



# TOGLINE

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

SUMMER NEWSLETTER 2020



## Wake: Ceremony held if the track of the passage of a boat through water suddenly turns vertical....



**Hello, hello, hello once again** – is everybody still out there? What a trying time it has been for all of us these last three months. Whilst not being completely isolated, Berice and I have maintained the occasional contact with friends on a social

distancing basis – like everyone else. Unless you happen to be a beachgoer, on a demonstration or an all-night illegal rave... Honestly, it makes one wonder why we bother! Here we are, mostly the older generation, doing our best to obey the rules and then BANG! Suddenly, everything blows up again and we are nearly back to square one. Meetings are cancelled, we can't get together properly, you can drink in a pub but have to wear a mask simply to visit the shops. Go abroad at your own risk, walk around with hand sanitiser, can't give anyone a hug... oh dear, what next? All this wonderful sailing weather and we are stuck ashore.... We can hardly see a return to "normality" yet and Christmas will be strange this year. Heigh Ho. Roll on demob as we used to say!

**Enough moaning.** We've all been there, are still there and rehashing does none of us any good. Fortunately, two of our members have been able to get to sea in their own "bubbles". Andy McWilliam and Neville Buckle have each been able to partake in separate trips. Good for them. Andy's trip across the Channel is within and Neville's from Greece should be in the Autumn edition. Good on yer guys. Show 'em what can be achieved.

**Again, this quarter** I am very grateful at the response from four members who answered my plea for articles in the Summer edition. I felt I couldn't get away with rehashing old articles a second time! There is an "off the wall" sideways look at a TOG member by, of all things, Timmy his dog. I just could not resist putting it in this edition. Look inside to see what I mean. It's a brilliant idea and I wish I had thought of it in the days we had a Jack Russell. We often say to each other that dogs and owners can share a similarity in many ways –

but I won't spoil it

**Arthur never ceases to surprise.** He has even been involved in Mountain Rescue teams, witness the second of his articles. Two submissions concerning youth training schemes complete the Edition, much to my relief! It just shows that there is a lot going on out there that we could do well to circulate. If other members have something they would like to write about, bring 'em on. All submissions gratefully received! Thank you in advance for your thoughtfulness.

**The report on the competition** on the Clyde by *Britannia*, the "J" class Royal Yacht, I make no apologies for lifting from the Daily Telegraph of 1920. Every day there is a small gem about happenings on the equivalent date 100 years ago. It started at 2014 with the first world war and has kept us interested ever since. They knew how to write in those days! The compositors must have been driven to distraction assembling the lead lettering for the typesetting blocks. So many long words. Those of you who take the Telegraph will know what I mean but, if you don't, I do hope you enjoy the article as much as I did. Wish I had the same ability to string those lovely words together!

**Our congratulations must go** to Neil Macfarlane (small "P"), for the sterling work he has done with regard to the recovery of monies paid for the cancelled Scottish sailex early in the year.. This had to be cancelled due to u-no-what. It has been a long and arduous effort against the charter company, but Neil has the original British Bulldog running through him and refuses to let go. In any showdown, I would want him on my side! Thanks again, Neil.

**Until we meet again,** (October 31<sup>st</sup>), take care, stay safe and enjoy what you can whilst you can.

**Here's to sailing.**

**Cheers.**

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## Presiding Master's Musings

### POSITION CURRENTLY VACANT....



#### EARLY DAYS... by Arthur Wood.

*Some little-known stories about the past of one of our long-standing, well-known members... Surprising and yet, knowing the man, not unexpected.*

**As a result of my trip** on Falmouth Packet I decided to do the OYC Mates Training Course. It was available to anyone with an RYA Day Skipper Practical qualification. Brenda decided to join me. We reported to the skipper of *Taikoo* in Inverkip on the afternoon of Easter Saturday 1982. The skipper, Allan welcomed us all and explained that the aim was to go through the day skipper course but as it applied to a 72 ft ketch with a crew of novice teenagers.

**We were introduced** to all the deck fittings, rigging, life rafts, bilge pumps, anchor, Mob kit and the Walker log. We then did "Warping and winding". *Taikoo* was alongside a pontoon and needed to turn 180 degrees. The procedure involved hauling on ropes from both ship and shore aided by harnessing the wind in the self-tacking stay sail.

**Sunday was warm and sunny** with a light wind. We began the day learning to manoeuvre under power. Springing off and getting back alongside, pirouette and Mob. With 12 candidates all having a turn each we all learned as much from other people's mistakes as from our own. In the afternoon we did a similar routine under sail

**On Monday** we were joined by David James the full-time director of OYC. He talked about the history of OYC and the structure and legal requirements of an educational charity. Some years later listening to BBC I realized the importance of this. One of the ketches went aground on a sandbank approaching Poole on a Saturday morning for a 12.00 hrs crew change. This meant that they would be late so the skipper radioed the shore to tell people not to worry. That day the RLNI were training RIB crews and decided to help by ferrying the crews ashore. A journalist heard the radio traffic and reported a major disaster in which many life boats had rescued children from a sinking ship.

**On Tuesday it was sunny** with a light wind and set sail and headed south. While we were underway we sat in the saloon for a talk from the skipper but each of us had a short spell on the helm. During my turn Ron the first mate was in charge on deck. He tested my nautical knowledge and added a lot to it. At one point, he asked me to identify a black object a mile ahead. When I failed he said "well keep an eye on it as it is coming towards us at about 10 knots." It was the

coning tower of a submarine from the USA base at Holy Loch.....

**While this was happening** we were joined by David who sat in a sunny corner reading a book. After a short time he said " Ron did you fly Churchill to Paris in 1945 ".

Ron said "No"

David said "Then this book must be fiction."

Ron said "Yes If Churchill went anywhere in 1945 I either flew him myself or organized the flight."

**Shortly after this** the rest of the crew came up and Brenda took the helm. We sailed to Lamlash Bay where we anchored for the lunch. Next we sailed to Lochranza in very light winds which was very challenging but our skipper said "anyone can sail with a moderate beam wind but beating to windward in these conditions is good experience"

**It was early evening** before we made fast to the pier at Lochranza. Wednesday we all tested as we sailed through the Kyles of Bute and back to Inverkip where we celebrated that we had all passed the training course and only needed to do a week on a trip with a young crew to qualify as second mates.

Later that year Brenda and I each separately did this - but that is another 2 stories. Ian.....

*Arthur was also a volunteer with the Mountain Rescue team based at Edale. They underwent some first-aid training at A & E Hallamshire. Two of them on a Friday night. This is what followed.....*

**With its blue light still flashing** the ambulance halted outside the A & E unit and the electronically controlled doors of the building slid open with a smooth, silent efficiency that set the tone for all that happened in the next couple of hours. A young doctor in a white coat met the ambulance crew at the rear of the vehicle and the casualty was then smartly transported to the emergency treatment room, which we had just helped to prepare.

**During the previous two hours**, I had adjusted to the sight of bloody and battered faces and this one, the victim of a road accident, was no worse than many others we had seen. What did surprise me was the shapely pair of legs that were waving about at the other end of the stretcher. After many years Mountain Rescue, I was not anticipating a pretty lass in her evening attire....

**With practised efficiency**, the nurses, doctors and ambulance men transferred her to the A & E trolley and with the aid of a huge pair of scissors, quickly removed all her clothing. She was unconscious and responding only to the pain. It was rapidly decided that all the serious injuries were above her waist as she would not keep her legs still. This made it difficult to treat her, so her legs were wrapped in a blanket and it was my job to hold them down which I did for the next one and a half hours. I was privileged to watch a very capable team of experts calmly working under

pressure. It was not an opportune time to ask for explanations and I'm sure I missed a lot of the finer points.

**A drip was quickly set up** and an airway inserted. Blood samples sent for matching. A radiographer, with a portable x-ray machine photographed her chest. The senior registrar and another doctor appeared and the diagnosis was a flail chest injury with possible internal and head injuries.

**By now her breathing had worsened** and the decision was made to insert a drainage tube through her chest by cutting a small hole below her left clavicle and inserting a plastic tube. This was fixed with previously inserted stitches and sealed with adhesive tape.

**Two surgeons in theatre clothing** appeared and decided more x-rays were needed. A transfer to the x-ray department followed. With several of us hanging on to the patient, the trolley, equipment and gowned surgeons processed to the main casualty area. The place looked like a supermarket with trolleys and people everywhere.

**A high-speed dash followed**, zig-zagging around these obstacles, past a sea of wide eyes and into the radiography department. As I still had to stop her from rolling off the trolley, I donned a lead apron as protection from the rays.

**A return to the emergency room** for more tests, followed by another high-speed emergency dash down seemingly endless corridors to the operating theatre where the theatre staff took over.....

**I was very glad** to have had this opportunity to assist at the Hallamshire A & E as part of David's first-aid course. Although my role in this was very simple, it freed a skilled nurse for more technical duties and gave us a ring-side insight.

**We were there** for almost seven hours during which time I gained more experience of casualty management than in my previous seventeen years as a rescue team member.

*I couldn't not include this item....!*

**One man and his dog – as related by Timothy, an aristocrat....**



– but between you and me it is me who is at the helm!

**Hello everyone.** My name is Timothy – when you get to know me better I may let you call me Timmy. You may see me most days walking around the village where I live with TOG Member **Clive Harridge** whom I call 'Skip'. I gave Skip that name as he thinks he is in charge and it makes him feel good

**Skip is very keen on sailing** and loves the sea. He likes to think of himself as a bit of a 'sea dog' – how dare he use that expression! But answer me this - if he likes the sea so much why does he live in the middle of England at a point the furthest from the sea of anywhere in the UK? Between you and me I think he's just an armchair sailor although I would never tell him that direct as I am far too polite. He says he has done lots of sailing in the past and has various qualifications including Day Skipper – well believe that if you will! I adopted him 3 years ago when I was a puppy (I know I don't look my age!) and do you know what – over that time he has not been sailing very much at all and only once with you at TOG. If he is so keen then why hasn't he been more often - especially now as he is retired? Further evidence if you ask me that he is just an armchair sailor.

**As an armchair sailor**, Skip likes reading about the sea and sailing – one of his favourite books is by Joshua Slocum "*Sailing Alone Around the World*" – I am sure Skip has a secret ambition to sail around the world himself – it would need to be himself as I am sure no one would trust sailing with him! Don't tell him I said that as he does not take criticism well and he is quite sensitive about these things.

**Skip has recently retired** which is a real nuisance because I now need to take him for longer walks and my peaceful afternoon snooze gets disturbed.

Sometimes Skip goes walkabout when his head is in the clouds dreaming of blue water sailing in a pleasant force 4. This

the other day wandered off walk and was muttering – or was that *May day!*? I everywhere the whole searching for couldn't find But when I



guess what? He was there! I had very strong words with him and hopefully he will be better behaved in future.

**I hope everyone in TOG** is keeping healthy and coped well in the lock down. Us dogs in my village completely understand how extremely difficult it was for everyone so we did our level best to help out whenever we could. In my case I made sure that Skip had some good exercise every day. He can get very grumpy stuck in the house but after I take him for a long walk he is a lot better and just falls asleep when we get home which gives me (and the rest of the household) a very welcome break!

**Now we are out of lock down** I decided that I needed to take Skip to see the sea as he was missing it so much and getting increasingly grumpy as a result. So we packed the car and off we went to Hengistbury Head with great views over Christchurch Bay and The Solent. This was my first time of seeing the sea and I

happened just when he on his morning last heard 'Ready about' 'May day!' looked and ran around village him – I him anywhere. got home –



must say I was really impressed – it's big isn't it? But me being the brave and adventurous type I wanted to get a closer look so I went for a paddle – I was doing OK until a wave came in and went up to my knees – I jumped back in shock and nearly fell over! I loved the sea but was less keen on the waves. What was terrific however, was the sand – just excellent for digging! Skip was not so happy about all the sand in the car on the way home. But heigh ho – now he's retired he has lots of time and needs things to do so cleaning the car was good for him including the stretching exercises involved.

**You must have already realised**, and I don't like to boast, but I would have you know that I have an aristocratic background and my family can be traced back many generations at the Kennel Club. Skip with no such heritage is rather jealous of my noble family so I try not to rub it in too much. My excellent pedigree means that as well as behaving like a true aristocrat at all times (Skip would disagree with this, but what does he know about nobility?) I also like to see everything prim and proper and in its place. I wish Skip was like this but unfortunately this is not so. For example, he does have the most annoying habit of leaving things lying around the house (footwear, cutlery and tools in particular as well as a few 'unmentionables'). I then have to go around to pick these up to keep the house tidy – he is so infuriating! I dread to think what he is like on a yacht – he must be totally annoying to the other sailors. Despite his years of sailing 'experience' he obviously still doesn't understand the term 'shipshape'! ] One of the many problems with Skip is that he is a bit of a hoarder. For example he has had a dinghy in the garage for some 20 years or so, but it hasn't been in any water for at least 10 years. It's a Miracle dinghy which has seen better days. Skip said he once sailed it around Brownsea Island in Poole Harbour – getting back to shore with Skip at the helm must have been a miracle in itself! The name of the dinghy is '*Knot a Clew*' - I think the person who sold it to Skip must have thought this name to be completely appropriate. **I loved the sea so much** after my first visit that I took Skip again - this time to Studland and Old Harry's rocks in Dorset. It was a wonderful day with beautiful views over the spectacular cliffs and clear blue sea. When walking on top of the cliffs. I made sure that Skip kept his distance from the edge – I didn't want him falling over whilst day dreaming of being in one of the several lovely yachts we could see (just think of the hassle that I would have had to sort out!). Skip told me boastfully (he is like that) that he had sailed close to Old Harry with TOG last year – that must have been terrific but I just hope that Skip repeatedly saying '*This view is really impressive*' did not annoy you TOG colleagues as much as it did me! **Back at Studland**, I went in the sea – unlike at Hengistbury Head there were no waves so I was fine. For all of his sailing experience over many years (or so he claims) Skip didn't tell me it is not good to drink sea water (so much for his sailing experience!).

Anyway on a very hot day I quenched my thirst in the sea and then back in the car I was not feeling too well - you can guess what happened next. It took Skip most of the next morning to clean the car and get rid of the smell – I totally blame him for this as he should have told me. I am now completely recovered and looking back I now find it very funny – unfortunately Skip doesn't see it that way – no sense of humour some people!

**I hope you have enjoyed my account** of my first experiences of the sea. I must admit that, like Skip, I do love the sea and yachts, and I can't wait until the next trip. But you can see what I have to put up with in taking Skip. Just a thought, but if I was to join TOG would I then be a TOG Dog!

**Anyway, must dash** – time to get Skip to make my tea (he won't admit it but he is getting on a bit and he needs regularly reminding that it's his job to do this – must do some more focussed training with him). Bushy tails and happy sailing everyone!

**Timothy**

### A TRIP TO NORWAY...and a tale about the Tall Ships Youth Trust.

By Louise Scull



**My partner Paul and I** joined TOG in time for the 2019 season and took part in two sailexes (out of Milford Haven and Largs) as well as completing a First Aid refresher and enjoying a couple of social events, one on the River Trent and one on the Great Central Railway. This year we were planning to take

part in the Easter Sailex and the Clyde trip at the end of June, but sadly that wasn't to be.

**In the absence of Sailex reports**, I thought I'd share with you some of my interesting sailing experience from the 2017/18 seasons.

**It all started at the London Boat Show**, in January 2017, where my eye was caught by a stand for the Tall Ships Youth Trust. In the 1990s and early 2000s I took part in a number of Tall Ships Races on Dark Horse, an Ocean 60' owned by the Lloyds Banking Group, so I was familiar with the tall ships ethos, but I hadn't come across TSYT before. For those of you not familiar with the trust, it is the UK's oldest and largest sail training charity, having sailed over two million nautical miles with over 117,000 trainees in the past 60 years. Their mission is to enable young people, aged 12 to 25, to fulfil their life potential through adventures at sea. At that time they had a fleet of 7 vessels – Four 72' Challengers (ex BT Global Challenge boats) plus a ketch, a catamaran and a brig.

**There were some interesting trips** being advertised on the stand at the boat show, so I got chatting to the volunteers there. They asked about my sailing experience, and when I explained that I had been

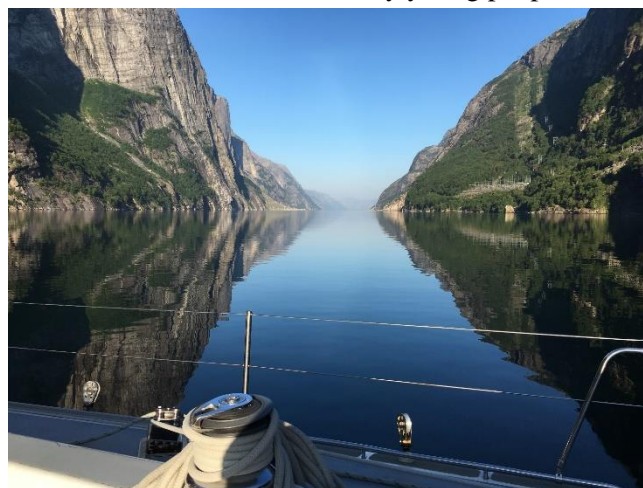
sailing for more than 40 years, qualified as a Coastal Skipper 25 years previously, and had more than 20000 miles logged, they suggested that I might like to consider becoming a volunteer watch leader for the trust, and gave me the details of the person to contact at trust HQ.

**To cut a long story short**, I completed my watch leader training in March 2017 on one of the Challengers, and was soon signing up for my first trips. The Challengers normally carry a crew of 16: the Skipper and Mate (paid by the Trust), 2 Watchleaders (volunteer experienced sailors like myself), and 12 crew (often young people, sometimes joining as a group, and sometimes joining as individuals). The crew is split into two watches, and as watchleader it's your responsibility to organise and supervise the watch in whatever they're doing – preparing the boat for sea, sailing the boat, preparing and cooking a meal or doing the daily cleaning! Between May and October 2017 I took part in 6 trips on the Challengers, all sailing out of Gunwharf Quays in Portsmouth, ranging from 3 to 7 days in length, and mainly sailing between the Solent, Weymouth and Poole. They were some of the most exhausting but rewarding sailing trips I've ever done. Seeing young people, many with significant challenges in their lives, develop and blossom as they acquired new skills and learnt to work in teams, was a real privilege. It was also a learning experience for me – working with children on the autistic spectrum I quickly learnt that you need to choose your words carefully – I only used the phrase “drop the fender over the side” once! When the programme for 2018 was published during the winter of 2017/18, I had the opportunity to “bid” for longer trips, and was lucky enough to be allocated a place as watchleader on a two week trip with an adult crew to the Norwegian Fjords in June 2018, and on a 10 day trip with a crew of 18 year old boys across the Bay of Biscay to La Coruna and back in August 2018.

**During the Norway trip**, in particular, we encountered some very strong winds and big seas, but the Challengers are more than a match for these conditions. They are steel hulled, designed to race around the world “the wrong way” (against prevailing wind and tide), so are exceptionally strong and seaworthy. With a Bermudan Cutter Rig, the Challengers can sail with a mainsail, two headsails and a spinnaker, giving a lot of flexibility in sail planning, depending on the state of the weather (and the state of the crew!) They were specifically designed to be strong, safe and seaworthy in even the worst conditions and to be self-sufficient for long periods at sea, with enough fuel and water to take their crews safely to a distant port. They were also designed to be relatively easy to sail and handled by crews who are not professional. One of my favourite places on the Challengers is the snakepit, an unusual feature, forward of the main cockpit, that allows anyone working the halyards to 'hunker down' and shelter in strong wind and rain, and, more importantly, from

waves washing over the deck. I spent many happy hours in the snakepit that summer!

**TSYT is a wonderful charity**, which has made a real difference to the lives of so many young people –do



support it if you can, either as a volunteer or through a donation.

*My view on our first morning in Lysefjord.....*



**Non-TOG week on the Channel - 31<sup>st</sup> July to 7<sup>th</sup> August – *Femme Fatale***

*By Andy McWilliam*  
**Finally back on the water** having been deferred from June 26<sup>th</sup>. For myself, it was back down memory lane, once again sailing with the

Gentleman who taught me to sail starting some 18 years ago, David Lonergan, accompanied by a long term sailing companion John Lacey and his equally talented son Phillip - Marvellous or what? We chartered the Oceanis 37 from Fairview our default and excellent charterer. They and Port Hamble



Marina had gone the full distance to provide protection from that tiny but worrying enemy, Covid 19. There was sanitizer at just about every turn, and more measures besides. Thank you.

**The heat was building as we departed** The Hamble on Friday morning bound for Keyhaven, where the



weather turned cooler, to await the tidal and weather gate for making sail to Cherbourg, which came at 10.00am on Saturday. David, aka 'the Admiral' who seemed unaffected by the motion spending plenty of time below, did the navigating. Thank you David. We managed ¾ of the passage under sail alone with motor assistance for the rest, making Cherbourg as dusk fell in time for a hearty meal on board and some liquid refreshment. There were fewer sailing vessels than normal, both at sea and in port.

**Sunday delivered a fresh but dry day** in Cherbourg where we did the tourist thing - there were few of them too – with a visit to Napoleon and his trusty



steed and a mandatory pot of Moule Frites and some 1664. Another meal aboard and early retirement ready for the morning tide East.

**Approaching strong springs** and with following winds we quickly rounded Cap Barfleur and made the beautiful port of St Vaast la Hougue. It was good to be back. We met up a few crews from Blighty, but again not as many as on previous trips. The day was spent exploring, doing the street cafe scene, and finishing off with a splendid Dorade in 'La Crie du Tomahawk'. I could not help be notice the way the French take their kids out for a sail in mini dinghies all on one line. I'm not sure that UK Elf & Safety would permit that. A late morning departure was planned for the 82 miles to Weymouth, as there were still some good winds to be had on Tuesday before the



ensuing calm. Before that we were thinking of Honfleur or Ouistreham – that's for another time.

**After a relaxed morning**, Femme Fatale departed in glorious sunshine to catch the North going tidal 'kick' from Barfleur at High Water Dover. Thereafter the Spring tide took us West and then East, with 50% sail and 50% with some motor assistance. We approached Portland Bill as night set in, finally anchoring off Weymouth Beach at Midnight. Tired, we grabbed a quick bite and a big sleep. These Anchor Alarm Apps on the mobile phones are great. You can hear them for a start!

**In the morning** we attempted to enter port. That's when we met the Harbour Master. You will never meet one quite like him. Clearly the most popular official in town according to all we met who knew him. They are going to miss him, just as soon as! Anyway, we slithered back out with tails between legs and anchored again, pumped up the dinghy and outboard and then sneaked back in. Even then the sweet chap wanted to chain lock our dinghy, which was only headed off by some smart and courteous arrangements made by John with another yacht owner. Nice work John.



**Once ashore, the thirsty crew** found the George Hotel, beer and fish & chips, performed the obligatory town walk-about before dinner and wine aboard.

Phillip drove the dinghy

**06.00hrs Thursday** and we were off riding the tide to Hurst Point which we made with about 30 minutes to spare. It actually rained that day, but by noon it was sweltering. We enjoyed two anchored stops and topping up on sleep. Port Hamble was reached by 19.30hrs, before David produced a wonderful omelette with cabbage - yes cabbage – beans, carrots and baked potato. It was delightful and healthy.

**Friday began with a trip to the fuel berth** on Swannick some 15 minutes up the river. Apparently one must book fuelling appointments for Port Hamble to keep the river clear of vessels hanging about waiting and blocking the busy waterway. Problem was that vessels often did not keep to the appointed times. C'est la Vie.

**Cleaning, packing and unloading** was performed under strong sunlight, and off home we went.

To recap, it had been a great week, having been land locked for so long. Here's hoping this freedom continues and TOGgers and Non-TOGgers alike get back to full sailing programs.

Andy McWilliam

David Lonergan

John Lacey

Phillip Lacey

*From the Daily Telegraph – how to write with erudition.... Enjoy the rhythm and the (long) words. I hope you agree.- Ed*

**LONDON, TUESDAY JULY 13, 1920**  
**ROYAL LADIES IN A CLYDE YACHT RACE**  
**THE KING'S VICTORY IN HEAVY WEATHER**  
**SAILING. FROM OUR SPECIAL**  
**CORRESPONDENT, ROTHESAY,**

**Monday**

**The *Britannia***, with the King, the Queen, and Princess



Mary aboard, won the principal race on the Clyde to-day. Yachtsmen of every class had anticipated eagerly the possibility that King George, himself a practical sailor, might sail with his own vessel during his visit to the great yachting carnival here. They had certainly not entertained the idea that the Queen and the Prince might create a precedent by braving the discomforts of yacht racing and when the fact became known that they had embarked on *Britannia*, there was increased pleasure and interest. Thereafter the contest was followed from the shore by ever-increasing crowds, who marvelled at the pluck of the Royal ladies in sampling racing under the conditions which prevailed.

**It was the heaviest weather experienced** during the Clyde fortnight, and it suited *Britannia* so much better than the more modern craft that she won by an ample margin. Old yachting men who remember her as the handsome young debutante who took the Solent by storm in the middle 'nineties and so emphatically disposed of the rivalry of *Vigilant*, the America Cup defender, will hear of her victory today without surprise. From every point of view it was the happiest of wins, and the Clyde to-night is immensely satisfied. *Britannia* had a splendid reception as she crossed the finishing-line. Cheers were raised by the crews of all the racing yachts, and they were re-echoed from the shore, while pleasure steamers sounded their whistles and rang their bells. The King acknowledged the congratulatory clamour from the deck of the yacht, and joined his crew in cheering the other prize-winners as they came in.

**THE LOST SHOES.**

**The King and Queen**, with Princess Mary, left the *Victoria and Albert* at 10:15, and five minutes' steam into the bay brought them to *Britannia*. Owing to the unpropitious state of the weather it had been understood that the Queen and the Princess would not sail in *Britannia* to-day, but at the eleventh hour signal was made from the Royal yacht to the racing cutter that they would accompany the King on board. The onlookers ashore had kept a keen watch through the haze for the passage of the trim little pinnace used by their Majesties for their voyages to and from the Royal yacht. It

needed very keen sight indeed to discern with the naked eye the presence of the Queen. Those who had provided themselves with glasses, however, were able to communicate to those around them the fact, and the news created a stir of delight among the crowds lining the front. **An early mishap** during the transference of the Royal party to the *Britannia* set their Majesties laughing and showed that they were little inclined on this thoroughly sporting outing to allow the weather to affect their spirits. To provide against disconcerting contingencies which are always possible, at least on racing craft, the Countess of Minto brought with her a reserve pair of shoes for the Queen. As the Lady-in-Waiting was climbing the companion ladder the parcel slipped into the water, and she stood for the moment much mortified that her solicitude was thus early brought to naught. "Oh, those precious shoes!" was the King's very human exclamation, and the Queen was no less ready in her appreciation of the lighter side of the incident.

**A POPULAR VICTORY.**

**As soon as the King's yacht** left her moorings there occurred a veritable stampede ashore and afloat of those anxious to witness the start of the race. The club boats, motor-pinnaces, cruising vessels of all kinds, and a half-dozen excursion steamers, followed up closely to witness, like the enthusiasts among a race crowd, the events at "the gate." On shore thousands of people – and the majority on the Clyde can be accounted yachting experts – scurried around the southern stretch of the bay to reach Craigmare, exactly opposite which the mark-boat showed a red flag. Then ensued one of the most fascinating sights of yacht racing, the jockeying for the start. Nothing is prettier to the eye of the seasoned yachting man, or, for the matter of that, to that of the uninstructed landsman, albeit he does not appreciate to the full the measure of seamanship and craft required, than the delicate handling of the larger yachts at the start of a race. To-day's start was as near perfection as the most fastidious yachtsman could expect.

**At the first-mark boat**, under Kerrytonlia Point, *Britannia* had established a promising lead, and for the first time she never looked back. On the last leg of the triangular course, almost straight across the Firth, the yachts came bowling along before the wind with spinnakers out, a splendid spectacle. They had to complete three rounds to do the thirty-nine mile course, and it was just at the outset of the third circuit that the only mishap of the race occurred. *Britannia* carried away her jib topsail, but it was a minor affair only, and affected her lead but slightly. A new sail was speedily set, and the Royal cutter received the winner's gun more than four minutes in front of *Nyria*. After the demonstration which greeted her win had subsided *Britannia* brought up to permit the Queen and Princess Mary to return to the *Victoria and Albert*.

After their departure she hoisted, sail again, and, with the King aboard, beat over to the eastern shores of the Firth, ready for the racing at Largs to-morrow.

**The Provost of Rothesay** wired to the King the congratulations of the inhabitants of the Royal burgh on *Britannia*'s victory, and Lord Stamfordham sent this evening the following reply:

"The King much appreciates the kind congratulations you have conveyed to his Majesty in the name of the Town Council and citizens of Rothesay on the victory. It is an additional pleasure to the King to win the Coronation trophy".



# COVID 19.

# ALLES KAPUT

## However.....Read on

### End of Season

- Thu, Oct 1, 202 4:00 p.m. to Wed, Oct 7, 2020 5:00 p.m.  
Sailex Reference EOS20 Lead Skipper Dave Bond

[Google Calendar](#) [ICS](#)

It has been agreed that crew may overnight on the yachts at Hamble marina on Thursday 1st October to permit an early start on Friday 2nd with the sailex ending on Wednesday 7th October at 17:00 hours. This as a result of incorporating the postponed Easter with the End of Season sailexes.

Two Oceanis 37's have been chartered **and a third is an option**. Costs for this sailex will be £195 per berth. Good availability.

- **BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS - 2021**

- [Google Calendar](#) [ICS](#) Tue, Jan 26, 2021 9:30 AM Thu, Feb 11, 2021 10:30 AM  
Sailex Reference BVI21 Lead Skipper Adrian Johnson



### **Uncrowded, un-commercialised, unspoilt this is the British Virgin Islands, a true luxury holiday destination.**

The British Virgin Islands is an idyllic destination for those seeking deserted white sand beaches, crystal clear waters with amazing snorkelling and diving and arguably, the best sailing in the world. The British Virgin Islands are part of a volcanic archipelago located in the northern Caribbean and is a British overseas territory. Comprising approximately 60 islands, the BVI enjoys year-round temperatures of between 25°C – 35°C. The

largest island in the BVI is Tortola – home to the capital Road Town and Sage Mountain National Park with its lush rainforest. Virgin Gorda is home to the Baths, a labyrinth of massive beachside boulders and even more stunning beaches.

Our early 2021 sailex will be to this idyllic destination and for the very first time we are planning to charter one catamaran, an ideal yacht for this destination. The sailex will be 14 days, and start on Thursday 28th January 2021. However there are no direct flights from the UK to the BVI so we are planning to depart London with either BA or Virgin Atlantic to Antigua on Tuesday 26th January and spend two nights there. We will have one full day to explore this fantastic location before taking a local flight to the BVI.

All yachts under consideration will have 4 double cabins with full air conditioning and en-suite heads plus two single cabins. Typical example are shown below.

### **Astrea 42 with Watermaker and A/C 2020**

[https://client.sednasystem.com/boat/boatdisp.asp?lg=0&id\\_boat=38699&b\\_newfic=](https://client.sednasystem.com/boat/boatdisp.asp?lg=0&id_boat=38699&b_newfic=)

The islands are grouped together and sailing the BVI will not incur long passages. There will be ample time for sight-seeing, swimming and sun worship.

- **The yacht, a 2020 Astrea 42, has been secured at a cost of £1,470 per person for the two week sailex This cost includes the yacht, dinghy, outboard, starter packs by the charter company, end cleaning, bedding, National Parks and BVI Cruising Tax.** In addition we have secured full yacht insurance - no "security deposit" to be paid at the base and consequential risk. That is just £735 per person per week. We have four double cabins, and two single cabins, per yacht. Flight costs will not be known until March 2020 but based on this year's actual costs we anticipate economy flight costs London to BVI will be approx £900 In addition there will be a two night hotel cost in Antigua.