



TOGLINE

The Quarterly Journal of the Trent Offshore Group
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SUMMER NEWSLETTER 2018



Chock:- Emotional reaction when the anchor chain snaps or the line parts...



There we were, the pilot Steve and myself, 1000 feet above the Cambridgeshire countryside, 65 IAS in a Tiger Moth. It's a bit like riding a vintage motorcycle. A present from Berice for a special birthday. I had just repeated "I have control" under

Steve's instruction, as I took hold of the control column. Why am I mentioning this? I was struck by the similarity between sailing and flying. Bear with... In an aircraft, as in a boat, you are in a medium similar to, but much lighter than water. Detached from land, you can make leeway in both – a beam wind can change your COG. Thermals in the air can toss you around like waves, and constant correction is needed to maintain course and stability. A wing is a sail turned 90 degrees, providing lift instead of drive.. Coming in to land, Steve sideslipped deliberately for a better view. Immediately, sitting exposed to the elements, you can feel the wind on your cheeks at an angle instead of on the nose. Where have we used that sensation before? It was an amazing experience....



Enough of this philosophy...welcome to the Summer TOGline. Once again you have put pen to paper (figuratively) to provide us with deeds of derring-do on the water. Excitement reigns as we avidly read of your exploits. One thing that really shines through any report, is the clear pleasure that is engendered on all our trips. This I put down to the skill and personal relationships of our skippers. They all go out of their way to ensure we are safe, secure and enjoy the experience. We owe them a great debt of gratitude and I never tire of saying just that, on behalf of us all. **Inside, you will find an interesting article** by Phil Greetham – he of the squeezezy bottle fame..(see *Summer 2016, cross-channel sailex.*). A seven-week trip across the Atlantic from Miami to the U.K. – no mean feat. I

found it utterly absorbing – I hope you do too. Ian Robinson brings us up-to-date with this year's cross-channel and Will Russell the long weekend out of Hamble. Thank you all very much indeed.

What a great pleasure it is to read that Wendy Tuck, the Australian skipper, led her team to victory in the Clipper round-the-world, finishing first with her *Sanya Serenity Coast* and 143 points. Even more amazing, Nikki Henderson a home-grown skipper and her "*Visit Seattle*", managed second with 139 points. It's great to know that the so-called "weaker sex"(???) can thrash the guys without any problem. It shows just how level a playing-field sailing can be. Wendy Tuck, 53 – Nikki Henderson, 25. There's hope for some of us yet!

It's always a sad occasion when we lose a member and we regret the recent demise of Brian Morris (see eulogy on back page by Arthur Wood – long-standing friend). I knew Brian and Grace through the social events and also when sailing in Scotland with him. He really was so clever with his hands – getting us out of a nasty scrape when the windlass fuse blew. As Arthur commented, showing us how to use a bow-thruster in conjunction with the rudder leaving a leeward mooring in a force 5..... We offer our sincere condolences and our sympathy to Grace. Brian was such a lovely man. **Well, dear reader**, another TOGline hits the street and I hope it brings you some enjoyment. We have had a few new members recently and we seem to be going from strength to strength. Long may it continue. Until the Autumn issue, (October 31st), keep them coming, please. Once again I repeat the request for anything you may consider to be of interest. Thank you, may your "gybes" be not barbed and as ever, Happy Sailing

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Presiding Master's Musings Summer 2018

by Andy McWilliam

**Brave, volunteer lifeboat crew,
and donors deserve openness.**

"Blimey it's HOT!". TOG Council must have known that a 'Med Sailex' was not required in

2018. Middle Sea temperatures rose upon the 'South Coast Jaunt' and the 'Channel Islands and French Coast' excursions, and the sun shield poured like water. I hear that both were very successful and achieved all that was hoped. Thanks go to Dave Bond and to myself as lead skippers; Lovely.

New members to TOG continue to come aboard and younger blood is apparent. Welcome indeed.

Now the serious bit:

Many of us have read press reports about the goings on at Whitby Life Boat station, where two experienced volunteer crew were disciplined and ultimately dismissed by the RNLI, followed by the resignation of an entire watch. As an established donor, I donned my investigative hat.

This followed a visit in March by the 38Kpa RNLI Safe Zone Officer. Apparently, she discovered two tea mugs in a cupboard glazed with allegedly "pornographic" artwork. She requested and obtained their removal, because children visit. Some 6 weeks later crew were brought before a disciplinary committee, ultimately resulting in their dismissal. I'm told by John Bines (RNLI) that the innocuous (totally unrevealing) artwork on mugs printed in the Sun and Daily Mail were mock ups. He point-blank refused me copies of the genuine articles and equally forcefully refused to answer any questions about how the artwork may, or could, have offended the public, i.e. how pornographic were they, if they were at all? I spoke to paid and volunteer lifeboat men in Whitby and elsewhere, including salaried engineers. They appear to be under pressure not to discuss this issue, preferring to laughingly brush it away. Their discomfort was palpable. I have enquired into Freedom of Information requests asking to whom I may approach and also requested a copy of the RNLI complaints procedure. The RNLI are blanking me 100%.

The issue at stake here is: ***Is PC Cultural Marxism or Corporate Bullying thriving in the RNLI?*** Yes, children must be protected, but concerned adults (donors) need to be able to judge for themselves. I'm told TV's 'Love Island' sexual encounter program is readily accessible to children. Where is the consistency? We need to know the truth.

Just to be clear, I refuse to donate further funds to the RNLI or reinstate them in my Will, until I have been given the opportunity to witness the said offending artwork, read the enquiry and tribunal reports and have spoken to the gentlemen concerned. I will not support future donations from TOG funds. I encourage TOG members, mariners and donors alike to take a similar stance.

Moving on

As the summer progresses; on last day of August TOG sends two boats out of Neyland, Milford Haven possibly bound for the Scilly Isles, led by or own long distance captain Alan Mortimore, with Skipper Neville Buckle on the second boat. October's End of Season Sailex has three

boats already, and a fourth is quite possible, so keep an eye out on the TOG website. Again, thanks go to John Bryant, for the huge amount of work he puts in and for the tidiness of that work.

I'm able to close by reporting on the remembrance service for Brian Morris, on 2nd June at Brant Broughton Church. TOG was represented by more than a handful of current members, and a good number of former members. The church was packed. The reception in the village hall was a delight. When it came to leave, right on cue, the heavens opens like proper summer rain. The last summer rain as it happens. Perhaps Brian was navigating his way there. Brian was an exceptional navigator

REPORTS

**Miami to Falmouth Atlantic
Crossing 16th April - 30th May
2018 : via the Bahamas,
Bermuda and the Azores.**

By Phil Greetham



**Yacht; 'Hummingbird' Colvic
Craft 60'**

Operated by 'Rubicon 3' Sailing
Adventures (Originally named
'Blackadder' and built for the

1996 Clipper Round-the-world race)



Ocean passages are often a distant dream for many leisure sailors and in most cases we are often very contented with not having to experience passages that last for several days or even weeks. There is definitely something favourable about a safe haven and a good pub being within a few hours sailing, especially so if cold and wet conditions persist.

The TOG members who know me will also know that I've had to drift away slightly from the annual TOG planning to make the most of opportunities to sail with my two sons. Each are in those 'in-between' years. These years are, of course, very important and one has to take advantage of them. I'm pleased to say that I've managed to get both boys on-board for the last three seasons. Both have strong stomachs, can tie a good bowline and have a liking for tinkering about on the water. Jobs and Girlfriends are now entering the equation and I rather think that getting both on-board in the future will now be more difficult to achieve. I was actually at a bit of a loss as what to do for the 2018 season then, straight out of the blue, a colleague casually mentioned that he had signed up for an Atlantic crossing. The company was called Rubicon 3 and a quick look at their website hooked me on the prospect of joining him on this adventure. The Yacht would be a Colvic Craft ex Clipper, built for the 1996 race and originally named 'Blackadder'. It was later changed to the current name of 'Hummingbird'. She is a 60' yacht that had been around the world three times and was built for Ocean passage. She was just the type of yacht that I would prefer to be on-board for

such a passage and within a week, I had secured the time off work and had booked the trip of a lifetime.

Seven weeks off work..... What's not to like about that? But - seven weeks away from my family - that's harder to deal with. Worse even, I'll miss a very important birthday for which I'll have to make up at a later date...

Soon my colleague (Martin) and I were driving to Heathrow. We'd gone cheap and booked TAP Cattle-Class routing LHR-LIS-MIA. The LIS connection was pretty tight and with a weather delay out of LHR of 1 hour, we were already pretty anxious from the off. In LIS, we jogged (not a pretty sight) to the next gate, all sweaty and anxious with minutes to spare. We thought that it would take an absolute miracle for our luggage to have also made the connection. The 8.5 hours to Miami were spent expecting bad luggage news but, to our absolute amazement, there it was waiting for us. We were extremely grateful to the good folk at LIS airport for achieving what we thought would be an impossible task.

Mon 16th April.

We were to join *Hummingbird* at Miami Marina at noon. Checking with the Marina office, we found that they were en-route, having found a slightly less expensive mooring a few miles along the coast. \$300 dollars a night in Miami marina was a tad on the rich side, a rate created by supply and demand after recent Hurricane devastation. Obviously a bar overlooking the marina was needed... The ideal yacht arrival viewing spot had been located. The next few hours were spent searching for our crew whom we had great fun trying to identify. In the end, they generally found us as we were a little bit obvious being the palest people in town sitting next to very large cases. At 1430 we spotted *Hummingbird's* mast and made our way down to 'E' pontoon to meet her. A stern-to berth proved a little tricky for the Skipper and the Port Davit made contact with a pile. This caused a fair bit of damage to the contour of the davit and the deck fitting. This was now pushed about 3cm through the deck and would have to be fixed before we put to sea. We felt for the Skipper but, at the same time, felt a little relieved that these things also happen to the best of them.

We spent that afternoon conducting personal introductions and taking a good look over the yacht and her equipment. *Hummingbird* was built for Ocean sailing and everything was bigger and stronger than anything we had ever sailed on before. The sheets were seriously thick and there were no less than twelve winches in the cockpit. We had three sails; the main sail with a staysail and a Yankee up at the bow. No furling for the foresails, each had to be flaked and bagged up before a new one of different size could be hanked on. The idea being that when you set this yacht up, she stays on the same tack for days - if you're lucky!

The next day we departed Miami for Bimini, a small island in the Bahamas group just 40 miles due east of Miami. A small craft warning had been issued and the northerly wind against the Gulf Stream made for a bit of chop. Man overboard exercises were carried out en-route and we arrived into an anchorage in the dark. That morning, we awoke to find ourselves floating in paradise and the water colour had to be seen to be believed. A quick breakfast and we were soon heading into the harbour to find a berth at Browns Marina. The Skipper didn't want to arrive in the dark, as the approach buoyage had a reputation for being regularly off station. This was indeed a smart call, as the entrance was very shallow and we certainly needed a lookout up front to guide the way through the sand bars.

We then had 24 hours to explore and within minutes we had found paradise and a stunning white sand beach, tended to by a local gentleman who produced ice-cold Pina Colada's right there on the spot. After a swim and a couple of drinks, we weren't going anywhere. In true English fashion, we very quickly cooked ourselves into a stunning shade of Lobster red and endured the usual self-inflicted suffering during the night.



Wed 18th April.

After fuelling-up, we departed for a second island 'Eleuthera', about 120 miles further to the East. This would be a good departure point for the eight/nine day 950 mile trip north to Bermuda. We stayed at anchor in Eleuthera and used the folding rib to venture ashore and explore. We had a 20hp outboard for the rib which was a bit of overkill really, requiring very careful handling and the aid of a halyard to drop onto and off the tender. The next day, we set off for Bermuda and headed out of the lagoon. We must have gone at least 60 miles in nothing more than 10 metres of clear water where you could see the coral and fish beneath. A hand-line and lure produced a good sized Barracuda which we unhooked over the side and released to avoid tangling with those nasty-looking teeth.

By the evening we had left the calm lagoon and headed out into the Atlantic straight into a thunderstorm. The rain and moderate to rough seas persisted for the next three days and was a bit of a shock to the crew to say the least. My trusty waterproofs (ex Fairview rentals) seemed no longer to function as designed and we were all very wet but fortunately still warm. Few of the crew had succumbed to seasickness and a very nice chap from Canada was in his top bunk in the forward cabin (more than a bit bumpy up there!). He was thrown out and hit his head on the portable fridge below. Fortunately, two of the American crew members were doctors and looked after him as he was concussed. He made a good recovery within a couple of



days. Seasickness seemed to affect at least half of the crew and lasted for about three days from leaving port. This was to become the norm for new crew members as three days

was about the same length of time the next new starters took to gain their sea legs on the final sector to the UK. Personally, I was OK but had taken tablets every time I felt a bit queasy. I think it was about ten days at sea before I really gained my sea legs properly and had totally forgotten about the sea state. There was something quite satisfying about reaching this particular point.....

The crew of twelve would work to the following system for the next six weeks. The Skipper and Mate would share a bunk and cover six hour shifts, changing at 06; 00, 12.00, 18.00 and midnight. The crew of 10 were then split into two teams to cover a watch-system of: 0700 to 1300, 1300



to 1900, 1900 to 2300, 2300 to 0300, 0300 to 0700. Each day, two people would drop out of the watch routine and become 'Mother' to the rest of the crew. Mother duties consisted of providing breakfast, lunch and dinner for twelve people, as well as cleaning the yacht, disinfecting the heads and all hand-hold points. Mother duties were hard work and rewarded with time off the next day before rejoining the watch system. The real challenge during the Mother duties, was to locate the correct ingredients for each

meal. Supplies were stored in every available spare space on a yacht that was constantly at 30 degrees or so of heel and was a bit like an Easter egg hunt at every meal time.

The final days of the approach to Bermuda could not have been any more of a contrast to those first few days. After enduring three emotionally difficult days of falling to sleep in wet clothes. Helming for periods as short as 15 minutes through the night, due to your arms feeling ready to fall off. We were now in calm seas and telling tales of days passed. The first few days of this passage did take their toll on one of the crew who decided enough was enough. The young lady concerned was a tough young thing but had a port-side bunk. As we were on a starboard tack for most of the way, a combination of condensation from the crew and a leaky hatch had soaked her bedding. Her lockers were swimming with water, as was to be the theme for much of the next six weeks until we got to the UK. This, naturally, made living conditions pretty difficult to normalise.

We arrived in Bermuda and tied up at the customs building in St Georges harbour. After the formalities, we relocated to a berth a few yards away to what was effectively the town quay and right next to the White Horse public house! We had two days in Bermuda and plenty of time to shower, eat and explore. Bermuda is a lovely place with paradise beaches but a tad on the expensive side. That first night, we sank a few pints, ate well and at about 4 in the morning my stomach wasn't feeling too good. A quick dash to the heads provided a very unwelcome surprise as the toilet bowl had been taped over. I was now in emergency mode and the public convenience didn't open

until 0800. The mate was asleep in the saloon so I awoke her to explain my predicament and with bleary eyes she directed me to a bucket in the cockpit!!! Although we explored the island, most of our stay in Bermuda was spent in the Laundry. We had to clean and wash our clothes for the next leg to the Azores which would take around 13 days.

Bermuda-Ponta Delgada (Azores), distance 1950 miles. A thirteen-day, completely uneventful passage. Nice down-wind sailing with plenty of sunshine and time to dry out. The one thing that really stood out on this trip was the shooting stars during the night watches. Some appeared like flares, falling vertically to earth. Some were bright green. Many broke up into two parts and some had tails that stretched across the sky. Emma (my wonderful other half) had flown out to Ponta Delgada and was waiting to take our lines ashore. Then 4 days of blissful RandR before setting off for the final leg to the UK.

Azores-UK, distance 1400 miles.

Five of the crew who had joined back in Miami had now disembarked and we were joined by six new crew members, including a new mate. The wind direction could not have been worse for this leg and the forecast was also not so good. We would be sailing upwind for the entire trip and the bumpy conditions made all the new crew poorly. Down below, there were bodies that had taken to their bunks with seasickness for days. The new Mate was also in a poor way and could be seen frequently hanging over the side for much of the time during the first three days. The original destination was to be Oban in Scotland, but it was soon apparent that we were running behind schedule. Many of the crew's post-trip plans could no longer be achieved. Fights would now be missed and work commitments in jeopardy unless we made alternative arrangements for landfall. After considering Kinsale and Milford Haven, we were eventually presented with nil wind for the final 300 miles. Now on the motor, we had a very low fuel state, meaning Falmouth would be chosen as or first UK port of call. Falmouth was a welcome destination and all but 4 crew disembarked. A few pints together and a pasty and we were all soon heading home for a well-deserved shower and some clean clothes.

Interesting info;

The yacht had a diesel generator which was used to run a water-maker and to keep the batteries charged. The main drain on the batteries being the fridge and freezer.

All organic waste went over the side once twelve miles offshore (including the paper bag containing used toilet paper not allowed through the toilet system).

We had 3 fuel tanks of 150, 200 and 250 litres and the engine would burn 1 litre per 1 nautical mile in calm seas. (We had another 200 litres of emergency fuel in drums strapped down in the cockpit).

Running backstays were interesting and added a new dimension to tacking and Jibing

The Skipper and Mate Navigated with I-pad's and I-phones loaded with Navionics.

Fladden Suits are a useful addition to your dry clothing store for emergencies.

Weather and route-planning was conducted with support from back in the UK via Sat comms. The area wind forecasts were not at all accurate for the final leg to the UK.

**To summarise;
Was it enjoyable?**

Yes - but also very emotional. Normalising damp/wet clothes and bedding and not washing yourself properly for days/weeks can be difficult.

Would I do it again?

Probably not. However, if the opportunity should arise to crew a dry yacht with an auto helm then I'd definitely reconsider.

Did I learn anything?

Yes! Absolutely! From poling-out sails and using the spinnaker, to Ocean route-planning and long passage watch systems. All great learning.

The best bit?

The waters around the Bahamas and Bermuda make for special sailing, but seven weeks off work gave me a brief glimpse of what retirement could look like□.

I'm now back at work and once again a member of the crazy rat race – until the next adventure...



CROSS-CHANNEL SAILEX: July 20th to July 27th 2018.

Skipper: Andy McWilliam
Crew: John Lacey (1st mate),
Dave Clark, Nick Ostler, Ian
Robinson
Boat: *Avant Garde*: Beneteau
37ft Oceanis.

As we had access to the boat on the Thursday evening, we all arrived at the boat by 8.00 pm. Introductions made, we met up with the crew from *Protégé* in the Victory in Hamble village for a meal and a few drinks.



After a full English at the café close to the marina on Friday morning, 3 of the crew sorted out the provisions from Tesco, whilst Andy and I checked the inventory and did the handover with the Fairview staff. This included explanation of some of the equipment and how to service the log if it didn't work correctly, which turned out to be useful.

Friday 20th: 11.00 UT : 12.00 BST Depart for Jersey.

As all the tide tables refer to UTC, and our itinerary included the Channel Islands and France, it was decided to adopt UTC for planning a boat time. It's not quite clear why Greenwich has been side-lined, but on returning home, I discovered that UTC is maintained by the Bureau International des Poids et Mesures (BIPM). Post Brexit, will we revert to GMT?

We motor-sailed to Hurst Castle in a F3 for a planned late lunch. We noticed very quickly that the log wasn't giving any readings, so I suggested that we cleaned up the paddle wheel unit. For some strange reason, some of the crew weren't so keen. What could possibly go wrong in

extracting the wheel unit, plugging the hole whilst cleaning the log, and fitting it back into the hull?

Once the jet of water that was spurting out of the 38 mm log tube had been plugged, cleaning up the paddle wheel was simple. Equally, re-inserting the log back into the hole was straightforward. We only let in about 100ml of water in the process, and we now had a working log - albeit not so accurate. In hindsight, perhaps not the smartest of moves, but as Virgil wrote: *Audaces fortuna iuvat* (loose translation : fortune favours the brave). Others might think "ignorance is bliss" is more appropriate.

We'd one of Mary's curries to cook for our lunch, but at some point off Buckler's Hard, we realised that we'd only got 6 matches on board. *Protégé* came to our assistance by coring an apple, wrapping the matches in cling film, fitting them into the core and securing them with a band of Elastoplast. The bowl from *Protégé* and the subsequent catch by Andy, could have had them selected for the local cricket team.



Friday 17.00: UT

After the lunch at anchor near Hurst Point, we set sail for St Helier, but after a while, as the wind wasn't favourable, we continued under motor. Sadly, on the way, both Nick and Andy became seasick and our crew was reduced to 3. At some stage during the early morning shift, I was having

difficulty concentrating and focussing on navigation marks. I went down below leaving John and Dave to handle the boat.

We finally rafted up in St Helier at 12.00 UT on Saturday, having covered an estimated 110 nautical miles. (Our log suggested 71 NM). Filling up with fuel was indeed a joy (to quote Tom Cunliffe) as the diesel was about 50% of the UK price.

Fortunately, we had all recovered to enjoy our leisure time



on Jersey, and a joint meal in St Malo Creperie. Some of the portion sizes were akin to that of a starter or even an amuse-bouche, but not priced accordingly. Nevertheless, an enjoyable evening after a long time on board.

Sunday 06.00 UTC : 09.00 Athens time : depart for Granville.

Inspired by the Jimmy Buffett song “It’s 5 o’clock



somewhere”, different time zones were suggested to make an early start seem more palatable and was rather more polite than Dave’s colourful terminology!.... It must be borne in mind however, that Dave is not a morning person, his mood also affected by background noise, aka my occasional snoring.

After an uneventful motor, we docked in the inner Granville harbour at 11.30 UT.

During the calm passage, we took the opportunity to do some chart-work exercises, with tidal streams, height of tides, with interpolation between neaps and spring values. This was a very good use of our time. Note that Screwfix pencils are the right hardness for marking the charts.



Granville is a charming place: its walled old town with cobbled streets, views over the town’s beaches etc. make this a pleasant place to while away the time. We had another joint meal at the restaurant above the marina. The inner harbour has a cill restricting the hours of access, so we walked around Granville in the morning taking the opportunity to stock up our supplies... i.e. the gin store was a bit low.

Monday 12.10 UT

We slipped our mooring heading off bound for Bouley Bay on the north coast of Jersey. A good sail in Force 3 until we had a HOB... hat over board incident. Retracing our track wasn’t successful, so we soon returned to our original passage plan. As the wind dropped, we amended our plan to anchor behind the breakwater at St Catherine’s bay. This enabled us to hitch up to a buoy in twilight. After covering about 32 NM, and a moment’s silence in memory of Nick’s hat, we enjoyed a meal on board with a drink or

2. This time, there was an elaborate garnish to accompany the Ginsters pasties.

Tues 04.30 UT : 08.30 Seychelles Time

We unhitched from the mooring buoy for our passage to Sark in Force 2, motor-sailing to Dixcart Bay, having covered approximately 20 NM. We anchored in the bay with 10 or so other yachts before rowing the tender ashore to explore the sights of Sark. The enticing frontage of the Mermaid Inn beckoned with a drink or 2. We’d missed the weekend Sheep racing and were too early for the mower GP. We therefore, settled into the garden of AJ’s restaurant for a fish and chips lunch. After a stroll round Sark and Little Sark. After afternoon tea at Caragh Chocolates tea garden and another visit to the Mermaid, we returned to *Avant Garde* for a dinner on board.

Weds 04.30 UT : 08.30 Seychelles Time... another early start!

Off to catch the tide to Braye on Alderney. Wind Force 4 gave us great morning sail with lard to windward being a regular command: no idea why the crew looked at John!



We picked up a buoy late morning in Braye harbour, having covered another 25 NM. We rowed ashore for a shower and then on for a late breakfast. We were too late for breakfast, too early for lunch, so whiled away the time in the Divers Inn until they served lunch. Andy, Nick and I hired bikes to tour the island. We stopped off at the airport shop for ice cream, followed by an afternoon cup of tea and soft drink on the terrace of the Braye Beach Hotel. Nick seemed to make hard work of the hills, blaming his bike for the huffing and puffing. Meanwhile, John and Dave explored part of the island on foot and returned to the boat for a rest.

We met up with the *Protégé* crew and enjoyed a pleasant meal in the conservatory of the Georgian House hotel in St Anne, Braye before returning by water taxi to our respective boats.

Thursday: 05.00 UT : 07.00 Paris Time.

Rather than adopting a night passage for the return journey, we opted for an early start across the channel. At times we saw a force 3 but it dropped to gentle breeze meaning motoring or motor-sailing. We only spotted 2 dolphins momentarily on the port side. Some of the time was spent with some guidance on how to steer a straight course over ground, allowing for the response time of the gps and binnacle compass. The rest of the time, we spent chatting about all manner of topics, from politics, current affairs, reminiscing, rumours etc. A large portion of this was immediately forgettable or unrepeatable due to potential claims for libel or slander. We tied up on the pontoon in

Yarmouth at 16.30 UT, having covered approximately 75 NM.

We spent the evening out in Yarmouth with a simple meal at a local chippie, returning to the boat via a hostelry at 11.00 BST.

Friday: 06.50 UT : 07.50 BST.

We slipped off the pontoon in a flat calm with virtually no wind for the return crossing to Hamble marina. We made the 14 NM crossing in about 1h 40 due to the favourable tides.

Another Sailex, with all the ingredients that make them so much fun: Good company, great humour and fine sailing. What more could you want?

5 GO MAD IN DORSET....

By Will Russell



Tuesday evening and I got a lift to Hamble with Dave Bond in Pauls 'Batmobile'. Must say it was lovely not driving for a change. Darren was already there, after a hard day digging up roads. He had done a great job with gluten-free bread and AF beers. Thank god all the pop

was full fat full sugar. Once we were sorted out on board, including Dave Clark, we headed off to the King and Queens. I was deffo a King, but didn't spot any Queens. Extensive menu. You could have anything you liked as long as it was Pizza. No-one looking, so I had a ham and pineapple one - first since prep school,..... lovely!

Sadly, with a predicted and strengthening wind on the nose, we abandoned plans to get to Weymouth and settled



on Poole. I thought the wind would be good for Alderney, but sense was seen.

After a leisurely start with full English and handover of the boats, we slipped moorings mid-morning. The new boats had everything except a freezer! What would we do to keep the ice frozen? Turn the fridge to max. That worked, so no danger ice would melt, but the frozen lettuce and exploding beer bottles a bit of an issue. Had a lovely sunny sail to Poole 12-14 knts wind just off the nose. Made it with just a couple of elegant tacks by 5pm (log

32Nm). Mooring near pubs and dunnies, what else to ask for?

After requisite sundowners we headed for 'Storm' restaurant, recommended by Dave B. It was fabulous. Set up by a local fisherman, all fish local and the mussels were to die for. Very friendly staff, best meal I've had in years. Even tops the Majorcan and Croatian seafood

Thursday, late start for tides through the Needles. Time to 'shop?!' and look around Poole, that took about thirty

seconds. Coming out of Poole, we caught the Hamble Dream. With some challenging winds we discovered, with any decent breeze, the Dufour rounds up like a crazy thing. The other boat discovered this several times. Talking to Fairview, they suggested leaving only a few inches of genoa out? A solution?



Still, eventually, I managed to hog the helm and had a lovely downwind sail, in what I thought was 16-18 Knts breeze. But I was looking at AWS not TWS, which was generally 8 knts higher! Still we didn't crash or get pregnant.

Lymington Quay. Rafted-up to a lovely little Swedish boat with a solo sailor. His and his friends help made light work, all for the princely sum of some ice for his G&T. It is fortunate we didn't need the harbour-master's boat to help as I'm sure that would have cost more!

Dinner at Kings Head. Pleasant enough, after we developed a new way of retrieving wayward halyard. A boathook bandaged to a broom handle is very effective. Don't know how the halyard came free, presumably some green dressed pixies?

Friday lovely motor-sail to Port Solent. Darren showed exceptional piloting skills. Having arrived at Pontoon D, no way could we find No. 33, so temporary mooring. High-tech disembarked the two, Dave C and Paul, to walk to HM. Yep. It is D33 but we're parked on pontoon C.... at least it was the correct Marina, Paul!

After such a hectic day's sail, relaxed with Portugal v Spain match in Wetherspoons, followed by a 'Disco' in Watermarks bar. Very good night. Far too much energy. Despite it being an over 25's night, we just scraped in without ID.

Quite a lot of 'dancing', I was certainly stiff next day. There are videos of Dave C or was it Michael Jackson on social media, probably taken down to protect the innocent. Saturday a subdued start. I went looking for essential



supplies and came across some unusual inhabitants for Port Solent. Dalek and Batmobile?





TOG 2018 Sailing Programme
Trent Offshore Group
TOG Members and Friends



- **PEM18 Pembrokeshire and the Scilly Isles** **Lead Skipper Alan Mortimore** Fri, Aug 31, 2018 4:00 PM Fri, Sep 7, 2018 10:00 AM [Google Calendar](#) [ICS](#)

Sailing from Neyland in Pembrokeshire offers access to a number of fine wild life and sailing areas. In late August / early September 2018 we have chartered two 37/38ft yachts to sail from Milford Haven to explore the Scilly Isles. Stopovers could include Padstow and a visit to Lundy Island.

This option could involve long passages and night sailing is likely. Weather and wind will dictate whether other options need to be considered such as North Wales, Southern Ireland or calling in to locations on the north and south coast of the Bristol Channel.

This Sailex will have 5 berths per yacht - 10 in total and costs will be £300 per berth to include an optional outboard engine for the dinghy on each yacht. Members pre-registering for this sailex were offered the opportunity to book and 8 places have been taken leaving two berths available for the remaining membership. As of January 2018 we are now fully booked on this Sailex and reservations are open for a standby berth.

- **EAS18 The popular End of Season event - Lead Skipper Phil Greetham** Fri, Oct 12, 2018 9:00 AM Sun, Oct 14, 2018 5:00 PM [Google Calendar](#) [ICS](#)

Our traditional End of Season event will follow recent practice and comprise a long weekend with various navigation and sailing challenges organised by the Lead Skipper - Phil Greetham (assisted by Dave Bond). We plan this event to start and finish at Port Hamble. This year the challenge could even include around the island sail. Cost per berth £190

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.

Brian Morris R.I.P.

Brian was born in 1940 and grew up at Connah's Quay , a working seaport on the Dee Estuary.

After school he took an apprenticeship in marine engineering in Glasgow.

He followed this by joining the Texaco tanker fleet as a junior engineering officer.

In 1967, he and Grace were married and for the next 2 years she was able to accompany him aboard his ship.

She had many happy times roaming the world, but was a little worried when in one port the silence was broken by artillery gunfire from nearby. They were in Saigon delivering oil to the USA Military during the conflict with Vietnam.

They had 2 sons by 1973.

Brian used to be at sea for long periods and then have long spells of leave, during which he and the family would go boating on inland waterways.

At one stage in his career, he spent 5 years based in Texas as Texaco's trouble-shooter. This resulted in him flying to any place where there was an engineering problem and sometimes being winched down from a helicopter.

By the time he retired, his nautical knowledge being profound, except for wind-powered vessels, he joined TOG and remained an active member until 2014, after which his health prevented further sailing.

I first met Brian in 2003 when I was skippering a yacht that had bow thrusters of which I had no experience. Brian soon taught me how to make use of them.

Not only was he a good seaman but also a very fine and enthusiastic cook. Even on sailing vessels, his mechanical skills often enabled us to solve a problem. *(I can vouch for that...Ed)*

In 2006 they sold their narrowboat and bought a motorhome. In 2015, although developing health problems, they joined Brenda and I on a motorhome tour in Southern Ireland and while there, we hired a cabin-cruiser for a week on the Shannon.

Brian had lived an extraordinary life and had many stories to tell. He will be missed by us all.

With thanks to Arthur Wood.