



TOGLINE

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

AUTUMN NEWSLETTER 2018



Bail Out:- To depart a boat when more water is coming in than going out...



Here we go again after a truly wonderful Summer. Nature has its own way of putting things right.... There we were, most of the trips – brilliant weather, lively seas, sunshine and companionship. What could go wrong? Equinoctial storms

spring to mind. High winds forecast for October Sailex so End-of-Season, **cancelled**. That is the first occasion I can remember that we have had to do that.

Stormbound for a day occasionally – Yes. But cancelled – Never! Such a disappointment for the crews who had been looking forward to the event. Better Sailing next year.

I have included the potential Sailing Programme for next year, hopefully to be fleshed out at the upcoming Skippers' Meeting later this month. There is an existing facility on the website inviting you to express an interest in any of them. No commitment at this stage, but the more feedback we have, the better the chance of securing a berth. Get in quick!

I had often read about gannets, seen them en masse in New Zealand, but the gannets on Grassholm are incredible. Beautiful birds, but so raucous. The island was covered in a white icing of birds and their droppings. Their fishing skills are quite something. Robert was dangling his rod over the stern whilst we were hove-to, but not a tickle. The birds meanwhile were having a ball. They knew what they were doing and where to fish. We weren't all that far away! That island is something I will remember for a long, long time.

Berice and I had a weekend down in the Chichester area and were surprised at the expanse of water area covered. Thanks to a free booklet issued by the harbour authority, discovered on one of the walks, we were able to catch up on some local news. Apparently, the Marinas at Chichester are losing quite a few of their customers due to the changing demographic. The younger element are going to kayaks and paddleboards, whilst it is the older members who are usually

the yachtsmen. I think that is probably true of most places now. We are all getting older (with the exception of a few youngsters) and finding it slightly harder to creak into action. As an aside, the RNLI station at Hayling Island, had to rescue a sailor who had become dismasted near the infamous bar. He was safely rescued and after a brief stay in hospital, he discharged himself. He was 93! There must be hope for us yet!

Talking of the RNLI, I have been watching the programme "Saving lives at Sea". Need one say more? Any of you out there who have watched it, will know exactly what I mean. What those volunteers do is absolutely stunning. Their selfless actions and disregard of personal safety beggars belief. So many lives saved in all sort of conditions. They have the gear and the boats, but it still takes guts to set off deliberately, in a screaming gale, not knowing when (or if) they may return. The unfortunate publicity recently at one station, in no way detracts from those men. They are like a packet of Liquorice Allsorts – professionals, plumbers, shopkeepers, mechanics – a right mix of personalities, ages and professions. But the bond among them is plainly very strong. Long may they all continue to answer the call when needed. It could be you! Everyone works together, looking out for each other – just as we do on our boats. There are similarities. We try to build a team spirit whilst in each other's company. We each rely on the other's being aware of their own and your surroundings. There is no room for *prims donnas*!

I've gone on again. Thank you for reading TOGline, for contributing and here's hoping we see you at the Annual Dinner in February. (See inside).

Have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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

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



Presiding Master's Musings Autumn 2018

by Andy McWilliam

The long hot summer has finally broken, and the TOG End of Season Sailex (EoS) became a casualty as 30 Knot winds forced cancellation by the charterers' insurers. This caused much

disappointment for 15 of our number. I have to acknowledge the significant efforts of Dave Bond and Paul Burghart, and of course John Bryant, and Dianne Rowbotham, in preparing this aborted sailex. It involved much work. Thank you.

TOG Council met last week. The RNLI -Whitby lifeboat suppression of openness was discussed. Valid opinions were tabled, but mainly the view taken was that "the RNLI appeared to have overdone the discipline/punishment of the brave lifeboat crew members, but in reality who else is going to pull you out of the water"? This a very valid point but does not excuse. TOG will continue to make donations to the RNLI. In response to my previous musings, my predecessor reported that he and friends have upped their personal contributions to the RNLI, which is their prerogative.

Council is planning an exciting 2019 program, with a return to warm waters, and hopefully to the West County.

TOG owe much to Skippers Alan Mortimore (lead Skipper) and Neville Buckle for a very successful week of sailing from Milford Haven to Dun Laoghaire, to Bardsey Island, to Skomer and back to Milford Haven. This involved 3 starlit night passages. I'm particularly grateful to Neville who stood up to the plate, as I had to withdraw as a skipper for personal reasons. A fine time was had by all. The social program was slight this year, but next year, Social Secretary - Paul Burghart - has a great Annual Dinner dance and awards lined up for Saturday 9th February at a new venue.

As I made clear to all when taking up the post of Presiding Master, TOG activities will always be subordinate to my devotion to political matters. I apologise for the brevity of these musings, as the relentless rise of anti-democratic forces accelerates and 29th March 2019 approaches. Remember next Easter is late - 21st April - so the 'Spring Starter' Sailex in the Solent promises to be popular.

All the best for winter 18/19

REPORTS



Pembroke Sailex - 31st August – 7th September 2018

By Ian Calderwood.

"OTTER" Sun Odyssey 379

Skipper: Alan Mortimore.

Crew Rebecca Onians,
Rory Cunningham, Robert

Worthington, Me.

"KALEL" Sun Odyssey 379

Skipper, Neville Buckle

Crew:-Andy Warren, Gareth & Fiona Broome, Neil MacFarlane.

It's a wonderful feeling – there you are, barrelling along nicely under a sunny sky, a lovely breeze over the quarter, the east coast of Ireland slipping by, when BANG! Out of

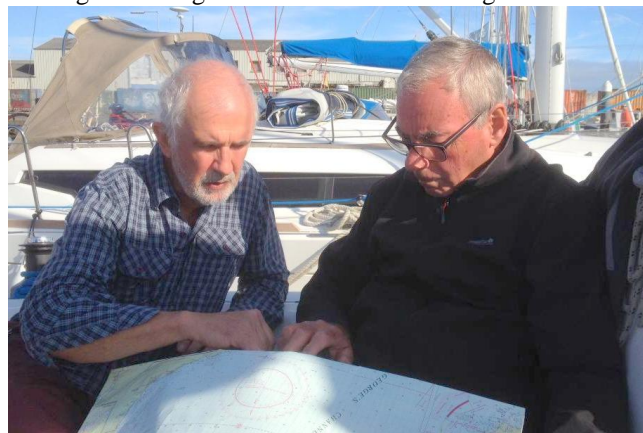
nowhere, suddenly, the wind rises - and keeps on rising.... A sudden flash reading of 10.11 knots. Helm to windward



– and nothing happens. Rudder stalled. Dump the main and she spins round into the wind (feeling like 89 degrees off the vertical) swings upright and peace (of a sort) is restored.... We slip in a reef just to be safe and the wind starts to drop again...

02:00 in the Irish Sea en route to Bardsey Island ex Dun Laoghaire. A few ships around under a starlit sky.... suddenly what appears to be the beginnings of a Square-rigger with highlighted sails starts to appear off to port. What the hell is that? Gradually it rises over the horizon, closer now, growing in size, then suddenly, everything clicks into place. A crescent moon clears the horizon.....Hallucinating again!

In late August, 10 hardy TOGites assembled in Neyland marina, Milford Haven. We were about to launch on a few overnight crossings of the Irish Sea. The original intention



was to make for the Scillies, but forecast headwinds at the time of the return journey made it a non-starter. Skipper Alan opted for Plan B - Ireland – a place I had never visited anyway, so girding up loins, we untied Neyland Marina at 20:00 and started the trek down Milford Haven. From Neyland, Milford Haven, provides a two-hour journey before you even sniff the Bristol Channel and from thence west into the Irish Sea. As it grew darker, the dazzling array of lights from the oil terminals to port and starboard, made a good job of masking the navigation lights. A good passage plan prepared in advance by Beccy, made it a relatively easy to work out where we were and, more importantly, where to go. A tasty Lasagne en route, provided by Alan's wife, gave us a good lining for the long night ahead.

Alan had awarded each pair a watch of four hours on and four hours off. On this occasion, Rory and I were to do 8 to 12 and Bob and Beccy 12 to four then round again. Alan, of course, would be floating... We estimated the journey to

Arklow to take about 19 hours, so there would be plenty of opportunity for getting in a few watch hours. 10:05 and we hit the Bristol Channel – literally. There were some good swells with wind over tide and poor Bob in the fore-cabin



had a pretty rough (and noisy) ride! Once clear of the Haven and St Anne's Head, we swung west making for Skokholm light under sail. We endured a lumpy sea on the way to Skomer and Grassholm where we went between them via S Bishop and Smalls lights to ensure safe passage into the open sea.

Finally - off we went into the renowned Irish Sea. Hoo boy! A southerly F4 and a north-westerly course ensured a quartering sea. Roller coming up astern. Up, roll to port, down, roll to starboard...and repeat...and repeat... The wind picked up to SSE F6...so the main was dropped and a reduced foresail steadied things – a bit! It started to drizzle ...but by then I was down below having a zizz before the next watch. Poor 12 to 4's.... A bumpy night as a starter and then bleary-eyed – onto a fine rain... The joys of sailing! Rory and I back on deck for the 4 to 8, the skies



had cleared and the wind had dropped slightly. It had veered and settled on a F4. As the sky lightened, *Kalel*, showed up astern as a solid entity rather than a set of lights, having faithfully followed our track. They were a faster boat (in theory – a

taller mast), but whilst we had a self-steering facility, they were on the helm the whole time. Extremely hard work. The self-steering did have a penalty, however. The motor driving the helm was working so hard, the batteries soon called whoa.... so we had to run the engine on tickover to keep the electricity supply topped up. Noisy... If you wanted an introduction to night sailing however, you couldn't have had a better christening. It is interesting trying to work out which way a potential hazard is heading. Parallel? Towards? Away? An excellent exercise in lights! Come daylight, sunshine and a steady breeze sped us

towards Arklow. We entered the fish harbour at 15:20, moored and went walkabout. A nice little town, Arklow, with a very nice pub what someone wot of. Christy's. A companionable evening meal with crews of both boats. Super evening. Crash out on board. 101 nm.

Sunday, we headed for Dun Laoghaire, just outside Dublin. Out of Arklow then North, wind over the quarter – just a steady breeze. Five knots, lovely. The sky looked a bit dark behind, but we kept ahead of it. Suddenly – whoosh, we were doing 10 knots in a Force 6/7 – see the



opening paragraph of this report.... Recovering from the excitement, we made our way via the inside passage of the sand banks to Dun Laoghaire, arriving about 15:30. Huge Marina with a long walk to get ashore! Fortunately, showers and loos not very far away. A sort of barge moored to the pontoon. Dinner aboard, prepared by our excellent trained chef (Rory, bless him and Rob too). I'm quite good as a skivvy with washing up! Pleasant evening relaxing in the cockpit, lulled by the gentle strumming from Rob's guitar and his wonderful collection of amusing songs.

Monday morning, Alan and I explored Dun Laoghaire – very near Alan's old stamping ground. Beccy and Rory went into Dublin (not far by a shuttle train). Lunch for the three of us then both boats over to the fuel berth to top up. Could only get in 22 litres! Not too bad.

Slipped 20:00, making for Bardsey Island, North Wales.



Motored out to the Kish light to the North of the sand banks, with a glorious sunset behind. The wind and sea, both from the North, got up quite considerably before we cleared the light and turned ESE for Bardsey Island and North Wales. As it grew darker, such a beautiful night made its appearance! Sky clear as a bell, no light pollution apart from our own little pool around *Otter*. The twinkle of the lights from *Kalel* behind, disappearing in the swell, then re-appearing as she rose to the crest, complementing the twinkle of the stars above us. The vast span of the Milky Way slicing clean through the array from horizon to

horizon. Unforgettable! The wind rose to a good Force 5, occasional 6, during the night, which gave brilliant sailing, but forced Alan and Rory to take in a reef under quite hazardous conditions with the sea state. The helm was alive during this exercise and I was trying my hardest to keep her in a reasonable position relative to the wind. Finally, all was secured and the boys retired to the safety of the cockpit as we resumed our course.

Dawn rose at last and Bardsey Island was in sight. We anchored in Henllwyn Cove at 08:30 in the lee of the island and switched off for a well-earned rest and brekky. The island is administered by the Bardsey Island Trust and is protected as best they can. Visitors are welcome ashore, cabins can be hired by the week, and there is not much habitation, although there is a café.....

After lunch, folk decided to go ashore. Our dinghy was inflated and arrangements made to use it as a ferry for both boats. Rob and Beccy, piloted by Rory were the first ashore. Alan and I sunbathing in the cockpit, suddenly realised all was not well. A tiny figure was hanging on to one of the rocks between us and the shore, holding on to a rather oddly-shaped dinghy. Frantic signals to *Kalel*,



asking them to inflate and launch their dinghy to go to Rory's rescue. Suddenly, a small rowing-boat hove into view with two people in it. Oh good, we thought, the locals on shore must have seen the plight and were coming to the rescue. Wrong! The two in the boat were Robert and Beccy..... They had found the boat and launched it from the shore. Rob did a magnificent job backing and filling with the oars to get first Rory on board and then towing the rubber dinghy back to *Otter*. By this time, Neville had powered up their dinghy, towed Rob and the dinghy back to the shore, helped him land it and then brought him back to *Otter*. Congratulations to Rory and Rob and Beccy, for a magnificent job of salvage. We on the boat felt so helpless! As a footnote to this excitement, Rory commented that the seals were very curious – he had about a dozen round him wondering what this strange being was doing on their territory whilst he was hanging on to both the rock and the dinghy....

After this excitement, a nice dinner followed by up-anchor at 20:00 – another night sail, this time due South across Cardigan Bay for Skomer, off St. David's Head, South Wales. This time, the wind was almost dead astern which, with a following sea, played havoc with the jib alone. *Otter* was wallowing from side to side, with the helm going practically bananas. In spite of this, our course followed the plot almost exactly for most of the night. The loom of Stumble Head light was clearly visible, even though the light was below the horizon. Bearing off slightly to starboard made a slight difference, but this gave a little westerly drift, whilst we wanted to keep more of an easterly. Bearing off to port would have meant aiming for

the wrong bit of land, so we stuck with it. Eventually, Alan checked our position and, brought the engine into play. We disconnected George and drove towards Ramsey Sound to ensure we caught the tide at near slack water. Daylight on Wednesday morning showed us the way on an epic trip through the Sound, with the sea almost boiling in a flat calm in places as the sea bed forced volumes of water to the surface, whilst unseen currents tugged at the helm requiring



constant corrections. Once past the reef (called "The Bitches" for some mad reason), with a pod of porpoises in company, we made for N. Skomer for a possible anchorage. The lumpy seas in the anchorage deterred us somewhat, so we made our way to the calmer South Haven, via Jack Sound (narrow!!) We dropped anchor around 10:00 in the lee, with a nice calm sea for breakfast. Bliss!

After lunch, we all decided to have a play. A brilliant sail westwards, with that wonderful (now) Northerly towards Grassholm and the gannet colony, with Beccy as Skipper. Rounding Grassholm, we were so fascinated by the island's



white gannet coat, we hove-to and just watched. Rob tried his hand with fishing, but with no success, alas. The gannets had no such problem... Then another exhilarating sail back to Skomer, followed by a relaxing evening as we had dinner to the grunting of the numerous seals on the shore. As the sun set, G & T's in hands, we were serenaded once more by Robert, before turning in for a relaxing night's sleep.

Thursday morning, after a leisurely breakfast, we had some fun within S. Haven, by having man-overboard drill within the confines of the anchorage. Everyone had a go and we didn't lose a man! Around Skokholm once more and then course set to Milford Haven entrance. Another great sail before we furled them, engine on and into the Haven – in daylight this time! We tootled up the Haven, past Neyland and further upriver to Lawrenny, off a side channel. We had booked an evening meal at the Lawrenny Lodge pub. We were placed on the last mooring before the main river, with "*Kalel*" on the next buoy up. Our dinghy

engine refused to co-operate, so we decided to use the other dinghy. Getting ten folk up to the pub was a logistical exercise, when only three at a time (excluding helmsman) could be accommodated. Eventually all arrived and a very enjoyable and companionable dinner ensued. At the end, a short speech by Alan preceded the traditional “Good Award” trophy (an empty wine bottle!) to Rory, for his excellent entertainment value at Bardsey! Returning to the boats, with the first lot, the outboard stopped on the way and refused to re-start. With Neville on one oar and Beccy on the other it was hilarious. “Your side, Beccy – now yours Neville”, just enabling us to catch *Otter* before ending up in the main river.... Having re-fuelled the outboard, the rest of the trips went off without any hitches. Once again, a good night’s sleep.

Friday morning, we tootled up the main river for a short while until it shallowed, then about turn and down to Neyland for a final re-fuel and clean-up. Fond farewells, followed by a 7-hour trek back home.....

The end of another extremely interesting and well-run trip – typical of TOG. My grateful thanks to Alan, Rob, Rory and Beccy for some wonderful company – and to the crew of Kalel for two grand runs ashore. To quote our Presiding Master – “We can now call ourselves TOG(N)ites...” after **330 nm** of pure enjoyment.



Channel hopping July 2018 – “Protégé’s view (Will, Ruth, Jeremy, Brian, Beccy)
By Beccy Onians

In an attempt to get back into passage planning, Andy tasked and trusted me with the initial leg from The Solent to St Helier, Jersey.

What does the whole journey look like? Break it down into

chunks. How far? When do we want to arrive? Time zone – UT, BST, FST? How long? Tides? Speed? Hazards? And nearer the day, weather?

It took a while to gather the right charts and references for the passage, but I soon realised my biggest hurdle was confidence. I have crossed the channel on a number of occasions, passed the theory exams in 2010, and remain keen to continue learning, practising and exploring. I told myself to knuckle down and get on with the job. After this initial procrastination, it all came flooding back. The process was enjoyable and exciting albeit a bit confusing working from French time to BST, finally deciding to stick to UT + 1 or 2.

The key was to arrive at the Needles Channel and Alderney race for favourable tides and a sigh of relief when this was achieved – on paper!



Friday/Saturday

So now to the real thing. The passage plan agreed, we set



out from Port Hamble in 2 boats, *Avant Garde* and *Protégé*, both with crews of 5. Beautiful day, hot, with just enough wind to see us on our way.

A message on the radio from *Avant Garde* to *Protégé*, advised that they had just 6 matches. Did we have any spare?. A cunning plan was hatched to transfer the cargo between boats. An apple was cored, matches wrapped in clingfilm and inserted into the void. The ends were replaced and Will’s First Aid

kit provided sticking plaster to seal all in place.

Jeremy had previously announced that he was a champion Egg Tosser (a very unusual and very local Lincolnshire event), so was quickly chosen to release the projectile. *Avant Garde* Crew were briefed and Andy lined up as the target (catcher). Success – *Avant Garde* crew will eat and drink tonight.

The sea grew in swell as we turned left past the Needles. The rest of this passage is for others to comment on, as I took to releasing projectiles of my own between stomach and bucket! I was not the only one.

St Helier was looking busy, and so waited for a Dutch family to vacate the visitor’s pontoon outside of the main harbour. Will ‘snuck’ us in with *Avant Garde* coming alongside. After showers, beers, museums for some, ambling for others, we enjoyed Moules frites in the town square café, before returning to bunks. By this time the raft was 5 deep, but quickly confirmed that all were leaving early.

Slept soundly after our 115nm passage. A midnight choral rendition of Plastic Bertands ‘Ca plane pour moi’ from our young French neighbours, was politely ended following Ruth’s ‘Doucement, S’il vous plait’ called out from the companionway.

Sunday

An early departure for Granville on the French Coast. The glassy millpond sea mirrored the bright blue cloudless sky resulting in the peace being shattered by the motor. Once away from the Island however, there was just sufficient strength in the 7kn of wind, to let us enjoy some sailing. Andy had booked two berths ahead, and we were needing to



arrive 2 hours prior to high tide to ensure we could get over the cill into the harbour.

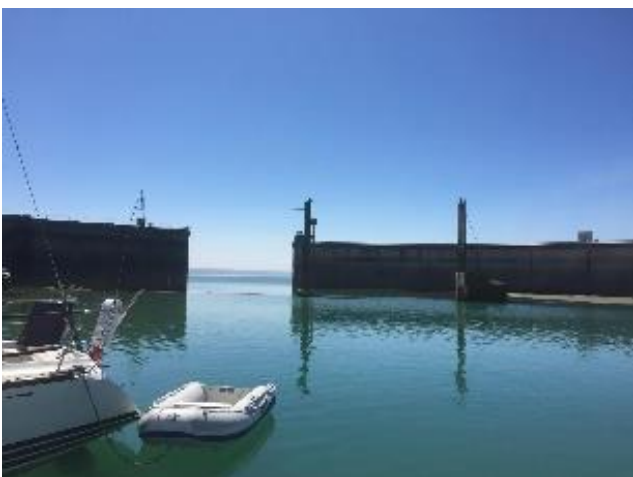
As we approached, 1nm off, we were met by an outpouring of motor vessels, bombing off in the direction of Les Iles Chaussey, a French archipelago 11nm away, north of St Malo. At low tide, there are 365 islets and just 52 at High tide, the largest being 1.5miles long, Grand Ile, with sandy beaches, a hotel, restaurants, church and fort. Didn't visit this



time, and the race to get there was a little off-putting, but a perfect stop-off destination for another day.

We were met by the Granville harbour master as we entered over the cill and shown directly to very easy, neighbouring pontoon moorings for the night. The afternoon was spent in a variety of interesting ways – watching paragliders taking off from the hillside. Wandering through flea market and uphill to churches, listening to an enthusiastic blue and white striped choir perform fisherman and sailor's folk songs. Then there's always a beer or two and ice-cream, especially on such a hot day.

A mostly fishy meal out shared by all. Evidence of plastic pollution found in Brian's mackerel dish but hopefully as outer packaging and not internal contamination. A peaceful night back on board.



Monday

A bit of a lie in, pilotage on deck and shopping, prior to a late morning departure back to St Catherine's Bay, NE Jersey. Meals on board, Dark and Stormy (beverage not skies).

Tuesday

Sark today, 25nm NW, and wanting to catch a mooring buoy for the night so that we had plenty of time to go ashore. Even hire bikes or walk the length and breadth of the island. Although the two boats found different bays (S and NE), neither were affected by the wind as the weather continued to give us just enough to sail but not too much to cause disturbance. The sun continued to shine, bringing the beauty of modern-day Sark to life. Although we went off to explore separately, the size of this tiny state, meant we were often bumping into someone we knew. No-one was unlucky enough to be caught by the 'constable' and fined or locked up in one of the two prison cells.

Wednesday

Island-hopped 23nm to the right, for a fascinating day on Alderney, where again bikes and foot were put to good use. Took us to forts, incredible German WW2 defences, white sandy beaches, wild flowers, peaceful gardens and a 4-metre Puffin carved from a tree stump (I think).

The Georgian restaurant served us delicious fresh, local



produce whilst a ukulele band dismally 'serenaded' us from the same song book as Dave's wife.

Water taxi back to boats and a mammoth clamber up the side of the boat, clinging to the shrouds, having not thought to deflate the dinghy strapped to the transom.

Thursday

A simple but spectacular sunrise as we left early for our 52nm passage back to Yarmouth. Perfect day for dolphin spotting but again, not a scrap of wildlife other than odd gulls and gannets. Shipping also was sparse and so the day was peaceful, relaxing and gave time for conversation. Reading, some navigation theory and a lot of finishing off 'stuff' from the fridge. An occasional sail cross-channel as the wind had short-lived flurries above 8kns.

Sailed back through the Needles Channel to Yarmouth however, arriving in perfect time to take advantage of 3-4 knots of tide. Dramatic lightning-storm, with distant rumbling thunder during the night, but no rain or change to the wind or sea state.

Friday

And so back to Port Hamble, with the never-ending sunshine still overhead, smiles on faces, and long-lasting memories of friendship, relaxation, laughter and stories galore - with a touch of sailing thrown in.



TOG 2018 Sailing Programme

Trent Offshore Group
TOG Members and Friends



Potential Programme for 2019

Easter - Lead Skipper Dave Bond and Paul Burghart. Board Wednesday 17th April, Sailing Thursday 18th April to Monday 22nd April. Beneteau Oceanis 37, 2 off 5 per yacht Berth cost £310

Pembrokeshire - Lead Skipper Alan Mortimore Friday 17th May to Friday 24th May Jeanneau Sun Odyssey, 1 off 5 total crew Estimated Cost £310

Scotland, Largs. - Lead Skippers Andy McWilliam and Alan Mortimore Saturday 22nd June to Saturday 29th June. Bavaria 47 and a Beneteau Oceanis 45 7 per yacht Berth cost £470

Cornwall, Plymouth - Lead Skipper Alan Mortimore Friday 30th August to Friday 6th September Yachts Plymouth based, 2 off 5 per yacht Estimated berth cost £350

October EOS (UK) - Lead Skipper Dave Bond and Paul Burghart Board Thursday 3rd October, Sailing Friday 4th October to Sunday 6th October. Beneteau Oceanis 37, 2 off 5 per yacht Berth cost £195

Lanzarote - Lead Skipper Neville Buckle Saturday 16th November to Saturday 23rd November Bavaria 46 cruiser 4 cabin, 2 off 7 per yacht Berth cost est £500 Berth costs include, End cleaning, Gas, Berthing at Marinas, Dinghy, Outboard, Linen and Towels. Flights available from East Midlands with Jet2.com around £270 including seat allocation, bags and on board meals.

All these events are detailed on our web site - see the sailing page reference

<http://www.trent-offshore-group.co.uk/sailing-programme/>

Bookings can be made by following the link at the top of the sailing page. Further information from any TOG Council Member or myself.



Annual Dinner Dance

TOG Members, family and friends are cordially invited to the Trent Offshore Group Annual Dinner Dance and awards to be held on:-

Saturday 9th February 2019, 7:00 pm for 7:30 pm at

Nottinghamshire Golf and Country Club, Main Road, Cotgrave,
Nottingham, NG12 3HB.

The evening will be held in the Function Suite which incorporates a reception area / lounge, a private bar, and the dining area incorporating a dance floor. A "new" venue for TOG.

To start

Homemade Ham Hock Terrine & Melba Toast
Chef seasonal soup (v)
Sautéed Wild Mushrooms, cream, thyme on toast (v)

From the carvery

Roast Sirloin of Beef
Roast Pork with crackling
Served with all the trimmings
or
Mediterranean Vegetable Stack with a Tomato & Basil sauce (v)

To finish

Lemon Posset, shortbread crumble, meringue pieces & blueberry compote
Warm Cherry and Almond Tart, caramel ice cream
Duo of Cheese, celery and grapes

And finally

Tea, coffee and chocolate mints

Tickets £32.95 per person

Dancing to Dream Wedding Entertainment Limited

Dress :- Smart Casual

Drinks :- There will be a wine ordering table in the reception so that you can order wine for your meal. All wine and drinks must be ordered and paid for by individual guests. There will be a bar serving drinks all night.

Dinner :- The four course dinner menu is detailed above. The Nottinghamshire require guests to pre order meal options approx. two weeks ahead of the event. TOG will send an email with a form to complete your selection mid-January 2019. Please advise the Nottinghamshire G&CC, in writing, should you have any special dietary requirements, and detail these on the menu option mail to be circulated mid-January. Tables accommodate up to ten people, although eight provides more table space and we can have up to 14 tables at this venue.

Booking :- To reserve your place, and request your table group please complete the on-line link on the TOG web site **SOCIAL** page. Alternatively please follow this link and enter your details.

Book

If you are a member of a group seating arrangement please add the name of the table head to your booking page. It is the responsibility of all members to make these arrangements with their table heads directly before booking. Bookings can be made NOW and preferably made no later than Monday 31st December 2018.

Payment should be made to Trent Offshore Group, account number 80390461 sort code 20-50-21 please add a reference to your payment ADD19 plus your initials.

Carriages :- 12:00 pm Midnight

Overnight accommodation: - The Residence at the Nottinghamshire is a boutique hotel with limited availability is able to offer room rates to TOG guests wishing to stay over. Rooms are £109 a night B&B (for single or double occupancy) for TOG dinner guests. Some standard double rooms are available for £89 B&B now for early booking. For further information and to book direct see the hotel web site <http://www.residencehotel.co.uk/> Alternatively contact the hotel direct - telephone 0115 933 3344 extension 223.



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