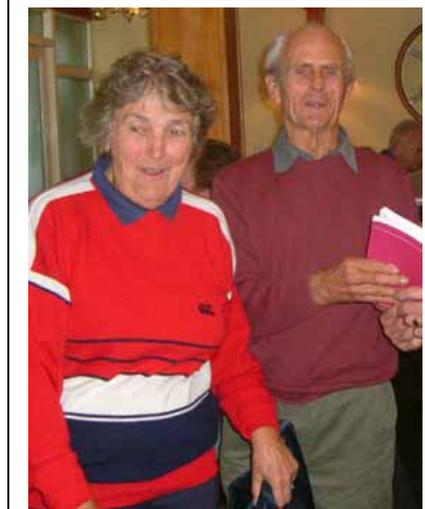
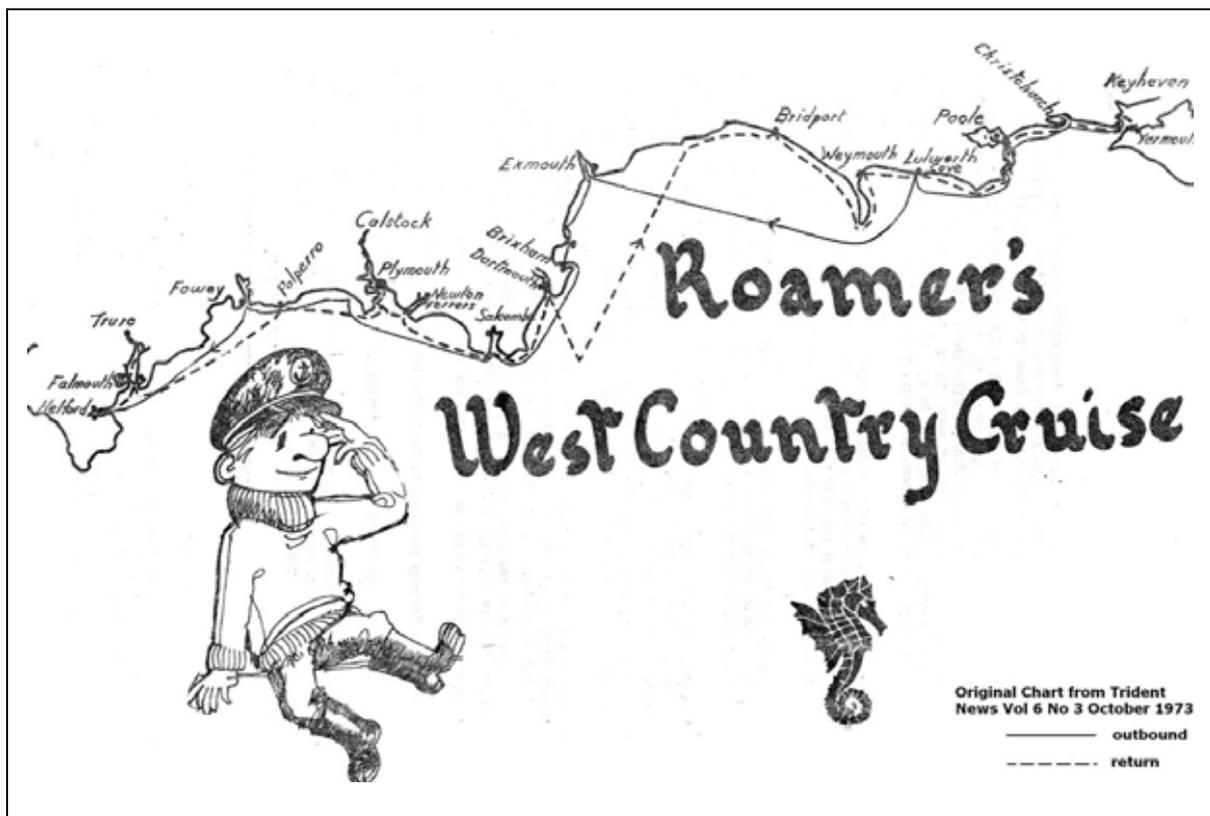


# *Roamer's West Country Cruise*



Mitch and Audrey in 2005

## **Mitch Mitchell's 1973 Marcon Trophy-winning log**



## WEST COUNTRY CRUISE

'Mitch' Mitchell's Marcon Trophy-winning log from 1973

As we have recently rejoined the Association perhaps a few background details would not be amiss to begin with. Our Trident *Roamer* No. 67 (bilge keel) is a one-off, as we bought the bare hull in 1967 and completed her at home in wood giving an extra 1.5 inches of headroom. The decks are of half inch marine ply covered in woven glass cloth, a strong result but of course needing a little more maintenance than the all-glass boats.

My wife Audrey and I have sailed together since 1955, and our two boys, Malcolm and Ray, who are now 11 and 6 respectively, have likewise spent all their holidays and weekends sailing with us.

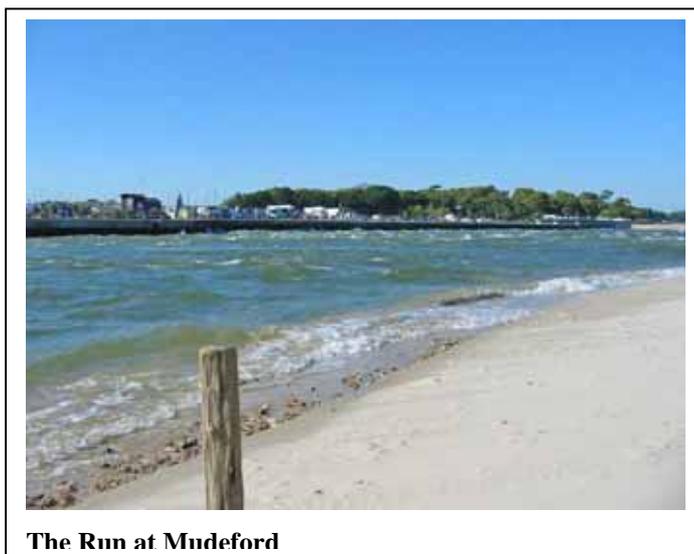
We joined the Trident Owners Association in 1968 but due to a slip up in correspondence assumed that it had gone under. However, we were delighted to meet Derrick Stout (then chairman of the TOA and owner of *Infinity of Emsworth*) in Cherbourg at Whitsun who soon put us to rights about the association's activities.

Now this summer, having in the past cruised fairly extensively along the French Coast, we decided that it was high time we explored some more of our own coastline. We had been as far as Salcombe before but no further West.

**Saturday 21 July.** Arrived aboard *Roamer* at our Keyhaven mooring. Barometer 29.7 with wind SW 5-6 locally 7 forecast, so we spent the day putting finishing touches to stowing our gear and making preparations.

**Sunday 22 July.** Got up, intending to take advantage of the West-going tide but didn't like the look of the weather so went back to bed again, (that was at 0400). 0630: Shipping forecast: Wind SW 4-5 veering W. Decided to make a start, beating out through Hurst Narrows and taking the North Channel along the shore as we have a healthy respect for the Needles Channel when a fresh headwind is blowing against the ebb.

By 0900 the tide had spent itself, but we had worked our way up to Mudeford where with the wind already having veered more to West, we found a sheltered anchorage while awaiting the next West-going tide. This is a useful place to anchor, preferably between the Clarendon rocks and the Run, as there is a good beach for the kids, handy taps for water and a well-stocked cafe/store ashore.



**The Run at Mudeford**

0230: Sailed off again having a stiff beat across Bournemouth Bay with good visibility except for one really heavy thundery downpour.

1830: Anchored in Studland Bay, a favourite spot of ours, and walked up to the Banke's Arms Inn for some strong refreshment. On returning aboard we felt disinclined to trust the weather so continued on into Poole harbour, anchoring for the night in South Deep.

**Monday 23 July:**

Dawned more promising so we took the early ebb to

Swanage from where we sailed again in the afternoon. The Westerly breeze began to ease as we tacked along past St. Alban's Head.

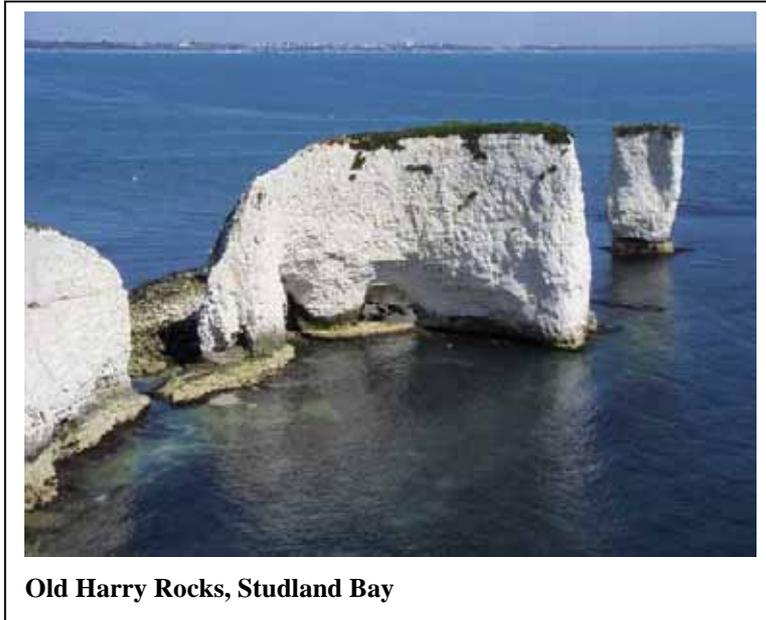
1900: On a tack taking us towards Lulworth Cove, into which a yacht ahead of us suddenly disappeared. In the past we had been too cautious to enter this delightful place but now as making Weymouth promised to become a tedious affair we decided to take advantage of the weather and motored in. What a beautiful cove it is. Soon we were ashore and enjoying drinks in the garden of the one and only pub. Afterwards the boys and I climbed the hill that overlooks the cove and although this was hard work on the legs the view was very rewarding.

**Tuesday 24 July:** Hade an early start and by 0745 we had Portland Bill four miles abeam. But as it was a windless day, it was a case of either use the motor or get nowhere. As we had not visited Exmouth before we accordingly made that our destination.

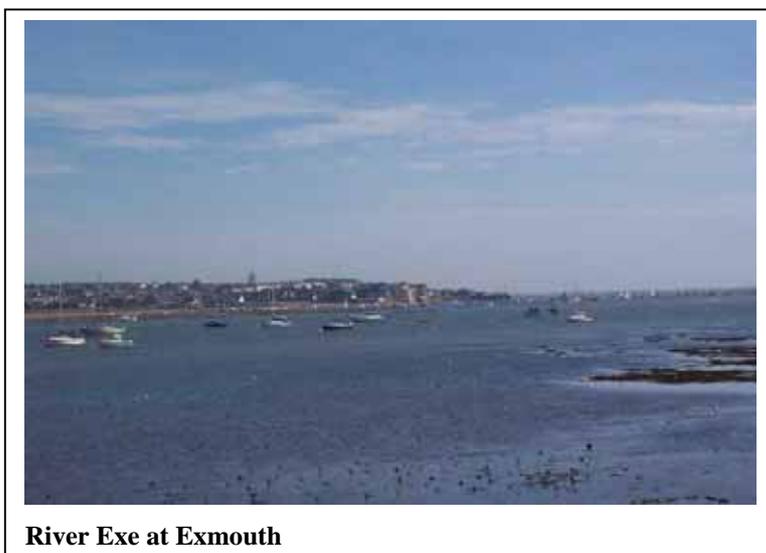
1430: Entered the harbour, anchoring in shallow water on the east side of the river by the Cockle Sands. We appreciated a river with room to anchor in but were not over thrilled with the town, it is certainly very shanty-looking inside the entrance. On stepping ashore I picked up a 10p coin so I can't complain.

**Wednesday 25 July:**

We rowed across the river to Cockwood in the morning and then walked up to Starcross which was very disappointing with the noise of traffic and



**Old Harry Rocks, Studland Bay**



**River Exe at Exmouth**

trains.

1415: Sailed out of Exmouth, making swift progress along the coast to a NNW breeze, the scenery improved as we passed Teignmouth.

1645: Anchored in Anstey's Cove, a very beautiful corner and while the crew swam I climbed the hills to take some photographs of the boat; fabulous views.



Anstey's Cove, Torbay

1730 Sailed out and along the coast passing between the Ore and Lead Stones at the corner of Torbay, and now running fast towards Brixham.

1900: Entered Brixham outer harbour, and finding no vacant mooring and knowing not what to do, continued under sail into the inner harbour where we found a gap between two moored motor boats and took the ground. This action immediately brought us foul of a Mussolini figure on the quayside who shouted to us to clear out. On replying that we were now aground, this wizard now suggested that I “lift it off on my back”, at which all control left me and conversation deteriorated into mutual abuse. I understand he was not the harbour master.

**Thursday 26 July:** 0800 No useful wind. Motored out of harbour and around Berry Head. By noon Start Point was abeam then a light headwind appeared that just got us to Starhole Bay at the entrance of Salcombe. This is another fine anchorage, the sea was flat, the sun shone and we swam in clear blue water 25 feet deep. Later we explored a cave with our torches.

1730: Left Starhole and sailing to a decent NW breeze, our intention being to make the Yealm but the wind was a little too much ahead and at dusk found ourselves unable to close the land in time to identify Yealm Head.

2200: The lights of Plymouth abeam, the engine running in an unreliable manner put us off attempting a strange harbour in the dark so as the wind was off the land we chugged around Rame Head and eventually anchored under the lee of the cliffs in Whitsand Bay, a mile or so to the East of Portwrinkle. Put up the riding light and had a good night's sleep.

**Friday 27 July:** 0630 forecast N3-4. What good luck. While the crew slept on I got under way at 0700 and had a fine sail along the coast passing Looe Island an hour later.

0900: Noticed a yacht at anchor in the entrance of Polperro and made a mental note that this should be an interesting proposition.

0930: Passing the red and white buoy marking the Udder Rock.

1000: Approaching the entry to Fowey, eventually anchoring well up in Pont Pill creek, another superb anchorage. We were very taken with Fowey, where we found the best Cornish pasties we were to buy. Here we hired a small, motor boat (mainly for the boys' benefit) and explored the river upstream as far as St. Winnow where a



**Peaceful Pont Pill Creek, Fowey**

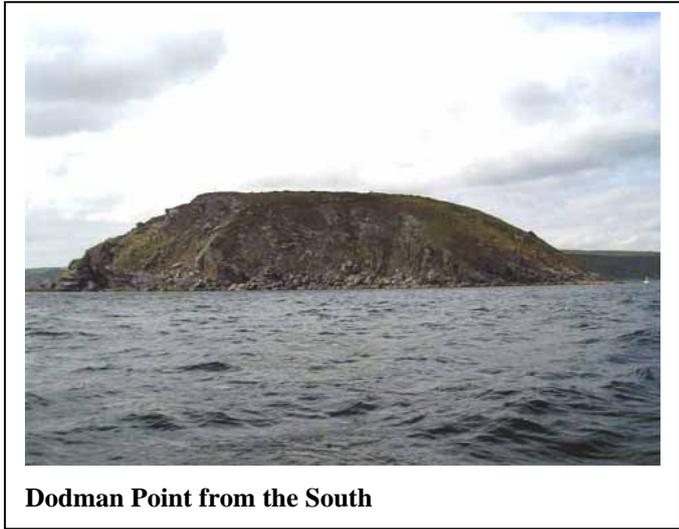
most picturesque wedding was taking place by the river. The following day we relaxed and walked along the path to Polruan, a quieter alternative to Fowey.

**Sunday 29 July:** 0730 Motored out of river, and although the forecast was for NE 3-4 winds, we found nothing until we had passed Dodman Point at 0900, even then it was a light headwind. In fact during the whole cruise we were to cover

more distance with the Vire than by sailing which was disappointing.

1000: Sailing, St. Anthony's Lighthouse coming into view, visibility to seaward poor.

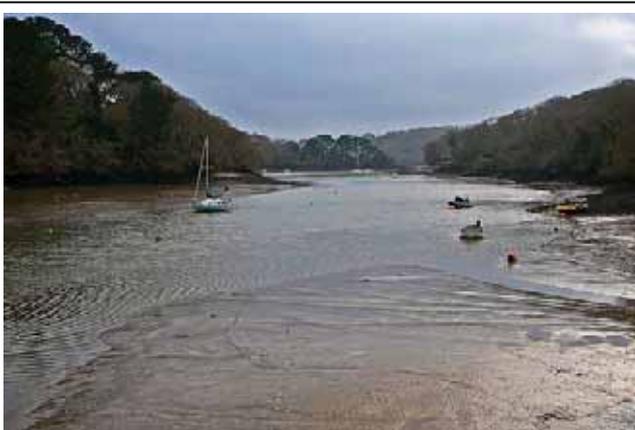
1200: Drifting into Helford river, selected an anchorage off Durgan Cove where other boats were already anchored. Went swimming. Later in the afternoon we continued on upstream to anchor in the entrance to Porth Navas Creek. We had heard so much of Helford river in the past so perhaps we had expected too much, certainly the village and scenery is attractive but it struck me that like other beautiful places on the South



**Dodman Point from the South**

Coast the property has become much sought-after by the wealthier and had probably lost something of its original character. However another time we must give the river more than a flying visit. In the evening we went for a delightful walk through the woods to Mannacan, where of course we found the New Inn.

**Monday 30 July:** In the afternoon we sailed to a gentle SE wind to Falmouth where



**Porth Navas Creek. Helford River**

we picked up a harbour board buoy off the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club. Soon we were ashore exploring the town which was packed with holiday makers. Some of the older buildings on the waterfront had been demolished recently so we decided to photograph some of those left before they too disappear. We found some very old and interesting public stairways leading from the

waterfront up through the buildings to the road.

In the evening we rowed across the river to Flushing, no doubt a quiet village now compared to the days when it was the home of the Falmouth Packet captains.

**Tuesday 31 July:** I started the day by cleaning a dreadful amount of tar from our waterline, then fetched the usual five gallons of water that we seem to use

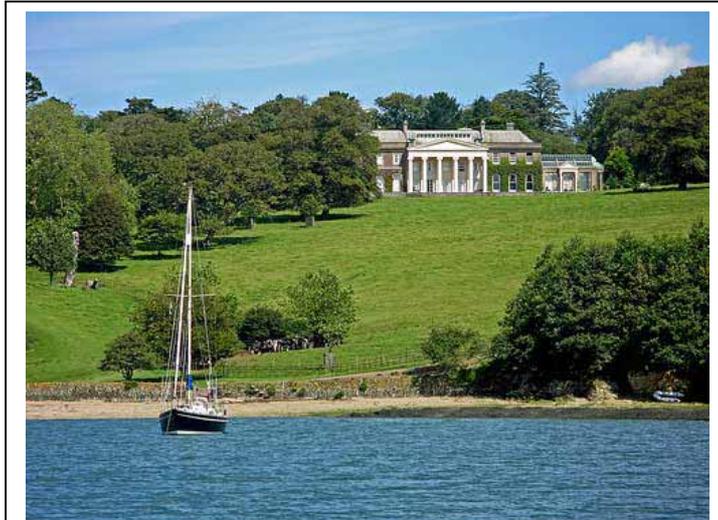
each day, and yet another four gallons of petrol. In the afternoon we sailed over to St Just Pool for a swim, and then took the flooding tide on up the River Fal. What a great river this is, in length, depth and beauty surpassing all others we had seen including the Dart. Soon we were impressed with the wonderful sight of Trelassick House, a mansion built on the slopes looking straight down the river; an ideal position. Around the next tree-lined bend we had a surprise when two large Cunard Ships, the *Carmania* and *Franconia* came into view. They were moored abreast of each other in midstream but there was still ample room to manoeuvre a boat on either side. Next we passed the 'King Harry Ferry' and then continued on upstream amid breathtaking scenery. At Malpas we decided to motor as we intended to make Truro on the tide.

1920: Anchored off the last timber wharf, immediately below the town. We walked up to the town, noticing on the way that another yacht was moored right up as far as the main road at the very end of navigable water, probably the correct procedure. The Cathedral dominates the town which is quite interesting.

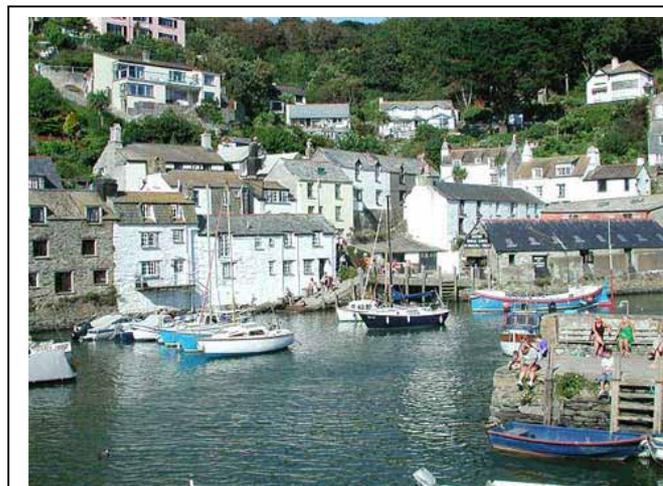
We found a camping shop open very late where we purchased a sailing holdall at a bargain price compared with the identical thing at Cowes. At dusk we motored down to the junction with Ruan Creek, where we anchored beside a wood with owls

hooting. Incidentally we found 50 foot of water in midstream here at HW.

**Wednesday 1 August:** In the morning we motored downriver with the ebbing tide and anchored near the beach at St Mawes, a harbour at its busiest coping with the constant coming and going of ferry boats packed with tourists from Falmouth. The crew relaxed on the beach while I tried in vain to buy such simple things as brass cup hooks. The sun



**Trelassick House overlooking the glorious River Fal**

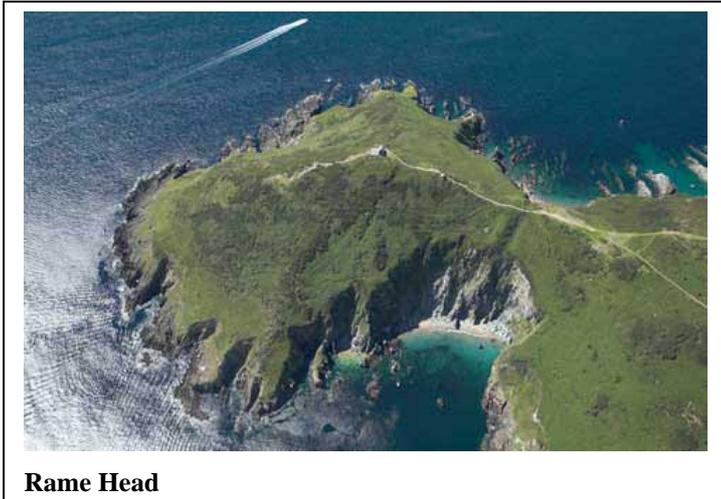


**Polperro, the perfect artists' fishing village**

failed to materialise in the afternoon so I got around to thinking of tides and things and by 1700 we had cleared St. Anthony's Head bound for Polperro, the wind varying from NW-N force 3

1915: Dodman abeam but with a failing wind we could see that it would be touch and go whether we could make Polperro in daylight. Therefore, we motored and even so it was 2200. by the time we came up to the entrance and as the lights provided are not transit ones we had to take things very cautiously. Our Vire had never been good at ticking over slowly so I had to keep putting it in neutral, eventually we crept up to the narrow entrance, turning to port inside. A kindly fisherman switched on the quay lights and directed us to moor to the wall.

Next day we looked at the massive timbers that they place across the 32 foot entrance in the worst onshore gales and decided we would want no part of that. Polperro appealed to us, real fisherman still operate there and the old retired ones sit on the seats around the quay talking about days of old. Even though there is a great daily invasion of holidaymakers



**Rame Head**

they could not detract from its beauty, mainly because the roads are too narrow for traffic. The small harbour is overlooked by the surrounding hills and the cottages on the slopes blend well; an artist's village. We found a visit to the Smugglers Museum well worthwhile, the boys enjoying a visit to the model village of Polperro. We stayed two nights in Polperro, Ray having his sixth birthday on Thursday He always seems to have his birthday on the boat but he is quite happy as long; as he has his presents, cake and candles.

**Friday 3 August:** Forecast SW 3-4, 5 or 6 later: we love those comprehensive ones. 0730: sailing past Looe Island, drizzle coming across and reducing visibility to a mile at times. At 0940 we rounded Rame Head.

1200: Moored up in the Sutton Harbour Marina, Plymouth. We experienced difficulty in being allotted a vacant berth as it is almost entirely taken up with resident boats. Charge was 85 pence per night. In the afternoon we walked around the Barbican, then along the promenade to the Hoe. Took some photographs of Drake Island and of course one of the statue of the great sailor. Plymouth proved too large to



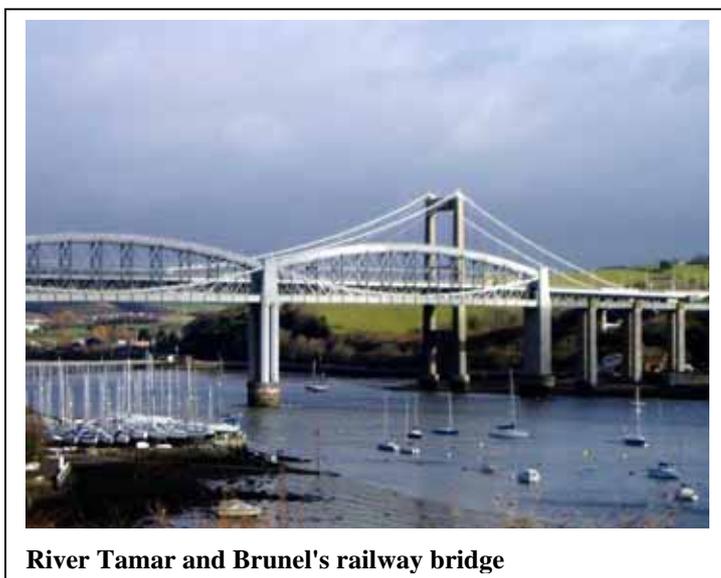
**Cawsand Bay**

do justice to but we did have a look at the new town (to please the No. 1) and finished up with a visit to the famous Elizabethan House in New Street, surely a must for anyone.

Our boys worship Marinas, because of the easy access ashore and the chance of meeting other cruising children, and so it was here. Before long they had met a young girl whose Dad owned a yellow power boat named *Distant Drumbeat*. Soon they were off at a great pace to Cawsand Bay, where more than an hour later my wife and I succeeded in tacking up to. What a painfully slow form of transport sailing can be. At Cawsand a Regatta was taking place, a good old-fashioned affair with tug of war, greasy pole and Punch and Judy show. The boys were well away.

1755 shipping Forecast spoke of unsettled conditions all around with a promise of SW 6-8 winds. We could see waves already breaking across the Plymouth breakwater, but we were in a sheltered anchorage, so after bending on the spare anchor to a warp, settled down for the night.

**Sunday 5 August:** Gales forecast again, more swell was rolling in and it drizzled all day. At 1830 we decided to clear out and find a quieter spot. Rolled a big reef in the main and set smaller job, then sailed out into the Sound, soon feeling the real strength of the wind. Between the breakwater and the Queen's Ground buoy there were some awful looking crests and we were glad to get under the lee of Mt Edgcumbe. Soon we shot past the *Eagle* aircraft carrier and carried on up under the Tamar bridge. Off Saltash we hesitated but decided to run up further to Cargreen, where we had the good fortune to find a nice healthy looking vacant mooring buoy. An ideal spot in the situation and here we spent as snug a night as possible, seeing that during the night one hell of a gale blew, particularly from midnight to 0400 when apparently 60 mph winds were recorded,



**Monday 6 August:** In the morning went for a walk around the village and shopped at the only store. Almost had drinks at the Spaniards Inn' but fell foul of the landlady (kids again!).

1200 Thought we had better see more of the Tamar so motored upstream. The water was now a very muddy colour resulting from the heavy rain, also many branches and much debris hurtled

down with the current, particularly in the last mile below Calstock.

1330: Picked up a mooring buoy off the boatyard.

1340: Picked up our glasses in the Tamar Hotel. Apparently the river is navigable further upstream but as it was we were content to let the afternoon ebb speed us on our way downstream again to Saltash where at LW we deliberately ran *Roamer* aground, well clear of the moorings. I carefully paid the anchor out with the dinghy.

I like this practise with bilge keels, you can always get a good spot and be sure of getting the anchor out from shallow water even if fouled up. Trip buoys and lines can be a nuisance sometimes as Mr. Stout can confirm when he and his crew stood on our foredeck in Alderney while I desperately breadknifed the trip line away from the prop. at Whitsun.

At Saltash we walked across the Tamar bridge and back doing a lightning step into Devon. We were amazed to read on a tablet that the bridge had superceded the ferry which had been in operation for 700 years. Not the same one boys!

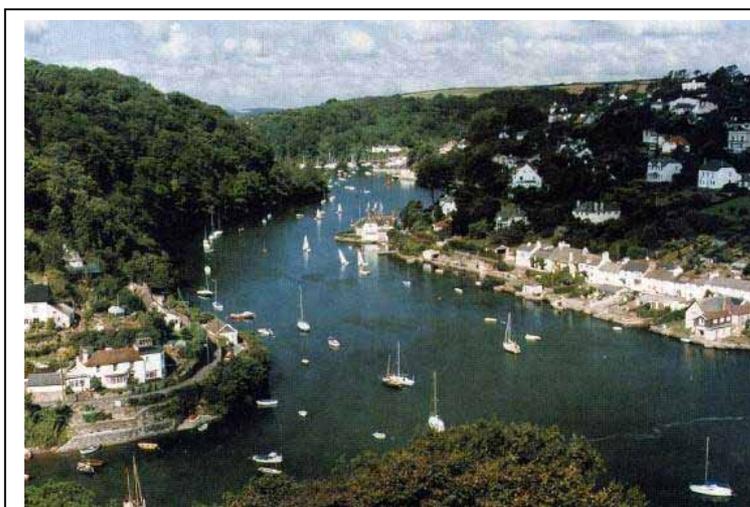
**Tuesday 7 August:** We were now getting keen to proceed with our cruise so after lunch sailed on down to Cawsand again.

1755 Forecast W 5-6 backing 4 from S later. There was a swell left over and the Yealm was tantalisingly close but the winds not quite ideal for the entrance.

1830: Up anchor and sailed out not quite sure whether it might not be prudent to return. On the run up, past the Mewstone Island the swell was heavy but we kept on. Soon with the aid of notes I had made we were steering up towards Wembury Church and the seas became more friendly. Then the first pair of leading marks came into line and in we sailed so close to the shore and then at the last moment a sharp turn to port, to bring the second pair into line. We at last saw the opening and a mast or two hiding around the comer. Soon we found ourselves threading our way through a congestion of moored yachts, with insufficient room to luff up and get way off, so we decided to take the starboard hand creek to Newton Ferrers where we at last found room to luff and drop sail, later motoring up a little further to anchor fore and aft in front of Noss Mayo. It was nearly dusk by then and the wind was funnelling up the creek like nobody's business.

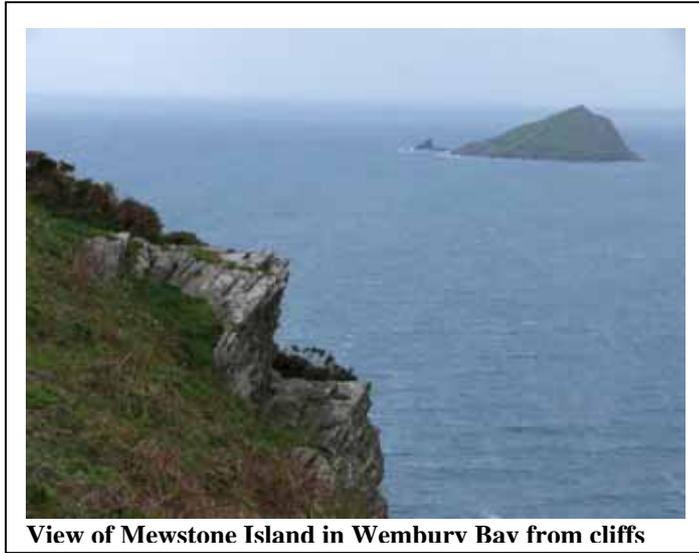
Next morning we had a look at Newton Ferrers, finding it rather smaller than expected yet very attractive. In the afternoon we did likewise at Noss Mayo but followed up by walking across the hills to Stoke's beach on the coast where we idled away the time sunbathing and swimming.

Not content with that exercise, in the evening we took the road that runs parallel to the river through the woods to Misery Pt., and on up to the Coastguard cottages, where we noticed that their Landrover was at the ready with all life saving equipment stowed inside. A comforting thought.



**River Yealm and Newton Ferrers**

**Thursday 9 August:** Forecast SW 4 or 5 increasing 6 or 7 (Plymouth). Decided to stay put and take a walk along the other side of the harbour and so took the National Trust path along the edge of the cliffs to Wembury Church and beach. From here we had a good view of Mewstone Island and wondered if anyone lives in the house that we could just make out. That night we moved to a mooring at the junction of rivers but unfortunately had a poor night owing to the continuous drone of a generator at the paint laboratory situated on the foreshore.



**View of Mewstone Island in Wembury Bay from cliffs**

**Friday 10 August:** Next morning we had a more favourable forecast but were dismayed to wake up to a dense fog, which didn't lift until 1100. Then we were on our way again. We were pleased to have visited the Yealm at last but not quite so keen to return as we are to other harbours. The Yealm seems to be an ideal place to live and keep a boat but with one visitors' mooring buoy, and no navigation lights for entering at night, I've formed the impression that it was regarded, as 'exclusively theirs'.

On rounding Yealm Head we found a Southerly breeze and could just lay nicely for Bolt Tail. By 1300 the wind had drawn ahead so we then motored as far as Starhole Bay where we anchored again as we did outward bound, enjoying some more swimming in the clean water, with a boiling hot sun.

1700: Sailed to Start Pt. but then became becalmed and had to motor continuously



**Starhole Bay where we swam in clear water and hot sun**

until 1800 when we entered the River Dart where the harbour master soon showed us a mooring on the Kingswear side by the railway. We have cruised here twice before in *Roamer*, each time visiting Totnes but this time we felt like a rest. Moored in midstream was the *Charlotte Rhodes* of Onedin Line fame. We rowed around her and were rather

shocked at her general appearance; perhaps it is intended to keep her in a tatty state.

While we were here we visited the museum in the Butterwalk, where a fine collection of model ships are displayed. Also of less interest but equal importance was yet another visit to a Launderette which helps to make cruising easier.

**Sunday 12 August:** 0530 Sailed off the mooring with the intention of making a quick visit to Alderney while being blessed with another anticyclone.

0650: Forecast 2-4, now three miles out and passing through a procession of large yachts with spinnakers set: surely the Fastnet contenders?

0745: Tuned into Jersey radio which forecast NE 5 in their north area. All set for a good run.

0830: Thick fog swept over us, the wind very soon freshening, rolled, in a reef in the main and changed to smaller job. Now things deteriorated in as much as the wind gradually went to SE and SSE, the best we would be able to lay would be for the west of Guernsey where by the evening the current would be foul for entering I could see no point in beating our heads against a wall, particularly in such rotten visibility, so after nine miles gained I put *Roamer* about and onto a course for Lyme Regis.

1115: We came out of the fog into glorious sunlight again, and it was wonderful to feel warm once more, yet annoying as the wind began to die and left us wondering what the weather was now like the other side of the channel.

1330: Motoring, picked up land, identifying it as Beer Head.

1445: Closing the shore off Haven Cliff, here the cliffs are of chalk with woods that appear to be growing along the faces. Shortly we anchored for a swim in 15 feet at Charton Bay where several others were anchored.



'That majestic landmark, the 625-foot Golden Cap, was growing on our port bow'

1715: We set off again, passing Lyme Regis which we had previously visited and soon that majestic landmark the 625-foot Golden Cap was growing on our port bow.

1800: Motoring on a flat sea towards Bridport entrance, nevertheless through the narrow corridor of an entrance there was a noticeable swell gurgling in and we could easily grasp the fact that one can get imprisoned here in onshore winds of any strength. We had perfect weather, so it was an opportunity too good to lose. Once within the small harbour we did some complicated manoeuvring in between and around the numerous moored boats until finally being directed to the main quay wall which is being repaired. A Macwester, the only other visiting yacht soon moored outside us and once the warps were laid out I set to preparing some mackerel that the boys had caught, to the untiring fascination of the many holidaymakers.

Bridport proved to be a packed holiday centre, with amusement bars, candy floss and the two pubs crowded out. Yet it is no more than a hamlet as far as permanent buildings are concerned. I don't expect we shall visit the port again. I am an incurable explorer at heart and love to notch up a new harbour. The 50pence harbour dues were of unquestionable value but I'd hate to get stuck there.

**Monday.13 August:1035:** Motored out of Bridport harbour together with the Macwester also bound East. The wind was East mainly 3 to 4 and gradually we drew ahead with our tacks on and off Chesil beach. We had never before rounded the Bill on the inside of the race and in order to be certain of the exact time that the current would turn to the East around it necessitated the use of the engine. We had experienced some fresh squalls on the approach so thinking that on the other side of Portland there may be more wind and Sea we (being cautious) changed to a small jib, rolled in a reef and donned safety harnesses. We rounded at exactly 1555, five minutes early and to find a completely calm sea. We couldn't see any choppy water anywhere so we hastily removed our harness and restored the sail area and continued motoring all the way to Weymouth.

The Cove there was really packed with yachts. If any port needs a Marina it surely must be Weymouth. Although I have read that plans are afoot for a large one in Portland Harbour.

**Tuesday 14 August:** We intended staying at least two nights in the Cove but after the nocturnal deck stumbling of the first night

we decided to opt out and anchored off Weymouth beach. The sands were packed like a human ant heap, the boys tried out the trampolines and dodgem cars on the front and then we were all glad to return aboard and enjoy our new pastime of diving for the hammer. A good sport if thrown down in about 10 foot of clear water, the wooden handle standing conveniently upright.

In the late afternoon we had a faint East breeze so just about reached Lulworth Cove again where we anchored in the East corner as before. Here, also, were two other Tridents, with whom we had a chat. In the evening we revisited the pub, the barometer was over 30.1 and the most peacefully warm evening imaginable. Later a beautiful moon came up. Little did we expect anything but a tranquil night's sleep.



**Portland Bill**

2200: The wind was fresh from the NE but with 80 foot of chain out we went confidently to sleep.

**Wednesday 15 August:**

0045: We woke to a loud clanging noise and on peering out could see a keel yacht aground in the SE corner heeling over at a sickening angle. The noise must have been their deck gear falling about. The wind was gusting more now and as our sounder showed seven feet



**Lulworth Cove**

underneath with more ebb to go I hauled in a few fathoms to lie in more water. Ten minutes later we had only four feet on the sounder so deduced that we were dragging. A little warm work ensued with my wife's assistance in getting up the anchor and getting way on before being blown astern and ashore. We then anchored as close as possible in the North side of the cove at the foot of the cliff. The gusts now fairly flew down at us, whether those other yacht crews were oblivious of this in their slumbers I know not. As I lay in my bunk *Roamer* was swung through 180°, one moment the bright moon above the entrance was framed in the hatchway and the very next the sheer mountainous face of the hill.

0200: Through the binoculars I espied a yacht out at sea running past the entrance. To my surprise ten minutes later it reappeared and made a noble entry under sail. It turned out to be an Eventide and obviously sailed by someone who knew their onions.

0740: Decided to take advantage of the tide flowing Eastward, one of the other Tridents also leaving. We both motored to St. Alban's Head, keeping close inshore as there was quite a popple in the race. The wind now came more offshore and allowed us some fast sailing under the cliffs. On rounding Durlston Head we tacked in a gradually failing wind into Swanage Bay.



**Approaching St Alban's Head**

1115: Anchored by Handfast Pt, near the shore for yet more swimming. Really hot again. In the evening we had a pleasant sail to a SE 5-4 breeze past Old Harry where there was some fairly disturbed water and on up into Poole, to anchor in Blood Alley Lake, a pleasant creek between Brownsea and Islands.

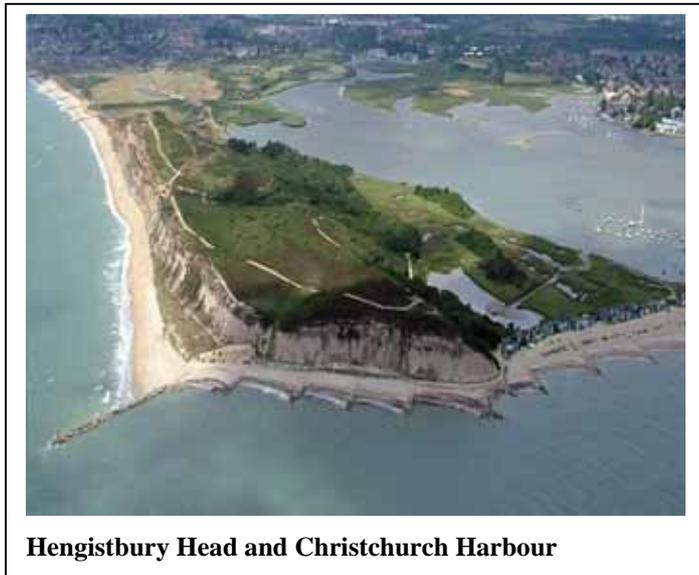
**Thursday 16 August:** After another good morning forecast we motored over to the R.M.Y.C. at Sandbanks, a handy place for topping up water and fuel.

1100: Slack high water so motored out of Poole and anchored off the shore at Branksome Chine, where we swam again while becalmed.

1500: A useful SSW breeze came up and gave us a swift sail over the ebbing tide to Hengistbury Head, eventually anchoring outside Mudeford Run before low water.

1915: The tide had sufficiently risen for us to motor in carefully between the buoys and as we intended buying a meal at the Cafe on the quay we deliberately turned to Starboard on passing through the Run and grounded *Roamer*. Immediately we were swamped by advice from a local dinghy sailer, as to the correct navigational directions, but I failed to make him grasp our reasons. One and a half hours and a meal later we returned to our dinghy and lo and behold our friend was awaiting, and at us again. I lost patience and had to enlighten him that here it was that I learnt to sail in 1950 and subsequently kept boats for the following seven years. It made no difference - and me such a quiet and withdrawn recluse too!

We spent the ensuing night in the S corner of the harbour in between some moored yachts. It has become very crowded since the early 50's, but a visit brings back nostalgic memories as Audrey and I sailed our courting years there. My father kept a boat at Mudeford between the wars, and I can remember when as a boy in the early 1950s the Run used to run parallel to



**Hengistbury Head and Christchurch Harbour**

the shore Eastward about a mile before turning out to Sea. Then one day a severe gale broached the sandbank nearer the present entrance leaving a long lagoon which gradually filled up. The sea encroached and the several million pounds expenditure became necessary to build the concrete foreshore that exists now, in fact the coastline as far as Hordle is a constant problem.

**Friday 17 August** dawned dull and misty. At noon we sailed out at slack HW, and anchored outside, visibility three-quarters of a mile. The boys rowed ashore for exercise.

1600: Sailed off to a SW breeze.

1645: Anchored off Barton beach in 12 foot of water, half a mile from our home. As the sea was sufficiently calm I rowed Audrey ashore, who went home drove our car to Keyhaven, while the boys and I sailed on to Hurst Castle in the lee of which, and by miraculous timing at 1850 we met and picked up Audrey again and continued over to Yarmouth. This collecting of the car normally spoils the end of our holidays owing to the poor bus service. The only reason for visiting Yarmouth was to delay going back to the mooring, but as the lifeboat was called out the night was a disturbed one.



**Keyhaven from Hurst Castle**

The following day we faced up to facts and moored up at Keyhaven, giving a clean up to *Roamer*.

The total distance cruised was 459 nautical miles. It would be too depressing to total up the number motored, but we were pleased to have covered a lot of new water and enjoyed some magnificent scenery. Roll on next year.

### **A. Mitchell**

Note: This was the first of the four occasions on which Mitch and Audrey Mitchell won the Marcon Trophy. They have have won the trophy more times than any other Trident owner, which is hardly surprising since they have almost certainly sailed further and for longer in a Trident than any other Trident owner. They may well be the only original owners today who still own and sail the Trident they built themselves. They attended the first ever TOA South Coast Rally (and most since). And over the years since 1967 they have sailed *Roamer* thousands of miles – many more than the circumference of the earth. They have crossed the channel over 100 times visited Spain, Holland and the Scillies and made three trips to the Mediterranean.