

WEYMOUTH BOUND

Pete Munday's winning Marcon Trophy Log describes his trip to and from Chichester to the TOA Rally in Weymouth last August

I left home on 25 Aug at 0300 on a warm summer's morning. As I was driving to the boat I mused to myself how we were less than 24 hours into a new "Bo Jo" Government, and how when *Red Kite* was first launched she was named *Bo Jo To*.

I hoped the new "Bo Jo" government would serve the people of Britain as well as *Bo Jo To* had served previous owners and myself.

I dropped the mooring at 0330 and took on fuel at Northney Marina. I met a member of the staff there who it turns out had been a commercial fisherman and he quite fancied a yacht now, so after a brief tour of *Red Kite* he may now be looking for a (you guessed it) Trident24.

Got underway with a very light ESE wind so with the tide under me and a stunning sunrise I motored to Osbourne Bay which had been my first intended stop but with plenty of westerly running tide decided to carry on.

By this time it was 06.30 and the temperature was already getting very warm. To to my

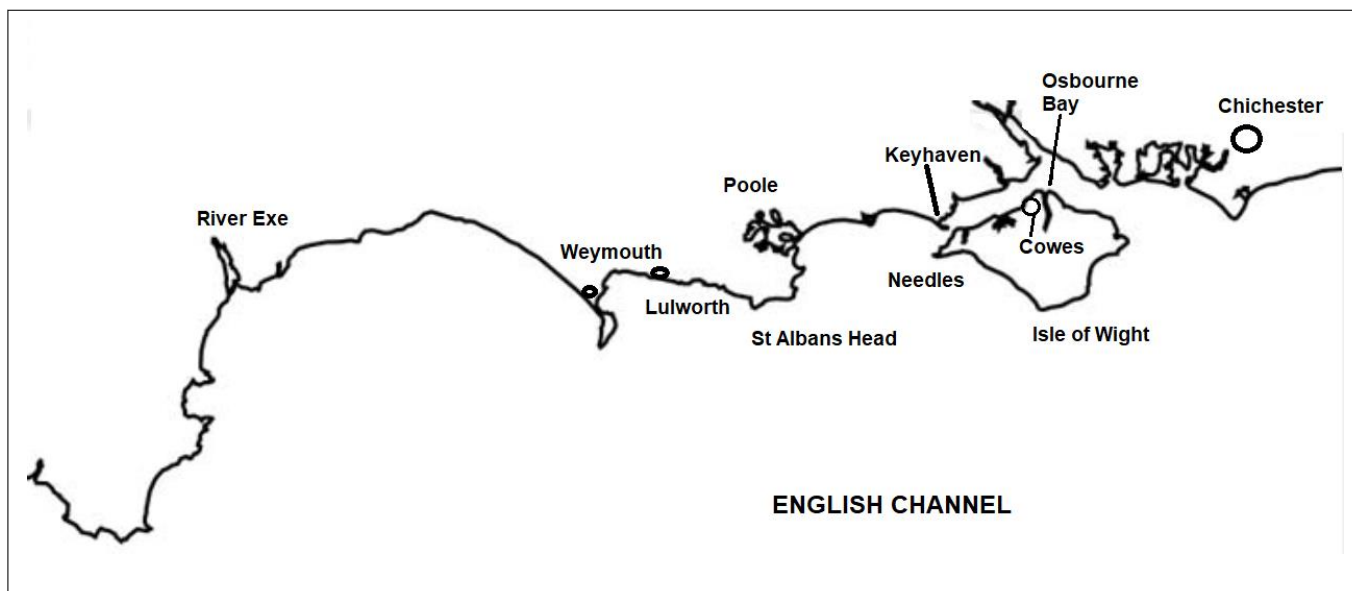
surprise I made it to Keyhaven as the tide slackened so decided to drop anchor and catch up on some sleep.

However by now it was too hot to sleep so took several dips over the next few hours, along with plenty of drink to stay hydrated. All the while I was looking forward to my evening meal of steaks that were stashed in the cool bag.

By 1600 the tide was slack so I weighed anchor heading West once more passing the Needles in a tranquil sea still under motor. A breeze did pipe up but was on the nose so no rest for the iron foresail as my good friend John Whiteley calls it.

I decided to head for Swanage but a few miles away I could see a small forest of white sails so altered course for Studland Bay. It was a new experience for me: the scenery was stunning. Very soon the anchored was dropped, the potatoes were put in the saucepan, steaks were made ready, the gas was lit ... and the gas went out. This scenario continued a few times: yes, the gas bottle was empty with, of course. no spare

This was followed by some serious sulking and cursing of one's self whilst eating a far tastier meal of a Pot Noodle (said no-one ever) after which I decided to retire for the night.





Trident No 150 Red Kite formerly Bo-Jo-To

Around midnight I was awoken by some drunken French sailors on a neighbouring boat singing sea shanties. Credit where credit is due, they were in very good voice.

Day 2

I got up at 0430 and left Studland at 0500. It was a very different day, overcast with a swell running. I had been studying charts and the almanac for some time before the trip so decided to give St Albans Head a good clearance as visibility was low with big swells. These were not breaking but not having been here before, I did not want to take any chances.

Once past St Albans the weather started to clear. At my chosen waypoint I adjusted course and found myself on a

lovely beam reach for the last 12 mile leg.

It was a glorious sail, a couple of miles in I spotted something splashing in the water so went to investigate. As I neared the object I



Old Harry Rocks in Studland Bay with Isle of Wight in the distance



Sunfish

could see a big eye looking at me. It was a Sunfish. This really made my day.

Still making good progress, an hour later at 1000 I arrived off Weymouth Harbour Entrance where I was greeted by John Whiteley and Rob Carter aboard *Webfoot*.

John being a local lad guided me into the harbour pointing out HMS Pickle, the first ship to bring back the news of victory at Trafalgar and of Nelson's death.

I made a rushed trip to the chandlery for gas before going into the Marina, and once tied up I

finally got to eat those steaks accompanied by my guides Robert and John.

Later we were joined by Nigel & Chris aboard *Kestrel* who were also provided with steak sandwiches, a little later Howard & his son Luca in *Swallow* completed the compliment of Tridents.

Later we went into the town where some local ale was sampled rounded off by a sit down meal of Fish and Chips which was most welcome. We returned to the Marina and had Irish Coffee aboard *Red Kite* before turning in for a good night's rest.

Day 3

Awoke at 07.00 and went into town for some provisions for Breakfast, had a lovely early morning walk back along the quay. Rob and I breakfasted aboard *Red Kite* discussing the day's events ahead of us and looking forward to our tour of Weymouth.

We were joined later by Marion and family members along with Jon and Jean Reed. We had



Webfoot leaving Weymouth Marina

Tea/Coffee and cake aboard *Red Kite* before setting off for our tour.

Our tour guide was a certain local boy John Whiteley who was in his element in this guise. We visited one of the best Ice cream parlours Weymouth had to offer as well as other local landmarks and were given all the associated history that went with them. We saw volley ball competitions and sand sculpting on an epic scale, true artwork in its own right

We wandered back along the quay looking at all the different types of lifeboats that had gathered for the Weymouth 150th Lifeboat anniversary, you could really see the progressions in designs through the ages of these fine boats.

It was then back to the Marina for a shower before going out for our evening meal at the Royal Hotel. The evening was great fun with great food and great company.

We wandered back along the quay to our Tridents. Chris Tabor had gone on ahead and turned in, Nigel was keen to find out if Chris had repaid Nigel's earlier favour and locked him out of *Kestrel's* cabin. But all was well thank fully.

I later went to use the marina's facilities a little later a chap sped past on the jetty on his bike, 30 seconds later he misjudged the ramp up to the exit and a loud splash was heard as he gracefully dismounted into the water head first.

The gate being locked meant no-one could help him so I rushed round and assisted him out. An eventful end to an eventful day.

Day 4

Up bright and early at 0500 to do some passage planning, due to the 150th Anniversary of Lifeboats at Weymouth we decide to be prompt at the bridge for the 0800 opening, we then went out of the harbour and dropped anchor in the bay where we all tucked into a cooked

breakfast except for Nigel & Chris who were keen to get underway as they had a long way to go back to the River Exe.

John, Robert, Howard and I departed about 1000. The breeze soon freshened from the NW as we made our way past Lulworth and St Albans Head by which time things were getting lively. Some decided to take the inner passage while Rob and I headed straight for the Needles.

We had what can only be described as a horrible trip back, surfing down the front of some waves and recording over 10 knots. With washboards in and the hatch closed and handheld VHF tucked into my lifejacket, we pressed on.

My plan was to take refuge in Keyhaven but it was blowing too hard so carried on past Cowes to Osbourne Bay eventually arriving about 2100.

We all had a quick ring round to check everyone was all ok. I then had a tinned curry washed down with a beer and fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow.

Day 5

I eventually stirred into life at 0700 the next morning. I had a light breakfast then chatted to a German couple who were passing in their tender, they were doing a 5 year trip around the world and it was going to be their first time in Cowes. I gave them a few tips on places to go and was extremely envious of them.

I then set about putting *Red Kite* back together from the previous days exploits and weighed anchor at 1300 to catch the flood back to Chichester.

The wind was southerly so meant a bit of tacking but a pleasant enough trip back. I popped into Northney Marina to catch up with John on Webfoot before eventually picking up my mooring at 1730, all be it reluctantly as I was becoming very used to life on board and really did not want it to end.

All in all a very enjoyable rally.

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