



TOGLINE

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Sailing is like being a child again: wide eyes, a big smile and a soggy bottom.....



Greetings o you all once again...

I would like to make them hearty greetings, but in the present climate it seems inappropriate. Another lockdown and still no end in sight. Let us hope the vaccine does the trick and we

can get back to some semblance of normality soon. Oh to be in England, now that the spring is here....

Enough, I say – let's think positive and look to the coming year and the programme we hope to achieve.

It looks pretty good from where I sit, with five possibilities starting from May. By then, with a fair wind, we should be able to sail away without worrying about quarantine. Or about having to fork out £1,750 to be locked up in a hotel room for 10 days. Have a look at the back page and see what we mean. Fingers crossed!

Temperaturewise, what a cold snap we have had over the last few days. The snow paints the countryside beautifully, but the cold wind has a vicious bite. We try to get out every day for some exercise, but are always glad to get back home and the warm. Heating on all day and a lot of the night. No charity in being cold is our motto! A wet spring is usually followed by a blazing summer so again, let's think positive. Here's to a far better year and more sailing, our *raison d'etre* in the Trent Offshore Group.

This edition of the Newsletter is another retrospect in the annals of the Group. We are understandably short of fresh articles this past year, but I make no apologies for reminding us of the enjoyment we have had over the years. Sometimes it is good to take stock, and look back over previous successes. I have gone back to early days of the noughties and dug up some more articles that will hopefully, make us chuckle. We are blessed with good writers and I am grateful for the privilege of putting your offerings into print. It all helps to maintain the essential contact with the Group and each other when we are so widely scattered. Please Enjoy....

Those of us who have been following the America's Cup will have been really heartened by the brilliant performance put up by *Britannia* and Sir Ben Ainslie. We follow it on YouTube and fascinating it is too. I feel we can hope that the Auld Mug may end up in this country at last - until the next time. The overlays of the course and boundaries put on the screen by the producers as the races progress, make tactics easy to understand. The Italians in *Luna Rossa* are really peeved and try to penalise us at every turn.

Gamesmanship of the highest order, They have their match in Ben. Let us just hope that the modifications made to *Britannia* which have proved so successful, pull it off in spite of the penalty we have suffered. At the time of writing, we are nil to Italy's 4 points. First to seven wins takes the cup and goes against NZ. A lockdown has caused a postponement of Wednesdays session, so we wait and see.

What about the Vendee Globe whilst we are at it? Lord, how those boats fly and through those conditions. They look like submarines as they smash through the waves. YouTube is brilliant for picking them up. It must be so uncomfortable – and to do it for 90 days as Pip Hare – well I take my hat off to them all More men have been to the moon than have women who finished the race!. Food for thought.....

Once again, as we hope to see an end to the lockdown in the near future, we can hope that the vaccine will do the trick and release us from this accursed bondage. Your Council will do their best to keep the Group moving forward and to live up to the tenets and ideals of the Constitution laid out by the original founders, 30 years ago.

Until then and when we are able to do our own things, we hope to see you on the watter. Keep safe and keep smiling. There is light at the end of the tunnel!

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Presiding Master's Musings

POSITION CURRENTLY VACANT....

Following a retrospect of past episodes, this item by Peter Tyler caught my attention.... I hope you enjoy it.....

Star date July 2010...

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?....

by Peter Tyler



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 Togoysey* (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 Cumbræ 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?

And this one by Dan Edson – another touch of lovely humour....

Star Date October 2006....



Day 1:

The tone for the trip was set as we arrived at JSATC Gosport and headed straight into the Yacht Club for beer and a roll before any consideration of whether we had boats to sail away in later

that day. However, forces efficiency meant that the fact should never be doubted (*don't you believe it! – Ed*) and 3 yachts were ready and waiting; *Skywave* (my boat), *Pegasus* and the relatively new *Quick Silver*. Across in the Hamble another crew, skippered by Mark, were picking up "Just4Fun". We met our fellow crew members whom, across the whole group of 20, varied from young to old, experienced to novice and one brave lady. All with a simple, common objective of enjoying a sociable few days sailing, - and that is the route of such a trip's success.

By mid-afternoon we cast-off out into the Solent for a sail in a pleasant evening across to West Cowes with the crews getting to know each other's capabilities. On my boat, the Skipper was Norman, who has considerable experience and was, as he put it in his jovial manner, "In charge so don't expect me to actually do anything!" Ian was Mate or was it "No.1" (I was never quite certain!) who ensured the rest of us crew were kept in order and doing the right things when we should have been. Sometimes we crew, that is myself, Peter and Tony even obliged! (*The odd touch of the cat helps! – Ed*). West Cowes welcomed us into its very organised Yacht Haven then it was straight off to the second Yacht Club of the day, Island Yacht Club. Here we consumed beer, a three-course dinner and tales from the various Sailing expeditions. Last orders in The Union Flag before back on board to sleep. End of first day balance of drinking time to sailing time about 50:50, how will this measure change through the trip?

Day 2:

Woken to strong winds and the Skippers deliberating over the pressure charts and shipping forecast. Verdict was to go, but head down to Yarmouth only, as shelter may be required as the day progresses and the wind strengthens. However, *Just4Fun* thought it had better live up to its name and try to get in extra entertainment by heading beyond Yarmouth. Little did they realise it was to become *Just2much4Fun*. *Skywave* headed out about 9am sailing

into the wind over tide, as the winds strengthened up to F7 the sea started to roll. The sail area gradually being decreased in proportion to the wind, *Skywave* kept sailing on guided by its crew. Down on the chart table I was plotting our route and course one minute, and sitting on the floor in a heap of chart papers the next as the boat rolled and heeled! Soon learnt how to wedge myself in though. After just over 2 hours we reached the shelter of Yarmouth along with 2 other boats whilst *Just4Fun* continued - *4Fun* of course. Tony cooked a bacon and egg lunch before, guess what? Off to another yacht club, Royal Solent Yacht club. Great location to watch the few remaining boats in the Solent fight their way to shelter and watch the lifeboat fly out of the harbour just 6 minutes after hearing the maroons go up. *Just4Fun* returned to Yarmouth safely but did admit to having *Just2muchFun* down by the Needles. The afternoon and evening disappeared in between yacht Club and Pubs, everyone being very sociable. Ratio at the end of Day 2, 70:30 drinking to sailing.

Day 3:

Oh dear, the stays are whistling and the forecast is Force 8 gusting 9. Safety first, so no sailing today. A free day on the Isle of Wight, somewhere I had not been before. Not to be wasted, a very efficient bus network took a number of us to Newport and a few more changed and headed for Osborne House, Victoria and Albert's summer residence. What a great place to visit, even when it's so windy and rainy that you cannot sail safely. The island hopper ticket allowed Peter, Paul, Guy and myself to tour the southwest corner, stopping for a pint at Freshwater Bay overlooking the crashing waves. Back to Yarmouth for more drinking and eating. Ratio 60:20:20 drinking, sailing, sight-seeing.

Day 4:

At last we woke to a fantastic day for sailing - bright with a F3/4 wind. Off we cast, with smiles on everyone's faces, out into the Solent. *Skywave* and crew had a fantastic sail across the Solent then tacking up Southampton water, navigating the channels and avoiding the warehouse size container ships. Everyone having a go at helming - except the Skipper of course - because he was in charge! The sun continued to shine as we ran back down to the Hamble where all 4 boats met at The RAF Yacht Club, surprise, surprise, for beer and a bite to eat. However not wishing to miss good sailing we were soon off again out into the Solent and across to Cowes where we moored in East Cowes Marina - well most of us - as *Quicksilver* sneaked into West Cowes, grabbing the last spot! The crew claim they were duped into it believing there was space for all. In order to avoid the fayre they call food at the Brewers Fayre, we had an enjoyable water Taxi ride, courtesy of Sally, to West Cowes all meeting up for food in the Union Flag. Sal's taxi took us all back after a good day's sailing and night's drinking. Ratio 50:40:10 drinking, sailing, sightseeing.

Day 5:

Awoke to another good day. A lighter wind but enough for a sail back to Gosport. We cast off with Tony cooking sausage sandwiches which we ate before lifting the sails. By now, we just did it regardless of what "No.1" asked us to do, as we never were quite sure if, when "No.1" said the Main, but meant the Genoa, which to go for. We just put it down to age or beer or both. (*spot on! Ed*). As with the day before, we had a great sail back to Gosport; what an idyllic way to spend a Sunday morning. At the refuelling pontoon the absolute common sense of wind power generation was reinforced as the cruiser in front clocked up £325 of diesel whilst we struggled to squeeze in £2.65 after

5 days sailing. Ratio 40:50:10 drinking, sailing, sight-seeing.

Overall I would like to thank TOG for organising the trip, Skipper for being in charge, Mate for keeping us busy, Peter and Tony for great company and everyone who came along for being sailors. The TOG trip has given opportunity for sailing in varied conditions, exploration of new areas, meeting of new friendly people and of course drinking of copious amounts of beer. Who could possibly complain about that?

And this one Star Date 2004...



Mission Improbable by Bob Wright

Your mission, gentlemen, should you wish to accept it, is

(If I were to tell you more at this stage I would have to kill you)

In these terrorist infested times it is not surprising that the secret security services, particularly the Naval Intelligence, keep a close watch on maritime websites and publications.

.Amongst these are, of course, TOG and it was therefore, no surprise that the heroic adventures of “Mon Capitaine’s Crew” (see TOG Summer 2005 Newsletter) came to their attention.

Thus it was that on one Friday in May (note the subtlety of a non-Saturday start) the culmination of months of planning commenced with the arrival from various points of the compass of the tried and trusted crew. Aply marshalled by their co-ordinator code named Ann, they met in a small, newly built port on the Brittany coast - Crouesty. Mon Capitaine (code name Norm) had his usual assistants, Ian the Pilot, Aid the Cox, Burgh the Bosun, Bob the Builder and Jean-Paul the Man from the Maquis.

The gallant crew had been provided with a brand new boat (and you thought the intelligence services were intelligent). So



having performed the most important task, fixing a halyard to hoist the TOG pennant, as the alternative - the captain’s towel left hanging over the side - seemed inappropriate, the

crew immediately set out on a trial run. Having broken nothing it was decided to set sail early next morning for Isle de Yeu. In order to throw off any potential followers. We shortly arrived in Trinite sur Mer!



This had nothing to do with

the pilot’s new set of genuine brass instruments or the fact that the tourist meteo forecast a force 10 and the weather was flat calm. Maybe it was because he claimed “not to have been this drunk for thirty years”. A claim disputed after Torquay last year.

It was in fact so that we could look at the sealed orders which had been smuggled aboard inside one of Berice’s

fruit cakes. We soon found the truth in that old seaman’s saying:

“Calm wind abaft the mast,
Makes Berice’s fruit cake vanish fast”



The next point of call was Belle Isle. Here, over a pleasant evening meal, there was much discussion about whether we should stay for a day and explore the island or move on. The vote went 5:1 to remain, so the next

morning at 0800 we set sail for Isle de Croix. Here the party split into three. Jean-Paul the Maquis conducting a solo recce, Mon Capitaine and Pilot sussing out possible watering holes, while Cox, Bosun and Builder took to bikes for an island-wide exploration. Here the first major casualty occurred when Cox broke a rib while hurtling down a dangerous cliff path in search of something. After that he didn’t seem to agree that laughter is the best medicine.

At this point it can be revealed that the dangerous mission that the gallant crew had accepted was to photograph the secret U-boat pens at Lorient.



Some might mock and think we were sixty years too late, but who knows.

This was, as one might expect, the most dangerous part of the mission, but with a selflessness which has become legendary, our skipper subtly led his crew to a suitable vantage point by a most circuitous route which would have fooled any watching Germans, or Afghans, come to that. Regardless of the damage to his feet and without (much) complaining we completed the mile (*Hur Hur – in your dreams!! – Ed.*) in not much over the hour. Again that night, he led by example and without (much more) complaint led his crew on a foot reconnaissance of the area. Now the challenge was to return with our valuable intelligence, which was accomplished via Quiberon and despite a freezing gale.

Once again, Dad’s Navy, aka TOG, had proved their worth to Queen and country. Look out for their next adventure.

Once again our Deputy Master steps up to the crease....

OYC

During our OYC training trip we spent a night at Lochranza. In the evening discussing our surroundings revealed that several of us were active members of mountaineering clubs and someone suggested that OYC ought to enter a team into the 3 Peaks Yacht Race. I thought no more about this until 3 months later I was invited take part



in a preliminary procedure concerning that event.

The Board of Governors had approved the idea and the Chairman, Viscount Caldercote DSC, had offered the use of his own yacht if it was suitable and I was invited to take part in a test trip.

The yacht, a Sigma 36ft sloop R.Y.S. named *Citara III*, was berthed at Falmouth and was due to go to Portsmouth so 3 of us were to sail as crew with a professional skipper in charge. His name was John and a retired RN Officer. John had survived WW2 and then joined the Fleet Air Arm and qualified as a helicopter pilot finishing his service as Commanding Officer of RNAS Culdrose.

We joined him at Falmouth in August on a fine sunny day.

He was an extremely competent skipper who always politely invited you to do things. He did all the navigating and we did all the boat handling. He liked to keep to certain naval traditions such as at 6pm "sun's is below the yardarm". What are you going to have, gin or whisky" *Citara* was very well equipped due to her owner being an engineer of renown. The fo'c'sle was a workshop with a bench, tools and a cabinet full of spares. There was also a white ensign which could only be used if the owner was on board so we had to fly John's blue ensign.

We left Falmouth at noon and headed east. John made regular entries in the log and on the chart (it was before electronic navigation was available) while we familiarised ourselves with the yacht. After an easy sail we moored in Plymouth

The next day the weather had changed to overcast with a NE fresh wind. This gave us a good run to Start Point but after that we were beating to windward. The distance to the shore increased until we lost sight of it and John's navigating skills became very apparent. As we approached Portland Bill the sea became very rough and darkness came before we reached there. Eventually we were able to head North for Weymouth. By this time we were cold, wet and hungry. John decided to introduce us to a wartime naval tradition when he came up with hot drinks with an odd taste. It was a mixture of Bovril and sherry and certainly warmed us. We finally moored at Weymouth where John nipped ashore to pay the harbour dues and came back with hot fish suppers.

The following day the wind had backed to NW 5 with a favourable tide and a big swell all helping us we had an exhilarating run to Portsmouth sometimes reaching 11kts surfing down big waves.

It was a very memorable trip and we approved *Citara* but unfortunately, they ballot the entries into the 3 Peaks Yacht Race and OYC did not succeed.

I thought I would put this in as the impressions of a greenhorn on his first trip offshore that fired his enthusiasm. Brings back memories..

Star Date 2002

DREAMS CAN COME TRUE.....

by Ian Calderwood



Over the winters of 2001 and 2002, I took both the shore-based RYA Day Skipper and Coastal Yachtmaster Courses at night school. Norman Allen was the instructor and at the time, Presiding Master of the Trent Offshore Group – a shorebound group of enthusiasts who organised

sailing trips offshore – and still do. In May of 2002, at the invitation of Norman, I seized the halyard!

Three experts, Norman Allen, Bob Wright, John Parry and a sixty-something dinghy sailor clutching his brand new

Certificate, travelled overnight to St. Malo. At the marina we picked up 'Naga Tabi II', a "First 32". Roughly 33 feet of sleek, streamlined beauty, with a mast that seemed to go on forever. I was asked to share navigation on alternate days with John Parry. The ensuing week was one unforgettable adventure!

We sailed from St. Malo, westwards to St. Quay Portrieux on the Brittany Coast. North East to St. Helier, Jersey. North West to St. Peter Port, Guernsey and North East to Braye, Alderney. South to Jersey again and further South back to St. Malo, logging 240 miles in the process. We experienced every condition the sea could throw at us! Force 7/8 winds, 10 foot swells, flat calms, sun, blue skies, rain and grey skies. On one occasion dolphins, so close one could almost lean over and touch them! It is well known the Channel Isles have some of the greatest tidal ranges in the world, with resultant fast tidal streams. We sailed, we motored and we motor-sailed. The log would show 7 or 8 knots and occasionally 9 with a speed over the ground of 11 knots. Shows we got the tides right! A quartering sea and Force 7 introduced to Nag Tabi a combined pitch and roll which gave the impression of trying to turn herself and us, inside out! The big problem was restraining the tools on the navigation table! But, bowling along, leaning to the wind, both sails drawing well, no land in sight and with nothing to break the silence but the hiss of the water along the hull - Heaven!!

We would start most mornings around 6 a.m. for the favourable tides. The longest leg was eight and a half hours from Alderney to Jersey. We had great runs ashore in the evenings and were able to visit local Yacht Clubs if we wished. Facilities in the Marinas were first-class with hot showers et al. Forget about "roughing it"! Norman, John and Bob were very helpful and always willing to pass on tips and give advice without any form of condescension - a great boon! There was excitement and satisfaction in putting into practice all I had tried to absorb over the previous two years. Better yet, having them believe and trust in my calculations and courses to steer - oh, innocents! Cold? Occasionally! Wet? Yes, at times! Miserable? Never in a million years!! One could easily become a bore, but impressions DO count! I came back home as high as a kite! Thanks a million, guys!

In 1992 my wife and I visited Guernsey. We stood on St. Peter Port marina wall and looked at the yachts in the Marina. "If only" I sighed to Berice. Ten years later, I was IN that Marina, ON a pontoon, next to our yacht not fifty yards from that same wall, looking up to where we had stood. I rang Berice and said - "You'll never guess where I'm standing at this moment....."

That was 18 years ago and I still try to sail with the Group at least once a year. The magic never fades. Dreams CAN come true!

AND FINALLY – SOME ASIDES.....

Why We Like The British - FROM BRITISH NEWSPAPERS

1) Commenting on a complaint from a Mr. Arthur Purdey about a large gas bill, a spokesman for North West Gas said, 'We agree it was rather high for the time of year. It's possible Mr. Purdey has been charged for the gas used up during the explosion that destroyed his house.' (The Daily Telegraph)

2) Police reveal that a woman arrested for shoplifting a

whole salami. When asked why, she said it was because she was missing her Italian boyfriend. (The Manchester Evening News)

3) Irish police are being handicapped in a search for a stolen van, because they cannot issue a description. It's a Special Branch vehicle and they don't want the public to know what it looks like. (The Guardian)

4) A young girl who was blown out to sea on a set of inflatable teeth was rescued by a man on an inflatable lobster. A Coast Guard spokesman commented, 'This sort of thing is all too common'. (The Times)

5) At the height of the gale, the harbourmaster radioed a Coastguard and asked him to estimate the wind speed. He replied he was sorry, but he didn't have a gauge. However, if it was any help, the wind had just blown his Land Rover off the cliff. (Aberdeen Evening Express)

6) Mrs. Irene Graham of Thorpe Avenue Boscombe, delighted the audience with her reminiscence of the German prisoner of war who was sent each week to do her garden. He was repatriated at the end of 1945, she recalled. 'He'd always seemed a nice friendly chap, but when the crocuses came up in the middle of our lawn in February 1946, they spelt out 'Heil Hitler.'" (Bournemouth Evening Echo)

A list of actual announcements that London Tube train drivers have made to their passengers...

1) 'Your delay this evening is caused by the line controller suffering from E & B syndrome: not knowing his elbow from his backside. I'll let you know any further information as soon as I'm given any.'

2) 'Do you want the good news first or the bad news? The good news is that last Friday was my birthday and I hit the town and had a great time. The bad news is that there is a points failure somewhere between Stratford and East Ham, which means we probably won't reach our destination.'

3) 'Ladies and gentlemen, we apologize for the delay, but there is a security alert at Victoria station and we are therefore stuck here for the foreseeable future, so let's take our minds off it and pass some time together. All together now.... 'Ten green bottles, hanging on a wall.....!'

4) 'We are now travelling through Baker Street ... As you can see, Baker Street is closed. It would have been nice if they had actually told me, so I could tell you earlier, but no, they don't think about things like that'.

5) 'Beggars are operating on this train. Please do NOT encourage these professional beggars. If you have any spare change, please give it to a registered charity. Failing that, give it to me.'

6) During an extremely hot rush hour on the Central Line, the driver announced in a West Indian drawl: 'Step right this way for the sauna, ladies and gentleman... unfortunately, towels are not provided.'

7) 'Let the passengers off the train FIRST!' (Pause.) 'Oh go on then, stuff yourselves in like sardines, see if I care - I'm going home.....!'

7) 'Please allow the doors to close. Try not to confuse this with 'Please hold the doors open.' The two are distinct and separate instructions.'

9) 'Please note that the beeping noise coming from the doors means that the doors are about to close. It does not mean throw yourself or your bags into the doors.'

10) 'To the gentleman wearing the long grey coat trying to

get on the second carriage - what part of 'stand clear of the doors' don't you understand?'

11) 'Please move all baggage away from the doors.' (Pause..) 'Please move ALL belongings away from the doors.' (Pause...) 'This is a personal message to the man in the brown suit wearing glasses at the rear of the train: Put the pie down, Four-eyes, and move your bl**dy golf clubs away from the door before I come down there and (the rest is censored!)

12) 'May I remind all passengers that there is strictly no smoking allowed on any part of the Underground. However, if you are smoking a joint, it's only fair that you pass it round the rest of the carriage.'

UPS Air Cargo?

Never let it be said that ground crews lack a sense of humour. Here are some actual maintenance complaints submitted by UPS 'pilots (marked with a P) and the solutions recorded (marked with an S) by maintenance engineers.

By the way, UPS is the only major airline that has never, ever, had an accident.....

P: Left inside main tire almost needs replacement.

S: Almost replaced left inside main tire.

P: Test flight OK, except auto-land very rough.

S: Auto-land not installed on this aircraft.

P: Something loose in cockpit

S: Something tightened in cockpit

P: Dead bugs on windshield.

S: Live bugs on back-order.

P: Autopilot in altitude-hold mode produces a 200 feet per minute descent.

S: Cannot reproduce problem on ground.

P: Evidence of leak on right main landing gear.

S: Evidence removed

P: DME volume unbelievably loud.

S: DME volume set to more believable level.

P: Friction locks cause throttle levers to stick.

S: That's what friction locks are for.

P: IFF inoperative in OFF mode.

S: IFF always inoperative in OFF mode.

P: Suspected crack in windshield.

S: Suspect you're right.

P: Number 3 engine missing.

S: Engine found on right wing after brief search

P: Aircraft handles funny. (I love this one!)

S: Aircraft warned to straighten up, fly right and be serious.

P: Target radar hums.

S: Reprogrammed target radar with lyrics.

P: Mouse in cockpit.

S: Cat installed.

And the best one for last?

P: Noise coming from under instrument panel. Sounds like a midget pounding on something with a hammer.

S: Took hammer away from midget.



TOG 2020 Sailing Programme
Trent Offshore Group
TOG Members and Friends



Turkey - Gocek

- Sat, May 7, 2022 4:00 PM Sat, May 14, 2022 9:00 AM

- Google Calendar ICS Sailex Reference **TUR20** Lead Skipper Paul Burghart..

This 2020 event was postponed as Turkey closed their borders to UK citizens, our charter booking with Cosmos Yachting has been transferred to May 8th to May 15th 2021. It is confirmed that we will take the same yachts. We have chartered two Bavaria 46 yachts for this Sailex and negotiated berth fees to include the "charter package" a mandatory extra paid at the base to include Transitlog, final cleaning and bedding etc. The yachts are all 4 cabin, 2 heads, and include autopilot, bow thruster, cockpit chart plotter, inverter, dinghy and outboard. Charter costs include a mandatory charter Package (Transitlog, final cleaning, bedding, towels, etc), and insurance will be £640.00 per member. 2 berths still available.

We have the option of an identical third yacht should there be sufficient member interest.

Flights to Dalaman are available from Birmingham for the Saturday handover and return. We are presently checking all options but the a good service is offered by Jet2.com - Lead Skipper Paul will co-ordinate flights as some may wish to take some extra time in Turkey either before or after the Sailex.

Scotland Firth of Clyde

- June 26, 2021 4:00 PM Sat, Jul 3, 2021 9:00 AM

- Google Calendar ICS Sailex Reference **SCO20** Lead Skipper Stewart Cook

For 2020/21 Council recommended that we return to the Clyde for the summer Scottish Sailex. We have now chartered two yachts from Flamingo Yacht Charters at Largs for this event. Both four cabin Beneteau Oceanis 45's Flamingo and Skylark.

FLAMINGO

The Beneteau Oceanis 45's are described as a 10 berth yachts with 4 double cabins and a double berth in the saloon. Berth costs are based on 6 members per yacht. The yachts are complete with a dinghy and outboard.

HANSE 400 TRAMONTANE

Details of the sailing plan will be discussed at the sailex meeting

LATEST. We anticipate demand for yachts to be high Costs this year (2021) will be £645 per berth. One still available **We currently have sold out berths for one yacht and have taken 5 reservations for the second yacht leaving just one berth available for member booking as of 1st January 2021.**

Plymouth - Cornwall

- **Wed, Sep 15, 2021 4:30 PM Wed, Sep 22, 2021 10:00 AM**

- Google Calendar ICS Sailex Reference **PLY21** Lead Skipper Neville Buckle

With increased demand we have chartered three yachts for this sailex, a Bavaria 44, a Delphia 40 and a Hanse 385. Costs for this charter have been calculated to include the following extras - an outboard for the dinghy, and gas for the yacht, will be £375 per berth based on 5 members per yacht. Parking is available at the marina... Demand for berths, as expected, has been very high and even though we have added a third yacht we are **NOW FULLY BOOKED**. Should a member wish to be contacted for a place on this sailex, please complete the booking form and check the listing under FULLY BOOKED EVENTS. We will make contact if a place becomes available.

Mono Hull to Cat Training

Fri, Oct 1, 2021 5:30 PM Sun, Oct 3rd, 2021 3:30 PM

Google Calendar ICS. Sailex Reference **SKP20**.

Details will be published following discussions with the crew booked. Above dates not binding. Actual dates to be agreed with the crew and Marine Events.

This SAILEX is released for TOG Skippers to prepare for the BVI Caribbean Sailex in 2021.

We have chartered a Nautitech 40 for this training weekend, a four double cabin catamaran boarding on the Friday evening and leaving Sunday afternoon.

We will show you how stern-to mooring works (used in the Med) using your anchor and lazy lines, we will show you how to anchor a cat best to avoid swinging and understand your swing radius, by the end of the weekend, you will be rearing to go full of confidence. We are fully booked on this training weekend but will arrange another should there be sufficient interest in this and the 2022 sailex to the BVI.

- **BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS - 2022**

- Google Calendar ICS **Tue, Jan 25th, 2022 9:30 AM Fri Feb 11, 2022 10:30 AM.**

Sailex Reference BVI21 Lead Skipper Adrian Johnson

Our early 2022 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. All yachts under consideration will have 4 double cabins with full air conditioning and en-suite heads plus two single cabins.

https://client.sednasystem.com/boat/boatdisp.asp?lg=0andid_boat=38699andb_newfic=

- **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.**
- **Timings allow travel time 2 days either side of two weeks hire to allow for hotel. See more details on our website.**