

SCUTTLEBUTT

SUSSEX POLICE OFFSHORE SAILING CLUB
& DINGHY SAILING CLUB



NEWSLETTER

SPOSC

Welcome back to the water



The Ed:

The 2022 Frostbite

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THE COMMODORE'S GREETING

I am pleased to say that SPOSC is back up and running, providing subsidised trips for our members.

Welcome to the latest edition of Scuttlebutt.

I am pleased to say that SPOSC is back up and running, providing subsidised trips for our members.

This edition features the first two trips of the year with more to come.

COVID has had many effects on people, some found other sports and hobbies, while some others just lost their passion for a sport or hobby they previously enjoyed.

I hope reading these tales of adventures on the high seas will enthuse those, who may have lost some of their enthusiasm, and we will see you on future adventures.

Enjoy the articles and pictures.



Owen Poplett.

Commodore



Editorial Note

Please remember that this is your magazine and should reflect your views and experiences for the benefit of other members. If you have any comment, articles or photographs you feel are appropriate for inclusion then please forward them to me, terryclothier@hotmail.com for publication.

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The 2022 Frostbite in IV parts I. By Owen Poplett

Finally, we are cruising again!

Two Bavaria 38' yachts were booked with Commodore Yachting at Gosport for "The Not So Frosty Frostbite" trip from Monday 25th to Friday 29th April 2022. One yacht was myself, Mike Tagg (First Mate), Peter Kennet and Simon Turvey booked for his first SPOSC experience. The other yacht was Chris Gillings as skipper, Dave Mallon as first mate, Kevin Claxton and Dave Cherry. All was going so well, boats paid for, end of April weather should be warm, what could possibly go wrong?.

Saturday 23rd April it's confirmed both Chris Gillings and Dave Mallon have COVID! A quick request for all other crew to test and they are all negative but Dave Cherry had had something crop up so was unable to come either.

Some rather hasty phone calls to Commodore and we managed to switch from two 38's to one Bavaria 44' for the five of us, unfortunately the handover would need to be a bit later on Monday.

Sunday 24th April the exhaust virtually fell off my car as I was getting the supplies and I was meant to be taking Kevin and Simon to Gosport the next day! In Eastbourne no one will do an exhaust on a Sunday! Thank you Kev for stepping in with transport! All except Peter, met up in the marina car park, attended the café for breakfast and checked on Peter's progress on the train from Devon. He had had an even earlier start than the rest of us.

The handover of the boat completed and Peter arrived on cue just as the hard work had been completed. We were probably all a bit rusty but after briefing we slipped our lines and made our way out into Portsmouth Harbour without incident where we discovered the mainsail didn't like going up! But finally hoisted we set off on our travels.



A short sail across the Solent to Cowes gave us all a chance to refresh our memories of how to sail and discovered the main didn't like coming down any more than it liked going up! Mike took us in and we moored smoothly without incident, other than Peter's hat falling in the oggin. I asked the Maestro of G & T's Peter Kennett if he could do the honours and he reappeared on deck with five pints of G&T, his excuse was he couldn't find a smaller glass!

Tuesday morning, we nosed our way down

the river Medina then turned westwards practicing manoeuvres under power before eventually persuading the main to go to the top of the mast and enjoying some gentle sailing first west then back with the tide to Swanwick. Kevin took us in and completed a text book berthing. We were quickly joined on board by three stalwarts of SPOSC, Frank Hooper, Geoff Randle and Lenny Wheeler, they had sailed up from Chichester in Lennie's yacht. We had an enjoyable evening catching up and enjoying a pleasant meal in the only local hostelry. Wednesday was a pleasant run westward on the tide. We went through the Needles Channel to the safe water mark before turning back and heading for Lymington. Peter on the helm, we met the ferry leaving Lymington at just about bottom of the tide right by the flood barrier where there was little room to get out of the ferries way due to the lack of water. Peter held the yacht nicely and held station for the ferry to pass. Berthon asked us to go into a berth which was definitely the trickiest of the week! A motor cruiser probably worth two million pounds plus was in our bay but was too long for its berth with a big swim platform sticking out. Peter managed to get us past the gleaming motor boat and into our berth without hitting it, once moored tight to our pontoon there was little more than the width of a fender between the two boats. As soon as the boat was secure the next entertainment was trying to catch Simon's shoe which came off as he stepped onto the pontoon.

continued

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Part I continued

Things falling in the sea was a theme of the week, I think we managed to lose four hats during the course of the week! They had tethers with them but left them in their bags!!!!

Thursday and we needed to head back to Cowes. We left Lyminster and wrestled the sail up the mast then tacked our way backwards towards Hurst Castle until we put the engine to avoid being washed out of the Solent. The wind did gradually build and we managed to have some sailing before heading up the river Medina where Mike Tagg gave some great mooring instruction on a pontoon on the river.

Thursday evening, we attended the Island Sailing Club and finally presented them with a SPOSC pennant that was promised to them back in 2019. We ate at the club and that was definitely the best meal of the week.

Friday, we meandered our way back to Gosport and returned the boat at the end of a great week. Yes, we could have had a little more breeze to sail with but the crew were great and all got on well with good laughs and catching up.

Thank you to Mike, Peter, Kev and Simon for making it such a good week. Sorry about your hats! Can't wait for the next one. Owen Poplett

II. By Peter Kennett

'Confessions from the cockpit'

The smallest boat that I have been on in the last 3 years is the Oceania Riviera, weighing in at 6,483 tons. What could possibly go wrong with a mere 30-ton Bavaria 44?

On 11th September 2000 three significant events occurred. It was the final day of my successful RYA Day Skipper course. We were sailing in the Thames Estuary when I got a call from a mate in Sussex who asked me if I had heard what was going on in New York. He was relating the events when the second plane hit the other tower. After

the call, I related what had been said to my instructor, Alan Gimes and the other crew.

They suggested it was a wind up. I said, "No - you couldn't make that up".

The third event was when I called home that evening and heard the muffled barking of a dog. The other Kennett's had taken advantage of my absence to get a dog from the Animal Rescue. There began a 15-year relationship with Millie the Jack Russell. Since 9/11 I have owned 2 stink boats and done my share of SPOSC and other sailing, both here and abroad. None of this prepared me for trying to leave Cowes Yacht Haven on Emerald Star. The tide and wind did not provide a significant threat but I made a total and utter cluster muck of trying to get into the river Medina. It was so embarrassing. I hang my head in shame.

The crew were very sympathetic and supportive, as was our excellent skipper Owen Poplett, who very kindly asked me if I wanted him to take over. There is a God. If Commodore Yacht Charters are reading this, "I DID NOT HIT ANYTHING!" But jeez it was close.



If I thought that was bad, day 3 was even worse. On route to Lyminster our skipper implored me not to jibe. I managed 4 accidental gibes, almost ran aground trying to avoid the Isle of White ferry in the river approach. Then with a combination of strong tide and strong gusts of wind from nowhere, a mooring barely big enough for a Mirror Dinghy, next to a motor yacht 12 feet longer than it should have been.....well you can guess the rest. Thanks again Owen. Lifesaver extraordinaire.

We were fortunate to meet up in Swanwick with some true legends of Sussex Police in Frank Hooper, Geoff Randle and Lennie Wheeler who were having a week on Lennie's boat.

What a team. I didn't know why Lennie had renamed his yacht 'Seen Better Days'. That was until I saw it.

We had a cracking night. Geoff, now in his 80s, looks like Robert Redford when Redford was 45. Frank was in sparkling form and still the owner of the best ever middle of the night response from a senior Police officer when he was Commissioner of Montserrat. "What effin volcano?" The rest, as they say, is history. Lennie, despite having had myriad health problems was his totally irrepressible and ebullient self. Full of life and fun. What a team!

I reserved my perhaps most embarrassing experience for dry land. These days, many marinas are blessed with a shower, sink and toilet in individual cubicles, often with heated floors. Serious luxury. One such was in Cowes. I got up early, trudged to the facilities and saw a particularly large cubicle on the end. That's for me I thought. I considered it a bit strange that there was no lock on the door but proceeded to undress and get to the business end of the cubicle - only to find out I was in the broom cupboard. Not my finest hour.

Despite the minor mooring and other issues it was a brilliant week. The crew of Mick, Simon, Kevin and me all got on very well. I take my hat off to our skipper. He had our welfare and safety at heart at all times. His competence as a sailor is unquestioned, as is his patience. As Joseph Conrad famously said, "Any fool can carry on, but a wise man knows how to shorten sail in time." He had clearly listened to Thomas Gibbons who said, "There is but a plank between a sailor and eternity."

I thank the SPSA for supporting this brilliant experience.

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III. By Simon Turvey

This was my first experience with SPOSC.

I have sailed in the past and have recently purchased a Capri 26' but the furthest I have taken her is Eastbourne to Brighton and back.

My week with Owen, Mike, Peter and Kevin was entertaining but also opened my eyes to much more I need to learn to be confident with my own boat.

The Solent is far busier than the seas around Eastbourne!



The first evening was the first time I have seen a Gin and Tonic served perfectly, but a pint! But it soothed the onset of PMT ... Post Mooring Trauma!

Not only must Peter have shares in Gin distilleries he clearly has shares in Wetherspoons, much to Owen's disgust, it wasn't helped when Owen ordered what he thought would be a safe meal but they managed to mess that up. I ended up taking on the Dimpleby, role during the Wetherspoons business code of ethics debate whilst supping a 'very affordable' cold one in the Six Bells Lymington.

The other highlights of the trip for me were steadily improving my sailing knowledge that makes the times I get it right so much more satisfying...ta muchly to all the crew for the hints and tips.

Captain, Mike's reassuring tones whilst instructing when steering the barge into a mooring.

The tasty 'inflight' catering, care of Poplett Gourmet .com.

Just bobbing about on the water.

Owens top-notch instruction, patient and helpful and knowledgeable.

There were a couple of low lights on the trip for me! Owen demonstrating man over board procedure with my right-hand size 8 deck shoe, lost overboard whilst mooring. Realising my incompetence with lines and mooring buoys stood out as much as a cardinal marker.

The trip was great and I will certainly go again and hope to develop my skills and make use of the SPOSC subsidised training programme.

I will be spreading the word about SPOSC.

IV. By Mike Tagg

Not so frosty frostbite

Like many of the crew I had not been on the water since the Griffin Rally of 2019 and not skippered for at least 18 months before that, so I was really keen to get out on the water especially in the warm spring weather!

The best laid plans etc. I was due to be first mate on one of the two 38 footers, chartered from Commodore Yachts of Gosport. A few days before, I was contacted by Owen to inform me, there would be some crew changes due to COVID and would I be prepared to skipper one of the boats. It was a little unexpected and feeling a little rusty but.....

It was not be, the crew list shrank further leaving Owen as Skipper, me as first Mate, Kevin Claxton, Simon Turvey and Peter Kennet and we would be using their 44 footer. A cabin each, what luxury!

Day 1

We arrived in Gosport on Monday, arriving early to avoid the worse of the traffic and enabled us to have a hearty breakfast before taking over the boat. PK travelled from Devon by train and joined us at the Marina.

Due to short notice change, there was a

slight delay in Commodore having the boat ready and they were attending to an electrical fault on the shore power as we were undertaking the handover.

All aboard and stores packed away we slipped the mooring a little before lunchtime and headed out from Portsmouth. This was my first sighting of the two aircraft carriers and the new navigations lights specifically for them.



Main sail up in the harbour and then motor sailed from the harbour, destination Cowes. Pretty uneventful, just feeling our sea legs and getting a feel for the boat.

A pretty uneventful trip to Cowes but this was the first indication the title of the trip could possibly remove the 'not so.....' A chill northerly based wind and some cloud cover was certainly keeping the temperature down. That said, PK's hat made an attempt to escape by jumping off his head into the water. Escape was not to be! Caught and returned albeit a little wet.

Having tied up and tidy up we had the 'obligatory' social gathering and catch up conversations. It was decided in advance we would eat ashore in the evenings and breakfast. It would appear pubs are still getting back into the post COVID world. They were quiet, reduced opening times and menus. That said we always found somewhere. After mixed reviews on what we ate it was back to the boat. Day done, well apart from some blue lamp swinging on board. Thank goodness for a heater on board!

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Part IV continued

Day 2

Off in search of breakfast, it appears Cowes awakens later than our crew. We located a lovely café 'Jolliffes Eatery', which appears had been a traditional shoe shop 'back in the day'.

The sail plan was to head West towards Lymington and a possibly meet with the Crew of Lenny Wheeler's Crew, Geoff Randel, Frank Hooper and Lenny's friend Russel. Lenny was not going to be able to make Lymington and so it was agreed on Swanick. (Lenny gets his free berth there!).

It was no warmer albeit a little more sun, not the best of wind direction although a favourable tide to begin the day. We headed west down the Solent but cautious the tide would turn and there would be less favourable wind to be able to continue under sail all the way towards the Hamble entrance. It was during the sail towards Southampton Water a second hat took the opportunity to make it's escape and this time successful. It took advantage of Mike looking up to the masthead windex and the breeze, to take advantage of the situation and leap overboard to make its escape. There appears to be trend forming here.

Entering the western side of Southampton Water, the decision was taken to motor sail across towards the Hamble and once clear of the main shipping channels, the main was dropped and we motored up the hamble. Swanick was a first for us, at least from the sea and due to the falling tide were cautious about the draft. Approaching the marina, we were given a berth but with the array of large power cruisers, it was difficult to see our specific pontoon. The wind and tide

working against us but Kevin deftly took us onto the pontoon.

Once secured and tidied up we joined by the crew of Lenny's boat and needless to say we had to keep our heads well down to ensure we avoided the swinging lamp! It was great to see them and after the previous two years, everyone was in good spirits in every sense. We all joined together for a very entertaining run ashore to probably the only hostelry in the town, which was close and rather good.

Day 3

A leisurely start to the day with breakfast ashore at the marina bar and nearly tempted by the offer of an eighth share of a Princess 64 for a mere £275000 plus annual running costs! What cost of living difficulties? Mike took us away from the pontoon and out along the Hamble. The weather was no warmer but at least not raining and a small breath of wind. We motored out into Southampton Water where we raised the sails and the decision taken to 'Go West' albeit against wind but with a little of the tide left. We had a reasonable sail which accounted for another hat casualty, this time Kevin's hat went astray. Words of comfort from the skipper, 'I don't know

why you haven't got a hat cord?' Yeah thanks Skipper!

The tide was beginning to turn against us a little but we wanted to get down to the Needles. Needless to say we had to motor for a good part down to the Needles Fairway buoy where we turned for our return to Lymington. It was an uneventful run back towards Lymington a mix of sailing and motoring to work against tide and wind and arrived into Lymington entrance on a falling tide, a stiffening breeze, a flotilla of small sail boats and an emerging ferry. Peter had the unenviable task of piloting us through these obstructions and down to Berthon Marina, keeping a careful watch on the hazards and the depth. We were allocated a berth that rather felt like trying to squeeze a Range Rover into a mini parking bay in a lorry park! The berth was not very clear and by the time we could see it, there was little room for manoeuvre. It was certainly tight and with quite an effort we squeezed onto the berth. The effort did result in another clothing casualty. This time one of Simon's shoes! The shoe overboard was quickly recovered by the speed of reaction of the skipper with a boat hook.



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Part IV continued

The run ashore that evening had been subject to much debate, but Peter had his way in the end and we dined at Che Wetherspoons! I didn't realise we were walking to Brockenhurst to find it. It certainly felt like it. That said, a burger and a pint for less than a tenner, what could be better! Note to self, avoid the curry.



Day 4

Fortunately, Lymington has no shortage of chandlers and after breakfast in town, a trip to the Chandlers to secure a few hat clips seemed like the first order of the day.

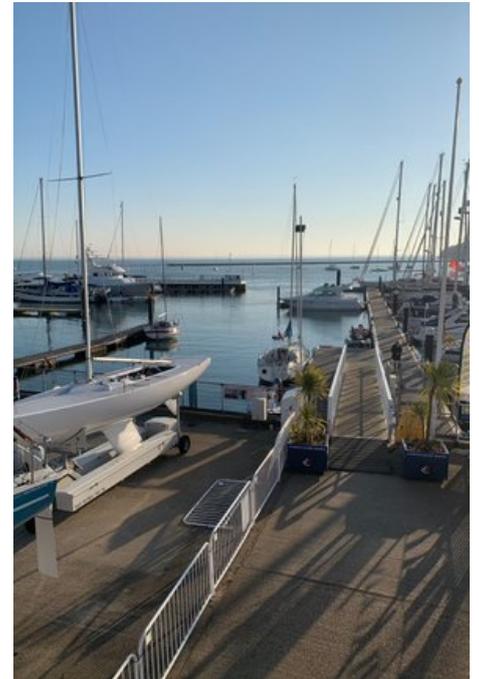
We slipped the berth and headed out into the Solent with both wind and tide against us. I was surprised to learn that the RYA Day skipper no longer differentiated between Tidal and Non-Tidal. This seemed rather strange especially when sailing UK waters is greatly influenced by the tides. This was particularly noticeable at this time, as on each tack, we only held ground against the tide and at one point, our

ground track was back towards Lymington! At least we were sailing. Our destination was Cowes Yacht Haven but we decided that given it had been a while since most of us had sailed, it would be a good idea to use the River Medina for a spot of boat handling. It was good to see the 'chain ferry' back in service although timing is everything and spotting the operator climb up to the control cabin is always a great clue as to when it is likely to move. We motored up the Medina, again on a falling tide and keeping a careful eye on the depth. The depth of water available to us at the training pontoon was too shallow for comfort so we used the main pontoon to practice our mooring skills and turning on our own length. The vessel was fitted with quite a substantial new engine, which took some getting used to, throughout the trip, as on tick over it was pushing the boat through the water a little too fast, so careful throttle control was required. We completed our short training drills before Simon took us into Cowes Haven for the night. Our evening meal was taken ashore at the Island Sailing Club where Owen presented them with the SPOSC pennant to be added to the Club's collection displayed on the walls

Day 5

Breakfast at Jolliffes Eatery once again and enjoying the chilly sunshine. It's back to Gosport this morning. Peter has a train to catch. An adverse wind and tide ensured that setting off from the berth was going to be a little tricky but Kevin, with the crew assistance made good work of it despite an impatient yachtsman wanting our berth and creating an obstruction in the channel. An uneventful run back to Gosport but a queue for the fuel pontoon, with only one pump working and that only after an intervention by marina staff, meant a

little delay in returning to the berth and Peter having to depart from the fuel pontoon to ensure he caught his train. All in all, it was a refreshing week away, given the previous two years and good to be back out the water. My thanks to Owen for taking time to arrange the trip and to the other crew members for making it an enjoyable week.



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SPOSC May Charter

Monday 23rd to Friday 27th May 2022.

By Alwyn Evans

So after couple of years of Covid and lock downs in May the club managed to get a second charter off the ground from Port Hamble Marina in the Solent.

Initially 8 members expressed interest and finally 6 of us coughed up our golden doubloons and signed up for the experience. Having Covid in mind and the Club risk assessment ensuring members had their own cabin we chartered a Dufour 46 from Fairview Sailing giving everyone a cabin.

The week before this charter the weather forecast predicted 18 knt winds, dry and sunny! My original advert for this charter promised 'sailing in clear azure waters, lapping up to the lush verdure green vegetation, breathtakingly blue skies. By day, gentle cruising, sailing in zephyrs of warm air.' Ha ha perhaps you know where I'm going with this

Monday morning the crew consisting of Penny Furtado, Dave Mallon, Chris Gillings, Pete Ewen and myself took over the yacht, loaded the victuals for the week and departed at midday.

HW Portsmouth was 1900 hrs so unfortunately the afternoon tide was flooding (coming in against us) and with strong westerly winds we set ourselves a challenge and made hard work to make for Yarmouth. Why slog against wind and tide you may ask yourselves? Well the intention was to get to Yarmouth so the following morning we could catch the west going tide from 0800 to do some offshore sailing/out of sight of land and make for Weymouth.

'Offshore sailing and out of sight of land' sounds exciting you may say, but actually with an average age of about

68 (excluding Penny) 'out of sight of land' actually means we all have poor eyesight and most of us need glasses to see anything over a mile! Heres hoping Weymouth has a 'Specsavers!' Anyway Monday afternoon with the westerly breeze about 20+ knts we tacked back and forth and back forth and back and forth yawn!.....across western Solent with Penny perfecting her 360 degree tacks. Very well I may add and to the bemusement of the rest of the crew which also helped limber everyone up. After a few hours and only reaching Newtown Creek by 4pm we gave up being purists, fired up the engine dropped the sails and motored down to Yarmouth.



After the usual one or three sundowners on board we ventured ashore to savour the local cuisine only to find that post Covid and time of year several of the usual pubs that served food were closed and the remaining one was fully booked.

Second promise of original advert 'In the evening, barmy temperatures, eating out under the stars, local cuisine, line caught fish by 'el pescador.'

So giving The George Hotels £45 menu a swerve we set course back to the yacht. Fortunately Penny in her usual great skills of planning had prepared a meal for the week. Starters of Dim sung, crispy duck pancakes, Chicken and sticky Thai rice made a superb if not much better meal than we would of

had ashore. Thank you Penny from all of us.

Over a glass of wine whilst on board on these trips it's not uncommon to speak of stories of earlier trips. Sailing in gales, monstrous seas, crashing boats, swinging the lamp, remembering members past, present and old.

However after comparing current experiences of hospital visits, eyesight tests, blood tests and dentist appointments we were too tired to talk of these sailing parodies and retired to bed.

Tuesday morning with good winds from the west we departed at 0800. Keeping the 1st reef in the main from the previous day and with a full genoa beat westwards down the main channel out past the Needles, over the falls on a course of about 240 degrees. Sunny, blue skies, azure seas, what was there not to like. All taking turns to have a 30 minute helm we scampered along 8-9 knots over the ground but not actually on the course of about 270 degrees we required. After 3hrs we were about 6 miles south of Poole and thinking about a tack inland still making for Weymouth.

However wind was picking up, sea state was lumpy, choppy, like spinning around in a washing machine, dark storm clouds, gusting winds and squally showers.

Casual long looks of concern amongst the crew questioning 'why are we out here doing this?' My reply of 'cos it's bloody sailing and it's what we do' didn't go down to well. We tacked and beat towards the shore.

With the increase in squalls and showers the forecast westerly winds now turned to northerlies - where did they come from, as we fell in the lea of Old Harry rock and into Studland Bay.

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Looking back the sea was now flattening but there was not much enthusiasm for punching against tide and a wind for a further 4-5 hrs to Weymouth.

A relaxed longish lunch and we motored up Poole Fairway to the Town Centre marina. A quick internet search revealed Poole has a Specsavers.

On the way in we passed Medallia a IMOCA foiled yacht raced single handed by Pip Hare who I have raced with on a number of occasions over the years. Recently she has completed single handed Vendee Globe Round the World race. Couple of weeks ago completing the Bermudez 1000 miles La Sables d'Ollone, round Fastnet Rock, to a waypoint in the Atlantic and back to the start. I visited her on board this incredible machine in Poole Marina during our stay. It bears no resemblance whatsoever to a sailing yacht. High tech kit, computers, data, instruments, electrics, carbon reinforcing and diddly squat comforts. She has achieved her life long ambition of becoming one of the few International around the World female skippers who compete single handed Ocean racing. She is training and preparing for the Vendee Arctique race in a few weeks time starting and finishing in France and circumnavigating Iceland! (So much for our voyage out of sight of land!)

These races and others are in preparation for her second single handed round the world Vendee Globe race in 2025. She has a multi million pound sponsorship from Medallia and runs a shore team of 13. Amazing that her yacht only weighs 7 tonnes and has the ability to take on 3 tonnes of water ballast.

Anyway back in Poole. This time we were lucky to have a pub meal ashore returning to the yacht for a 'planning meeting' as to options for the following day. Weymouth was discussed at length but dismissed on every occasion by the

crew. In reality with the Inshore Waters weather being forecast as Force 4-6 and projected 43 knt winds our options were limited.

The following morning Inshore Waters forecast remained the same with winds across Christchurch Bay to the Needles gusting at 43 knots. Not many yachts were moving from the marina.

Even with this wind abating I couldn't help thinking back 30 years or so when a Metropolitan Police Charter left Poole in October in heavy severe adverse weather conditions. Couple of the crew left at Poole and the remaining 4 took the yacht back to the Solent. They cut the corner of the Shingles Bank by the Needles about 7pm in the dark. In the trough of the wave the keel hit the Shingles Bank which brought the mast down. Despite a Mayday going out the yacht wasn't found until several hours later towards Cowes with two of the crew suffering injuries and hypothermia. One crew was lost overboard and another still attached by their lifeline to the yacht but overboard and drowned. (Am I selling this sailing malarkey to any old and new members?)

So we remained in Poole and the wind did blow over 40 knots and subject to the later forecast we planned for a late morning departure on Thursday. So much for the weeks sun, moderate winds and Mediterranean sailing weather the previous week had forecast. Thursday the wind had abated, a slightly brighter day and a full crew agreement to sail back to the Solent. Departed about 1030 with Medallia again following us out for her training session.

The sail across Christchurch Bay back to the Needles was pretty uneventful. Following 15+ knt winds and tide against us. Reaching the Shingles Bank port navigation mark we had a small motorboat coming towards us. It was questionable anyone was at the helm,

excessive speed and totally out of control. The vessel was taking off the waves showing the complete underside of the hull and dropping without any control into the troughs. At this point there are the overfalls and with outgoing tide and wind against the sea state was pretty lumpy. At one point he was coming straight at us causing us to take rapid evasive action to avoid a collision. With a few avoiding swerves and gybes we let the maniac clear us and we entered the Needles Channel.

At this point the tide now changed and was in our favour. With flat seas and now steady 16 knt winds this delivered us comfortably to Cowes Yacht Haven by 1700.

A relaxing meal ashore that evening and following day delivered the yacht back late morning to the Hamble.

So unfortunately we did not achieve our intention of at least making Weymouth. Sailing in and out of the Solent has changed since Covid. Charter costs are dearer, less flexibility and availability with the Charter Companies.

As long as infection rates and severity don't drastically alter, sailing and living on board is no problem, it is what it is. Well done to my crew Penny, Chris, Dave Cherry, Pete, and Dave Mallon. Thank you for putting up with me and it was a great challenge being with you guys all week. For all our members, don't be shy about coming sailing. Irrespective of your experience or skills come along and join us. Promise we won't bore you too much with historical stories and your eyesight will be an excellent contribution to the skills on the boat!

Approaching Shingles Bank port navigation mark and the Needles.

