



MARINA MATES



ISSUE NUMBER 34



THE 2006 LANTERN PARADE

The 2006 Lantern Parade took place on Saturday 9th December. It was a cracking night for December, the wind had dropped and there was no hint of rain in the air, which was all a big plus! The parade was due to begin at 18.00hrs following the lead boat Black Diamond. 18.00hrs came and we were off! Black Diamond led from the front following Santa and his Sleigh, (The skipper Cal tried to convince me that this was the normal position of Black Diamond during the Tall Ships Races that he has taken part in, not the bit about following Santa and his sleigh though). Approximately thirty five boats of all kinds joined in for the circuits of Jackson's Dock. All the boats were lit up and it was obvious that some owners had taken a great deal of time preparing their boats for the parade.

The circuits were carried out very successfully without any collisions or shouting and swearing, (why should I think it was going to be any different)? There were crowds of people to cheer the boats as they passed by; a number of boats were blasting out Christmas Carols from their speakers whilst others were just blasting anything that came to hand. I must say it looked quite spectacular seeing the boats tagging on behind and following the ones in front. There was also about another twenty boats still on their moorings that weren't taking part in the parade that were also lit up, the marina really did look a picture! There were crowds of people everywhere watching the events that were going on in and around the marina complex, bands, jugglers, choirs etc. The event was concluded by a fantastic fireworks display from the end of the piers that lit up the entire marina. Well done to the organisers of the event and to everyone who took part to make it the success that it was. Here's hoping that next years event is even bigger and better than this one was, because it does seem to be growing each year with more boats taking part.

LAST MINUTE CHRISTMAS CAKE

Sample the Rum for quality. Take a large bowl; check the Rum again to be sure that it's of the highest quality. Pour one level cup and drink. Repeat. Turn on the electric mixer, beat one cup of butter in a large fluffy bowl, add one teaspoon of sugar and beat again. Check the Rum again in case it has deteriorated. Turn off the mixer. Beat two eggs and add to the bowl. Chuck in the cup of dried fruit. Mix on the turner, if the dried fruit gets stuck in the beaterers, pry loose with two screwdrivers. Sample the Rum once more, just in case. Next sift two cups of salt or something, who gives a toss? Now sift the lemon juice and strain the nuts. Add one table, spoon or sugar or whatever you can find. Grease the oven. Turn the cake tin 350 degrees; don't forget to beat up the turner. Throw the bowl out of the window, check the Rum again and go to bed. **Merry Christmas**

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES

THE SEA

The depth of the sea (soundings) is measured in fathoms, one fathom being equal to six feet.

Distance at sea is measured in nautical miles. A nautical or sea mile is 6,080ft. a cable is 200yds or 100 fathoms, and is approximately one tenth of a nautical mile.

Speed at sea is measured by in nautical miles per hour, called knots.

THE WIND

When one part of the earth's surface is warmer than the part next to it, air flows from the cooler part to take the place of the rising air from the warmer part. This is because warm air rises, and causes a drop in pressure at the warm spot, which adjacent higher pressure hastens to fill or equalize. The movement of air at any point is the wind. The barometer measures atmospheric pressure, and helps the seaman, watching the rate of rise and fall of pressure, to forecast the wind's direction and force. He can then anticipate any change in the weather.

A wind is named by the direction it is blowing **from**; a north wind blows from north to south. Wind is said to **veer** if it shifts in a clockwise direction; and to **back** if it shifts in an anti clockwise direction. A north wind veering will go round eastwards; an east wind backing will go round towards the north, and so on.

THE TIDES

Generally speaking, it will be found that a tide has reached its lowest level, at **low water**, it then rises for about six and a quarter hours until it reaches its highest level at **high water**, after which it falls during another six and a quarter hours to the next **low water** and so on. There are two high waters and two low waters every 25 hours, **high water** occurring about 50 minutes later each day.

It will be found that the rise and fall of tide is most marked about the time of a new moon and full moon (**spring tides**), and least marked seven and a half days later in each case (**neap tides**). A vessel grounding on a falling tide, say one hour after high water, will not refloat until one hour before the next high water, a matter of ten hours. A vessel grounding at high water, say two days after springs, need not expect to refloat until two days before the next spring tides, a matter of ten days.

THE LIGHTS

A flashing light, a light which showing flashes of light at regular intervals, the duration of darkness being greater than that of the light.

An occulting light, a light which every now and then goes out, the duration of darkness being always less than, or equal to, that of light. If a light changes colour, it is called alternating.

A fixed light, this is a continuous steady light.

HM COASTGUARD BROADCAST TIMES AND FREQUENCIES FOR MARITIME INFORMATION BROADCASTS

The following times and frequencies will come into effect from 1/2/07

Schedule A – Full Maritime Safety Information broadcast, including new Inshore Forecast and Outlook, Gale Warnings, Shipping Forecast, WZ Navigation Warnings, SUBFACTS & GUNFACTS where appropriate, 3 day Fisherman's Forecast when and where appropriate.

Schedule B – New Inshore Forecast plus previous Outlook, Gale Warnings.

Schedule C – Repetition of Inshore Forecast and Gale Warnings as per previous Schedule A or B broadcast plus new SWW.

Humber & Yarmouth – 01.50 – B, 04.50 – C, 07.50 – A, 10.50 – C, 13.50 – B, 16.50 – C, 19.50 – A, 22.50 – C.

MORE FACTS

The tidal cycle averages about 29.5 days and is reflected by the reproductive cycle of many plants and animals including homo sapiens. (That's us)!

The tidal bulge, scraping along the bottom of ocean shallows, slows the Earth's rotation by one second every 100,000 years. (So adjust your watches)

DUET II / MOLLY (Tyler Tufglass22)

In 1997 after a good mountaineering career I came a cropper in the Alps and a badly bust foot ended any further serious climbing. I've always enjoyed looking at boats and had often gazed rather enviously at distant sails from Scottish mountains or sea cliffs. Having no experience of boats whatsoever I began to look at boat advertisements especially during periods of enforced idleness in and out of hospital.

I came across an out of date ad for a yacht called Duet II. I liked the photograph of her in the ad, and when I could I drove up to Hartlepool to look her over. I'm used to bad weather in the mountains but that day everything was shrouded in mist, a foghorn sounded ominously and the harbour seemed a grim forbidding place. (Not always like this I was told). I was shown Duet II, and with her long keel, and pronounced sheer she looked to me like a real boat, and of course being out of the water she looked bigger than she actually was. I really liked her but as she was the first boat I'd looked at, prudence suggested looking at lots more boats that were for sale before making my final decision.

During the following week I drove to every boatyard I could find. Duet II still stood out from the rest, and though she had moved down to Nationwide Boat Sales in Chesterfield, I bought her. A few months were spent doing her up, and looking absolutely beautiful she was launched at Maryport in Cumbria a year later and renamed Molly. My first sail was with my brother, a mining engineer. He also had no experience of boats but likes messing about with engines. He visited us keeping Molly's wonderful Kabota diesel engine running sweetly throughout that first adventure which was just as well since mistakes were made. A bit had to be learned, all whilst dealing with Molly's love of heeling! She heels to a point then it's as if she says, 'That's as far as I'm going I'm not heeling any further'

I'm still learning of course, but Molly has taken me to NW Scotland, The Clyde, SW Ireland etc etc. She has given me new worlds to explore. I'm very proud of her, she is truly a proper little ship, and she always attracts admirers wherever she is berthed. So I think it's quite proper to conclude with a big thank you to Mike Fellows who had and looked after her before me and I am still in touch with, and hope to meet up with on the north east coast in the not to distant future to sail in tandem together.

Peter Green

ANNIVERSARY NIGHT!

On the evening of their 50th wedding anniversary, a reminiscing wife found the negligee she wore on her wedding night and put it on. She went to her husband, a retired marine pilot, and said, 'darling, do you remember this?' he looked up from his newspaper and said, 'yes dear, I do. You wore that same negligee the night we were married.' She said, 'Yes, that's right. Do you remember what you said to me that night?' He nodded and said, 'yes dear, I still remember.' 'Well what was it?' she asked. 'Well dear, as I remember I said, Oh baby, I'm going to suck the life out of them boobs and screw your brains out!' She giggled and said, 'Yes dear, that's it. That's exactly what you said. So now it's fifty years later and I'm in the same negligee, what have you to say tonight?' He looked her up and down and replied, 'Mission accomplished!'

LUCKY THE PIRATE

A sailor meets a pirate in a bar. The pirate has a peg leg, a hook and an eye patch. 'How'd you end up with a peg leg?' asks the sailor. 'I was swept overboard in a storm', says the pirate. 'A shark bit off me whole leg'. 'Wow!' says the sailor. 'What about the hook?' 'We were boarding an enemy ship, battling the other seamen with swords. One of them cut my hand clean off.' 'Incredible!' remarks the sailor. 'And the eye patch?' 'A seagull dropping fell into my eye,' replies the pirate. 'You lost your eye because of a seagull dropping?' the sailor asks incredulously. The pirate shrugs and replies. 'It was me first day with the hook.'

THE SOLDIER

A soldier came to a fork in the road and saw a nun standing there. Out of breath he asked, 'Please sister, may I hide under your skirts for a few minutes. I'll explain why later.' The nun agreed. A moment later two military Police came running along and asked, 'Sister, have you seen a soldier running by here?' The nun replied, 'He went that way.' After the MP's had disappeared the soldier crawled out from under her skirt and said, 'I can't thank you enough Sister, but you see I don't want to go to Iraq.' The nun said, 'I fully understand your fear.' The soldier added, 'I hope you don't think me rude or impertinent, but you have a great pair of legs!' The nun replied, 'If you looked a little higher, you would have seen a great pair of balls ... I don't want to go to Iraq either!'

MARRIAGE

A young couple left the church and arrived at the hotel where they were spending the first night of their honeymoon. They opened the champagne and began undressing. When the bridegroom removed his socks, his new wife asked, 'Ewww what's wrong with your feet? Your toes look all mangled and weird, why are your feet so gross?'

'I had polio as a child,' he answered. 'You mean polio?' she asked? 'No polio. The disease only affected my toes.' The bride was satisfied with this explanation, and they continued undressing. When the groom took off his trousers, his bride once again wrinkled up her nose. 'What's wrong with your knees?' she asked. 'They're all lumpy and deformed!' As a child I had measles,' he explained. 'You mean measles?' she asked. 'No measles. It was a strange illness that only affected my knees.'

The new bride had to be satisfied with this answer. As the undressing continued, her husband at last removed his underwear. 'Don't tell me.' She said. 'Let me guess... Smallcox?'

.....

HEADLINES

Two red Indians and an Irishman were walking through the woods. All of a sudden one of the Indians ran up the hill to the mouth of a small cave. 'Woooo! Woooo! Woooo!' he called into the cave and listened closely until he heard an answering, 'Woooo! Woooo! Woooo! He then tore off his clothes and ran into the cave. The Irishman was puzzled and asked the remaining Indian what it was all about, 'Was the other Indian crazy or what?' The Indian replied, 'No, it is our custom during mating season! When Indian men see cave, they holler 'Woooo! Woooo! Woooo! Into the opening, if they get an answer back, it means there's a beautiful squaw in there waiting for us.'

Just then they came upon another cave. The second Indian ran up to the cave, stopped and hollered, 'Woooo! Woooo! Woooo!' Immediately, there was the answer. 'Woooo! Woooo! Woooo!' from deep inside, he also tore off his clothes and ran into the opening. The Irishman wandered around the woods alone for a while, and then spied a third large cave. As he looked in amazement at the size of the huge opening, he was thinking, 'Hoo man! Look at the size of this cave! It's bigger than those the Indians found. There must be some really big fine women in this cave!' He stood in front of the opening and hollered with all his might...'Woooo! Woooo! Woooo!' and like the others he heard an answering call, Woooo! Woooo! Woooo!

With a gleam in his eye and a smile on his face he raced into the cave tearing off his clothes as he ran. The following day, the headline of the local newspaper read.... **NAKED IRISHMAN RUN OVER BY TRAIN!!!!**

A middle aged woman had a heart attack and was taken to the hospital. While on the operating table she had a near death experience, seeing God she asked, 'Is my time up?' God said, 'No, you have another 43 years 2months and 8days to live.' Upon recovery, the woman decided to stay in the hospital and have a facelift, liposuction and a tummy tuck. She even had someone come in and change her hair colour. Since she had so much more time to live, she thought she might as well make the most of it. After her last operation, she was released from the hospital. While crossing the street on her way home, she was run over and killed by an ambulance. Arriving in front of God, she demanded, 'I thought you said I had another 40 odd years to live? Why didn't you pull me out of the path of that ambulance?' God replied, 'I didn't recognise you'.

A woman in her fifties is at home happily jumping naked on her bed and squealing with delight. Her husband watches her for a while and asks, 'Do you have any idea how ridiculous you look? What's the matter with you?' The woman continues to bounce on the bed and says, 'I don't care what you think. I just came from having a mammogram and the doctor says that not only am I healthy but I have the breasts of an 18 year old.' The husband replies, 'What did he say about your 53 year old arse?' 'Your name never came up,' she replied.

A blind man makes his way to a bar stool and orders a drink. After sitting there for a while, he yells to the bartender, 'Hey you wanna hear a blonde joke?' The bar immediately falls absolutely silent. In a very deep, husky voice, the woman next to him says, 'Before you tell that joke sir, I think that it's only fair, given that you are blind that you should know five things: One, the bartender is a blonde girl with a baseball bat. Two, the bouncer is a blonde girl. Three, I'm six foot tall, 175lb, blonde woman with a black belt in Karate. Four, the woman sitting next to me is blonde and a professional weightlifter. And five, the lady to your right is blonde and a professional wrestler. Now think about it seriously mister, do you still wanna tell that joke?' The blind man thinks for a second, shakes his head and mutters, 'Nah,not if I have to explain it five times.'

Maharishi Phucknuckel's Guide to Zen

1. Sex is like air, it only becomes important when you aren't getting any.
2. Remember no one is listening until you fart.
3. Never test the depth of water with both feet.
4. If at first you don't succeed, avoid skydiving.
5. When we are born we are naked, wet, hungry and get smacked on our arse. From then on in, life gets worse.
6. There are two theories about how to win an argument with a woman. Neither one works.
7. The quickest way to double your money is to fold it in half and put it back in your pocket.
8. Never miss a good chance to shut up.
9. A closed mouth gathers no feet.

A BIT OF WIT AND WISDOM

Birthdays are good for you. Statistics show that the people who have the most live the longest.

I'm 59 now and people call me middle aged. How many 118 year old men do you know?

I knew that I was going bald when it took me longer and longer to wash my face.

Why is it that all the things that I really enjoy eating have been proven to cause tumours in white mice?

These days you really have to stay in shape. My grandma starting walking five miles a day when she was 60. She's 97 today and we don't know where the hell she is!

What's the definition of the bravest man in the world? The man who comes home drunk, covered in lipstick and smelling of perfume, then slaps his wife on the backside and says. 'You're next fatty.'

A man walks into his bedroom and sees his wife packing a suitcase. He asks, 'What are you doing?' She answers, 'I'm moving to London. I heard prostitutes there get paid £400 for doing what I do for you for free.' Later that night on her way out, the wife walks into the bedroom and sees her husband packing his suitcase. When she asks him where he's going, he replies, 'I'm coming too I want to see how you plan to live on £800 a year.'

HAPPY XMAS

A family were sitting down to Xmas dinner. The son asks his father, 'Dad how many kinds of boobies are there?' The father rather surprised, answers, 'Well son, there's three kinds of breasts. In her twenties, women's breasts are like melons, round and firm. In her thirties to forties, they are like pears, still nice but hanging a bit. After fifty, they are like onions.' 'Onions?' 'Yes, you take one look at them and they make you cry.'

This infuriated his wife and daughter, so the daughter said, 'Mum, how many kinds of willies are there?' The mother surprised, smiles and answers, 'Well dear, a man goes through three phases. In his twenties, his willy is like an oak tree, mighty and hard. In his thirties and forties, it is a birch, flexible but reliable. After his fifties, it is like a Xmas tree.'

'A Xmas tree?' 'Yes, dead from the root up and the balls are for decoration only.'

***WISHING ALL OUR READERS A HAPPY
CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!***

TALL SHIPS' RACES – HARTLEPOOL 2010

The Tall Ships' Races FAQs

Everything you ever wanted to know about The Tall Ships' Races but were afraid to ask...

When are the Races coming to Hartlepool?

The Tall Ships Races 2010 will be hosted by Hartlepool from 7th-10th August 2010.

How many Tall Ships will be coming to Hartlepool?

The Tall Ships' Races typically attract a fleet of 70-120 vessels from about 20 countries. Around 20 Class A vessels – the largest tall ships in the world usually take part in the races. The rest of the fleet are made up of B, C & D class vessels. Vessels include 30ft yachts to square rigged ships over 300 feet long.

Can we get on boats?

Yes, but only at the discretion of individual captains.

How many crew are visiting in total?

Most years some 3-4,000 young people (aged 16-25) from close to 30 countries take part.

Age range of crew?

Young people taking part in the race will be aged between 16-25 with at least 50% of crews being in this age group.

What is the economic benefit to the region?

The Tall Ships event at Newcastle/Gateshead brought circa £50m worth of income into the region's economy in 2005. It is estimated that the event in 2010 could bring in a similar cash injection to Hartlepool and the wider Tees Valley. It will also raise the profile of Hartlepool within the sub-region and region and is an excellent opportunity to promote Hartlepool in the future years as the ideal place to live, work and visit.

What is the history behind The Tall Ships' Races?

The idea of an international race for sail training ships, manned by crews drawn from cadets and seamen under training, was first informally mooted in 1953. Retired London Solicitor, Bernard Morgan had the dream of seeing a Brotherhood of the Sea, which would bring together the youth of the world's seafaring people in friendly competition. He believed this would be a fitting way to mark what was considered to be the end of the age of sail. The more Bernard Morgan talked about the idea, the more sympathetic ears he found, firing the imaginations of many, including Earl Mountbatten, the First Sea Lord, and the UK's Duke of Edinburgh. After much consultation, a Sail Training International Race Committee (STIRC) was established that made plans for a race between Torbay in the UK and Lisbon in Portugal in July 1956. Twenty vessels took part in that first race, divided into two classes,

those over 100 tons and those under, with ships from Argentina, Belgium, Denmark, France, Italy, Norway, Portugal, Sweden, Turkey and the UK.

That first race was only planned to be a one-off, but it attracted such huge press coverage, particularly in the countries of the vessels taking part, that the Committee decided to repeat the event in 1958 and thereafter every second year. So STIRC became a permanent body, changing over the years through its incarnations as STA, ISTA and into Sail Training International. 1964 also saw the start of a new division of the fleet, with the square riggers forming Class A and the smaller vessels split into two divisions of Class B. A series of minor races began in 1965 for the alternate years, although by 1975 these minor races had become almost as big as the major ones, until there ceased to be a differentiation between them. A realisation dawned in the early 1970s that the finances were looking precarious and a sponsor was needed. Cutty Sark Scots Whisky agreed to sponsor the event, something they continued to do for 30 years.

SAILING'S SADDEST VAGABOND

In the late 1970s, Peter Tangvald, an American of Norwegian descent, and his French wife Lydia set off on a world cruise in their gaff-rigged wooden cutter ***L'Artemis de Pytheas***, which he'd built himself in French Guyana. A son, Thomas, was born while they were crossing the Indian Ocean. It was proving to be a trip of a life time.

Tangvald had previously suffered a terrible misfortune when, in 1969, his cruiser ***Dorothea*** sank off the coast of Barbados after a collision with an unidentified object. He narrowly managed to escape by paddling a tiny dinghy for fifty miles to reach Cannovan, an island in the Caribbean.

Tragedy was now to strike him again. On 10th February 1979 in the Sulu Sea, pirates boarded the boat. Lydia was murdered and Tangvald was spared only, apparently, because he was holding his son.

He tried to piece his life together again. He met Ann, a Malaysian woman, and together they travelled the seas – only for pirates to strike again! This time, however, while being robbed of everything, they were left unharmed. In 1962 they married, had a baby and travelled happily together as a family of four.

Incredibly, tragedy struck again. Ann was washing nappies on deck. Her washing line interfered with the boat's wind vane, causing the boat to wander off course. The boat sailed ahead further and further and then gybed. The boom swung across and knocked Ann over the side.

By the time full control was resumed, Ann had disappeared. She was never seen again. Somehow, Tangvald picked up the pieces yet again and circumnavigated the globe – without an engine – aboard ***L' Artemis de Pytheas***. In 1987, aged 63, he married his sixth wife, nineteen year old Florence, and with the three children born on the boat by different wives, continued to sail the oceans of the world until his death in 1991.

A GHOST RETURNS

The *Pamir* was a sail training ship in the German merchant service, commanded by a captain Diebitsch. Under him were thirty five crew members and fifty one cadets aged 16 to 18. The *Pamir* had been built in Hamburg's Blohm and Voss shipyard in 1905, it was an impressive ship, 270 feet long with four masts and an acre of sail.

In August 1957, the *Pamir* left Buenos Aires with a cargo of 3,790 tons of barley. Hurricane Carrie ferociously struck her on 20th September. On 21st September her final message reported, all sails lost and 45 degrees of list. She was in danger of sinking.

The US freighter *Saxon* raced to the rescue but found only one lifeboat with five survivors in, then one other survivor was found later on. The other eighty seamen had drowned.

The story should have ended there, but it didn't. Mysteriously, the phantom of the *Pamir* has been spotted at various times and by various vessels. She was spotted by the sail training ship *Esmereld* sailing from Chile during a gale in the English Channel; by a yachtsman off the Virgin Islands; by two other sail training vessels, one German the other Norwegian. Even the US Coast Guard vessel the *Eagle* reported a sighting. Apparently, each time that she has been seen, the crew of the *Pamir* lined up on deck – and each time fewer and fewer men can be counted. At the last sighting only twenty men materialised. Whether she is still haunting the seas remains to be seen.

THE TRAGIC LOUISE LONGO

In 1964 Louise Longo, a French woman embarked on a voyage in rather unusual circumstances that would eventually end in tragedy. She agreed to join her ex husband Bernard, on a three week voyage from Rochefort to Senegal on the sailing boat *Jan van Gent*.

They had separated after thirteen years of marriage two years previously, and he had turned to drink and eventual depression. They had a five year old daughter called Gaella, and it was for her sake that they ventured on the trip, despite Louise's misgivings. On 5th August, six days into their voyage, a storm blew up in the Bay of Biscay. Two giant waves struck the boat causing minor damage, and fearing a third one – but against all reason – Bernard insisted that they abandon ship and take to the small life raft.

After much pleading against this on Louise's part, she was assured that this was for the best and that the raft was well equipped with all the life saving necessities, fishing tackle, food, water, flares, matches and a first aid kit. As it turned out the life raft had none of these except for wet flares and matches which was caused by a leak! Louise had grabbed a bottle of water, while Bernard had taken a bottle of rum and a packet of cigarettes. They were cold

and very hungry, wet and very thirsty, as they watched their boat drift away on the waves. Over the next few days their situation worsened. Bernard became extremely weak and after they had decided to sip tiny amounts of sea water he became delirious.

Louise managed to calm him down and eventually he fell asleep and died. Ironically, it started to rain later that day. She tried to explain to Gaella what had happened, but three days later she had to undergo the ordeal of putting Bernard's body into the water. Louise and Gaella, were physically and mentally exhausted, but struggled on, bailing the water out of the boat, buffeted by sharks and past feeling any fear or hope of survival. A couple of days later a Russian freighter spotted them and tried for six hours trying to get close enough to pick them up, but the swell was too big and it was impossible.

The crew, however, called for a helicopter to come and winch them clear, Louise and Gaella didn't know this and within a few hours Gaella died. With no emotional resources left, Louise put the tiny emaciated body into the water and prepared to jump in herself. At that very moment, the helicopter arrived and picked her up. Perhaps the worst ordeal was now to come; she was treated with utter contempt with the medical people that were looking after her as the press started to hint that perhaps she was a murderer! An even more horrible irony was that, a day or so later, the *Jan van Gent* was found safe and sound, unharmed by the storm.

LIVE ABOARDS?

'Two people can live all the year round aboard a well appointed small cruising yacht, with as much convenience and comfort as is found in most small bungalows.' Maurice Griffiths wrote this in 1952. Times have changed. Either bungalows have improved beyond all recognition or people are different. For in my experience, small boats can cause big arguments. But unlike a bungalow or a house, where you can slam the door and run off, such gestures at sea are pretty futile. Both parties are trapped; they must work through the problem or perish. Even in a modest bungalow one has a sense of freedom: on a boat, everyone is mutually dependant. One person's untidiness and clutter contaminates everything else; a lack of personal hygiene is a matter of 'public' concern. The barriers are down; there's nowhere to hide. So life afloat calls for a compromise. It may not be easy; it might not even do you any good – at least, not until you get home.

After the trials and traumas of a claustrophobic cruise a bungalow or house is sheer bliss.....

ARTICLES AND CONTRIBUTIONS

If you wish to contribute any articles for the Marina Mates please leave them in the Lock Office addressed for Marina Mates or Mike Fellows. Thank you.

Safe Sailing to all our Readers and Berth Holders in 2007!