



TOGLINE

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



AUTUMN NEWSLETTER 2012

Fast: May describe a boat that has run aground. Paradoxically, a fast boat may be extremely slow.....



Once again we come flying out of the mists of autumn to bring you another (hopefully) enjoyable TOGLINE for your delectation and erudition. (We went to an old-tyme Music Hall on Saturday – shades of Leonard Sachs...). What a full year's

activities we have enjoyed. Reading all about it over the Spring and Summer editions, I hope you agree your Council and John Bryant especially, have given us a lot of pleasure and amusement. We have finally come to the point where we hang up our oilies, rinse the sea-boots (them as has them!) and service the lifejackets? One places so much faith in the infallibility of that essential item and we tend to take it for granted. It is, of course, up to the hire firms to ensure they are up-to-date and NOT fallible. But - when you are up forrard with a beam sea and a heaving deck, there is always that slight, niggling doubt..... However, on the bright side, one good thing to look forward to. After Christmas and into the spring, next year's sailing programme will be out and one can eagerly peruse it and decide what to do. The eagle-eyed amongst you will have noticed that the Programme is missing in this issue. WE have a Council Meeting at the end of the month and all should be revealed after that!

Some of you may well know that Mark Davis has decided to hang up his hat as Training Master, after several years in the post. The Presiding master has said it inside and I will second, that we owe Mark a great vote of thanks for all his work and participation over the years – not just as Trainng Officer either. His Training School and his association with TOG, enabled many students to put their theory into practice in real boats and tidal conditions. By joining our Sailexes, some hardy souls even stayed on as members!.

Around this time of the year, we start thinking of the Annual Dinner and Dance at which any awards are made. Once again, our Social Secretary Andy

MacWilliam is in the throes of arranging with the Greetham Valley Hotel another good bash. Previous events have been well attended and generally enjoyed. Dancing to the disco will follow after the main events and for those who are staying at the hotel, a good night's sleep is usually enjoyed..For those enthusiasts, you can even have a round of golf the flloving morning ! We usually manage to have a slideshow photos from our events over the year, a raffle to support the RNLI and the Sailing Programme for your declarations of interest. All in all, a very enjoyable evening. WE hope to see you there!

I must say a big THANK YOU to all the contributors to this Autumn Edition. I have been inundated with photographs (such a pleasure too) and one of the hardest things as compiler, is to decide which to use in the juggling of text and space. I hope I haven't disappointed anyone, or made them feel slighted if their pride and joy hasn't appeared. There is no doubt in my mind that colour photographs inserted within the article bring the text to life. I'm so pleased to be able to incorporate them, even though the process of so doing plays havoc with formatting at times. Pictures already there move out of alignment and refuse to stay where I put them until I fiddle a bit more..Frustrating at times, but the final result I hope is worth the effort. One can almost hear the sound of the sea, the slap of the sails and th mews of the seagulls....

Adios for now until 31st January 2013 deadline for the Winter Edition. Thank you once again for your support, remember the Social Diary, support your Council and finally – **A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS and a PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR to everyone.**
Happy Sailing

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

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

PRESIDING MASTER'S MUSINGS

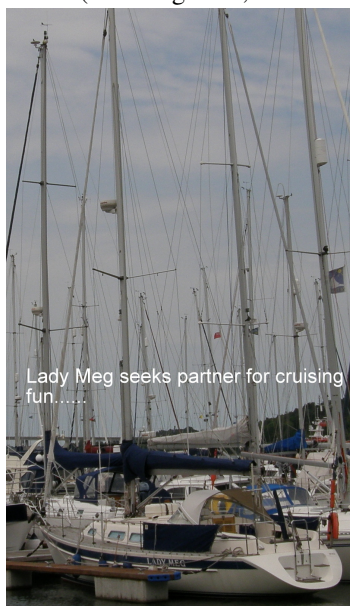
by Neil Macfarlane



Another season of TOG expeditions concluded successfully with the return of two yachts to Port Hamble marina on 14 October, after some excellent sailing, albeit mainly within the Solent due to some unfulfilled

inshore forecasts of strong winds/gales. Before the October Sailex, four of us undertook the one-day boat handling course on the River Hamble, which John Bryant had organised with Fairview. We could have done with a bit more tidal flow and wind and much less rain, but the course was well worthwhile. It blended clear theoretical explanation and practical experience of helming a large yacht in close quarters under the expert eye of the instructor. For most of us on a typical trip, we get to take a boat just once or twice in or out of the close confines of a marina. The opportunity to practise repeatedly several different manoeuvres was most useful and is to be recommended. However, the notion that it's easier to do most things whilst going astern may be harder to adopt!

This year I participated in the Skye, Irish and October sailexes each of which was very different for obvious scenic and geographical reasons, but also for their ambience. Full reports of these trips are elsewhere in TOGLINE, but for me some highlights were: Skye, finally circumnavigating the isle on my third trip (and not ending up in Lochmaddy); the sighting of pilot whales, and Andy's dinghy antics; in Ireland, the hospitality and laid-back attitude of the charterer (motoring cone, tricolour ensign – what for?), and the Atlantic swells; and on the Solent, Peter's evident consternation at only 10cm of water under the keel entering Beaulieu river; the Saturday night clamour in Cowes Yacht Haven contrasting with the peace of Buckler's Hard. Of course, TOG also has had yachts in France and the Channel Isles and in the Ionian Sea. What other organisation would offer all this for £15 a year plus berth fees?



Once again the success

of our 2012 sailing programme has in large part been down to the hard work of our Expeditions Master John Bryant and our skippers. In a UK-wide competition among sailing clubs, your council nominated John as an **Old Poulteney Maritime Hero** for his work for TOG. John was rightly successful as a regional finalist in the "club service" category and received an appropriate liquid prize.

Possibly receiving slightly more publicity, were British successes in Olympic sailing. A friend and I attended the men's and women's medal races in the 470 class at Weymouth on Friday 10 August. In bright sunshine and a good breeze from a splendid vantage point on the Nothe old fort site above Portland, we watched each team complete their final race to achieve silver medals. The complexities of scoring and the race positions of other teams, meant that final medal positions were uncertain until the last moments of the races. It was a great atmosphere



and easily made up for missing out on tickets for the women's beach volleyball.

Mark Davis, for some years in charge of training for TOG and before that our bosun, has decided to resign from Council. Mark has put on many

courses for our members, particularly VHF and First Aid courses under the banner of his sailing school AshoreSailing. He has also organised practical tuition and assessment for RYA Day Skipper and Coastal Yachtmaster Certificates for members and thus has been instrumental in expanding our pool of TOG skippers. Council is very grateful to him and he will be a hard act to follow. We are pleased that he will remain an active member and continue to sail with us.

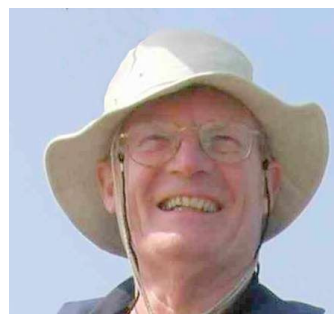
Finally, should there be a TOG member out there interested in joining an affable yacht syndicate based in Suffolk and sailing a classic Hallberg-Rassy 31 by name of **Lady Meg** then they might wish to contact me. (See pic other column... Ed.)



REPORTS

South West Ireland Cruise. 25th Aug – 1st Sept. 2012

by Stewart Cook and Paul Ratcliffe.



Beneteau Oceanis 43 Inishleigh

Stewart Cook (skipper)
Neil Macfarlane
Mary Bancroft
John Bryant
James Macfarlane



Jeanneau Sun Odyssey 42i Inishceim

Paul Ratcliffe (skipper)
Andy McWilliam
Diane Rowbotham
Alan Mortimore
Marilyn Buckley

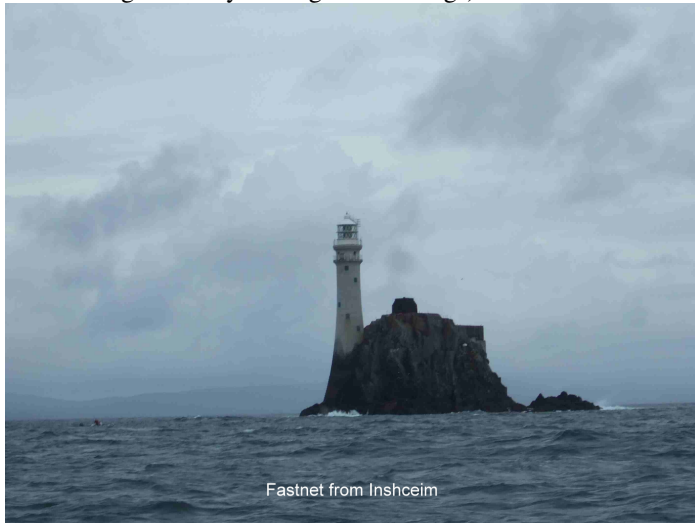
Saturday 25 Aug

Both crews met at Birmingham Airport for the 08:45 flight to Cork, some crew members having stayed overnight at hotels on the airport complex. After a pleasant flight and with the gear loaded onto a mini bus for the journey to Baltimore, the first stop was Tesco to stock up on supplies. Crews from the yachts had each been supplied with a different shopping list and had 45 minutes in which to shop. Then we were off and running, trusting one another to complete their list to ensure each yacht had sufficient supplies for the coming week. Some inadvertent omissions were rectified, including gin. Others succumbed to Tesco's tempting wiles but at least, this time, we weren't awash with fruit juice.

On arrival at Baltimore after an exciting drive on slicks, the yachts were still being cleaned. So the owner, Con and his wife, invited the crews onboard their 50ft yacht for tea/coffee, home-

baked soda bread and other delicacies. Welcome to our first example of Irish hospitality. Once the handover and some minor maintenance was complete, (motoring cone, anchor ball, ensign – why would you?), it was decided to remain in harbour that night, eat on board and sample the delights of Baltimore. One crew ended up in the “bullshit corner” in a local drinking house. (an area possibly reserved for tall stories)

Sunday – 26 Aug. Baltimore - Fastnet Rock - Crookhaven. 29NM
At 09:50, and after some fun and games with a crewless yacht rafted up against “Inishceim”, both yachts slipped their moorings, motored out into Baltimore Bay to undertake practice with the in-mast reefing system. Under mainsail and engine, we left the bay by the south exit between Barrack point and Lot’s Wife. Under full sail, a course was set for the Fastnet Rock on a broad reach in a Force 3-4 S/SE, passing Sherkin and Clear Islands. The effects of the Atlantic rollers quickly became apparent and an exciting sail preceded the fantastic photo opportunity as the Rock was rounded. To the south by Inishleigh, (Inishceim taking the shorter Northern option - some crew having difficulty finding their sea legs).



Fastnet from Inshceim

After lunching on deck (easier than below due to swell), we headed north towards Goat and Long Islands before turning west along the coast for Crookhaven. The narrow entrance to Crookhaven bay was even further decreased in width by a fleet of local fisherman and their dinghies. After safely negotiating the fisherfolk, mooring buoys were picked up. Some brave crew-



Rounding Mizzen Head - most southerly point of Ireland

members on Inishceim decided to get a feel for the sea temperature and go for a swim (why not?). After dinner on board, members of both crew(s) went ashore for the evening. SW Gales were being forecast - overnight F6-8, - making the prospect of a rounding of Mizzen head following the day’s swell, an interesting proposition.

Monday – 27th Aug.

Cove, Bear Island 26NM.

09:40 slipped mooring and motor-sailed out of the bay, keeping well to the north of the Black Horse Rocks. As soon as we had left the bay, the effects of the Atlantic swell again became apparent. A course was set to the west to take the yachts around Mizzen Head. Whilst Inishceim favoured a course closer to the land, Inishleigh went farther out to sea. Under mainsail and engine, the sight of the 6/7 metre rollers was initially somewhat intimidating, but the yacht comfortably climbed up then surfed down the rollers, to create an amazing experience. The coastline in this area is very attractive and dramatic, especially the footbridge linking the mainland with the lighthouse on Mizzen Head.



Once the confused seas around the Head were passed and the yacht’s motion had eased, both sails were raised and a course set under a blue sky to head north, passing both Three Castle Head and Sheep Head. There, we were joined for the first of many occasions during the week, by dolphins which played around the yacht for several minutes. The yachts entered the narrow channel to the west of Bear Island, once again occupied by local fishermen. Turning East off Castletownbere, keeping to the north of Bear Island and taking care to avoid the wreck of a sunken trawler, (mast just showing above the water), a pontoon mooring was picked up in Lawrence Cove for the night.

The Cove is a pretty little harbour with good facilities. After showers, (with some crew members not too sure of their sex!), dinner on board. This included a fresh fruit salad, supplemented by local berries foraged by Mary Bancroft from the hedgerows. The crews visited the local pub, which must have made the owner’s night, as we were the only customers

Tuesday 28th Aug.

Lawrence Cove – Bantry.

14.6NM

Slipped moorings at 09:40, raising sails outside the cove and in sight of a watchful Irish Navy vessel, both yachts left by the channel to the north east of Bear Island into Bantry Bay. Under blue skies, a following wind and sea, the good passage being made down the Bay was further improved by four porpoises visiting the yachts. The planned route was to the north of Whiddy Island, taking care to remain outside the exclusion zone reserved for oil tankers at a fuelling buoy. Dropping sails beyond Whiddy Point, both yachts motored past numerous mussel farms, to pick up mooring buoys in Bantry by mid-afternoon. Both crews went ashore, some to take in the sights, others to sample the hospitality in “Ma Murphys”.



Ma Murphys.....☞

oth crews dined on board, Inishschein having Lemon Sole and Inishleigh local mussels and large tuna steaks - all fresh from an obliging fishmonger in the town. Inishleigh completed their evening with a game of Ibble-Dibble which all crewmembers thoroughly enjoyed (thanks James!).

Wednesday 29th Aug.

Bantry –

Adrigole/Lawrence Cove. (18.3NM Inishceim Log)

With an unfavourable weather forecast for the day/night of strengthening Westerlies and heavy showers, skippers agreed a short hop to return to Lawrence Cove via Glengarriff for a lunch stop. The moorings were slipped mid-morning. Under engine and beyond the mussel farms, the sails were raised off Whiddy Point. Once the point was cleared, the weather closed in rapidly. Glengarriff was by-passed and the sails set to beat up Bantry Bay.



Inishceim Beating up Bantry Bay

With an increasing head wind and swell, (4/5 metres), squally showers and little forward progress being achieved, the engine was started for a motor-sail back to Lawrence. Inishceim meanwhile, revelled in the exhilarating conditions, but were forced to enter and overnight in Adrigole Harbour to allow some



Sunshine after the Rain in Adrigole Harbour

maintenance on the yacht by the charter company (torn mainsail removed for repair).

With Inishleigh moored on a pontoon in Lawrence Cove, the



crew dined on board before again visiting the local pub where they were greeted like a long lost family.

Thursday 30th Aug.

Adrigole/Lawrence Cove –

Schull (26NM Inishceim Log)

As predicted, high winds passed through the night and the day dawned favourable (F6 forecast for pm) for the return around Mizen Head. Inishleigh left Bear Island by the east channel to meet up with Inishceim. As their main sail had been removed, they were under engine and genoa and accompanying another yacht with a couple and two young children aboard for the passage around the Mizen. The three yachts set course and with a decreasing wind, swell 3/4mtrs on Inishleigh, the engine was started to ensure good progress was made to round Mizen Head by slack water at 14:00. Once the Mizen was passed, Inishceim maintained a course closer to land. Inishleigh continued south for a few miles to take greater advantage of tide and returning wind, before tacking back towards Schull Harbour. Both yachts entered Schull, picking up visitors moorings. Inishceim was met by Con, who had sailed over from Baltimore in his own yacht, with a group of friends (including a priest - no doubt just in case of a burial at sea requirement), to refit the repaired mainsail. It was a fine sight to watch Con leave the mooring under sail and



Inishbeg coming alongside and departing under sail

navigate a passage between the other moored yachts. It looked so easy, but one has to remember, it is his day job.

Inishceim's crew went ashore early to eat the most expensive fish and chips possibly ever, served in a plastic tray with sub-standard plastic cutlery and wine in a glass! The crepes for dessert offered better value. Whilst Inishleigh, sensibly, ate on board going ashore

later to visit Mr Murphy!

Friday 31st Aug Schull – Sherkin Island (17NM Inishsheim Log)

Inishsheim left the mooring mid-morning to undertake a passage into Baltimore Bay by the north entrance. Moored off Sherkin Island for lunch and went ashore to reccy the hotel for the final evenings entertainment. Andy negotiated a substantial discount off the exorbitant mooring fees in return for the two crews restaurant booking. Inishsheim then left by the south bay exit to have a final afternoon's sail. Meanwhile, Inishleigh's crew went ashore to look at Schull and after a repeat visit to Mr Murphy, purchased langoustine for lunch on board. Inishleigh slipped her mooring early afternoon, heading initially south then east around the Calf Islands. Then through the narrow Gascanane Sound to join up with Inishsheim for an afternoon's sail in company, prior to mooring on a pontoon on Sherkin Island.



Both crews met for dinner in the Island Rest Hotel before heading to The Jolly Rodger inn, where a pleasant evening of Irish hospitality and music was enjoyed. The music supplied by Jimmy Crowley and friends - being one family of dad, mum and four teenagers. A good night was had by all.

Saturday 1st Sept.

(2NM Inishsheim Log)

Both yachts departed Sherkin Island 08:30 for a thirty minute trip across Baltimore Bay to return the yachts, cleaning up on the way,. As at the start of the week, we were again invited onboard Con's yacht for tea/coffee whilst waiting for the bus back to Cork Airport. In place of the minibus, we were transported by coach – for another exciting ride along narrow bendy roads.

Thanks must go to John Bryant for arranging all aspects of the trip, even down to the shopping list(s) and his accurate judgement on the quantities required to feed/water the crews. All agreed that we would be up for a return charter in the future.



Inishsheim Crew in the communal bath.

Especially if the water was as warm as it was on this trip

Inishleigh Log: 142NM Over Ground 158.05 Statute Miles
Inishsheim Log: 133NM Over Ground 158.90 Statute Miles
Overground distances courtesy Succorfish GPS/GPRS tracking

TOG SAILEX LEFKAS 16th to 23rd September 2012

by Andy Macwilliam and Michael Brooke



Out of Lefkas

MIMI Bavaria 36

*Skipper Andy McWilliam,
Mate Tony Syme,
Dave Clark,
Diane Rowbotham
Richard Woodward*

ARISTA Bavaria 32

*Skipper Michael Brooke
Mate Brian Silletti
Tori Ashman,
Lucy Matheson*

Out of Vlikho

GRACY Bavaria 40

*Skipper Adrian Johnson,
Mate Diane Johnson
Simon and Lucinda
Brookman,
Michael and Cynthia Parker*



MIMI'S STORY by Andy

Macwilliam

'T'was a murky dawn when the crews of 'Gracy' and 'Mimi' assembled at Manchester Airport for the 07.00 flight to Preveza (Greece). 'Arista's crew flew from Gatwick. Not quite knowing how the politico-economic situation would bear upon us, if at all, we had an uneventful flight to arrive in the hot Ionian sunshine. Having waited a good hour to collect our luggage, taxis whisked us away to our designated ports of Vlikho and Lefkas.



Arista's crew were already in Lefkas, as we went through the usual handover, with numerous questions and introduction to 'Local Ways'. The previous few days had seen storms, some boats had just been returned from other marinas as the weather had not permitted return to home port in some cases. In short, there was a lot of tidying-up going on. The local police were slow with the ships papers, so Mimi decided to spend first night

on the town in Lefkas restaurant 'Margarita's', whilst Arista was off south down the Canal to Nisos Sparti for the night.

That was the last 'Mimi' saw of the fleet, until Thursday lunch.

Day 1

With a NW1-2 wind W 'Mimi' Motor-sailed (no cone on board) south between Nisos Meganisi and the Nisos Lefkas, west of Nisos Arkoudhi, (now S,F1-2) west of Nisos Ithaca , into to beautiful port of 'Vathi' (means deep), where, by chance, we tied up stern-to opposite a Taverna,. (*Jammy, Jammy!! – Ed*) A few crew walked the 1km to town, and then back again, before a splendid meal was consumed, washed down with beers and wines. The mosquitoes were dining too.

Day 2

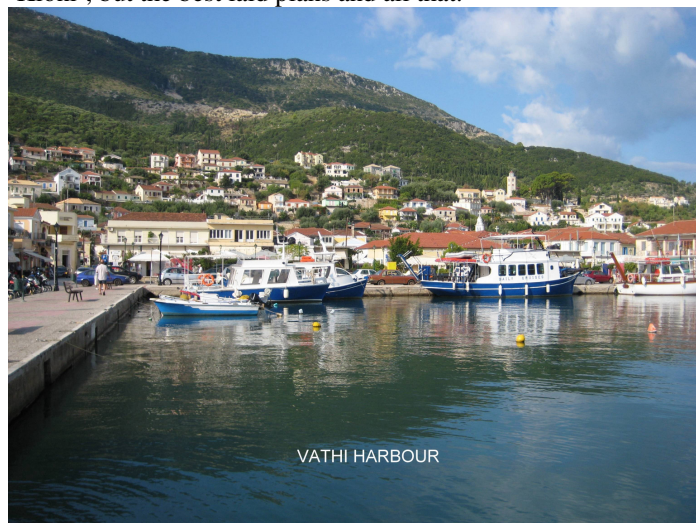
A lazy start, with Breakfast in the Taverna, began with a little anchor chain disentanglement with our Austrian neighbours.



And we were off south again, but only a little way, to anchor in tiny Sarakiniko Bay on Nisos Ithaca, where many swam, followed by lunch. At 15.30 hours we departed on a W 3-4 to the main Cephalonian goods port of Poros, where we took on water. We drank some beer ashore while the day became night, and dined in a not-so-busy (none were) restaurant, before retiring.

Day3

Having decided to begin our return north, (we hoped to meet up with our sister vessels), we motored in very light variable winds to the southern point of Nisos Ithaca, where found some cracking westerlies. We hoped to meet up with 'Gracy' in 'Kioni', but the best laid plans and all that.



Enjoying the best winds of the week, we sailed north well past 'Kioni' (dodgy navigation), before turning south and into port, only to be rejected from the port by half the huge flotilla fleet holding the spaces for the other half. We attempted to anchor,

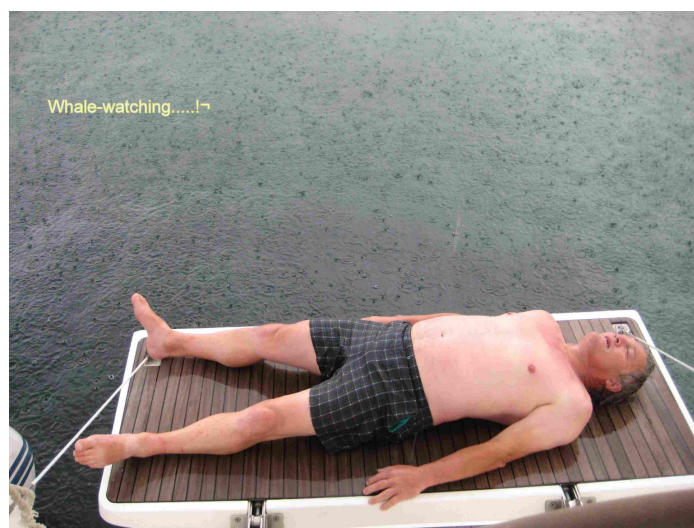
but holding was poor and the winds uncomfortable. To hell with it! We were off south again, and back to the same taverna as two nights before in 'Vathi'. Same Taverna, different food this time mind. The sail south into 'Vathi' was delightful.

Day4

Having kept in contact with 'Arista' and 'Gracy', we were all en route to Nisos Kastos, NE of 'Vathi', where we planned to meet up for a sailex dinner. We slipped our stern lines travelled approximately 20 metres when the anchor stuck in the foul bottom. We pulled on every bearing and got quite a crowd assembled. A most helpful gentleman suggest we place a small



length of shackled chain on a long line, around the main anchor chain, and with the tender and outboard, attempt to break out the 'Bruce'. Eventually, after 90 minutes of trying, it worked.. We returned the length of chain, expressed our gratitude to the gentleman and went to sea.



We motor-sailed to Nisos Atoko, where in One House Bay we finally assembled the fleet. Light lunch and a swim in the a very pretty spot, and we were all off, under motor to Kastos only port on Nisos Kastos. Each vessel anchored and long lined to lamp-posts ashore. The skipper of one boat took a shower on the bathing platform, courtesy of the heavens, and later, after drinks in the harbour taverna, a meal was decide upon in 'Chef John's' at the top of a small hill. Well, there was a rather nice view of the mainland beyond. It was windy and cool-ish. Having the entire sailex complement around one table was, well, what it should be!.

Day 5

Destination 'Vounaki' on the Greek mainland, we sailed north around the N of Kalamos, and then beat to 'Vounaki', where we were turned away again by the flotilla, on to Palarios and that

was full. Onward west under full sail to Nikiana, which was also full followed by a quick nose into 'Ligia' - no room there either! Sooooo - through the canal and back to Lefkas, stern-to on the town quay. A meal in town, a few drinks and sleep to the rhythm of the local Nite Club which closed at 05.00hrs.

Day 6

Through the very tight north entrance of the canal into 'Ormos



Dhermata' bay, and some sailing practice in a two mile quadrangle. Anchor in 10m for lunch and just made the floating swing bridge, at Lefkas without having to gill about. Back to the home port marina, where the crews of 'Arista' and 'Mimi'. Had a few beers, a scrub down and a night on the town. Mimi's crew ended up in the same Nite Club, and then three went on to learn latin dancing (don't give up the day job!) in a bar/hall just behind the marina.

Day 7

Up sharp, and done and dusted for 9am handback. 'Arista' were off at 10am while 'Mimi' had a two-hour breakfast before taxis back to Preveza, reunite with 'Gracy' and flight home. Cloudy and cool in Manchester and off home to catch up with reality and stuff!.

It all happened so quick!



Aristas Story

by Michael Brooke

Sunday 16 September (Day 1)

We sailed out of the Levkas Marina in full sun and exited the Levkas Canal with a flat calm sea ahead and the promise of a secluded anchorage tucked in a bay off Aristotle Onassis's private island. We anchored in the twilight and

enjoyed the first of a couple of evening meals on board.

Monday 17 September (Day 2)

Began with a crew swim around the yacht and then a short journey across to Spartakhorì to meet up with Gracy. While Gracy got underway and Mimi arrived from Levkas we got to know the ropes and practised some drills on a flat calm sea off Meganisi. We met up again with Gracy and waited for Mimi as we had arranged to go on together to Vathi. Some time after we lost VHF and phone contact with Mimi we realised too late that there were two Vathi's and we were looking at the wrong one, instead we headed off for a cracking afternoon's sail (f3-f4) in the open water between Levkas and Cephalonia. We finished the day in Vasiliki where to our good fortune Gracy was parallel moored to the old fishing quay and in the absence of any stern-to berths we rafted up to Gracy. Both crews shared a great evening

on shore, made even better by Tori's fluency in the local tongue ensuring we got the best out of the menu.

Tuesday 18 September (Day 3)

It might have been a great evening, but there was a price to pay and it was a slow, a very slow start, to the day. While we relocated to take on badly needed water (we had been assured the tanks had been filled - they were not nor had the heads holding tank been emptied!!!), Gracy departed for Fiskardo. I had overhead communication between flotilla yachts that Fiskardo was their destination, so we headed for Agia Effimia, some way down the east coast of Cephalonia, but not before mooring for a late lunch alone in a bay with crystal clear water - obligatory swim and snorkelling. The approach to our stern-to mooring in Agia Effimia had an extra frisson. One remaining berth, with a harbour full of flotillas and yachties armed with their preprandial drinks, observing how we would manage the gusty wind on the beam. Copy-book (after two goes at snubbing the anchor just to add dramatic effect). (*That shows 'em! - Ed*) Off to the taverna for evening meal, once again, made better by Tori engaging the 'patron' in intense Greek-type conversation.

Wednesday 19 September (Day 4)

Virtualled up for lunch and an evening meal, then set off for lunch and a swim in a bay on the southern tip of Ithaki. Gracy arrived from Fiskardo and as we left, the radio crackled into life with Mimi identifying that they were just ahead of us tracking up the east coast of Ithaki. As we rounded the southern end of Ithaki the wind got up and we close hauled in f3-f4 NNE. Mimi and Gracy in larger and slightly better proportioned hulls, pulled away (that's my excuse). For an instant we touched 6.4 knots but, generally, our fat-bottomed lady was reluctant to exceed 5 knots. The wind continued to increase and with strengthening gusts coming off the mountains, I decided to turn into an anchorage separate from, but in the same larger bay, as the town of Ithaki. Tori proved our self-inflating lifejackets were operational. She tripped while stepping ashore out of the dinghy, vanished below the line of the gunwale into shallow water and instantly re-appeared, as the explosively inflating jacket launched her almost back into an upright position. Evening meal on board and then to bed after a great days sailing.

Thursday 20 September (Day 5)

My log says we had a good reaching sail to Atokos. I can't recall how, but Gracy, Mimi and Arista all met up in One House Bay on the south of Atokos island. After lunch (and a swim) we proceeded line astern to our evening mooring in Kastos

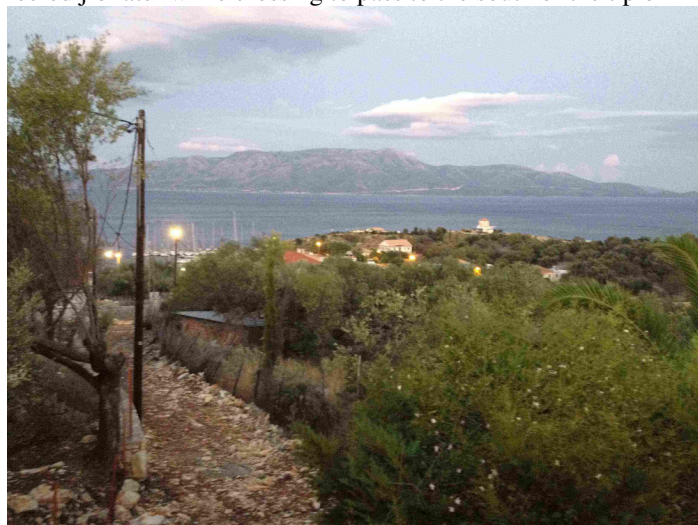


harbour. We all met up for a 'sundowner' (raised a toast to John, our absent Expeditions Master) and headed off for our TOG dinner high above the harbour and looking out across the sound to mainland Greece. Bryan, Tori and Lucy returned to the

restaurant the following morning to negotiate food supplies. We ate very well for the next two days (not that we hadn't up until then), but somehow winning food this way made it taste all the better).

Friday 21 September (Day 6)

Mimi and Gracy set off to the call of a good curry shop, (reputed), on the mainland. We had decided we wanted to explore bays we had passed or had identified on the outward run. We sailed, once again close-hauled up to a course change, which would take us on a reach in relative shelter, between the islands of Kastos and Kalamos. The forecast was for strengthening winds f5-6, gusting f7 between Kalamos and Meganisi. I intended keeping in sheltered waters as long as possible, then reefing for the crossing over exposed sea to the next sheltered area. As we made our way between the islands, a violent bang marked the fracturing of the connection between the kicker and the mast. It took just a few seconds to work out what had happened, so motor on, sails down and furled. We did let out a reefed jib later while crossing to pass to the south of the tip of



Meganisi, but the main was put away for the balance of the sailex. Late that afternoon we moored for our last swim and snorkel off a tiny island, which was more Caribbean than Aegean. Somewhere on our sailex, Tori and Bryan got engaged. Although it remained a secret until close family could hear it first, I think it was here that the deed was done quietly and discreetly. I am so glad that the evident affection for one another has had such a positive outcome. (There were a couple of times they had to be reminded that, parting to take up different stations on the yacht, would only be a temporary separation!) We moored in Spartakhor, where Gracy had spent their first night and no doubt, as they had, we enjoyed the food and ambience of the taverna on the beach.

Saturday 22 September (Day 7)

A lazy start, no wind, motor sailing all day. We started the last sailing day with a short trip to a bay for a swim and lunch. Then it was a straight-line motor sail to the entrance to the Levkas canal, fuelled up and went over the damage issues with the charter co. owner. Sometime before going to bed, we went into Levkas town, enjoyed the hospitality of fellow seafarers on neighbouring yachts and joined up with the Mimi crew for an evening meal.

Sunday 23 September (Day 8)

The taxi pre-arranged for us was going to mean an inordinate wait at Preveza airport, so Tori negotiated a visit to a Greek Orthodox Monastery in the hills above Levkas town, en-route to the airport. It was a welcome interruption to a fairly miserable journey home. The flight was delayed four hours, Lucy just made her connection to Edinburgh but only by abandoning her

luggage at Gatwick (I collected it for her). It was cold and wet and I spent two hours stationary in M25 traffic jams.

But - it was a great sailex. Bryan's love of sailing, ignited on the Easter sailex 2011, has taken him to the threshold of buying his own yacht, qualification in the American equivalent of Day Skipper (and now progressing to the US equivalent of Coastal Yachtmaster). Tori confidently demonstrated sailing and boat-handling skills and will make Bryan a first class Mate. (*Good one!! -Ed.*) Lucy wants to take her Day Skipper qualifications and is currently identifying a suitable RYA course centre in the Edinburgh area. TOG have, once again, provided a positive experience to individuals, new or recent to sailing, to confirm or discover their enjoyment of this sport.

Michael Brooke

Skipper Arista

THE GREAT PUB VISIT....and answers arising therefrom.



On Saturday, 20th October, at 19:00 hours, about 22 members of TOG assembled for some very important research. As you were all aware, our Social Secretary (Andy McWilliam) had organised a return visit to the

Belvoir Brewery at Old Dalby, near Melton Mowbray. The visit followed the lines of last year's, but we were happy to go again. We wanted to make sure that our researches last year hadn't misled us. We weren't mistaken. After a very interesting tour of the brewery and the history of beer-making, we sat down for a most



enjoyable two-course dinner.

Further research ensued, as jugs of their excellent beers circulated - all included in the £13.50 price of the dinner. The restaurant is very good - no pretensions and posh napery, but

friendly. Tasty food, nicely prepared, approachable staff and a pleasant, relaxed atmosphere. Highly recommended. Our thanks go to Andy for organising this year's visit and to Clive Crankshaw, our Navigator, for introducing us to it last



year.....!
Here's to next year **Hic!!**



Memoirs of an Atlantic Crossing – 25th ARC 2010 – Skyelark of London *by Graham Wassall*

Chapter 2

2500 miles to go !!

After clearing the Cape Verde Islands, we were now picking up the Trade Winds and

averaging 7 knots. It was now nearing the end of November and we were all hoping to keep this up so that we would arrive at St Lucia in about 15 days.

Our next concern was 'Will the food last out?' The longest it had previously taken Skyelark to complete a crossing, was 19 days and it was looking like 21 days minimum. Fishing or Cannibalism became the topic of the day – fortunately, we caught a Dorado on the 9th day.



Our 1st of several Dorado

A single Dorado was good for Lunch & Dinner – Spaghetti Dorado, Dorado curry, Dorado on toast, etc, etc. After catching a couple more Dorado, maybe cannibalism would have been a better option !!

Cinema Night & a near disaster

One evening, to relieve the monotony, Skipper Dan decided to set up his laptop to show a DVD - this was fatal. As soon as we settled down to watch 'A Perfect Storm', we heard on the radio that an abandoned & part submerged catamaran had been spotted drifting somewhere in a 1000 square mile area in our sailing vicinity. Needle in a haystack? Dan decide to forget the DVD and double-up the watches, (4 instead of 2 crew), to have 2 lookouts on the bow with powerful torches.

This seemed over the top, but turned out to be a great decision. Shortly after midnight shouts of **Left, Left, Left** from Yens, one of our torchmen, saved us from hitting the Cat amidships, which would have definitely disabled Skyelark – when you are hundreds of miles from land, not a good thing to do !! The saloon roof was barely showing above water and almost

impossible to see at night. We missed it by about a metre. This incredible 'Near Miss' was a good excuse to bring out the Rum to steady our nerves.



Half way

Champagne celebration

To the finishing line.

From here on, other issues – breaking the gooseneck – losing the spinnaker over the bow at night, - seemed minor mishaps in comparison. (*It's all relative, I suppose!! – Ed.*)

Nights were long and days seemed too short. Tropical Squalls were now our main enemy. These would creep up on us at night, winds would 'back' from 15 to 30 knots within seconds and drench us and the cockpit with huge amounts of water. Flying fish could also be a problem at night. Their Kamikaze-style leaps onto the boat, apart from their pungent smell, made them extremely hard to catch.

The finish

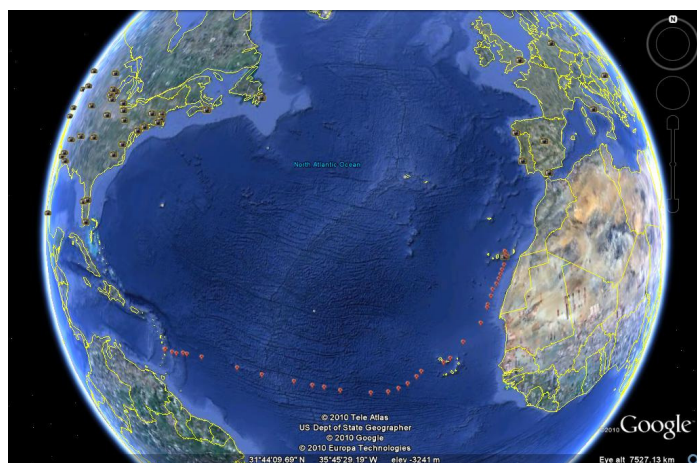
On Sunday 12th December, after 21 days & nights at sea, we caught sight of Barbados – only 100 miles to go – it seemed to be the longest 17 hours of all.

We finally crossed the finishing line into Rodney Bay, St Lucia at 21.39 hrs on 12th December 2010 !!



Me, helming Skyelark over the finishing line – My 60th birthday – what a birthday present !!

We finished 3rd in our class of 27 boats – not a bad result. One of the slowest ARCs



Our track

TOG OCTOBER SAILEX – 2012

by Brian Rowlands

"Leaves of brown, tumbling down, it's October in the rain". The annual TOG end-of season Sailex coincided with some adverse weather conditions that potentially could have interfered with an



enjoyable few days sailing in the Solent and South Coast. Four hardy souls signed up for the "pontoon bashing" event on Tuesday, 9th October 2012, to be joined the following day by two crews of 5 in two boats hoping to sail to Weymouth and back over the next five days. Alas, the best laid plans of mice and men needed to be modified in the light of the forecast rough weather approaching from the South West. Four days of varied sailing in the Solent and Christchurch Bay proved to be most enjoyable and amusing. This due to a combination of 2 very different crews and a streak of subliminal competitiveness between the players. All will no doubt sign up for future events!

Manoeuvring Course - Neil Macfarlane, Peter Tytler, Alan Mortimore and Brian Rowlands.

"TOWN" crew

***Pourquoi Pas* –**

Dave Bond Skippers
Martin Fahy,
Doug Southerland,
Andrew Lacey
John Byrne

"GOWN" crew

Modernistic lady

Neil Macfarlane
Peter Tytler
Brian Rowlands
Steve Fraser
Ian Calderwood

THE ITINERARY The Boat Manoeuvring Skills Course took place on a very wet and miserable day that did not augur well for what was to come later in the week. However, spirits were lifted considerably, despite a lengthy, unanticipated, detour via



M1, M25 and M3, to get to the River Hamble, by the excellent tuition and practical experience of Mark. He unlocked the mysteries of folding propellers, "prop warp", "hovering" and reverse parking. He persuaded us that no confined space in a marina was too difficult to negotiate provided we had a good appreciation of boat speed, wind, tide, depth and other boat users. Everyone was given the opportunity to practice and gave a good account of themselves, even if we did not quite reach the skill of the "master". We finished the day soaked, but happy, and readily accepted Fairview's invitation to dry out our kit in anticipation of tomorrow. The "Three Profs" and Doug overnighted on the boats, prior to the other crew members joining the following day.

Wednesday, 10th October, 2012 showed some improvement in the weather with winds E3/4 and intermittent breaks in the cloud. The crews assembled over the course of the morning, and the boats were checked, victualled and prepared for departure to Yarmouth. After crews were briefed, we departed Hamble Marina just after 13.00 hours. In pleasant, but cool conditions, we spent the next 4 hours familiarising ourselves with the idiosyncrasies of both boats and crews, while proceeding into the West Solent to make landfall at Yarmouth Marina. One Prof demonstrated the newly acquired skill of "rear parking" following the earlier course, albeit at the third attempt. Ashore, the crews spent time socialising before supper and agreeing an early start the next day to negotiate the Needles Channel and

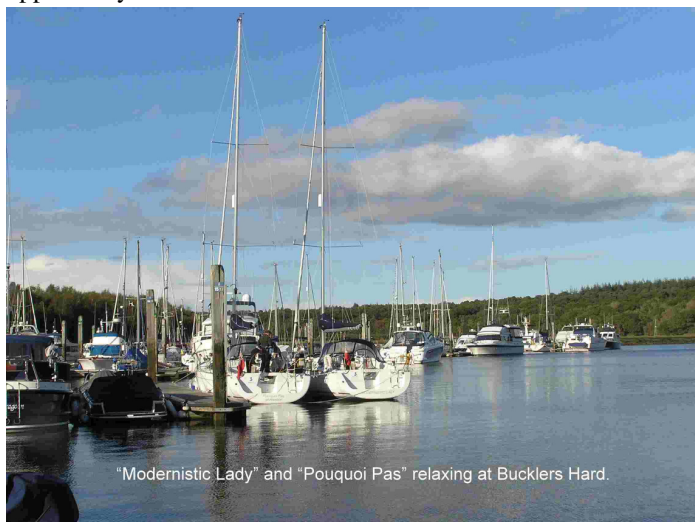
possibly Weymouth. The "Towns" dined well on board courtesy of Andrew's wife and the "Gowns" enjoyed 'red meat' cooked on 'hot stones'. All 'hit the hay' reasonably early.

Thursday, 11th October, 2012 saw a misty, cold start at 07.30 hours, with light winds and intermittent rain forecast for later in the day. The 3-day forecast, however, suggested strengthening winds, rough seas and storms approaching from the Southwest. Weymouth seemed an unreasonable target given the uncertainty of how difficult the return passage might be. Skippers conferred and hatched plan B. We sailed past the Needles Lighthouse and the Shingles into Christchurch Bay and spent some time tacking to and fro before returning via the North Channel close to Hurst



Castle. The "Gowns" attempted to start the engine at North Head to facilitate re-entry into the West Solent, but nothing happened!! After several attempts and a brief period of mild 'panic' adrift on a malevolent sea, the resident engineer Steve persuaded the engine into life by good luck, serendipity or silent prayer, much to everyone's relief. Subsequently, on returning to the Solent, we found some good sailing conditions to head for Haslar Marina in Portsmouth under full sail. Over the next 2 hours, we enjoyed varied conditions, whilst dodging numerous ferries, large container ships and some small lasers, all the time wondering why the "Towns" seemed to be going faster than the "Gowns". Maybe it was home cooking, because lasagne was on the menu, whereas the other crew ate at the Green Lightship.

Friday, 12th October, 2012 was a fine morning with moderate winds and an appetite for some energetic sailing and an opportunity to demonstrate that one boat was not inferior to the

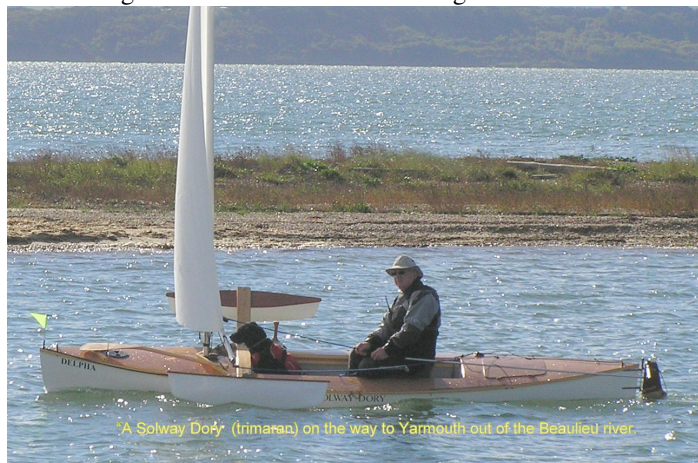


"Modernistic Lady" and "Pouquoi Pas" relaxing at Bucklers Hard.

other. At 10.45 hours, we headed out of Portsmouth, admiring the iconic Spinnaker Tower, and aiming North and West for the Beaulieu River entrance. The sailing was invigorating making a series of long tacks, (10 in all), across the Solent. The crew work

well together, rotating turns on helm and sails, with Ian impressive down below, navigating and setting (*hopefully – Ed*) optimal course over the ground. Conditions were ideal for identifying cloud formations, revising the fundamentals of meteorology and spotting birds. (Was it a cormorant or shag? Are they both seen in the Solent? Discuss at length). Arrived simultaneously at the entrance of the Beaulieu River at 14.00 hours and then motored up the river past Beaulieu spit to Bucklers Hard for lunch. The setting and weather was such that it seemed churlish to forego a leisurely stroll along the riverbank in favour of more tacking and gybing. We briefly visited this historic ship-building centre which in the 18th Century lay at the mouth of the river. From hence HMS Agamemnon left for the Mediterranean in 1793 under the command of Lord Nelson. Had we more time, we might have visited the nearby National Motor Museum or had tea with Lord Montagu. Instead, we opted for staying overnight and watching the England football team play over supper! The game, the opposition, the score and the meal were hardly memorable, but the "craic" for both crews was notable for humorous contributions from Dave, Martin and John on "Town" and more cerebral banter from the three Profs on "Gown". Everyone retired in good spirit.

Saturday, 13th October, 2012 was a similar day as far as the elements were concerned with, as yet, no sign of the bad weather that had been forecast. We planned a leisurely saunter down river setting off at 10.30 hours and heading for Cowes via



"A Solway Dofy" (Irimarean) on the way to Yarmouth out of the Beaulieu river.

Lymington for lunch. Again, sailing conditions were ideal for making good time in the Solent to and from Lymington, where we enjoyed a mainly liquid lunch in one of the town's fine hostelrys. The final leg to Cowes showed that neither crew was willing to accede mastery of the wind and waves over the other,



Not a block of flats.....Celebrity Cruises coming out of Southampton water.....

resulting in both boats reaching a safe harbour by 18.00 hours. The fine weather had brought out many recreational sailors for a final flourish before winter arrives and moorings were at a premium. Queues for male ablutions were evident both night and morn and Cowes was throbbing. Fortunately, we were able to secure a table for 10 at a local curry restaurant. This, despite the

demand for tables from stag and hen parties, who appeared to be part of an invasion of inebriated revellers - a far cry from the peace and serenity of rural Leicestershire. The socialising went on until the wee small hours for some. Doug managed to stave off hypothermia until his shipmates returned with tales of the 'party scene', none of which were remotely believable. Most slept soundly.

Sunday, 14th October, 2012 dawned crisp and autumnal with a weak October sun and a hint of frost in the air. The flotilla was soon steaming out of Cowes to take advantage of the conditions, while we enjoyed a leisurely breakfast prior to setting sail for Hamble at 10.50 hours. Most were keen to return by early afternoon, so several tacks and a favourable wind put us back to the Hamble Marina by 13.00 hours. An hour later, after refuelling, cleaning the boat and discharging our gear, we were ready to say our goodbyes and return to the bosoms of our families

OVERALL IMPRESSIONS: A great success, with just under 90 nautical miles covered in 5 days - a modest distance by many people's standards. However, we experienced some quite challenging conditions and although there was some healthy inter-boat rivalry, nobody was out to break any records. (*but they always seemed to get there first. Ed.*) The two crews all got on together, and with each other. Both captains showed fine examples of understated leadership. The crews were very different, with the "Towns" being more rumbustious and at times extremely funny, led by John and Martin, ably chaired by Dave. The "Gowns" were more measured and sedate, but with three "Profs" on board, there was plenty of intellectual posturing and hypothesis-testing repartee to keep everyone on their toes and amused. Old friendships were rekindled and new acquaintances soon became part of the TOG team. Most will return.

Arrangements for muster, the boats and support all worked well. Nobody fell out over love, money or close-quarter living. The Beneteau 37 provides reasonable accommodation for this type of sailing, and sleeps 5 better than 6, which is often the case for TOG trips in the past. John will attest to the difficulties of sleeping on a "narrow plank" in the main cabin. However, his experiences provide him with numerous amusing anecdotes over breakfast or late at night. Perhaps we should all agree that he deserves a cabin on his own, the next time TOG sails with him on board!

BRIAN J ROWLANDS
10th November, 2012

TREASURER	DEPUTY PRESIDING MASTER
-----------	-------------------------

GRAHAM WASSALL
(01664454478)

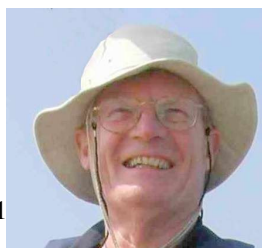
ARTHUR WOOD
(01636 813781)



ADMINISTRATOR	MEMBERSHIP
---------------	------------

STEWART COOK
(01636 813641)

PAUL RATCLIFFE
(01778 341475)



NAVIGATION
CLIVE CRANKSHAW

SOCIAL SECRETARY
ANDY McWILLIAM

(01664 454403)



(01509 413978)



PLEASE – MAKE A NOTE IN YOUR DIARIES.....
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND 2013 – ANNUAL
DINNER/DANCE/PRIZEGIVING AT GREETHAM
VALLEY HOTEL!!
DETAILS TO FOLLOW SOON

EXPEDITIONS MASTER

JOHN BRYANT

(0116 2376197)



TRAINING

ARTHUR WOOD

(01636 813781)



The following courses are available:

RYA Essential Navigation & Seamanship Theory.
RYA Day Skipper Theory.
RYA Coastal Skipper/Yachtmaster Offshore Theory
RYA Yachtmaster Ocean Theory.
Marine Radio Short Range Certificate.
RYA First Aid.

For more information visit:-

<http://www.trent-offshore-group.co.uk/courses.html>

and keep up-to-date with forthcoming events

or

contact- **Mark Davis**

✉ mark@ashoresailing.co.uk

☎ 0771 1170 451

Our Sailing programme for next year is currently in the throes of assembly. The details should be finalised at the next Council Meeting at the end of the month. As soon as we are able, we will send it to everyone and, hopefully, have it on the Website as well.....!

WEBSITE

www.trent-offshore-group.co.uk

The TOG website has a new page: Keep up-to-date with what's on at:-

<http://www.trent-offshore-group.co.uk/Current-News.html>

Visit this page now to see some of the latest pictures and comments sent in by members. If you have any sailing news and pictures you would like uploading then please forward to Mark: You can text to 0771 1170 451 or ✉

TAILPIECE s

From Tom Macfarlane by e-mail.

I'm wondering now about the etymology of "to give someone a wide berth" - it seems to presuppose your sharing a bed with them. Hopefully Ian can address in YOGLINE

Cheers, Tom.

This suddenly appeared in my in-tray as a question – so I did a bit of research..... (Ed.)

Origin

'Wide berth' is most commonly found in the phrases 'keep a wide berth of', 'give a wide berth to' etc. It was originally a nautical term. We now think of a ship's berth as the place where the ship is moored. Before that though it meant 'a place where there is sea room to moor a ship'. This derives in turn from the probable derivation of the word berth, i.e. 'bearing off'. When sailors were warned to keep a wide bearing off something they were being told to make sure to maintain enough sea room from it. Like many seafaring terms it dates back to the heyday of sail, the 17th century. An early use comes from the redoubtable Captain John Smith in *Accidental Young Seamen*, 1626:

"Watch bee vigilant to keepe your berth to windward."

Berth came to be adopted more widely into the language, just meaning 'distance from'. There are several such figurative uses of it in the 17th and 18th centuries - 'a good/clear/strong berth' etc. We have to wait until 1829 for Sir Walter Scott's *Letters on demonology and witchcraft* for 'a wide berth' though:

"Giving the apparent phantom what seamen call a wide berth."

and this also arrived via forwarding from Neil.....

Dear Sir,

I am an avid reader of your club's esteemed organ and follow the adventures of TOG members with great interest. I also like the photographs very much. However I do have a complaint. In Mr Wassall's interesting account of his Atlantic crossing, I was very disappointed that the "wash day" photo was not full page. Perhaps you could rectify this in a future issue and include more pictures of this type and quality.
Yours truly, An Ancient Mariner.

we'll see what we can do.....!(Ed)

A mechanic was removing a cylinder head from the motor of a Harley motorcycle when he spotted a well-known heart surgeon in his shop.

The surgeon was there, waiting for the service manager to come and take a look at his bike.

The mechanic shouted across the garage, "Hey, Doc, can I ask you a question?"

The surgeon a bit surprised, walked over to the mechanic working on the motorcycle. The mechanic straightened up, wiped his hands on a rag and asked, "So Doc, look at this engine. I open its heart, take the valves out, fix 'em, put 'em back in, and when I finish, it works just like new. So how come I get such a small salary and you get the really big bucks, when you and I are doing basically the same work?"

The surgeon paused, smiled and leaned over, and whispered to the mechanic...

"Try doing it with the engine running