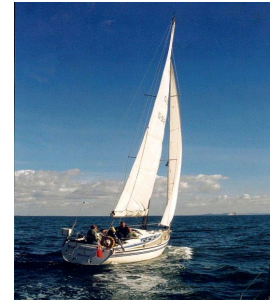




TOGLINE



The Quarterly Journal of the Trent Offshore Group

SUMMER NEWSLETTER 2010

DRAUGHT: The vertical distance between the waterline and any crap the stupid keel is stuck in.



Another TOGLINE comes around and I bid a very warm welcome to all our readers! Warm in the sense of the wonderful weather we have had recently and also warm thanks through all the contributions I have received this month. **A bumper edition.**

Humour in abundance- and seriousness as well. It has been difficult to decide what goes where so, if I have omitted a picture, re-arranged one here and there, or even edited some of the text, I do hope the contributor concerned will forgive me! The editor's decision is final and provided the articles do not overstep the bounds of propriety (good word that), rest assured they will appear – eventually! Certainly the items this month are of real interest and as always, I hope you approve.

The sister and brother-in-law of a very close and long-standing friend are sailing their 30 ft. catamaran from Porthmadog to Malta over the summer, for a fresh life in the Med. I have asked them if they would care to share their trials, tribulations and experiences with the members and readers of TOGLINE. They very kindly agreed, to my delight. Rose and Gordon left Porthmadog on May 30th via coast-hopping, and as of this moment, are making their way down the coast of Portugal. Rose's letters (logs) are being sent to her brother who then passes them on to me for transcription. I plan to serialise it over the next few issues and in this edition have introduced them to you as to their background and to set the scene. Rose is quite matter-of-fact, but has a way with words that can put you in the cockpit (or even in the bilges and a hot engine compartment) with them...! I really do hope you approve and (who knows?), it may inspire some of us deskbound, homebound intrepid sailors.....!

As I write, the Cowes week regatta is in full swing and haven't there been some lovely shots of those beauties flashing over the waves? The Open 60s and Extreme 40s are really something else! There was a wonderful

comment by the Daily Telegraph reporter "on the spot" who was tracking them at 20 knots in a gin palace (his words), when they were overtaken by a windsurfer doing at least 25....! How long before these upstarts have a class of their own?! They certainly flash around on Rutland Water and leave most dinghies (even the planers) standing. Apparently great exercise but I have my doubts!

A little dicky bird tells me 2011 is the 20th anniversary of the founding of Trent Offshore Group. Now there's a thing! Council is hoping to come up with one or two special items to tickle our fancies and to recognise this earth-shaking event. They said it would never last! Watch this space, the website and expect communications from our Expeditions Master, either via e-mail or even snail-mail if necessary.

You will doubtless have heard, by any of those three methods, of the proposed week-end at Rutland water, arranged by Paul Ratcliffe over the 21st-22nd August 2010. **Apart from the barbecue etc. on the Saturday evening, there will also be a crew briefing for all 26(!) members who are intending to join up at Falmouth on 18th September. This will take place at about 17:00 to 18:00 on the Saturday – hopefully under cover if the weather is inclement. (Of course it won't be..)** We will then discover with whom we will be sailing and will be sharing the vicissitudes and the camaraderie of life afloat. Let us hope the winds will be fair for us to discover the Scillies, as is part of the plan.

Thank you all once again for the contributions this quarter – you have really done us all proud. The Autumn edition will doubtless be more emasculated – although one never knows.....!

Happy Sailing.

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TAFFRAIL TATTLE – by Norman Allen



ADIEU TO RED DIESEL GORDON.

Well, since the last issue, all sorts of fun and games have taken place over your side of the Channel. I refer, of course, to the General Election and the consignment of Red Diesel Gordon to the pages of history. Unfortunately there is no possibility of going back to the days of across the board duty free marine diesel for the amateur. The European Union could not allow us to “opt out” once our previous rights had been surrendered so I am afraid that it is now “water under the bridge”. However one must remember that the very large motor cruisers still possess partial rights so if you are wealthy enough to possess such a vessel, with an oil fired galley and oil fired central heating, then you can claim a rebate of the tax paid on 40% of your “fill up” whether you are using these facilities in the summer months or not!

e-BORDERS

There is not much more to report on this issue as everything went very quiet pending the Election. I am told that negotiations will continue but we must all wait and see whether commonsense prevails. As I wrote in the last issue of TOGLINE, the sailing world is encouraged to work with the United Kingdom Border Agency in its war against smuggling and illegal immigration, and not be subject to a mass of paperwork and bureaucratic control that in some instances could prove very detrimental to our pastime.

MORE WRONG WAY TRAFFIC IN THE CHANNEL.

A small, illustrated snippet in NAVIGATION NEWS caught my eye the other day, concerning the activities of a 35 tonne, 18 metre, steel - hulled converted ice breaker returning to Dover from a pleasure trip to Jersey. The skipper had no formal qualifications but “had been involved with pleasure craft since childhood”.

He entered the SW going Shipping Lane at 0847, with a crew member at the wheel, and proceeded to steer a NE course (against the direction of traffic) for the next 3 hours and 50 minutes. The vessel covered a total of some 26 NM. We are informed that during this period the vessel had “close encounters” with three other ships, two of which were carrying dangerous or polluting cargoes. The Coastguards were informed of this vessel’s track (you bet they were!) and despatched the Coastguard aircraft to attempt to identify the vessel.

Fortunately there was no damage either to the vessel or to passing shipping and there is a happy ending. The Skipper was arraigned before Folkestone Magistrates’ Court and fined a mere £20,000. Pour encourager les autres!!



PUSHPIT PRATTLE by

Keith Stedman
Presiding Master

It is with great sadness that I have to inform you all of the deaths of Megan Macfarlane, wife of Neil Macfarlane and Mary Cook, wife of Stewart Cook.

Many of you already knew that Megan had been diagnosed with lung cancer just over a year ago. Megan showed great courage and fortitude fighting this terrible illness. Even when she was obviously not feeling too great, she always made visitors

welcome into her home. Megan was a lovely lady who always had a smile and time for a chat.

Mary’s death was totally unexpected, a result of a tragic road accident in June of this year. Whilst on a walking holiday with Stewart in the Lake District she was struck by a vehicle. Mary always had a smile with a cheerful, bubbly nature and will be missed, not just by her immediate family Stuart, Fiona and Gillian, but also by the many children who knew her as the School Librarian at The Grove School, Newark.

Both Megan and Mary were extremely supportive of their husband’s activities within Trent Offshore Group and regularly attended the Annual Dinner. They will be greatly missed by all who knew them.

Our sincere condolences go to Neil, Stuart and their families.

REPORTS

REPLY TO SQN LDR NORMAN ALLEN BY MARK DAVIS, TRAINING MASTER CHARTERS AND CHARTERERS



I read Norman’s article in the Spring TOGline with interest and concern. Norman’s claims and charges are

numerous, he states:-

1. TOG is failing to maintain or match the number of members afloat compared to previous years.
2. There are too many cancelled trips.
3. The TOG sailing programme is a mere shadow of previous TOG programmes.
4. TOG is paying too much to charterers by insisting on **new and comfortable** boats fitted with the latest electronic aids.
5. TOG is failing to move with the times (hmm! This charge seems to be at odds with item 4).

As a long term member of TOG, as well as sitting on Council, it was hard reading such terse criticism from the retired Presiding Master, a personal friend, as well as being my past tutor and mentor.

We all have our inbuilt perception of how things are, and I realise it is all too easy to drift along believing things are fine when really they are not. So Norman’s article was a good wake up call, it was time to evaluate what TOG is doing well, but identify where it needs to try harder.

In order to give a considered and accurate reply to Norman’s article a bit of research was needed, so I trawled through the TOG archives back to 2005 which enabled me to compile the table below:-

Year	Number of Expeditions	Number of Boats	Members going to sea
2005	7	11	56
2006	7	12	59
2007	4	10	60
2008	5	10	56
2009	4	7	47
2010	5	11	67
	Oct 2010 Sailex not included	Oct 2010 Sailex not included	Oct 2010 Sailex not included

I think the table shows that we have maintained a reasonable and consistent number of members afloat; despite

1. A world recession.
2. Exchange rate collapse.
3. Booking comfortable boats.

4. Having a chart plotter on board (sometimes).

Regarding 2009 it has to be conceded that this was not our finest year and there were a number of cancelled trips, I have listed them below and offered reasons where known.

The first cancelled expedition, a regular calendar event of the past was Richard Vincent's Milford Haven trip. I personally have no idea why Richard and his crew did not sail under TOG's banner last year, or indeed if they sailed at all. What I can say is that it had nothing to do with not chartering boats from Royal Signals Yacht Club. Richard's choice of charterer was always his own.

The next cancellation was a planned expedition in Croatia. The original cost of this trip including flights seemed very favourable, however the fluctuating exchange rate soon made this trip a non-starter.

Finally there was the cancelled summer cross channel trip; this was not due to lack of member interest but because of the tragic personal circumstances of the lead crew members, Keith Stedman and Neil Macfarlane necessitating their withdrawal from this trip.

Norman's assertion that the Royal Signals yachts offer huge savings over commercial companies is something I feel needs qualifying. During the 2005 and 2006 sailing season TOG went through a period of chartering side by side from Fairview and the Royal Signals. Fairview boats worked out about £20 more per person over a five day sailing period, (i.e. £4 per person per day). For this extra cost crews got a friendly welcome from the highly professional Fairview team, and were allocated fully maintained boats of the highest calibre with full 24/7 back up.

From a practical point of view, because of the large number of boats in Fairview's fleet, they have always been able to fulfil our requirements when we needed multiple boats for one expedition. Indeed it was Royal Signals Yacht Club inability to meet our requirements on some occasions that forced us to look elsewhere in the first place.

I can also confirm that at the time of writing this article a quick search on the World Wide Web shows the Royal Signals Yacht Club has only one boat available for the dates we plan to hold our end of season October Sailex.

Norman's comment that TOG pays excessive charter fees because we will only charter boats with the most up to date electronic aids is open to challenge. Primarily our choice of boat is dictated by the vessels:

1. Location
2. Suitability
3. Availability
4. Size
5. Cost

Many of the boats we charter whether from Fairview or one of the other companies we use are owner managed. In practical terms this often means we charter identical hulls at the same price but with different electronic aids (a result of the owner's personal choices when fitting out). The luxury of 'RADAR', a requirement to which Norman refers, is something I have only experienced on the Royal Signal Yachts.

Council has been considering for some time what should be done to engage more members and enhance TOG's appeal. One problem was the dwindling number of active qualified skippers still willing and able to offer their time to TOG. An action plan was drawn up; boats, trainers and RYA assessors were booked, and as a result we now have seven new Yachtmaster Coastal Skippers.

Council also concluded that TOG had suffered from no longer having a dedicated Expeditions Master. That has been remedied by the arrival of John Bryant, an active member of some years standing. Quite a few of you out there will already have sailed

with him. John has already made a splendid contribution this year in organising various TOG sailing events, and he would be delighted to receive any constructive feedback you may have that could help him fulfil his role on council.

It would be easy for me to end in a complacent and upbeat manner, concluding that all is well, but I am well aware things can always be better. Whilst I believe things are not as bad as the picture Norman paints I accept that every club, group and organisation periodically needs to re-evaluate its role and activities. For TOG to fulfil its main aim of getting members sailing Council needs to hear from you. Please tell us what you want from TOG, whether it be training, sailing, more socials, a bit of each, or something we have not thought of! If you don't tell us we don't know and cannot respond.

You can also rest assured that our new Expeditions Master will continue to do all he can to keep down berth costs.

Details of how to contact TOG council members can be found in this magazine and on the TOG website www.trent-offshore-group.co.uk



YACHTMASTER COASTAL SKIPPER/ DAY SKIPPER TRAINING & ASSESSMENT 21ST-28TH MARCH 2010

by Adrian Johnson

Prospective Day Skippers- Kathleen Angel, Phillip Angell, Steve Fraser

Prospective Coastal Skippers- Dave Bond, Adrian Johnson

A diarised summary of an organised week has been previously recounted by a far more able scribe than I in Stewart Cook, so here is my potted version of the alternative week!

Monday morning arrived bright and breezy but unfortunately Colin didn't; he turned up 45 minutes late and proceeded to relate how bad the traffic was on the south coast. He had to travel all of 7 miles from Southsea to Hamble and couldn't believe how bad it was - well you do live there Colin! Colin is our instructor, he's a hairy, hippy type of guy, 58 years old, retired from British Aerospace as a development engineer some years ago and has two children under the age of 5; he's come for a week's rest from them and some chilling out - as we shall see. After a brief crew assessment and a very short safety briefing minus notes - meaning he forgot numerous salient points - we set off for a day's pottering about. Nothing of note really happened for the rest of the day until bedtime when, as he closed the cabin door, he remarked 'give me a knock at 8 am will you guys'! No rush there then.

The rest of the week followed in much the same fashion, in conditions that can best be described as Baltic. We did a bit of pontoon bashing, a few man overboard exercises and generally cruised about. Oh! Dave and myself did do a course to steer each - once.

Simulating fog conditions, following contours; - never got round to it. Sailing a triangular course, practising points of sail, - never got round to it. Sail the boat without electronics, use back bearings etc.- never got round to it. Sailing to a fix like the O on Osborne bay - didn't see the need for that. Turning the boat round in it's own length? He showed us that - we didn't get a go, though. We did spend an hour one evening going through shapes, lights and buoyage, but concluded this must be very low down on the RYA list of priorities due to the lack of interest from him.

Friday came and our man Colin decided it would be a good idea to assess the personality profile of our examiner and ambled off very slowly to Fairview for some info. He came back with

interesting news. We were definitely getting a lady examiner and he knew the RYA only had two on the South Coast, one called Pippa who was alright and one called Caroline who was, shall we say, a complete nightmare. Why, she failed a guy the other week for putting in an accidental gybe - gulp! Around teatime he came back with further news. We are getting the girl from up the river Hamble and that's Pippa and she's alright! Phew - relief all round. Colin said his goodbyes and wished us luck, but we wouldn't need it because we'd got Pippa and she's alright. He then, not so promptly, drove off minus his bag and course instructors pack. It wasn't too much of a problem for him when he returned, because he had forgotten to pump up the tyre on his car before leaving. So, now he could kill two birds with one stone; collect his kit whilst pumping the tyre up. Multi-tasking eh! Eventually he drove off for the second time and---left his instructors pack behind! We never did see Colin again after that, so handed his pack into Fairview. Over a beer in the Anchor, Dave and myself discussed the day ahead and what would be expected of us. Would it be colregs and safety, would it be navigation, would it be boat -handling skills.....? We hadn't got a clue!

Saturday morning arrived and we welcomed Pippa onboard. She said she lived in Hamble village and we could call her Caroline!?!? What! Mass rush for the heads!

Caroline duly made her introductions and informed us that, as she had been detained in hospital all week and felt absolutely dreadful, we had better know her medication requirements in case she collapsed or even worse--! She said she had tried to cry off sick but there were no replacements, so we would just have to get on with it. *Sacre bleu!* During the course of a very light lunch (we didn't feel hungry), she calmly informed us she had failed three out of the four guys she examined last time out! Another mass rush to the heads! This woman was clearly a man hater! Some hours later, whilst doing a man overboard under sail, she informed me that if I gybed the sail, she would have to fail me - eek!? No time for the heads? After several more hours of pain and with Caroline's condition deteriorating rapidly, we headed back to Hamble marina to be told that Fairview had organised a nice berth right at the back of the pontoon up against the wall under the restaurant. Caroline, bless her, said it was my turn to moor up and would I take the boat in. Stewth! Fortunately all passed off without drama and Caroline informed us individually that we had passed. Phew! Great relief all round and a final end to what, for me certainly, was one of the most stressful days of my life. Oh - and straight to the pub to get ridiculously drunk.

I would like to thank the crew for aiding and abetting my efforts during the day and pay a special tribute to Dave, who, without his help and support I feel I would certainly have failed. **So - observations.**

I feel there is a conflict of interest when Day Skippers and Coastal Skippers are being trained on the same boat - it doesn't seem to work well.

I think that, although prospective skippers have got the required number of hours in their log book to do the course, most of these are spent as crew with little chance to practise boat handling techniques, points of sail etc. This is understandable when you think that on TOG trips, nobody wants to cough up £300 or so in excess payments if a novice sailor rams the boat into the harbour wall. Likewise, if you are sailing on your mate's latest pride and joy he is similarly reluctant.

Possibly TOG could run outings prior to Coastal Skipper courses in order to get prospects up to speed, I'm sure the group has the necessary skills.

It appears to be a lottery whether or not you get a competent instructor on your boat. We actually felt we learnt more from Caroline during that day, than with Colin all week. Interestingly, she is available for private tuition and hails from Leicestershire. She learnt her trade as it were with the old New Parks set up.

Finally, would I like to do it again? **No thank you very much!**



Author at the helm Auckland in distance

seems to incessantly throw at us all. Just for a few months, I told myself, to see if life in NZ is everything that the Kiwi's say it is, and I can assure you its less than they say it is... less snow, less hassle, less rain, less grief, less people, less cars on the road, least amount of most things excluding sunshine which is here aplenty, and an ability to actually have a real balance between life and work.

Although on the down side, you do have to use factor 1,000,000 as there is no O-zone layer, and they have these absolutely enormous cold rooms full of beer so that, when you

pop out for a few tinnies, they are ready to imbibe without having to throw them in the freezer for a an eternity ('is it cold enough yet' in Donkey-like voice, a la Shrek).

"No worries" is a Kiwi (pronounced Kawae) favourite uttering, although this wasn't what they were saying at the recent ODI's against the bigger antipodean neighbour next door. They were chanting something very unpleasant towards a certain Mitchell Johnson. Guess what? I made the fundamental mistake of going to watch one of the matches in a GREEN T-shirt. Somewhat akin to watching Rangers v Celtic at Ibrox wearing similar attire, when you just want to go along for the corporate hospitality! OK - maybe there the similarity ends. As far as I am led to believe, there isn't much corporate or even civil hospitality when you visit Ibrox, unless you are the ref, allegedly. As a Scot, I am well used to being regularly thumped by one's bigger neighbour at Murrayfield (15 all? and I thought the English couldn't come down to the level the Scots are currently playing at, thanks Johno) so I was not expecting a miracle, and as expected the Aussies took the series.

But I digress. Back to Auckland 'City of Sails', the gateway to New Zealand. It is a blend of islands, glistening harbour and a modern city, consistently ranked amongst the best lifestyle cities in the world, and who am I to disagree! The Maori name for Auckland is Tamaki Makau Rau, or "maiden with 100 lovers".



[Louis Vuitton racers – Auckland in background

Some of you will remember when the America's cup wasn't a phallic 'mines bigger than yours' competition as it was in Spain this year. Thanks to Larry Ellison and Ernesto Bertarelli and never ending sail-bags full of cash, their multi-hulled electronic machines pretty much destroyed the magic that is the oldest active trophy in International Sport, (predates the modern Olympics by 45 years according to Wiki). There were no iconic visions of 16 crew hanging over the gunwale of a single hulled lady, the mad pumping of grinders hauling mainsail, foresail, and assorted brightly coloured chutes up and down; testing the skills of helmsmen as they tack and gybe to take the wind from the opposition's sails. Maybe not till next time anyway, I hope!



So there I am walking along the harbour front, or the Viaduct as its called locally. This intrigued me. As far as I can recall from my history classes at school, I can't remember NZ being a part of the Roman empire and there was no visible evidence of Roman remains anywhere. So, after a few hours trawling the many bars along the Viaduct front, purely in the name of



research I can assure you, it turns out that there was a failed scheme about 100 years ago to have the bigger ships moor out in the bay. Smaller carriers would then ferry the goods to shore. Enough bars and restaurants to keep the TOG Easter Sailex

crews very happy, I can assure you.

I digress again. In the harbour are a couple of the NZ 1995 America's cup yachts. They offer mere members of the public the chance to, not just sail in them for a few hours for a few dollars (\$150 less 10% discount if for some reason you show your AA International driving permit, don't ask), but you can also race them. That's the one for me says I.

There she is NZL 41, as pristine as the day she last raced in 1995 for the America's Cup. The only smallish change they have made, is to add a few tonnes of engine to chug in and out of the harbour, and a small safety rail for mere landlubbers to hang onto.

So, on a very hot and windy day last week, I turned up with my dollars and AA Int Driving Permit in hand (you can take the Scotsman out Scotland...) ready for the fray. Mike was our Skip with three regular crew. However, there seemed to be only 7 of us mere mortals on NZL 41 (it was the end of the summer season). Now the Skipper that has been suppressed



inside me since my last race around the Nab Tower out of the Solent last October, started to take a view over the whole proceedings. I note that there are 4 grinders requiring 8 crew to raise the mainsail. We will need a Helmsman on the tiller, and two crew on the sheets. My maths makes that a minimum crew of 11. Capability of the crew? Taking a quick look around, I see that two of my fellow crew are much older than me (the Saga Ruby was in town) so they were not going to be much help on the grinders. Two were Asian and couldn't speak English - no chance of them understanding any instructions. One was quite a small frail lady, leaving myself and another couple who did actually look the part. Almost as if they had just got themselves toggled up for the day in a local Chandlery. Soon get that kit dirty and sweaty. I had only my swimmers with a t-shirt, cap, sunnies, and lots and lots of sunscreen, so felt a little on the scruffy side in the current company. *Plus ca change.*

It looked as if it was going to be either an eventful sail, or a quiet stroll around the harbour with half a mainsail up waiting for a support vessel to take off the casualties. Now, how did 'Pan Pan' go again?

A safety briefing was followed by a quick strategic message from the Skip, "We are sailing out into the main harbour and when we get clear of the LV racers, I'll bring the yacht into the wind and you must wind the grinders like your life depended on it. Then, if we get sails up before our opponents in NZL40, **then** we can relax and enjoy a leisurely stroll, otherwise...." It was left without an ending and I felt there were a few beers on this race between the Skips.

I quickly glanced across at NZL 40 and they seemed to have a full crew of body builders and athletes. Surprising how your eyes deceive you in bright sunshine.

Shall I add a bit more to the mix? It was also the Louis Vuitton Trophy race day in Auckland Harbour **and** the Auckland Boat Show. The harbour was not just busy, it was packed! Also, there were going to be support vessels all over the main harbour moving racing markers at will. **FUN!**



Heading North out of Auckland Harbour, a tall-ship on its way in,

We chugged along the South side of the harbour heading East only to be met by a race Marshall dropping off new race markers. After a quick change of course to the North side of the channel,

we somehow managed to avoid upsetting the professionals.

After a few tight manoeuvres by our skip, it was time to get the sails up... The skip managed to get the makeshift crew into position by pointing fingers at each of us in turn and where to stand... A quick brief on how to use the grinders and not to get your teeth in the way! Your hat or sunspecs can be lost, just **don't stop "grinding"** when we start. Right! Into the wind we go...

Right ho! -and after about 30 seconds (it takes the pros less than 10 secs, but they are fit and have the right number of crew). I sweat like a kipper in the heat, even with the mainsheet rising above us to shelter us from the sun.

I look around and see that we are at least a ships length behind NZL40 which is making headway past Devonport at the far Easterly point of the North Shore. We are just getting our breath back and its time to haul out the chute... only 11 seconds and that's twice as long as the pro's.

Looking across at NZL40, it seems to be having a problem with its chute - neither half-way-up nor down... we smile through the sweat and breathlessly enjoy the clear water heading out to Mount Rangitoto.

This is an extinct volcano

which I fell off while climbing on the first w/e here.

We make good speed and reach Fl.R.12s21m7M at the end of the Rangitoto Channel with at least 4 boat lengths advantage over our rivals. Although I had the helm over this stretch of water, I must admit this had absolutely nothing to do with us being in front. We didn't have to tack at all against the light



Chute up and Mount Rangitoto on the Starboard

We came about round the Rangitoto Marker Light and headed South back to harbour. Cook had named this stretch of water the 'Thames' in the 1800'. It wasn't until 1820, when the "*Prince Regent*" was despatched to the area in search of a missing vessel the "*Coromandel*", that the first known traverse of this channel was made. This under the guiding eye of a local Maori chief, Witi who had come on board and offered to pilot the ship through the narrow channel rather than through the Tamaki strait. This would have involved going back on themselves and sailing a further day or two round the clump of islands and dangerous rocks in the middle of the bay. There may not be as much history as in the UK, but there are many stories to tell.

Clear blue skies as we gybe our way back into port... heeling over at about 45 degrees. Seemingly it only gets to be real fun



when the wash is flowing across the desk and out the open stern...

when the wash is flowing across the desk and out the open stern...

It was a lot easier to get the sails down and chug back into port, the victor of today's challenge, heading off to find an ice-cold beer and chat about the last few hours with my new

sea mates. I even managed to find a few words in common with the oriental crew, like beer!

Bldy good fun**, I would recommend anybody coming out here to take time out for a SAILNZ day trip somewhere along the NZ coast... sometime before or after Saturday 1st October 2011 when Scotland meet England in the group stages of the Rugby World Cup at Eden Park here in Auckland.



Mainsheet - 21 metres up!

Northerly but NZL40 had taken the inside channel, close to Devonport. The wind had gusted up as they came out of the lee of the North Shore, pushing them farther east than they had planned.



HEBRIDES SAILEX - 10 TO 17 JULY 2010

Firebird: Arthur Wood (Skipper/Commodore), Stewart Cook, Brian Morris, Diane Rowbotham.

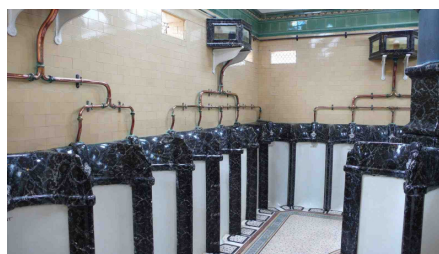
Torridon: Neil Macfarlane (Skipper), Peter Tytler, John Bryant, Jackie Wilson.

Saturday 10 July

Two 32ft Jeanneau Sun Odysseys had been booked from Flamingo Charters based in Largs Yacht Haven. Crews assembled in the early afternoon. After Flamingo's briefing of skippers and mates, the two crews met for a quick drink/bite at the local sailing club and discussed potential itineraries for the week. Then having loaded stores and completed safety briefings, the yachts left Largs at 17.45 in a NNE F4 wind and light rain bound for Rothesay on the Isle of Bute. *Torridon* arrived at Rothesay at 2005 and having noted the shortage of berths in the small outer harbour, just managed to ease her way into a tight space alongside another yacht on the pontoon. *Firebird* arrived later and checked out the few remaining spaces in the outer harbour. However these were either too narrow or lacked adequate depth, so she waited until the Cal Mac ferry movements allowed the opening of the pedestrian bridge over the entrance to the inner harbour and gave her access to a suitable berth.

The town was busy and competition for pub food fierce, so *Torridon's* crew dined well in the salubrious surroundings of the Victoria Hotel restaurant. After dinner, we were joined by Stewart and moved into the bar to enjoy an evening with the locals of live music with a Scottish flavour. Log 9.0 NM

Sunday 11 July



After admiring the architectural magnificence of the splendid Victorian lavatories, showers and enjoying a leisurely breakfast on board, the yachts left Rothesay

harbour about 1145. The weather was not kind: rain, and a F5 westerly wind gusting 25kts. Under engine, the yachts headed north-east towards the East Kyle, the crews rather damp and unappreciative of the unfolding beauty of their surroundings. Entering the East Kyle at 1230, the sky began to clear to the west and the wind dropped, such that we passed the "narrows" at Burnt Islands in sunshine. Hoisting the genoa, *Torridon* inspected Caladh

Harbour, formed by the small island Eilean Dubh at the foot of Loch Riddon and marking the entrance to the West Kyle. With the prevailing westerly distorted to a head wind by the surrounding hills, *Torridon* motor- sailed down the West Kyle, to

pick up a buoy at 1415 off the Royal Hotel, Tighnabruaich, for a late lunch, shortly to be joined by *Firebird* which had persevered



with the changing wind and made the best attempt to sail before resorting to the engine. It was agreed to moor overnight, remaining in the relative shelter of the West Kyle.

However, lunch over, and the sun shining, *Torridon's* crew were keen to sail. At 1545 with two reefs in the mainsail she cast off the mooring, set the genoa to match the reefs and set off south down the West Kyle. A splendid sail ensued, heading down towards Ardlamont Point, close hauled and touching 6kts, but remaining in the relative shelter of mainland hills. After two hours' exhilarating sailing with everyone taking a turn on the helm, *Torridon* turned and headed north with the wind on the beam. In a dying wind a failed attempt to pick up the mooring buoy amused the attentive crew of *Firebird* who had already benefited from Brian's culinary skills through an excellent dinner cooked on board. Moored up, both crews inflated their dinghies and went ashore to the hotel. It had run out of draught beer except for Guinness, but the resourceful crew of *Torridon* made do with other lubricants to wash down diver caught scallops and local langoustine, whilst taking a passing interest in the world cup final on the bar television (Spain won). Outside, clouds of eager midges awaited anyone seeking to admire the yachts at anchor as the sun set. Back on the yachts, the night was marked by occasional squalls, showers and noises in the rigging. More senior members of the crew checked for the presence of phosphorescent plankton in the traditional manner.

Log 24.4 NM (includes *Torridon's* extra 13.8 NM excursion)

Monday 12 July

Having heard the inshore forecast and breakfasted, the yachts cast off around 0915 and headed south in a F2/3 NNE wind. The destination was Campbeltown to give the option of later rounding the Mull of Kintyre to head for Antrim or Islay. Ardlamont Point was passed under full sail at 1030 with Inchmarnock on the port bow and the peaks of Arran ahead. However, an hour later, the wind had subsided so the genoa was furled and *Torridon* entered Loch Ranza on the north-western tip of Arran at 1230. We picked up a mooring buoy, made lunch, and watched the arrival of *Firebird* half an hour or so later. The



castle and Arran hills provided a beautiful backdrop to the activities of local boats, the arrival of a MFV converted (and

much upgraded) to passenger accommodation, and the movements of the Kintyre ferry.

At 1410 *Torridon* cast off and headed south under engine in a flat calm through shoals of jellyfish, admiring puffins and porpoises. By 1515 the wind had revived and under full sail the yachts headed down the Kilbrennan Sound on the west side of Arran. However by 1630 the wind had lessened and the engine was required to make progress to arrive in Campbeltown at 1900, having met *Firebird* off Davaar Island.

Facilities at Campbeltown had improved somewhat since TOG's last visit some five years ago, with the pontoons now enlarged, but still no decent services dedicated to visiting yachts. Several Irish yachts were moored up. *Torridon's* crew was delighted to accept *Firebird's* hospitality to dine on-board and discuss the latest weather forecast and future plans. Good weather was forecast for Tuesday, and the tide was favourable for crossing the North Channel to Ulster, or up to Islay; but severe weather for Wednesday, which would have made

subsequent return difficult against wind and tide, as well as possibly delayed. So the skippers agreed to sleep on it.

Log 37.3 NM.

Tuesday 13 July

The inshore forecast for Wednesday was still adverse, so after showers in the new Aqualibrium (swimming pool plus library and a change from the use of the hotel's maids' room on a previous visit!) and breakfast, Tarbert, Loch Fyne was identified as the next destination. Moorings were slipped around 1130 and Campbeltown Loch negotiated under engine. In a light and fluctuating south-westerly, the yachts made their way north between Kintyre and Arran, mostly under engine, occasionally assisted by goose-winged sail. Around 1400 *Torridon* diverted her course to investigate large flocks of gannets, gulls, guillemots etc feeding to starboard. We were rewarded by the appearance of a school of porpoises and the graceful surfacing of



a minke whale. A second, or perhaps the same, whale was observed further north half an hour later.

About 1700, the wind revived and by 1730 a F5 south-westerly gave *Torridon* an excellent hour's sailing from

Skipness up to East Loch Tarbert. *Firebird*, having stopped in Carradale Bay for lunch, was some way behind but picked up the same wind. *Torridon* entered Tarbert Harbour and tied up to the pontoons on the north side of the harbour at 1840, to be joined by *Firebird* rafting up alongside half an hour later. Most crew met up at the Bistro on Castle Street for a good evening meal served by a chatty Dutch waiter (with Boerish tendencies) – but once again there was shortage of beer.

That night, the forecast bad weather arrived with gale force winds and heavy rain, but the harbour afforded good shelter and a sound night's rest. **Log 32.5 NM.**

Wednesday 14 July

With the bad weather continuing crews made the most of a day in harbour. Stewart, Jackie and Di (who had kindly given up the last seat on the Glasgow bus to allow Neil to visit his cousin in Minard) caught the local bus to Lochgilphead. There, with the benefit of local knowledge, they had an excellent meal in a bistro. As the weather had improved, they walked a section of the Crinan canal to Ardrishaig and found a pub with a good selection of local beer, before returning to Tarbert. Other crew members relaxed or explored Tarbert. In the evening, *Torridon* entertained the *Firebird's* crew to dinner aboard. **Log 0 NM**



Thursday 15 July.

With the wind moderated, *Firebird* made an early start and left the pontoon at 0800, whilst *Torridon's* crew were still in their bunks

contemplating the debris from the previous night. No destination had yet been agreed, other than back through the Kyles of Bute. *Firebird* sailed down Loch Fyne and spent a good half hour watching porpoises off Ardlamont Point at the entrance to the West Kyle. With the wind decreasing, the mist coming down off

the hills and the rain falling gently, known locally as a “soft morning”, *Firebird* motor sailed around the Kyles to pick up a mooring off Colintrave. *Torridon* departed at 1000 in a NW wind F3 and a sea much calmer than the previous day. After leaving the East Loch, she headed south-west, initially on the west side of the Loch Fyne but then moved east to pick up more wind. By 1150, *Torridon* had rounded Ardlamont Point to enter the West Kyle off Ettrick Bay. At 13:00 having passed Burnt Islands, she picked up a buoy off Colintrave to have lunch. Having spotted *Firebird* moored nearby, *Torridon* circled her to check her intentions. Holy Loch was decided as the joint destination and both yachts set off at 1425. Down the East Kyle, past the entrance to Loch Striven under a combination of reaching, running and motor-sailing, the yachts headed towards the points of Ardyne and Toward.

As the wind steadily strengthened and the sun emerged. Off Wemyss Bay in the Firth of Clyde, the sails were set for a splendid run up towards Strone Point and the entrance to Holy Loch. Contacting the marina by radio, we found that we were already expected – Arthur had contacted local resident Peter Titmuss who had telephoned the marina. Passing White Farlane Point, the yachts moored up at the extensive and nearly empty pontoons of Holy Loch marina. *Firebird's* crew dined aboard; *Torridon's* went ashore to the local hotel. The locals exerted their ancient right to be served at the bar before any visitors, but eventually we were provided with a good meal by one, much overworked waitress. **Log 33.6 NM.**

Friday 15 July

Forecast: strong winds NW F5/6 occasionally F7, backing SW F4/5. The yachts cast off at 1045, and soon unfurled genoas to take them out of the loch. Then *Torridon* and *Firebird* headed upwind to hoist the sails, first with one then two reefs as the



wind increased. There followed an exhilarating sail; first partly in the lee of the land, then picking up the full force of the wind past Wemyss Bay, but with only a slight to moderate sea. *Torridon*

exceeded 8kts before passing down the Largs Channel into the shelter given by Great Cumbræ. Off Hunterston, the two yachts met and *Torridon* followed *Firebird* into Millport Bay through an entrance protected by rocks, on a course of 333T with the end of the pier to pick up mooring buoys at 1445 for a late lunch. *Firebird* provided entertainment to *Torridon* as the crew attempted to pass a second warp through the mooring buoy's eye to back up the original line, which had partially sheared under the load of the yacht.

A couple of hours later, the yachts slipped off the moorings and left the bay, with the marine station on the port shore (fondly remembered by the two Aberdeen zoologists on board). In a brisk south-westerly, the yachts made the short passage to Largs under genoas alone, entering the marina to tie up at 1800 in the berths assigned to Flamingo. That evening, both crews dined in Regattas restaurant (formerly Nardini's) and



swapped yarns about the preceding week which had provided a wide variety of weather and sailing. **Log 22.2 NM**

Saturday 17 July

The yachts were cleaned and handed back to Flamingo in good order. No mishaps had occurred, but for *Torridon*, her very newness (April) had revealed a few idiosyncrasies, e.g. log speed in km/h and a chart-plotter with depths in feet (US). Crews then made their farewells and dispersed to Stirling and the East Midlands.

Total distance logged: 158 NM. Zero night hours.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED.

by Peter Tytler



Writing an alternative report

to the skipper's log can lead to unnecessary replication so, I thought I should look for a suitable theme which would allow me to give the readers my personal insight to our recent cruise. First I thought *the Rhyme of the Ancient Mariners* (sorry Coleridge), taking into account

that the aggregate age of the three TOG members of our crew was close to 200 years, but that would have been unfair to our youthful (paying) guest. To be honest, the real reason for its rejection is that I am not good on iambic tetrameter, especially when it alternates with trimeter. Then I came up with *the Togysses* (Homer is long dead and won't mind, I am sure), which retains the ancient theme, but the crew remain ageless. **As with all good sea sagas**, there are constant elements; location, crew, boat and weather. Our intended location was the Antrim coast and the Inner Hebrides, but the weather conspired against us. The thought of trying to round the Mull of Kintyre with contrary winds gusting to force 6 against a spring tidal flow of 5 knots, was enough to deter even the most hardened of TOG ancients. In fact, I am pretty sure even Ulysses would have turned tail, like us, and headed for East Loch Tarbert. The upside was that we had the opportunity to explore the Firth of Clyde and its sea Lochs, which in my unashamed and biased opinion, can rival any sailing area!

Our crew consisted of Neil our brave, laidback skipper; me the 'local expert' (as Neil likes to call me, with his tongue firmly in his cheek); John, the purser (second-to-none) and ship's engineer and our lovely cabin lass Jackie, a welcome newcomer to TOG. I have to say that when Jackie first met the ancient mariners the expression on her face was a study. What had she let herself in for?

The boat was a very new Sun Odyssey 32, a very appropriate craft for our saga, wouldn't you say? She was very comfortable and easily sailed by a crew of four. It had everything we needed, including central heating, the control of which our crafty skipper kept hidden in his cabin. It took us three days to find it! I'm not saying that he was trying to save on diesel, but when potential boarders approached our boat he was heard to say 'You'll have had your tea!'

The weather was, how can I say it, ...Scottish? We didn't have snow, hail or ice or thunder and lightning, but we had everything else. Poor Jackie had brought her bikini! I didn't bother! I brought thermals, gloves and a Viking fleece hat instead; local knowledge you see! To be fair, although the winds were strong we had some cracking sailing and the sun did seem to come out at key moments. Particularly memorable was the lunch stop in Loch Ranza at the north end of Arran, when we were able to

shed layers and Jackie was tempted to have a swim, but we discouraged her, of course, in the interest of the crew's health. The sea was full of jellyfish including the nasty stinging lion's mane! Also my blood pressure needs to be controlled.

Our Togoysey took us to numerous beautiful ports of call, each with its own peculiar attraction. The first was Rothesay, with its restored Victorian toilets which attract tourists from all over the world. Unfortunately, the place of special interest is the men's faux marble urinals - fine when empty but embarrassing when the blue-rinse brigade, armed with digital cameras, catch you in the act! Next was Tighnabruaich, difficult to spell and impossible to pronounce, if you are not of the Celtic persuasion. It is a lovely place set in Kyles of Bute, one of the gems of Clyde sailing. We tied up to moorings provided by the Royal Hotel, a most hospitable place. After lunch on the moorings it was decided to make Tighnabruaich our overnight stay. While the other crew spent the day on the moorings, we continued our Togoysey by sailing in the West Kyle. There was a good breeze, which enabled us to sail leisurely through all points, including goose-winging, in glorious sunshine, surrounded by atmospheric highland scenery. So, emboldened by our proficiency, I chose to try picking up the moorings under sail. Big mistake! The wind dropped and a slight change in direction forced me to use the metal sail at the last moment. Needless to say, this abortion drew cries of derision from the assembled crew on our sister ship. We went ashore for dinner to find the pub had no draught beer. The seafood dishes were delicious and for wine drinkers the evening was complete; the others had to content themselves watching the football on the TV.

After the lunch stop at Loch Ranza, the next port was Campbeltown where we had gone in the hope of rounding the fearsome Mull of Kintyre. An Atlantic low, which had been lurking about for a few days, was on the move and scheduled to hit us the next night, so the agreed plan was for both boats to head up to East Loch Tarbert. As always, before the storm, the weather was fine with light winds, enough to fill the genoa and push us along at a gentle pace, but for much of the time we had to resort to the diesel engine. Kilbrannan Sound lies between Kintyre and the west shore of Arran and normally offers a sheltered passage North. There is only one obstacle to the passage: the overfalls off Whitefarland Point. These are created by wind and tides forcing water over the Erins bank where the depth changes from 90 to 14 metres. Now I won't say that this was shoaling, as it might be misconstrued by colleagues used to dodging mud banks! Fortunately for us, tide and wind were favourable. However we were aware of large rafts of birds; gannets, seagulls, guillemots, shearwaters and others feeding furiously at the surface as we passed over the Erins bank. Our sharp-eyed cabin lass reported a large 'fish' at the surface off the stern. Immediately a hoary old biologist focused in on the area to be rewarded by seeing a minke whale surface. Naturally we headed for the site and were met with a head-on surfacing together with the sight of porpoises feeding on the hidden fish, presumably mackerel.

Tarbert is one of my favourite harbours and is a mecca for yachties visiting Loch Fyne. It is a little known fact that Tarbert is the ancestral home of the Macfarlanes, spelt with a small 'f' and thus entry to the small picturesque harbour was a moment of nostalgia and photo opportunity. Because we were storm-bound, we had an opportunity to look around and socialise with other crews. By a remarkable coincidence, the boat opposite on the pontoon was a French vessel, which came all the way from Brittany and ended up in Tarbert for the 14th of July, Bastille Day. Fortunately Jackie is fluent in French and prompted us to greet our French friends with 'Bon Fete'. The rest of the crew had gone sightseeing so, in response to my salutations, I was

invited on board for an excellent glass of Bordeaux. In the course of conversation the Frenchmen complained that the only wine available in the local co-op was from the New World. Now I can remember the days when asking for wine of any description in west coast fishing villages would have earned you the distinction of 'wino' or 'a big Jessie'.

From Tarbert we headed for the Holy Loch, another jewel in the crown of the Clyde. On the way Jackie had time to practise her knots (as we do in TOG) and discovered to our surprise and her consternation that there are at least three ways of tying a bowline, each favoured by a different ancient! Once the base for the American fleet of nuclear subs, the Holy Loch has been restored to its original tranquillity. It has a good sized and well-equipped marina. Unfortunately the local hotel is not so well managed. We soon discovered that locals had priority at the bar and ponce yachties had to wait. We were glad to retreat to the restaurant, where we discovered that the barmaid also doubled as the waitress. Poor girl was run ragged. Apparently the boss was the cook and she was front-of-house. However the food and wine were good and as always the company was excellent, so no complaints; just avoid the public (locals) bar!

Next day was truly memorable. The forecast was for strong winds with an overcast sky and showers. This was our last day so we were going to make the best of it. We set a course, sails well reefed, down the sheltered coast past Dunoon and the dreaded Gantocks, but the wind was fluky and helming was difficult so we moved out into the main channel. The subsequent sail was more challenging; sometimes we were beating and sometimes reaching depending on how the wind was channelled between the hills or round headlands and islands. Also the wind was gusting up to force 6 making the boat heel to exciting angles and sometimes to head wilfully into the wind. But skilled helming kept us on course, although a little ragged at times. We all had a time at the helm and we flew down the Clyde at exhilarating speeds with whoops of glee from helm and crew alike. Our rendezvous was the visitors' moorings at Millport in the lee of Great Cumbrae. We still had to face the full blast of the NW wind hurtling down the East Kyle and funnelling out of Rothesay Bay, but shelter in the Largs Channel was fast approaching. No time to put another reef in the genoa, so we eased the main sheet and bashed on to Millport. My local knowledge let me down badly when, instead of shelter, the wind continued to whistle round Great Cumbrae into the Largs channel. We downed sails and motored to Millport. It was a great relief to pick up the mooring in Millport Bay, for a well-earned lunch and snooze. We even managed to squeeze in another sail under the genoa before return to base.

It was a wonderful cruise in the true TOG tradition. There is a lasting image in my mind; it is of Neil, hooked on and leaning against the heeling mast, facing the wind and the Cowal



Peninsula, deep in thought. It reminded me of the painting by John Waterhouse of 'Ulysses and the Sirens'. Involuntarily I looked about but could only hear the coarse call of the guillemot, not an alluring song to be heard, but how can I be sure?

FULFILLING THE DREAM : ROSE + GORDON AND CATAMARAN 'RAVAN'

Background



Happy to fall in with my husbands retirement dreams, in 2002 we sold our house in Nottingham and bought a 30ft Oceanic ketch catamaran and a small property just outside Blaenau Ffestiniog in North Wales.

In July of that year we sailed her from Emsworth back to Porthmadog. I had never sailed in my life and it was many, many years since Gordon had sailed. This made for an interesting journey which despite experiencing seasickness, night sailing, heavy fog etc it didn't put me off sailing.. Thankfully Gordon has a natural aptitude for sailing and is very competent and although I don't have the confidence or aptitude to steer the boat in close proximity to anything, I can do most other tasks.

We gained experience in the following years, sailing to Ireland, Isle of Man and around the beautiful Welsh coast.

We managed to purchase two new 28hp Beta engines which were a great improvement and treated ourselves to a chart plotter.

I worked 3 nights as a carer to help fund our new lifestyle, but we couldn't afford the surveys required for the comprehensive insurance and decided to go third party only.

If only we had known! In March 2007 the boat was stolen and sunk by two teenagers - they hadn't turned the seacocks on and the engine manifolds burnt out, causing it to sink when they hit a sandbank on the island not very far from our mooring. The engines were removed and reconditioned and after a lot of work (and a private loan) we managed to sail her to the Isle of Man in time for the centenary TT races.



The care home where I worked closed down, making me redundant. The weather during the summer was awful and we were becoming increasingly dissatisfied with

our life in Britain'. We took the decision to sell up and move to Malta where we have friends.

The house sale fell through at the very last moment and we had given away almost everything we were not going to take with us, right down to the houseplants.

Gordon's 65th birthday was a turning point, in that his state pension would pay for all the household bills. We reckoned his work pension would be sufficient for us to live on if we took the boat to Malta with view to living on her for most of the time, coming home occasionally to see the family. Our house we would keep - the children and grandchildren could still use it for holidays.

We knew some work was required to the stern deck, but in fact we found that all the decks were in need of replacement. We suspect their deterioration was exacerbated by water penetration when she was damaged and sunk.

August 2009 saw us laid up on a nearby island and in the following months we removed and replaced the decks. Going over to the island in November to re-tie the covers over the boat,

our dinghy engine couldn't make headway through the flood water and we went backwards into some warps and fell in. Most embarrassing. We were swept quite a way down the estuary and needed assistance to be rescued. Needless to say we now wear our lifejackets.

March 2010 we needed to get her off the island on a very high tide and managed to get her back to our mooring despite the weather (rain and snow).

We took her out for the first time on Friday 21st May. On the Saturday, Gordon passed his ICC and we left Porthmadog on the 30th to start our adventure, waved off by my family and with many kind wishes from our friends along with a fanfare of horns.

We are setting out with no fridge, water heater, shower or mains electrics. All these (and so much else) were lost when she was sunk. She may not have the best paint job, our waterproofs are decorated with splashes of interdeck light blue with the odd smudges of stikoflex, but we have made safety our priority and all our resources have gone on essentials rather than luxuries. If we were going to carry out our dream it had to be now while we are still reasonably fit. *(To be continued)*

(As I mentioned in the Editorial, 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

A VOYAGE on M.V. KYLEBAHN by Arthur Wood



In June this year, Brenda and I spent a week as passengers on board M.V. Kyle Bahn, a 67-foot, 64 ton converted Fishing Trawler, which contains six double cabins and a deck saloon. She is owned and skippered by Jim Kilcullen assisted by Rebecca who produces excellent meals and provides deck duty when needed. Jim has been taking all sorts of

people – divers, bird-watchers, hill walkers, and other outdoor enthusiasts for 25 years.

Kyle Bahn is not posh. You are advised NOT to take your tiara, but do take your own booze – she has no bar. Although well-worn, she is sturdy and very seaworthy with

2-inch diameter guard-rails, mooring warps like a car-ferry and a huge Gardner diesel engine below decks.



Our fellow-passengers were hill-walkers, dinghy sailors and mountaineers, but all had some offshore yachting experience, so we were in good company and all enjoyed the trip.

On the Saturday, we drove to North Pier, Oban, off-loaded our bags onto Kyle Bahn and took the cars to the pre-booked secure parking..

13:00. Sat down to sandwich lunch as we left Oban Harbour, "sailed" – (iron topsail!) along the Sound of Mull, in dull weather with the occasional shower, arriving at Eigg about 19:00. Moored to Ro-Ro pier.



Sunday: Still showery, sailed past Rhum and Skye as sunshine peeped out. Crossed the Minch in rising wind, escorted by bottle-nose dolphins. Moored to ferry pier in Loch Maddy at about 15:00. Walked ashore and found Jim very concerned about the weather forecast.

Monday. After checking the 08:10 coastguard forecast, Jim decided to stay in port today. It was gusting F7 in Loch Maddy. Dry and bright weather, though windy, encouraged us to explore the local coastline on foot.

Tuesday. A dull morning with light winds. Departed Loch Maddy 09:00. and sailed through the Sound of Harris. At about midday, we sighted the tops of St. Kilda's 7 islands beneath a patch of blue sky. As we



drew nearer, the blue increased until it was all around and we were able to spend 2 to 3 hours cruising the haunts of thousands of sea-birds. We anchored eventually in Village Bay at Hirta. We explored ashore for a couple of hours in this unusual place. After dinner, we sat on deck enjoying this delightful place. Jim, however was still unhappy as he had heard the shipping forecast and warned we may have to leave early.

Wednesday: I was awakened at 04:30 by the sound of the engine and the rumble of the anchor chain. Entering the saloon for breakfast, we were offered tea and toast but were told that Jim had asked Rebecca not to cook anything until we had reached the Sound of Harris. Although the sea was still quite calm, the storm clouds over Harris were as threatening as any I have ever seen. Nevertheless, the weather remained pleasant and we saw several basking sharks. We continued at full speed, all the way to Canna, where we moored at the Ro-Ro Ferry Terminal at 15:00. In common with many other small islands, Canna has a ferry terminal and a road bridge to the neighbouring island of Sanday – due, I understand, to the E.U. It has no roads and only about 2 miles of dirt track. We walked to the bridge and as we returned, the storm was just starting. By bedtime it was gusting F9!

Thursday. Still F8 at breakfast but an improvement imminent. Left Canna 08:30 and told not to go on deck! The improvement soon arrived and by 14:00 we were entering Tobermory in full sunshine.

Friday. Left Tobermory for Oban after breakfast and enjoyed a sunny passage, despite rough water. After lunch on board, we collected the cars and made for home.

PAUL RATCLIFFE – MEMBERSHIP

(01778 341475)



NAVIGATION

CLIVE CRANKSHAW (01664 454403)

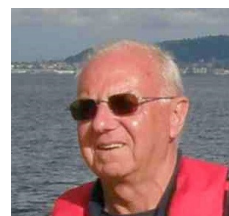


ADMINISTRATION – COUNCIL MATTERS

NEIL MACFARLANE (01159-663028)



JOHN BRYANT - EXPEDITIONS MASTER



MARK DAVIS - TRAINING

(07711 170451)

mark@ashoresailing.co.uk



Radio (Short Range Certificate – GMDSS etc.)

First Aid

Radar

Sea Survival

RYA/MCA SHOREBASED COURSES

Day Skipper and Yachtmaster Coastal

Intensive and Evening Classes

Subject to numbers it is planned that we will be running the RYA one day **First Aid** course on Saturday 4th September 2010 (12 places available) The instructor will be Mrs Collette Francis. We also plan to run the RYA/MCA one day VHF/DSC marine radio **Short Range Certificate** course on the same day (8 places available).

The venue for both courses is Bottesford Community College.

For further details go to www.trent-offshore-group.co.uk

Or contact Mark Davis 07711 170451

mark@ashoresailing.co.uk

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

WEBSITE

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

Well worth a visit!!

Booking /Trip Number	Trip Title/Description/Skippers	Dates	Indicative Cost
05/09	FALMOUTH/SCILLIES. <i>Contact Keith Stedman : kandjstedman@btinternet.com or 01636 813145</i>	Saturday 18 th Sept – Saturday 25 th ..	£170
06/09	SUMMER DAYS and WEEKENDS 2010 <i>Sail a Classic Boat on the River Orwell for as little as £50 per day.</i>	To suit participants	TBA
07/09	END OF SEASON SAILEX <i>The October “End of Season” trip. We cannot control the weather but we will guarantee that you get wet both inside and out!!</i> <i>Contact Keith Stedman : kandjstedman@btinternet.com o r01636 813145</i>	Weds. 6 th October - Sun 10 th Oct.	TBA
08/09	TRADITIONAL BAWLEY SAILING. <i>Have a go at sailing a traditional wooden working boat along the challenging East Coast. A maximum number on any one day of eight participants but if we want to have a go at oyster dredging under sail then because of room constraints the number of crew is reduced to six. If more than the permitted number is interested then we can always run two trips.</i>	August 14 th and 15 th	£50

- Please note that the berth costs are shown as a guide only, as the eventual cost will depend on the charter price of the boat and the number of berths taken.
- Please note that a temporary Membership fee of £20.00 will be charged in addition to the costs shown above to all non-TOG members.