**NEIL MACFARLANE**  
(01159 663028)



**RICHARD OAKES** (01636 640414)



## TREASURER

## TRAINING



**COLIN BROCKETT**  
(01205 722886) / (01949 860815)



**MARK DAVIS**

## TRAINING

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

## WEBSITE

**PLEASE VISIT OUR WEBSITE!**

[www.trent-offshore-group.co.uk](http://www.trent-offshore-group.co.uk)

**There is a wealth of information on it!**

**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.....

## WISDOM - FROM THE MILITARY MANUAL

'If the enemy is in range, so are you.' - Infantry Journal

'It is generally inadvisable to eject directly over the area you just bombed.' - U.S. Air Force Manual

'Whoever said the pen is mightier than the sword obviously never encountered automatic weapons.' - General MacArthur

'You, you, and you ... Panic. The rest of you, come with me.' - U.S. Marine Corp Gunnery Sgt.

'Tracers work both ways.' - U.S. Army Ordnance

'Five second fuses only last three seconds.' - Infantry Journal

'Any ship can be a minesweeper. Once.'

'Never tell the Platoon Sergeant you have nothing to do.' - *Unknown Marine Recruit*

'If you see a bomb technician running, keep up with him.' - USAF Ammo Troop

'Though I Fly Through the Valley of Death , I Shall Fear No Evil. For I am at 80,000 Feet and Climbing.'

'You've never been lost until you've been lost at Mach 3.' Paul F. Crickmore (test pilot)

'The only time you have too much fuel is when you're on fire.'

'If the wings are travelling faster than the fuselage, it's probably a helicopter -- and therefore, unsafe.'

'When one engine fails on a twin-engine airplane you always have enough power left to get you to the scene of the crash.'

'What is the similarity between air traffic controllers and pilots?

If a pilot screws up, the pilot dies;

If ATC screws up, .... The pilot dies.'

'Never trade luck for skill.'

The three most dreaded sentences, in aviation (or sailing) are:

'Why is it doing that?'

'Where are we?'

And

'Oh S...!'

'Airspeed, altitude and brains. Two are always needed to successfully complete the flight.'

Mankind has a perfect record in aviation; we never left one up there!

'Flying the airplane is more important than radioing your plight to a person on the ground incapable of understanding

or doing anything about it.'

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'The Piper Cub is the safest airplane in the world; it can just barely kill you.' - Attributed to Max Stanley  
(Northrop test pilot)

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'If something hasn't broken on your helicopter, it's about to.'  
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'(I really like this one- Ed)

You know that your landing gear is up and locked when it takes full power to taxi to the terminal.'

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As the test pilot climbs out of the experimental aircraft, having torn off the wings and tail in the crash landing, the crash truck arrives; the rescuer sees a bloodied pilot and asks,  
'What happened?'  
The pilot's reply: 'I don't know, I just got here myself!'  
- Attributed to Ray Crandell (Lockheed test pilot)

## WINDOWS 7.....

\*For all of us who feel only the deepest love and affection for the way computers have enhanced our lives, read on.

At a recent computer expo (COMDEX), Bill Gates reportedly compared the computer industry with the auto industry and stated,

'If GM had kept up with technology like the computer industry has, we would all be driving \$25 cars that got 1,000 miles to the gallon.'

### **In response to Bill's comments, General Motors issued a press release stating:**

If GM had developed technology like Microsoft, we would all be driving cars with the following characteristics (*and I just love this part*):

1. For no reason whatsoever, your car would crash.....Twice a day.
2. Every time they repainted the lines in the road, you would have to buy a new car.
3. Occasionally your car would die on the freeway for no reason. You would have to pull to the side of the road, close all the windows, shut off the car, restart it, and reopen the windows before you could continue. For some reason you would simply accept this.
4. Occasionally, executing a manoeuvre such as a left turn would cause your car to shut down and refuse to restart, in which case you would have to reinstall the engine.
5. Macintosh would make a car that was powered by the sun, was reliable, five times as fast and twice as easy to drive - but would run on only five percent of the roads.
6. The oil, water temperature, and alternator warning lights would all be replaced by a single:-  
'This Car Has Performed An Illegal Operation' warning light.

*I love the next one!!!*

7. The airbag system would ask 'Are you sure?' before deploying.

8. Occasionally, for no reason whatsoever, your car would lock you out and refuse to let you in until you simultaneously lifted the door handle, turned the key and grabbed hold of the radio antenna, while scratching your bum.

9. Every time a new car was introduced, car buyers would have to learn how to drive all over again because none of the controls would operate in the same manner as the old car.

10. You'd have to press the 'Start' button to turn the engine off.

PS - I'd like to add that when all else fails, you could call 'customer service' in some foreign country and be instructed in some foreign language how to fix your car yourself!!!!\*\*

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Being British is about driving in a German car to an Irish pub for a Belgian beer, then travelling home, grabbing an Indian curry or a Turkish kebab on the way, to sit on Swedish furniture and watch American shows on a Japanese TV.

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A passenger in a taxi tapped the driver on the shoulder to ask him something. The driver screamed, lost control of the cab, nearly hit a bus, drove up over the curb, and stopped just inches from a large plate glass window.

For a few moments everything was silent in the cab then the driver said, Please, don't ever do that again. You scared the daylight out of me."

The passenger, who was also frightened, apologised and said he didn't realise that a tap on the shoulder could frighten him so much to which the driver replied:

"I'm sorry, it's really not your fault at all. Today is my first day driving a cab. I have been driving a hearse for the last 25 years".

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Sunset off Hyannis, Cape Cod, on an evening trip during our recent holiday. "Eventide" a "Cat boat" (not a catamaran)!

34 foot, 1933 vintage ex fishing smack.

