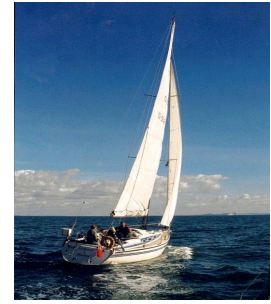




# TOGLINE

The Quarterly Journal of the Trent Offshore Group  
Formed and constituted, 26<sup>th</sup> September 1991



## AUTUMN NEWSLETTER 2010

**CANVAS: An abrasive sailcloth used to remove skin from knuckles and to break fingernails.**



**My, oh My!** How time flies! It hardly seems yesterday that I was assembling the 2009 Autumn Edition of your favourite Newsletter (Hur, Hur) – and here we are. November, with the wind and rain sheeting down curtains

drawn early, heating and lights switched on, everyone curled up in front of the telly....sounds as if winter is very nearly upon us. But, what a wonderful autumn we have had. The trees and the displays of their leaves, a balmy September and October all help to shorten the grim days of winter. Looking at things positively, it will only be four months before we can once again start a sailing program to help us celebrate the 20<sup>th</sup> birthday of Trent Offshore Group. I am only a relative newcomer, but even in those eight years, I have grown extremely fond of it and as I'm sure we will all agree, we want to continue to help with keeping it alive and kicking. There is no way that many of us could afford our own boat, but TOG has given us those opportunities to get afloat and enjoy a hobby at an affordable cost. The Scillies Sailex was a good example of this. John Bryant, our Expeditions Master, did a great job in getting the cost of berths down to £170. Maybe the boats were a little spartan, tired and more used than others we have hired elsewhere - our boat lacked an anemometer display (surprising how you miss it) and the luxury of a chart-plotter. We managed all the same. There were some unfortunate experiences aboard the other boats, as you can read in the report by our commodore. On the bright side, it gives one the experience and encourages the belief that we can meet and overcome sticky situations. Quite an exercise - training on the job as it were.

**I have been unable** to raise a report on the October Sailex for this issue, but I am certain someone will rise to the occasion and provide us with one for the Winter edition. It will liven up that issue I am sure. I have included two 'What-Really-Happened' sallies –

one from Me-Go and the other from You-Go, to make up the shortfall. I hope you approve. With the three boats on that Sailex and the five on the Scillies, we have had a pretty busy latter half of the year. It is very heartening to see that so many "students" seem to be prepared to take a trip with us. Every credit is due to Mark Davis, our Training Master, for encouraging them to dip their toes in the water in our direction. It was our first Presiding Master Norman Allen, instructing at evening class who encouraged me to try an expedition - and I've never looked back. If we get several firm membership applications from them, it is all to the good of Trent Offshore Group.

**Taking a retrospective** on the year, we haven't done too badly. Four sailexes and a couple of weekends on the side. Bawley sailing out of Brightlingsea – another story in the offing, and the **Annual Dinner/dance and awards ceremony** to look forward to in the New Year. A flyer, giving all details will follow, but at the moment, please, please put a note in your diaries for the **29<sup>th</sup> January 2011 at Greatham Valley Golf Club.**

We always have a good time and it is nice to meet past sailing companions and swap stories. There is a good disco to help dissipate the excesses of the meal!

**Can I put out a plea** for more reports, observations, pointers, suggestions and general items of news from all our members out there? All I have received I feel are excellent for which I thank everyone so very much. I would hope to maintain that quality for the future, but can only do it with your co-operation. **Until January 31<sup>st</sup> deadline**, thank you all, have a Happy Christmas everyone - and here's to 2011 and a successful 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary year.

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## TAFFRAIL TATTLE – by Norman Allen

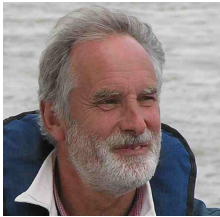


**Sadly**, I have to report that poor Norman is *hors de combat* this edition!

**He has had** a falling-out with a large tin of varnish, the tendons of his hand and a surgeon and has his arm in a splint as a result.

Never fear! He will be back in the Winter edition with another article and meanwhile, we all wish him a speedy recovery back to full health!

## PUSHPIT PRATTLE by Keith Stedman Presiding Master



### **A BIT OF A SURPRISE**

.....I had been there for about seven or eight days, thoroughly enjoying the unusual late summer/early autumn sunshine and of course the locals that I went there to meet. Locals that is in the in the form of both cetacean and avian

and of course not forgetting humans. The company was good, the weather was good and the “locals” had performed well but there was one small surprise still awaiting me and that I had not given any thought to. ....Perhaps I had better explain.....

**Back at the end of August**/beginning of September I had the pleasure of holidaying in Canada in the Province of Nova Scotia. I was staying on Brier Island, which is located on the South East side of The Bay of Fundy. We (my fellow travellers and I) had flown into Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia and then travelled overland along highway 101 to Digby. There we turned onto Highway 217 and followed this all the way down the narrow peninsula to the ferry crossing onto Long Island then continued on down until the next ferry crossing onto Brier Island. OK you have the idea a very maritime location and a very isolated spot. Absolutely great for just relaxing and both whale and bird watching which was the reason I had chosen to go there in the first place.

**The whale watching** was spectacular. The highlight of the trip being humpback whales breaching directly in front of our rib! It makes you feel a little vulnerable when twenty tons of humpback blubber comes out of the sea right in front of you just



like a trout after a fly on a river.....and it probably isn't fully grown yet!! I had three trips out and can honestly say if I have the chance I would definitely do it again. *A playful young humpback.*

**The trip also included** a couple of visits to a bird banding (in the UK we call it “ringing”) station. The peninsula, the end of which Brier Island is situated, tends to act like a funnel for migratory birds and is therefore well located for helping scientific research into migration patterns etc. by enabling good numbers of birds to be captured. Being a bird ringer myself I was enthralled by the sheer number and variety of birds coming through, the majority of these are, of course, not found in the UK and therefore were new to me. It was a great opportunity to see new species in the hand and to be able to compare practices with the Canadian Banding Team. It was also a reminder to me just

what a privilege it is to be licensed to handle such beautiful and delicate creatures in the hand.

*A Northern Parula Warbler*



.....and so it was that on the last but one day of the trip I found myself having some time out and wandering along by the coast. Not difficult to do on a small island.

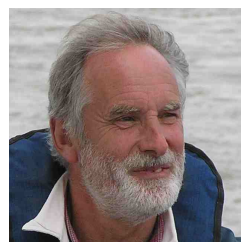
My exact location was at Southern Point looking out to Peter's Island passage .....”what's that on the headland just there?.....I'll go and have a look.” I quite often talk to myself !! To my surprise I had stumbled completely inadvertently onto the “The Slocum Monument.” For any of you that don't know the name, Captain Joshua Slocum was the first man to sail single handed around the world. He did this in a sloop called Spray which Captain Slocum had built himself. He departed the American coast at Boston in the spring of 1895 and made Brier Island his first landfall after leaving on his epic journey which was to take him some three years and two months to complete. I had completely overlooked the fact that Joshua Slocum had grown up on Brier Island and as a lad had attended the islands school in Westport before running away to sea. After completing his solo voyage around the world Joshua Slocum returned to Brier Island where he put the finishing touches to his wonderful book entitled appropriately enough “Sailing Alone Around the World.” This book is, I believe, still in print and if you haven't read it I can recommend it to you as a fascinating account of Joshua Slocum's exploits on his round the world voyage.

**So, my holiday** that had started out purely as a wildlife holiday had by chance also become a pilgrimage to the very place that the first round the world yachtsman had spent some of his early years.

.....and that's the end of my tail !!



## REPORTS



### Cornish/Scillies Sailex 18<sup>th</sup> to 25<sup>th</sup> September, 2010

*by Keith Stedman and Neil Macfarlane*

#### **You Go**

##### **Bavaria 36**

Sk. Michael Brooke  
Andrew Palmer  
Ian Calderwood  
Geoff Halliday-Pegg  
Diane Rowbotham  
Hayden Jones

#### **Me Go**

##### **Bavaria 36**

Sk. Phil Greetham  
Heath Bailey  
Dave Clark  
Ian Griffiths  
Mark Bennett  
David Briggs

#### **New Recruit**

##### **Bavaria 34**

Sk. Mark Davis  
Andrew McWilliam  
John Bryant  
Debbie Davis



## Splinter

### Westerly Fulmar

Sk. Paul Ratcliffe  
Richard Woodward  
Doug Sutherland  
Christopher Deane

## Enigma

### Sigma 36

Sk. Neil Macfarlane  
Cm. Keith Stedman  
Thomas Macfarlane  
James Macfarlane  
Freddie Ballington

## Saturday, 18<sup>th</sup> September, 2010

The crew briefings and organising done before the trip paid off as all crew assembled in good time at Falmouth Marina. Many members of crew had travelled south to Falmouth and stayed overnight en route but some hardy souls had made an early start and “burnt rubber” to get down to Falmouth by about midday. Skippers organised provisioning of the boats where necessary and also the boats’ hand over from Cornish Cruising. Unfortunately the boats were not up to the usual standard expected by a Trent Offshore Group sailex (perhaps we are too used to the excellent service from Fairview Sailing?) but in true “bulldog” spirit skippers and crews made the best of it and were soon settled in for the night. As we had not intended to sail that day, crews wine and dined at the Marina Restaurant.

## Sunday, 19<sup>th</sup> September, 2010

It was planned that we should sail direct from Falmouth to the Isles of Scilly and that meant that the boats had to be away from their moorings at around 05:00 – 05:30 hours to gain the maximum benefit from the tide. Unfortunately the wind was expected to come from the South West so it looked as though the outward journey would be made under engine with the promise of a good sail back to the mainland on the Tuesday.

So much for the theory.....Michael was first away in You-Go at around 05:30 hours followed by the other boats in quick succession. All went well for the first half mile then as You-Go rounded the headland heading out for the Isles of Scilly the radio came to life with Mark calling from New Recruit to say that the engine overheat warning had come on and that it looked as though they had lost cooling water to the engine. As there was no wind at that time, they were adrift in Carrick Roads and could do with a tow. Enigma turned back to assist and soon reached New Recruit which she took in an alongside tow position. Mark quickly diagnosed that it looked as though the sea-water impeller had broken up (we had had a similar incident at the Easter Sailex earlier in the year). It was therefore a case of locating the new impeller on board and getting the replacement in place quickly, making sure that as many pieces, as possible, of the old fragmented impeller were extracted from the cooling system. Job done - all boats resumed their course for the Isles of Scilly.

Unfortunately the conditions encountered as we headed along the coast to Lizard Point were not as predicted, with the winds being much stronger and the sea state worse than had been expected. This in turn made progress to our destination slower than planned. Therefore given the lost time in making repairs to New Recruit and the fact that several members of various crews were experiencing seasickness, it was decided that the best course of action would be to make for Newlyn and overnight there with a decision being made as to the possibility of continuing to the Isles of Scilly the following day. The seasickness soon became a “fond” memory for most crew when back ashore and despite Sunday proving not to be a good day to get an evening meal in Newlyn all crews found somewhere to sup and imbibe before retiring to bed.

.....meanwhile not being able to raise You-Go on the radio meant that Michael and crew had continued their journey out to the Isles of Scilly, where they picked up a very welcome visitors mooring in St Mary’s Pool after some 12-13 hours sailing. We were much relieved to receive news of You Go’s

safe arrival in the Scillies, and the crew of Enigma seemed much relieved that the Commodore was relieved! **38NM**

## Monday, 20<sup>th</sup> September, 2010

With the wind holding firm from the South West and a deep low pressure area stationed out in the Atlantic it was felt that if we were to continue to the Isles of Scilly, it would be imprudent to take a day off to see the islands and rather to return back to the mainland the following day (Tuesday) before the low pressure system came through. Thus crews could expect the same conditions as Sunday going out and face a return trip on Tuesday. Having relayed this information, the crews of New Recruit, Splinter and Enigma felt that they would prefer a sail along the Cornish coast with a night in the Helford River. The crew of Me-Go however were up for the Isles of Scilly and elected for an early start to meet You-go in St. Mary’s Bay. So it was that Phil slipped his moorings early and headed westwards. The remaining three boats had a relaxing morning at Newlyn



and left their moorings at around 11:30 hours to catch the tide back around the Lizard Point to the Helford River passing St. Michael’s Mount on passage.

*St. Michael’s Mount from seaward. (picture John Bryant*

As the wind remained from the South West all three boats had an exhilarating sail back to the Helford River under sunny blue skies arriving at around 18:00 hours. Just after mooring up the news came through that Me-Go had made it to the Isles of Scilly and had joined You-Go in St. Mary’s Bay. The crew of You-Go had enjoyed a leisurely day exploring the Islands and Michael had a chance to catch up on some sleep sunning himself on a sandy beach.

**Meanwhile** back on the Helford River it was decided, after taking local knowledge into account, that the evening rendezvous should be the Ferry Boat Inn on the north side of the river. As this entailed a voyage ashore, all crews set to in order to have their tenders inflated and outboard motors in working order so as not to be late for the evening meal. One hardy soul (or mad fool depending on familial ties) from Enigma’s crew even took the opportunity to go for an evening swim but, the water being a little colder than was anticipated, soon saw James quickly back on board.

All crews managed to make the journey ashore without any mishaps and settled down to a convivial evening in the Ferry Boat Inn.



However this is the Helford River which is portrayed in Dame Daphne du Maurier’s novel “Jamaica Inn”

*Dawn on the Helford River (picture John Bryant*

and as we left the Ferry Boat, the evening could have been taken directly from one of her smuggling episodes with a thick damp fog settled across the river and our boats not visible from the shore. This was not really a problem as all skippers had had the foresight to leave a light aboard to guide us back and as we made our way across the water so the shadowy outline of the yachts

appeared out of the mist. It was a great sensation to sit quietly in the cockpit of the yacht and hear the eerie sounds of wading birds calling mournfully from the shore and the distant splash of an oar as someone rowed back to their boat..... **37NM**

**Tuesday, 21<sup>st</sup> September, 2010**

.....but dawn the next day saw the weather clear which gave us all wonderful views down the river and out to sea. The forecast for the day was for winds southerly 3 to 4 decreasing 2 later so it seemed ideal conditions to press on eastwards towards Fowey This was a bit of a pilgrimage to many of us who had spent several years competing in The Royal Fowey Regatta back in the '90s. Once again, a fairly late start around 10:00 hours - this was proving to be very much a holiday – with favourable winds and clear skies to take us east towards Fowey.

**The benign conditions** saw Mark and the crew of New Recruit taking the inside passage between Nare Head and Gull Rock, whilst the other two boats cut across Gerrans Bay and Veryan Bay to head directly towards Dodman Point and from there, directly into the Fowey entrance. Fowey is typical of so many Cornish landfalls, with cliffs and rocks on either side of the entrance and the land rising above covered in woods and weather-beaten properties. Enigma took the opportunity to re-water on the public pontoon and then moved across to join New Recruit on the visitors' pontoons just inside the mouth of Pont Pill. Splinter had preferred to moor further upriver on the eastern side just upstream of Penleath point.

**Meanwhile** You-Go and Me-Go had both returned from the Isles of Scilly and were spending the night back where we had been two nights earlier at Newlyn. With the winds from the South both boats had enjoyed "cracking good sailing" on the return passages.

**The three boats** at Fowey were given the tip by the harbour master that nearly every restaurant in Fowey was good to eat in but eventually opted to eat at Sam's which was apparently famous for its servings of locally caught fish. This proved to be a good choice.....**27NM**



*Pont Pill looking seawards past Polruan*

**Wednesday, 22<sup>nd</sup> September, 2010**

**It was decided** that Wednesday should be a "day off" from sailing with the three crews having the opportunity to

explore the local delights of Fowey and Polruan or further afield if they so wished. Whilst three of the crew from Enigma took the opportunity to catch buses to "distant parts". The skipper and commodore joined forces with the crew from Splinter to make up a shore party to carry out a sortie into the local surrounds. Pape and rillage were of course not on the agenda as this was clearly beyond most of our capabilities and we completed a local walk around the bay, in true "Last of the Summer Wine" fashion, catching the Polruan foot ferry one way and the Bodinnick car ferry back again. We, of course, stopped off for a quick pint in a convenient hostelry adjacent to the Boddinick Ferry.

*"Last of the Summer Wine"*

*(picture by Compo)*

**On our stroll**

back to Fowey, we met our long lost companion Michael from You-Go as they had sailed up from Newlyn to rejoin the rest of us. Given the weather predictions however, Phil



and the crew of Me-Go had decided to go to the Helford River and move up back to Falmouth the following day to finish the holiday a day early.

As with the previous evening we all visited Sam's to sample the delights of the local fish.....**0NM**

**Thursday, 23<sup>rd</sup> September, 2010**

With the outlook for the weather deteriorating as the Atlantic low pressure area pushed further eastwards towards the UK, it was felt that the boats should head back towards Falmouth to avoid the necessity of a long passage into headwinds in the gales forecast for Friday. Mark suggested that the upper regions of the River Truro were a good place to hole up whilst the storms passed and accordingly the boats left their moorings at Fowey for the passage back to Malpas.

**As the boats** made their way back into Carrick Roads and hence further upstream, the wind was beginning to increase thus heralding the arrival of the expected low pressure system. However, once the boats were sufficiently upstream past



Tolcarne Creek, they were sheltered from the prevailing winds and could enjoy the beauty of this gradually narrowing river with wooded hillsides on each side.

*Do not attempt this unless you are absolutely sure that the vessel is at anchor!!*

**As the boats** followed the twisting route upstream, the crews were made very aware of the failing world economy as three large cargo vessels were laid up there awaiting, it would seem, a return to better times.

**Unfortunately,** the crew of Splinter experienced some problems with the throttle on the boat as they moved upstream towards Malpas and turned back to enter and remain overnight in Falmouth Marina.....**32NM**

**Friday, 24<sup>th</sup> September, 2010-10-27**

**With the winds** blowing a hooley overhead, the three remaining boats stayed on the visitors' pontoons at Malpas until late that afternoon. All three then slowly made their way back down the Truro River, passing once again the large moored cargo vessels and subsequently turned back into the Penryn River and hence back into Falmouth Marina to rejoin the crew of Splinter.



That night the remaining crews ate, as we had started the trip, back at the Marina restaurant. Afterwards, crews settled down to a good night's rest safe in the knowledge that Saturday would see them once again back on the road speeding northwards. **8NM Thank you** to all the skippers and crews that made this a very enjoyable trip and a special thank you to James and Tom Macfarlane for teaching me the rudiments of playing poker ..... and not relieving me of too much cash!!

**NB:** The miles shown relate to Yacht Enigma and as such will not necessarily represent the miles sailed in the other boats. Crews are advised to speak to their skippers for the miles covered in their respective boats.



**THE VIEW FROM ME-GO**  
Falmouth – Scillies TOG Sailex –  
September 2010  
*by Phil Greetham*

**Day 1**

**Having been unable** to attend the crew briefing due to prior family commitments, I would be meeting four of the five crew for the very first time on Saturday the 18<sup>th</sup> September.

Entering Penryn village, the absence of signage was soon followed by a feeling of uncertainty. With exactly 300 miles showing on the dashboard, it had to be here somewhere. Relief came soon in the form of a brown sign pointing to Falmouth Marina next left.

**I had been unable** to lay any claim to experience of Charter companies; my previous experience had been solely with Fairview, a standard to which I was soon to learn may be more of the exception than the rule. Clearly the Hamble is an expensive part of the world and demands a high standard. Cornwall was obviously going to be a little more relaxed, that was to be expected.

**First things to do**, locate the Cornish Cruising office to introduce myself, run through the formalities and find the yacht. To say the reception was strange would be an understatement, no shaking of hands, smiles and pleasantries, just a quick word asking if we could come back in 3 hours as the yachts were not ready. OK, at least he knew I was now here.

**One by one** we arrived, some had broken the journey by visiting relatives enroute or by finding accommodation, others had made an early start for the 5 hour journey from various parts of the Midlands. Those who had made an early start would be faced with a second one the next morning.

**Gradually we all assembled** in the first floor bar where I met the crew of 'Me-Go' for the first time, all except Mark with whom I had sailed at Easter 2 years ago. Although in a drinking mood, the handover and crew brief stood in the way of a second pint.

**Keith soon called the Skippers** together and we set off to find all five yachts berthed on the finger pontoons of Falmouth Marina. 'Me-Go' was a Bavaria 36 that had obviously seen a hard life as a Charter boat, no point looking for scratches and nicks on the hull as there were so many of them. Although she looked a little tired, she was all there and would be home for the next 6-7 days.

**The handover** was a little disorganised and it soon became apparent that just the one guy from Cornish Cruising would be covering the task. Awaiting our turn, I got chatting with a gentleman from another yacht who offered, as he had sailed 'Me-Go' many times in the past. 20 minutes later and the job was done, if not entirely complete. We never did find the two

pronged keys for the water and diesel caps. Fortunately they were both finger tight for Heath, our first Mate.

**With the handover complete**, the crew boarded and got to work stowing all personal gear. The forepeak had to be shared and was soon declared the 'Bridal Suite'. All settled, we gathered in the cockpit for a chat and safety brief. We had two Davids onboard so Dave Briggs offered to be called Derek for the duration of the trip, a problem he's experienced many time before. We had three Yacht master theory & VHF qualified crew members onboard and with generally limited experience within the past twelve months. It would definitely take a day or two to remove the rust. The prospect of a departure in the dark from an unfamiliar marina and estuary and straight into a 65 mile passage started to seem a little ambitious. Had it not been for the fact that we had safety in numbers, I would have changed the plan there and then.

The evening was spent in the first floor bar with a meal for all five crews and a few words of encouragement from the Commodore, Keith. Alarm clocks were set for five o'clock and a check of the navigation lights before turning in revealed the front bulb had blown. Fortunately the unit was common and a replacement was swiftly acquired and tested positively.

**Day 2**

**Five o'clock** came around quickly and soon all five yachts had stirred into life, Mike had the yacht to the left of us, 'You-Go' and had departed within the ten minutes it took for us to go over the prospective route with the crew huddled down below around the chart table. One minute 'You-Go' was there with no one on deck, the next minute it had gone. Then Paul in 'Splinter' soon followed by Neil's yacht, a replacement for the keel-less 'Polbreem'. A few minutes later and we were out and making the unusual turn inside of the East Cardinal to avoid the mud-bank which ran the entire length of the entrance to the Marina. Had it not been for Keith taking all the Skippers to the end of the finger the previous evening to show us this manoeuvre, we would all have ran aground within 30 metres of the marina entrance.

**Steadily we made our way** along the river, picking out the unlit red port hand markers with a spotlight. Once into Carrick Roads the throttle was inched forwards, this was going to be a long day and the South Westerly wind was not in our favour.

Approaching Black Rock, the yacht in front turned around and upon passing called to advise that Mark's yacht had an engine failure and was drifting in the Channel and main entrance to Falmouth docks. We decided to throttle back and turned around in order to be available for further assistance should it be required. A few minutes later & Neil's crew had Mark's yacht tied alongside, being towed out of trouble whilst a new impeller was being fitted down below. Our assistance was surplus to requirement and once again we headed out to Falmouth Bay.

**Entering the bay**, the two yachts in front were nowhere to be seen between us and the Manacles cardinal, 6 miles due south, these guys were certainly in a hurry and those engines must have been flat out, although they would never admit it! (*Never – Ed!*) Rounding the Manacles, the wind and swell from the southwest started to become apparent. By the third hour the wind over tide situation had produced a very lumpy sea state with the occasional spectacular ride up the front of waves followed by the crash down the other side, a blue sky lifted the spirits in what was a fairly uncomfortable sea. Abeam Black Head we received a call from Paul on Splinter advising that he was heading for Newlyn. Feeling rather delicate from my brief spell down below on radio contact, I took a drink of water which stayed down for less than a minute. Two of us were visibly seasick & the others were putting on a brave face, Heath had the best spot and stayed busy on the helm enjoying the ride. A quick chat with the crew

and once around the Lizard, we too were heading for the shelter of the commercial fishing port of Newlyn.

**7hrs and 20 minutes** out of Falmouth Marina and we were in Newlyn alongside three of the other TOG yachts. Mike in 'You-Go' was nowhere to be seen and had pressed on to the Scillies, arriving at seven o'clock, having made a passage of 13 hours.

**The passage to Newlyn** had revealed a number of problems with each of the yachts, which had eroded the confidence of many of the skippers in being able to make a safe passage to the Scillies. 'Me-Go' was still, fortunately, in good shape and with a reasonable weather forecast predicted for the next two days the crew elected to push on with a departure scheduled for the very reasonable time of 8 o'clock the following morning.

**Newlyn** is the busiest commercial fishing port on the south coast and quite a place for the uninitiated as we were soon to find out first hand. After a nap and a change, we headed into the town and stopped at the beer garden which is shared between the Swordfish and Dolphin public houses. The beer glasses had "Dolphy" & "Swordy" etched into them to ensure they returned to whichever establishment they'd originated. The air was warm and this was a good place to sit and soak up the atmosphere. Very soon it was apparent that the crew had a good sense of humour and that the trip was never going to be dull. A few pints later, as dusk fell and a slight drizzle started, we migrated into the noisiest of the two bars, the Dolphin, where the locals were taking it in turns to sing Karaoke and play pool. Within minutes we were approached by inquisitive locals who appeared to have been in the place most of the day. "You're not 'Yachties' are you"? enquired one woman with eyes rolling, and then there he was, 'Newlyn's top dog', a fishing engineer by the name of Perry. "Have you lot been calling me" he slurred, "someone has been sending me threatening texts and I'm due to meet them down here tonight, is it you"?. Heath being of large frame and resembling a Newlyn fisherman himself, took charge of Perry's attentions and after several beers, we had been accepted into Perry's world, or more like we were having trouble escaping Perry's world. A fight broke out behind us, a local chap flew across the room followed by two youths with swinging arms, mostly missing their target. "That's my friend!" said Perry before turning away and leaving the so called friend on the floor nursing his wounds.

**"We're off to the Star"** exclaimed our new friend. Perry was obviously a legend in the 'Star'. Pictures of him aboard various fishing boats hung from the walls and he had his own spoon board next to the door. Fortunately the land lady refused to find him a set, sparing us the experience of listening to Perry play the spoons. The friend that had taken a beating in the Dolphin earlier, was at the bar and informed Perry that he had also split with his girlfriend who was now available if Perry was interested. Looking at this individual with his shaved head, piercings and tattoos, with scars around his ear as if it had been torn off at some time, suddenly I realised that this chap was probably the spitting image of his Grandfather who would have sat at the same bar a century before. These folk were real descendants of seafarers and Pirates, and Penzance was only a short walk away!

**Escaping** shortly after closing time we made our way back to the pontoon. Would Perry really turn up at eight o'clock to join us for the trip to the Scillies? We could only hope not, but time would tell.

#### **Day 3**

**Eight o'clock came around** and without a sign of Perry we departed Newlyn before he had time to appear. The sky was blue and conditions favourable for at least the next two days. The passage to Wolf Rock had to be made under power as the wind was on the nose. Once around the Wolf the engine was off and

we made good progress under sail alone until St Mary's sound. Once in St Mary's pool we moored alongside 'You-Go' and tidied up. Trip time, eight hours ten minutes; we were all ready for a beer.

**St Mary's offered** good shower facilities as opposed to the Fishermans dockside shower in Newlyn which tended to lose their appeal once seen. The trip from shower to yacht had to be made by dinghy trips with three crew at a time. Ian had clearly been working out in the Gym prior to the trip so when the engine refused to start on the second trip, he quickly volunteered to row back to the visitors dinghy pontoon, 15 minutes later and soaking in perspiration he was ready for another shower but settled for a pint. There's a bit more to this story but I'm going to have "keep schtum" until I next have a beer with Mike.

**Mike and his crew** had spent the day on the mooring in St Mary's after their epic passage the previous day & they were now planning to depart for Newlyn in the morning. The forecast would determine our course of action.

#### **Day 4**

**We were up early** and into the harbour masters office to pay our dues and obtain the latest weather report. Today would be great but tomorrow would be wet and windy, we had to take that window of opportunity to leave today.

**Ten minutes past eleven** and we slipped the mooring in St Mary's Pool. Conditions were perfect and the entire trip, apart from exiting St Mary's sound and entering Newlyn Harbour, was made under sail. Passing to the north of Wolf Rock, we didn't exactly cross the TSS at a right angle, but except for two ships at the very beginning, there wasn't a single ship in sight for the whole TSS transit! We were back into Newlyn at six forty-five just as the sun was setting. Passage time 6 hours 55 minutes having averaged 5.4kts under sail.

The other TOG yachts apart from 'You-Go' & 'Me-Go' were now in the Fowey and it was Tuesday evening. You-Go was planning to join them and make the long passage to the Fowey in the morning., We decided to stay in Newlyn as the forecast showed a front was expected to pass through tomorrow.

#### **Day 5**

**Sitting in the Fishermans Arms** overlooking the harbour Wednesday lunchtime, the rain started and the visibility fell to at least half a kilometre. At this point the decision to stay in the pub seemed to have been justified. An hour later, and apart from the grey skies, the conditions at sea looked fine. The forecasted wind never arrived. After a walk to Mousehole we caught the bus to Penzance where Heath had set off for earlier whilst most of us were still having breakfast and figuring out how to fill the day ahead. Several hours had been spent in Wetherspoons, reading the papers and sampling the beers and the mixed grill special. Once in Penzance we headed for an Indian and Heath loaded a curry on top of the mixed grill consumed earlier. Geordie Dave had to pop across the road for beer as the restaurant didn't have a liquor licence. Back in Newlyn we headed to the Fishermans Arms for a nightcap and probably the longest game of darts ever seen in that establishment!

**Before I continue**, I must rewind to the Tuesday night following our arrival back into Newlyn for the second time. That evening we walked into Penzance along the seafront road, ate a bag of chips and walked back. This involved walking past Perry's local. Turning the corner of the road leading to the docks, we were confronted with two police cars and an ambulance parked between the Swordfish and Star public houses; heads down and walking quickly on the other side of the road I looked up only to eyeball Perry next to one of the police cars with a brandy in hand and puffing on a cigarette. He saw me also, only the effects of the alcohol had fortunately slowed his brain and a confused expression came across his face before we disappeared into the

darkness. For more on this story you'll need to speak to Heath who bumped into the ambulance filler the next day. Seems there might be a new top dog in Newlyn in the shape of a Welsh fisherman who's also an ex Royal Marine and as hard as nails.

Day 6

**Thursday morning** brought a glorious blue sky for our run back around the Lizard and destination Helford river. After thirty minutes of pontoon practice, we were soon heading off across Mounts Bay under full sail and with a following wind. A boom preventer was the order of the day as gull winging in a swell can be very tricky. The Lizard in the last hour of the tide proved to be tame and we passed within a mile of the point. Entering the Helford we picked up a green visitors buoy as the Cornish Cruisers buoy was already occupied. Passage time 7 hours 25 minutes.

**The Helford harbour** master arrived quickly on the scene looking for readies and pointed the way to the Helford River yacht club where showers and a bar would be available. Once again the dinghy and outboard were set up and away we went three at a time. Ian had volunteered again to be water taxi and having dropped Heath and myself off at the yacht club pontoon, gave the outboard a pull, only for the starting cord to detach itself from the engine. Ian was definitely having fun with rubber dinghies and once again reverted to the oars and the recent memory of St Mary's Pool three days earlier.

**All cleaned up** and back in the Helford River Yacht Club's bar, we were able to reflect on a very enjoyable and all consuming week. We had a little over 150 miles on the log, which wasn't actually functioning for the first hour and probably misread for the entire trip. At least 110 miles were made under sail alone and we had made it to the Scilly Isles. We were now genuinely worn



out and ready for home. Over the next few hours and a couple of pints we hatched a plan to make our way back to

Falmouth Marina in the morning, clean the yacht and if finished at a reasonable time, those who wanted to make the long journey home to the Midlands could do so and have a full weekend with family before heading back to the grind on Monday. The traditional last day meeting of TOG crews would have to be put aside just this once and I'm sure Keith and the TOG council didn't really mind under the circumstances.

**TOG September Sailex 2010**, Falmouth-Scillies. Great sailing and even better company.



#### THE VIEW FROM YOU-GO

by Ian Calderwood

**Where the hell are they?** "The Governor", that East Cardinal in the middle of Carrick Roads Falmouth and "Black Rock", another East cardinal, further South. The mass of Falmouth harbour to starboard, a blaze of lights and the cardinals somewhere beyond them.

05:45 on Sunday 19<sup>th</sup> September 2010 – pitch black and the first leg of our journey to the Isles of Scilly. Five boats and 25

members hoping to make it. We are the first away. Six of us on "You-Go", a Bavaria 37 out of Falmouth Marina courtesy Cornish Cruising. Skipper, Mike Brookes, Crew, (a motley lot), Andrew Palmer, Geoff Halliday-Pegg, Diane Rowbotham (brave girl), Hayden Jones and myself. Only two of us have sailed together before, but we were already jelling as a crew. Everyone with eyes peeled and then finally – 1 flash., pause, then three in quick succession clear of the harbour lights – Got it! Clip the corner of the harbour exit and leave the Governor to starboard. Course due South for the next 15 minutes to clear Black Rock then SSW as we slide down to the Lizard – 19 miles away. The seas start to lift up and the familiar rhythm of a yacht in a seaway takes over. Up, down, pitch and roll.

**Up with the genoa** to steady her and at 09:00 we round the Lizard, well clear of the overfalls and set off across Mounts Bay towards Lands End under full and glorious sail. Course WNW. Engine off. This is the life. This is what we came 350 miles for. The swish and rush of the sea, the thrust of the wind, pushing her over but still so under control. 15 miles, three and three-quarter hours of bliss and quiet. The Lands End TSS looms so engine on and course WSW – dead to wind to skim the ends of it. Now the slog. 25 miles to St. Mary's under engine. Lands End gradually slips astern, fades into the haze. Wolf Rock Lighthouse to port, so named after her voracious appetite for ships. After 2.5 hours, no land in sight. Then, just showing ahead, a low cloud on the horizon? Land Ho! Isles of Scilly in sight!



St. Mary's pool - Hughtown

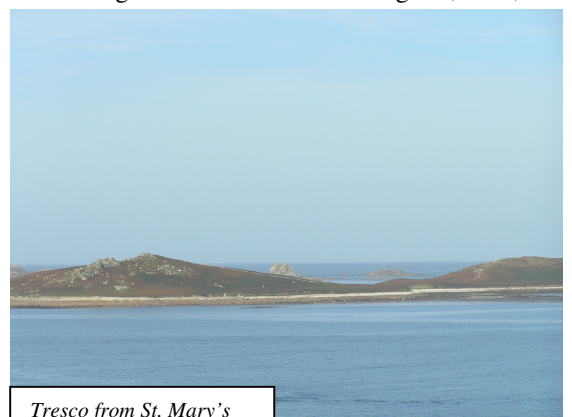
#### Finally, at 18:00

we slide into the narrow gap of St. Mary's Channel, then NNE into the sound and finally, due E, the end of the "J" into St. Mary's Pool, Hughtown and pick up a visitor's buoy. 19:00.

Beautifully done, Skip! Down below, finishing the log, never heard a cross word or a raised voice during the operation. 69 miles in 13 hours, 20 minutes. A bit of *mal de mer* during the crossing, but nobody suggested we turn back. We seemed to be the only yacht in sight and wondered if we would be on our own in St. Mary's..... True grit indeed. We shared laughter, food, a

bucket, naps and humour, with Geoff on the helm for 5 hours. Lost his hat overboard and thought we might collect it

on the way back. We offered to spell him, but insisted he'd rather do something useful.....! Everyone had a go, though and it is so rewarding to feel that helm under you, to try and anticipate what the next wave or a shift in the wind is going to do.



Treco from St. Mary's



**Our Spirits soon revived** after a delicious dinner cooked aboard by Andrew and Hayden and we prepared to turn in for a fresh start tomorrow.

**What a lovely day on Monday.** The weather is beautiful. Wall-to-wall sunshine. After brekkers, out with the tender for a little practice under power. All ashore to explore. Geoff and I discover the town and the beaches. Mike strolls around the environs and sunbathes on a quiet beach. Diane goes off shopping/exploring and Hayden and Andrew also go exploring. We all meet at the Mermaid for a liquid lunch. Andrew has



Tour bus – St. Mary's

discovered an excursion. A bus for an hour and a half trip round the island. Geoff, Andrew and I decide to try it and collar the last three seats. What an enjoyable time. It turns out to be a 1946 Bedford with a crash box and a driver/guide who was in entirely the wrong business. He should have been on the stage as a stand-up comedian! He had us in stitches whilst dispensing a load of information. It's how you say it....! There are only 8 miles of road on the entire island and none of them are very wide. Back to the boat and spot "Me-Go" sidling up to an adjacent buoy. Big cheer! Pay a quick visit to greet them, then ashore again for welcome showers before the evening meal booked in advance. Returning to eat, Hayden did a sterling job when the tender motor refused to start. Taking care of the oldies, he took Geoff and I by rowing to the nearest point on the shore to the boat – the north end of the beach. We plodded to the pub whilst he returned for the others. Supping a pint, having found our table, we spotted a tender tearing to the proper landing stage with whom looked suspiciously like the rest of our lot. Success! Hayden got the engine going, thus saving himself a lot of work! A lovely meal followed by a nice stroll back to the tender (by way of the Mermaid and the crew of Me-Go) and eventually all back aboard. Night night!

**Tuesday and a nice, relaxing breakfast.** Slip the buoy at 10:20 then retrace our course for 40 minutes back to the open sea. Wind from the SSE! Theoretically, a good point of sail. A good sail at NNE followed, to view the Seven Stones lightship – the site of the infamous Torrey Canyon disaster in March 1967.



This is the life You-Go crew at ease!

Then at 12:45, it was practically due East to cross the TSS at Lands End, making for the Longships Lighthouse. The current gradually swept us North as we crossed the TSS, altering course a couple of times to give a firm signal to converging ships. This was the point at which we spotted some playful dolphins who paid us a quick visit then disappeared. Just like that!

**By 14:45** we had to put on the engine to go South of the Longships. By 15:00 we were clear of the TSS and settled on ESE to curve back to our original track. It was wonderful watching Cornwall slide past. Berice and I know the coast well from holidays, but I never dreamt I would ever see it from the present vantage point. It was magical and I had to wait 45 years to do it. Miracles will never cease! Minack Theatre at Porthcurno, the cliffside open-air theatre with the best backcloth in the world – the Atlantic – which Geoff and I both know well, having lit a couple of shows there for Stamford Shoestring Players, made us each smile with pleasure.

**Round the final corner at 17:20** then ENE and sailing up towards Newlyn and so into the Marina(?) at 18:20. 45 miles in 8 hours. Me-Go followed us in about ½ hour later and moored on the next pontoon, having had a terrific sail the whole way. They came straight across as opposed to our diversion to the Seven Stones. I questioned afterwards whether I should have navigated the same, but the general opinion was the diversion was worth it. Sorry, guys – you were all so kind and nobody complained (not in my hearing, anyway!)! Once again I marvel at the tremendous satisfaction felt at the end of a day's enjoyable sailing in good company! Me-Go had a run ashore, but we decided to stay on the boat. Another superb meal aboard cooked by Michael and a relaxing cockpit session after until bedtime. As an aside, Newlyn facilities are a far cry from those of St. Mary's!

**Wednesday gave promise** of a reasonable sail to Fowey on the other side of the Lizard. Another early start – 06:00 – and a



Taking the sun en route

South Westerly wind F3/4, somewhat overcast. We motor-sailed with the jib up to steady her down the West side of the Lizard, until we arrived at

Lizard Point. On the outward leg, I took us well clear of the overfalls expected, but Mk1 eyeball showed it to be fairly quiet inshore on that occasion. So I suggested we went more tightly this time. Wheeeeee! The overfalls were – interesting -. For the next fifteen minutes, with Diane on the helm initially, the cry of – "Don't look behind you!" rang out. With the wind on the stern quarter at this point, we were surfing in waves of 2-3 metres, with the horizon no more than 20 feet from the boat. Quite exciting for a while! Out the other side, clear of the Manacles and then ENE for Fowey. Mainsail up now and we fairly scudded along as the wind gradually increased to F5/6. By 11:25, we were under full sail on the homeward stretch with the engine off and the rigging once again singing. Rounding up to take in the sails as we approached Fowey outer markers was – interesting – again! The wind was quite powerful by this time and mainly astern. This gave us a false sense of its force. We soon found out when we spun through 180 degrees to head to wind with the lee scuppers level with the water during the manoeuvre... and quite a bit of effort went in to furling the main...! Approaching the entrance, I told the skipper to leave the red can visible on the bow to port. The red can turned out to be a tiny dinghy with a fisherman wearing a red anorak... time to get my glasses changed! I knew it wasn't on the chart, but



buoys do change (that's my excuse, anyway)! At least it gave everyone a good laugh.

**To our delight**, we spotted Splinter, (Paul's boat), riding to a buoy in the fairway. We used the pontoon opposite Albert Quay and made our way ashore for showers. Arriving at the quay with the tender, we bumped into them all and arranged to meet at Sam's Restaurant later for a joint party. What a cracking evening we had. Much swapping of stories ensued but, on leaving the restaurant, we discovered it was sheeting down! Getting to Albert Quay to pick up the tender, we were absolutely s.o.d.d.e.n. There were two inches of water in the tender and as Andrew was the only one with an anorak, he "volunteered" to be ferryman on the tender for the two trips! Stout fellow! His language when he finally came aboard after the second trip was extremely colourful as we all stood there dripping onto the floor, with the heater going full blast! Eventually order was restored, Diane took out her earplugs, we sorted ourselves out and finally crawled into our bunks. Quite a day.

**Thursday gave promise** of another good sailing day and so it turned out. The general consensus, with the forecast we had, was to make for Falmouth and up the Fal river to Malpas and overnight there. What an exciting trip. Beautiful skies, a bracing wind and we tacked into every bay on the way down the coast. We could see Enigma to port and an unofficial "race" seemed to evolve, with each skipper picking a different set of tacks and tactics. As we all sat on the starboard side of You-go to keep her upright as possible (with not much success), Splinter was a magnificent sight. On starboard tack also, sails gleaming,



*Splinter full and bye*

against the backdrop of the Cornish Coast, we could look straight into her cockpit and admire the crew. I was absolutely amazed at the way You-Go held her line without rounding up. On more than one occasion I had to retrieve the compasses and the pencil from the port locker door (the nav table was on the starb'd side)!. With

Hayden at the helm on the final leg, as Carrick Roads opened out abeam,

New Recruit was already upriver and we were heading Enigma.



*Danger! Hayden at work!*

Under full sail, we tore up Carrick Roads on the port tack and on up the Fal, straightening out the deep-water channel as, with high water, there was plenty of clearance over the mudbanks either side. Common sense took over as the river narrowed and we took in sail. Keith is lyrical enough about the beauty of the river in his piece. The moored ships were quite something! Sad, really, like beached whales completely out of their element. Suffice to say, we had a peaceful evening on the pontoons below Malpas. The evening run ashore was enlivened by having to use the three tenders in pitch dark to get two crews to the pub! We borrowed Enigma's as they decided to stay aboard. We navigated by guess and by shore-lights as the torch was useless, but missed every hazard, unlit boats *et al* and finally joined the rest! A good evening in convivial company.

**Friday**, we had to get back in the afternoon as Diane was getting a lift home with one of the crew of Me-Go who were already in Falmouth and they were leaving for home in the afternoon. We crept down the channel (low water by this time) and I had never concentrated so much!

**"Port a bit, skipper**, now starb'd – watch the depth!"

Interesting again! Mike, of course, had his Garmin handheld so was able to do a good cross-check and we finally made the Roads. The trip was enlivened when Hayden accidentally



*Suddenly – Whoosh!*

inflated his lifejacket....! The trip was rounded up by another convivial meal in the Marina restaurant with the other three crews and a

nice closing speech by the Commodore.

**It was a good week's sailing.** I want to thank everyone so much for making it so enjoyable. Never a cross word and we had a lot of fun. We made the Scillies and we got back safely. I felt we were a good team and skipper Mike did a brilliant job. I hope Diane enjoyed it and the three oldies weren't too much of a trial. Hayden, Andrew and Geoff kept spirits up on deck whilst I lurked down below. Andrew's breakfasts were a joy to behold and thank you so much for the use of your Iphone – the only one that could pick up a signal in the out-of-the-way spots! If you would have me, I would happily sail with everyone again. Perhaps the flotilla didn't work out the way we hoped, but everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. Somehow, it always seems the case with a TOG cruise.....! Many thanks one and all!  
**219 miles – every one enjoyable!**



#### **FULFILLING THE DREAM ROSE+GORDON AND CATAMARAN 'RAVAN'**

*When Gordon retired in 2002, he and his wife Rosemary, sister to a very close friend of ours, decided to move to Malta and go by their own boat. They kindly agreed to let me know of their trials and experiences. This is the second part of their story, to be continued further in the next edition. They started in May of this year.....*

*Part II (Part I can be found in the Summer 2010 Edition)*

## THE JOURNEY

We have to admit we were not that excited when we left Porthmadog - we were just so tired and stressed after all the months of work.

Our first port of call was Fishguard, a beautiful place on the Pembrokeshire coast that we know well. Surprise surprise, the force 3-4 winds forecasted turned out to be 5's and 6's making for a very uncomfortable journey on which I felt quite seasick.

The following day we went round to Dale near Milford Haven to wait for a suitable tide and weather to take us down to Padstow.

Despite a rough and windy start, the long journey down to Padstow was most enjoyable. Pods of dolphins kept us entertained at times. Entering Padstow was easy. We had been there eight years ago when we were bringing the boat round to Porthmadog. Then we had entered Padstow at two o'clock in the morning, not so easy in the dark.

Our stern light bulb has gone. We can use our anchor light along with our nav lights if necessary, but a trip up the back mast is on the agenda. Gordon has fashioned a rope ladder from a long length of rope and some hose pipe. A bit too windy at the moment to go up.

Weather forecast not good - looks as if we will be here for a couple more days at least.

### **Tuesday, 15<sup>th</sup> June.**

**Hayle, - North Cornish Coast.** Getting ready to cross the Western Approaches for the Ile d'Ouessant, having come down from Padstow. We have stocked up on provisions, had showers and filled the water cans at local lido. We used wi-fi access at a local pub to study the tides and the timings for tomorrow.

### **Wednesday, 16<sup>th</sup> June.**

**Left Hayle at high tide** – just after 08:00. The current was in our favour down to Land's End with a steady Northerly wind. The journey to the Longships Lighthouse was a pleasure in lovely weather. Speed about 8 knots.

Then the troubles began!

A routine check of the engine compartments revealed water in the port compartment, up to the propshaft. We stopped the engine and pumped out – definitely salt water! With the port engine stopped, no water appeared to enter. Using the starboard engine and genoa, Gordon had to steer manually as the autopilot could not keep us on course. The tides were very powerful! With the tide turning, we couldn't make Penzance so decided to keep going. Farther out, the seas started to increase with winds up to 18-20 knots. The autopilot kept going onto stand-by showing a lack of power. The power for the autopilot was coming from the port batteries with only the wind generator to keep them topped up. We can link all the batteries together, but the switch was not very accessible.

We started the port engine in an attempt to discover where the water was coming in. It was coming in from what we call the "safety pressure unit" between hoses leading from the engine to the exhaust manifold. With Gordon still steering manually, I got the toolbox out, disconnected the pipes from the exhaust manifold and the unit then connected the pipes from the engine directly to the exhaust manifold, bypassing the unit. To our delight, restarting the engine showed the sea-water pumping through fine.

**After leaning** over the hot engine in the heavy seas, I didn't feel too well.....! Meanwhile the winds had increased to 20-22 knots so we furled the genoa.

**The autopilot** was now fine, so we sat and enjoyed a welcome coffee until a strange noise had us rushing to inspect the engines. The starboard engine was juddering – something we had before when something had fouled the prop. With a sigh, we stopped it. By 19:30, the winds had eased so we unfurled the genoa again. Using the port engine, the genoa and autopilot, we were able to

spell each other and get some sleep. The AIS was very useful crossing the shipping lanes. Sea-sickness had really got hold of me now and it was a very long night!

**Approachig Ouessant** next morning, the currents were in our favour – more luck than judgement. The wind had risen again, so we furled the genoa and carefully started the starboard engine. Very slowly, we crept into Lampaul, picking up a buoy at 14:10. Needless to say, we went straight to bed, got up for a meal in the evening then slept again until morning!

### **Friday, 18<sup>th</sup> June.**

**Awoke to a beautiful**, windless, sunny day. We used the dinghy to look at the props through a home-made aquascope. Sure enough, there was blue netting around the starboard prop, together with a lot of weed round the port one. No wonder progress had been so slow coming in!

We took the dinghy into Lampaul to pick a spot to dry out at the next low tide. Communication was a problem – I speak little French and those we spoke to had very little English...! We had brought a nice picnic, so walked out to Le Creac'h lighthouse taking time out to inspect the museum.

We have decided to take the boat to a nearby beach tomorrow – the only place where there are few rocks. Finding it very difficult to free the props by diving down....!

### **Saturday 19<sup>th</sup> June.**

**It is unbelievable** how quickly the weather can change. Thick fog all night! It finally cleared mid-morning, turning out sunny with clouds and the wind gusting to 24 knots. Several boats joined us – struggling to pick up the buoys...!

### **Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> June.**

**Finally calm and sunny.** We had bought two sets of schnorkels and thought it worth a try to reach the props. I had never used a schnorkel before and it took a bit of getting used to! We cleared the port prop first – the stringy weed was held in place by only a few strands of netting. The starboard blades were well and truly covered in netting. However diligence and time finally rewarded our efforts. As a reward, we used our fold-up bikes to explore the island. It is delightful out of season - so few people around! We also took the opportunity to re-program the Navtex and have succeeded in receiving the weather forecast in English. Hooray! All being well we will stock up again and head off for St. Evette!

### **Mon. 21<sup>st</sup> June**

No wind, so motored to Ste Evette (nr Audierne)

We decided to give the "Raz du Sein" a miss, which meant a long detour, but a less stressful journey!

Everything closes between 12 – 2 – and the toilets are sooooo different! Walked into Audierne and chatted to the harbour-master. To take on diesel by hose instead of cans, we needed to fill them at Sainte Evette. The harbour-master contacted the lady in charge and assured us we could pay by plastic.

### **Wednesday 23<sup>rd</sup> June.**

Having checked the props and topped up the engine oil, we went to the pier to fill our tanks and cans. Horror! Cash only! The lady was not best pleased, but took Gordon by car to Audierne to get cash. He had no shoes on as we intended to have a shower as soon as we had filled up! We motor-sailed round to Benodet which had a nightmare approach. I have never seen so many cardinal buoys, rocks etc. A pontoon was available free for one night, even though we may have to raft up. Motor -cruisers (gin palaces) on the pontoon had their dinghies alongside to prevent just such an occurrence. We picked up a visitor's buoy instead and had hoped for a good night's sleep but, in the middle of the night, a fishing-boat on an adjacent mooring turned the wrong way (possibly affected by the current going into the marina and his fishing gear tangled our pushpit. Fortunately no damage ensued, but we launched the dinghy and took a second warp to



an empty buoy astern of us. We couldn't swing, but were impeding no-one.

#### **Thurs 24<sup>th</sup> June.**

Left Benodet 06:30 and motored south to Sauzon on Belle-Ile. We were delighted to be accompanied by a large pod of dolphins who stayed with us for quite a while. The entrance to Sauzon was simple and we picked a visitor's buoy outside the harbour. Sauzon is absolutely delightful – very, very pretty! Our intention is to take our bikes and explore the island tomorrow. This is more like it! Have decided to stay for a few days and have moved upriver to a cheaper and quieter fore and aft mooring.

We tried to get internet access on the Monday 28<sup>th</sup>, but both cafes where wi-fi was accessible were closed.

*(As I mentioned in the previous issue, Rose and Gordon are kindly providing me with details of their trip and I intend to continue with it over the next couple of issues. – Ed)\_*

#### **ARTHUR WOOD - DEPUTY PRESIDING MASTER**



#### **PAUL RATCLIFFE – MEMBERSHIP**

(01778 341475)



#### **NAVIGATION**

**CLIVE CRANKSHAW** (01664 454403)



#### **ADMINISTRATION – COUNCIL MATTERS**

**NEIL MACFARLANE** (01159-663028)



Council met on Friday 6 September with the Keith Stedman in the chair. John Bryant, Expeditions Master, reported on progress with the Scillies/Cornish sailex. Some 26 members and guests

were signed up with five yachts chartered from Falmouth. However one had lost her keel in the Scillies and a replacement was being sought. For the October sailex 17 members intended to come and negotiations for three yachts were in progress with a charter company based in Haslar Marina, Gosport. Plans for 2011 were briefly discussed and enthusiasm expressed for a skippered charter on Morwenna, a traditional 65ft Bristol pilot cutter built last year to an original design. A return to warm water sailing was mooted with a proposed charter in the Mediterranean. Easter and October trips would also be offered.

Once again the need to revive a social programme was agreed, but ideally Council needed a dedicated social secretary to organise events that members would support. The annual dinner



with the accounts and more rigour in the collection of berth fees. TOGline went from strength to strength, and membership has remained fairly stable with new members (often from RYA classes) broadly replacing those who for various reasons had resigned their membership.

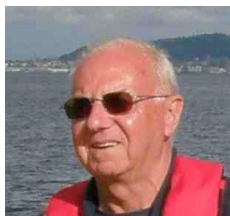
**In July** John Bryant and I sampled the retro sailing thrills of Morwenna on a splendid day sail from Poole to Southampton. Morwenna is a gaff-rigged Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter, a 28

was booked for Saturday January 29 at Greatham Golf Club. TOG's finances were sound thanks to the Keith's efforts



tonner of deck length 45ft (65ft with bowsprit). She was completed in Bristol last year with a hull of oak frames and larch planking, and a huge Douglas fir mast and boom. Her accommodation below is to a high standard with eight guest berths (1 double) and full current nav. equipment. TOG members can find information on Morwenna at [info@traditional-sailing.com](mailto:info@traditional-sailing.com) <<mailto:info@traditional-sailing.com>>. Meanwhile your council is hoping to charter the cutter next year as part of TOG's jubilee events.

## JOHN BRYANT - EXPEDITIONS MASTER



## MARK DAVIS - TRAINING

(07711 170451)

[mark@ashoresailing.co.uk](mailto:mark@ashoresailing.co.uk)

Radio (Short Range Certificate –  
GMDSS etc.)

First Aid

Radar

Sea Survival

### RYA/MCA SHOREBASED COURSES

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For further details go to [www.trent-offshore-group.co.uk](http://www.trent-offshore-group.co.uk)

Or contact Mark Davis 07711 170451

[mark@ashoresailing.co.uk](mailto:mark@ashoresailing.co.uk)

**Classrooms need to be booked therefore a prompt response would be appreciated to ensure these courses can go ahead.**

Please visit our Website

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

Well worth a visit!!

- ① Commencing with right foot, step on the spot to acclimatise warm bare feet to cold, wet lino. Left arm sweep on count 4 to open door. (count of 6)
- ② Right foot reverse turn with bum waggle to negotiate table end. (count of 3)
- ③ Buttock clench and shoulders lift into THE SHUFFLE. (count of 6)
- ④ Left foot Jabberwocky spin with fleckle to orientate backside down wind. (count of 3)
- ⑤ Reverse fairy steps with right arm extension to control door, finessing into a bent knees squat. (count of 6)
- ⑥ RETURN by reversing moves except replacing bum waggle at ② with right handed trouser hitch and finishing with alternate sole wipes at ① to remove water, grit and cake crumbs from both feet. (count of 3)

Murphy applied for a fermentation operator post at a famous Irish firm based in Dublin. A Pole applied for the same job and since both applicants had similar qualifications, they were asked to take a test by the Manager.

When the results were in, both men had scored 19 out of 20.

The manager went to Murphy and said, "Thank you for coming to the interview, but we've decided to give the Pole the job."

Murphy, "And why would you be doing that? We both got 19 questions correct. This being Ireland and me being Irish surely I should get the job."

Manager, "We have made our decision not on the correct answers, but on the question you got wrong."

Murphy, "And just how would one incorrect answer be better than another?"

Manager, "Simple. On question number 7 the Pole wrote down, 'I don't know.'"

You put down,

'Neither do I'.

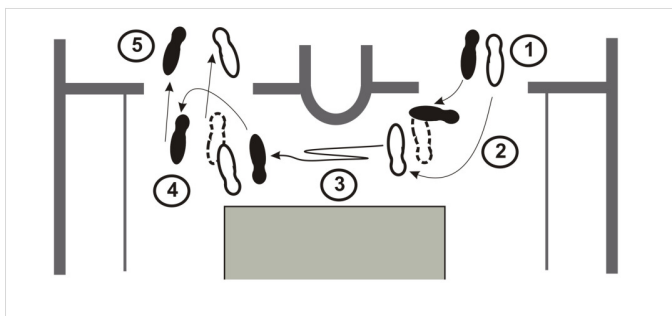
## ASIDES

### THE FO'C'S'LE SHUFFLE by Geoff Halliday-Pegg



During the September Sailex on You-Go, Ian or Geoff sometimes had to leave the fore cabin during the night to visit the heads. This entailed negotiating two narrow doorways and the end of the saloon table. The resulting manoeuvres

were noted by Hayden and formulated into a number now known as the **Fo'c's'le Shuffle** :



Friday, 24<sup>th</sup> September 2010 14:30 hrs.  
Carrick roads with wind over tide and a vicious chop.