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'OLD NEWS'-LETTER

SPRING 2020

Welcome to this special 'Old News'-letter from SftD. As you are all aware, the current situation has impacted upon us all to one degree or another, restricting movement, and certainly preventing POMIII from venturing out of the harbour! Whilst we might be able to 'technically' take out the boat, unfortunately if we were to return, then the skipper and crew would be set for a 2 WEEK STAY AT HOME in self-isolation. Perhaps a little bit too much to ask for! And even if lockdown has relaxed a little, the self-isolation would be a constraint!!

Yes, someone up there is definitely sticking it to us. Ever since the news of the lockdown we have had almost unbroken sunshine, and some marvellous sailing days have gone begging. So, to try and bring a bit of the sailors life to those of you who yearn after such things, and also to those that don't, we have invited some of our crew to put pen to paper, and recount some of those trips where the sails were full, the wind was in the right quarter, and where god whispered to those that would hear "this is what it is all about", or indeed, any musing that they want to share. Paul Atkinson, Chairman

For my part I'll go back to a trip that will live long in my memory. Not aboard POM II or POM III, but a trip in a rib with one of our skippers (before he was a skipper!), Graham Wilson.

Even though I'd lived all my life on the island, indeed, growing up in Peel, and



ferreting around the breakwater during the long sunny summers that used to grace the Island, I had never gone out in a rib. Small, powerful, fun was how I had always perceived them. I know Graham socially, and had listened to some of his adventures on a particular vessel that he had at the time, and I threw in to the conversation at some point that I was always game for a laugh, and 'next time you go, give me a call'. The call came. My bluff was called. We went to

Whitehaven (Boat Week!). There is something about the middle of the Irish Sea. Not a breath of wind, hammering the outboard to 25 knots, sun beating down, and good company. We 'raced' the Stenna ferry, and lost!

Required to wait 20 minutes as the huge vessel passed across the bow of the rib, we then swooshed towards Whitehaven, the GPS pathfinder directing us to a small dip in the coastal rockface which, as we approached opened into a picture postcard sea side town. It was too good to be true, and so it turned out :(The tide was out! We turned to Graham who nonchalantly shrugged and settled down to wait for the returning tide to allow us to float into the marina via the lock gates. In the meantime we bobbed carefree on the slowly undulating sea. "Ahoy!" came the cry and we noticed a small sail boat at anchor (I won't try and describe it except to say it is now what I hope to own and sail in my retirement). We started the engine and chugged over to meet the gentleman who, like us, had missed the tide and was now waiting for the chance to enter the marina. He welcomed us on board for drinks/aperitifs and we told him of our journey so far. In turn he told us that he sailed up and down the coast on a regular basis, but on this occasion had been caught out by the tides and was having to wait like ourselves. Good drink, good company, good times.....

Early (very) the next morning we departed Whitehaven and travelled back to the Isle of Man. The sea was glass smooth, and soon we were leaving the noise of the outboard behind as the rib flipped onto the plane and skimmed, seemingly effortlessly, across the water. Still following the GPS path, the Isle of Man started to rise from the sea as the first rays of the morning sun started to burn off the threads of the light haze. Breath taking! As we approached the bay, the early morning ferry to Heysham was departing, and the rib bounced lightly while we waited for the Ben-My-Chree to pass by and then moved forward to journey's end.



Passports for Peel!

Friday 5th May. On boarding Arnie our skipper discussed routes depending on the wind. The descriptions left us full of anticipation and mystery as we went to sleep under the watchful eye of a strange, large Loaghtan sheep.

Saturday 6th May, we set sail along the south coast from Douglas. As we passed the Calf of Man there was a hint of blue masses of Bluebells on the coast. Carole was pleased to see Lag ny Killey keeil when travelling towards Peel. After a vertically challenging sail we were glad to sail into Peel for the night. Whilst having our evening meal we were visited by the coast guard who asked us if we had seen a black speedboat which was missing. (Two days later discovered with two bodies) Sunday 7th May dawned a much calmer day with a strange coincidence. In 2015 the POM

had joined a flotilla of boats to commemorate the Wanderer, a Peel fishing boat, which had gone to the rescue of passengers from the Lusitania. This had been torpedoed by a German u boat in 1915. As we departed from Peel we continued to hear messages over the radio from the lifeboats and air ambulance. With such a still day we had a leisurely trip back to Douglas. We especially enjoyed watching a mother seal trying to entice her babies in to sliding off the rocks into the water. Eventually they were brave enough to even come and visit us! We were lucky to see a Dolphin playing in the water but unfortunately a fast boat frightened it away.



The birdcalls made us laugh as we imagined what they were saying. We took our time to reach home. Thank you to Arne, Don and Carole for taking us. A very enjoyable weekend despite not using our passports. Juliet

How I miss my sailing friends!

It has been a long winter, six months with little or no sailing.... Now the lock down with all sailing cancelled until further notice.....

I so enjoy my sailing and I miss the company of all the members I have sailed with, can't wait to get back!

Happy Birthday Ollie, we missed your Birthday sail this year.

I have really enjoyed all the cruises I have been on. So many lovely places to sail to, I have no favourite, but Kinsale must be near the top of my list, it is a nice long passage, 36 hours, but very rewarding when you get there. On passage I love



sitting at the back. Steering or keeping a lookout, it passes the time nicely! I am also happy making the crew a cuppa and/or a bit to eat.

At this difficult time I wish you all a Safe lock down! Take care.

Look after yourselves and your friends. I look after my friend Carol, a very good friend of mine.

Lesley

Caernarfon Weekend

"Wasn't it a lovely day, the day we went to Bangor?" So the music hall song goes and those sentiments were spot-on regarding our recent September cruise. We didn't actually "go" to Bangor, but we sailed past it in high spirits, as we wended our way through the Menai Straits. The "Straits" are anything but - the channel snakes its way serpent-like and a navigator has to have his wits about him every second of the way!

By 23.00 hours on Friday evening, we cast off, and with a friendly North Westerly set sail for the shores of North Wales and Anglesey. A good wind direction, but at force 2-3, not enough to take us to the mouth of the Straits in time for a safe passage. The timing of passing through the "Swellies" is absolutely critical. It must only be done at "High Water slack", which is about 1 hour and 40 minutes before High Water. With this fact uppermost in the plan we motor-sailed down the Irish Sea maintaining 7-8 knots.

It was a beautiful starry night and everybody was affected by the magic of the night sky and the reflections on the water. Gradually, people drifted off to bed, leaving the "Watches" to take over. As we glanced behind, the red Aerial lights on Douglas Head were visible for many a mile, long after sight of the Island had disappeared. At about 02.00hours, two distant cargo ships appeared ahead, on the horizon, one to port and the other on our starboard side. They were visible for a long time and slowly were beginning to look more and more enormous. As the "Pride" forged ahead at 7.5 knots it looked like we were about to be sandwiched!! "Not at all" soothed the kindly Navigator. "At the speed they're going they will each have well passed us, either side." And..... he was absolutely right. The 2nd watch took over, but I stayed up above a little longer, enjoying a welcome chicken and stuffing butty and a cuppa. Then, to bed for a few hours but up in time to see the sunrise (a wonderful navigational aid!) on the approaches to Puffin Island and Beaumaris at around 7.00hours. Soon the boat was alive with sailors, everyone excited about the changes of scenery. Ablutions, cuppas, discussions over the Chart about the interesting passage we were about to make. In the waters off the Great Orme's Head, we picked up a mooring and had breakfast as we stood-off for two hours. Then we cast off our mooring, our fate to the winds and down the Straits, towards..... (Dramatic drum-roll sound effect!) "The Swellies"!!! (a region that even put the fear of God into Nelson, who is reported to have said "The Menai Straits is the most treacherous passage of water in the world." Well, dear Reader, we didn't go aground; we didn't break the mast on either of the bridges and we didn't hit anything floating on, or sticking out of, the water. I distinctly heard a few Welsh seagulls cackling at us though. After going under the second (Brittania) Bridge, we passed the aforementioned Nelson atop a column, on the shores of Anglesey, observing us stonily with his one eye. I like to think that perchance he had been protecting us and wondered if he would be proud (or jealous) of our expertise through the Swellies?

We arrived at Caernarfon having thoroughly enjoyed our exhilarating journey. Tired and emotional, the Navigator took time off for a bit of shut-eye (he had, after all, been awake and on his toes for many, many hours) and some of us made our first expedition into the beautiful castellated town.

Caernarfon, along with Conwy and Harlech, is one of the seven major castles in Wales which had been built by the English King Edward to "Keep the Welsh out"!!! We just managed to enjoy delicious ice-cream in a tea room that closed at three (?) and then meandered around the town, making a plan to visit the castle the next day. Sunshine and showers on Saturday. Perfect for our plans. The castle is fascinating. A great cosmopolitan feel about the whole place, with visitors from all over the world. Many winding streets full of artesian shops where one tiny establishment, crammed with some quite delicate curios, had a notice on the door boldly proclaiming "DOGS WELCOME". Assuming that that included sea-dogs, Nicky and I went in, where we bought some gifts and conversed with the delightfully eccentric lady proprietor.

Evening dinner on board was a magnificent Chicken curry with all the trimmings provided by Chris. Good craic was followed by a briefing about plans for the rest of the cruise. "Plan B, appendix 2(a)" was proposed and accepted. Due to incoming bad weather late on Sunday and possibly for the duration of the week, we were to sail for home at 11.00hrs the next day. After a good night's sleep, we had time to be refreshed, fed and watered in a leisurely manner and ship and crew were ready for the off at 11.00 hours. Chris, navigator's hat on once more, was taking no chances with "The most perilous stretch of water in the world" - he had meticulously put in a set of strategic Waypoints..... Eight-hundred-and-fifty-seven of them..... And that was just to get us out of Caernarfon Marina. Ahead, big black clouds loomed but we only had a couple of short heavy showers early on, then, blue skies and sunshine and a most favourable SW, SSW wind of 3, 4 sometimes 5 knots with smooth seas. Main reefed, heads' full-out, we maintained a steady course, averaging 7-8 knots, fastest time recorded was just over 11 knots. Perfect sailing. To add to this perfection, an aquatic pod of dolphins joined us for a while, playing and displaying with all their graceful power around our bow for a magical 10 minutes. What more could you wish for?

We arrived back in Douglas just before dark, and tied-up on the liner pontoon, where we dined regally on Martin's Chicken Kiev. Two crew were able to leave the boat, then the "Pride" was taken up to her normal berth in the Marina on the first bridge lift at 23.59 hrs.

Next morning, Graham's Mum made a surprise and welcome appearance on the pontoon with a bagful of Breakfast goodies! Sausages, tomatoes, eggs, bread and milk! After cleaning up our lovely Ship, we all disembarked at about 12.30hours. A very interesting, satisfying and fun-filled weekend's sailing was had by all. A big Thank you to Skipper, Navigator and Crew!! Adie

What to do if I can't sail?

The sea has glistened, the wind's been gentle most of the time and where have we been....at home; wondering when all of this will be over and we can get out and about again. Well, the Government has eased the restrictions a little; more people can work, we can travel freely around the island and exercise wherever we want and for as long we want....as long as it's with our own "household".

So, we went for a walk. I'll tell you about it.....

Our walks generally involve walking out of the house...we Port Elizabeth in South Africa. We

were staying in a hotel on the sea front.....we asked the reception where it's nice to walk. The

answer was "well, you can turn left or right. I'd go left if I was you. You might get mugged if

you go right". So we walked to the left. It's been fairly simple to cross the road in front

of our house.....you see, there haven't been many cars. Most people were staying at home.

It's changed today. Now it's like the island has woken up and everyone has decided to go for a

drive. We turned right today and set off towards Port St. Mary around the point towards Chapel

beach. There's this narrow footpath which goes round the point. If you walk around there at 7.30am on a weekday there's

nobody to be seen. It was like Piccadilly Circus in the rush-hour today. Speedy bikes coming from Port St. Mary, elderly dog walkers, children

dawdling with their parents, a dog or two....all trying to share a single path and keep 2 metres apart.....it's quicker to take the long road round. Now one of the good things about walking is that you see people....some

you know and some you don't. It's nice to say hello and have a chat....if you can that it. Nowadays many people wear strange head contraptions

and earplugs to keep the outside world at a distance. If you meet one of these walkers, particularly one looking like a disc-jockey, you will have to raise your voice and even then, you probably won't get an answer. The seaweed was fresh, the sun was out and the flies were swarming. So

you can probably guess what happened next....I swallowed a fly.....live in Gansey...and turning left or right. Straight on takes you over the wall onto the beach. It reminds me of a visit we made years ago to I didn't die, I

started coughing. I think you know of a particular old lady:

There was an old lady who swallowed a fly

I don't know why she swallowed a fly - Perhaps she'll die!

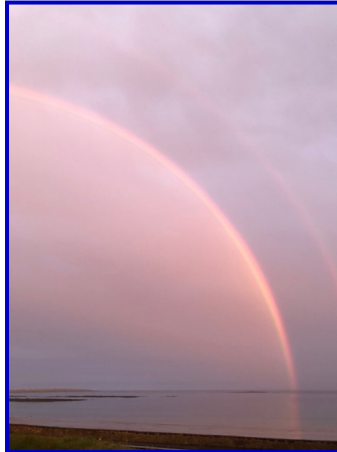
There was an old lady who swallowed a spider;

That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her!

She swallowed the spider to catch the fly;

I don't know why she swallowed a fly - Perhaps she'll die!

.....and the rest of it.....



It was such a nice day. Kids were playing on the beach, a few decided to test out the water, even sitting down; one had her cycle helmet on.....funny that one of their parents was wearing a bobble-hat.

Now, have you heard of "biosecurity". We learnt about this when we walked past the local farm. This means: don't touch the farm gate!

Now I could write several pages about dogs and their owners. I first need to declare that we used to have a dog. He was a flat coated retriever, called Scot....and we lived in Scotland. So, when we called his name, we were surprised when a handful of nearby people turned round....

It's a known fact that dog owners get to meet other dog owners, a lot more than non-dog owners. If you have a dog, it's probably like being a member of a dating site.... you can tell this just by looking around any morning when you go for a walk. The non-dog owners are having a good walk. The dog owners are all chatting; and the rest of the time dealing with those small plastic bags. Of course, it's the dogs who now own the high ground. They're having the fun, whilst their owners have to raise their voices to shout across the 2 metre gap.



Anyway I've probably made myself unpopular with dog owners.....let's hope we can start sailing again soon.

Anthony

PS: we saw a couple of Minke whales off Langness today (Sunday 26th)



WhatsApp Group

All of you tech-savvy members reading this will be familiar with WhatsApp, the free messaging app which is very widely used.

Currently our Skippers & Mates have a WhatsApp group which is used successfully to communicate between them. Bobby

Moore skipper & Boat Manager, suggested that SFTD starts a new group for all members who would like to join in order to improve communication about boat/sailing related messages, news of social events etc. The [WhatsApp group Sailing for the Disabled](#) is now up and running. If you are interested and would like to be part of the group, email YES to carolequayle@gmail.com

A PROUD MOMENT IN 2006 !



Domed glass crystal

In 2006 the Charity was awarded The Queen's Award for Voluntary Service. The chairman at that time, Terry Hopkins was invited to Buckingham Palace together with his guide dog King to accept the award on behalf of Sailing for the Disabled.

A large group of members of the Charity was invited up to Government House for a reception and the presentation of the award.

The picture shows Ian Clark, Marion Bolam, Monica Clark, Joyce Quilliam, Vice Admiral Sir Paul Haddacks, Lesley Callister, Alistair Shillito, ?, Mrs Haddacks, Terry Hopkins and King, Liz Clague, Alan Cope and Dave Bridson.



A FUNDRAISER EXTRAORDINAIRE !

Alistair Shillito kept his promise and walked the TT Course for the second time to raise funds for Sailing for the Disabled.



Alan accompanied him from Ramsey to the Grandstand. Ian joined him at Ballacraigne and walked with him to Kirk Michael. A remarkable feat for Ian, who is himself disabled. Marion walked a section from Kirk Michael to Ballaugh and then Alan joined him for the walk back to Ramsey. Encountering all weathers including fog on the mountain.



OUR FAVORITE PORT OF CALL IN THE IRISH SEA

This picturesque maritime village enjoys a blend of contemporary chic with old-school Irish charm that is as unique as it is captivating earning itself a reputation as a seriously upmarket and cosmopolitan coastal village. Admire stylish shop fronts with their hanging baskets lush and overflowing with colour; allow sea breezes to caress your cheeks; be hypnotised by the chime of halyards strumming their masts, join the buzz of chat and laughter from cafes and restaurants and embrace the wonder that is [Malahide, Dublin's favourite seaside village](#).



Set just inside the sheltered broad meadow estuary, Malahide Marina is the ideal destination from which to enjoy sailing the waters of the Irish Sea. This seaside village is the jewel in the crown of this scenic stretch of Ireland's magnificent eastern coastline.

There are 350 fully serviced berths in the Marina, located in a well-protected inlet, and vessels of up to 75m can be accommodated. The Marina is located

just ten miles north of Dublin's city centre easy to get to by the Dart Train, and well served by other public transport.

So how lucky are we? Some of our members favour Malahide as a destination for the longer cruise. Between 12 to 14 hours sailing from our home base Douglas; Also within easy sailing of Howth, Dublin, Dun Laoghaire and Graystones, making this area a small compact cruising area. For bird watchers Lambay Island is not far away and well worth a visit, say for lunch!



What does Malahide offer our crew: Easy 10-minute walk and access for wheelchairs to get into the village, a real Irish Market town, with lovely Pubs and eating houses. A large variety of shops to spend money, the lady members of the crew visit most if not all the Charity shops. There is also a Historic Castle and botanical gardens. If this is not enough for them, it is the Dart to Dublin or some other destination. The Dart is an excellent option if the weather is unsettled. For others it is a pint or two of Guinness while watching as the world goes by!

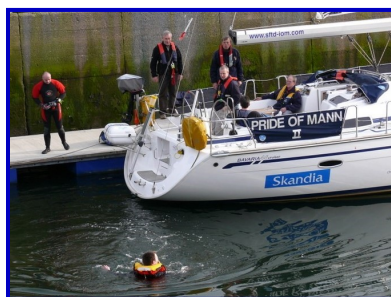
MAN OVERBOARD (messing about in boats!)

Those of you that remember training on POMII, may remember some of our training adventures, this one in particular had the nerves in harbour control jangling!

"The Players"

On the quay you will see Roy Maddrell. One of our best and well-liked skippers. Roy played a major part in the design and delivery of our present boat POMIII.

We then have the winch men. Andy Turner and Ted Williams. Andy (Manx Trikes) all round good guy, got his Yacht Master ticket and rightly so! Ted had a penchant for stripping down the heads. Was caught at home by his wife Jenny, with a macerator stripped down on the kitchen table, ugh! Aiding and abetting, Nigel Iatham one of the best sailors we had and definitely the best boat handler to this day. Keeping a watch full eye at a safe distance was the late and great David K, who found the whole exercise hilarious.



"The Plot"

To retrieve a conscious casualty from the water. The casualty (unsuspecting passer by) donned with wet suit, watched over by professional diver! After managing to fall in from the back of the boat, the task was to get him back on board. This was done by using a block and tackle slung from the end of the boom. The guard wires were removed to make it easier. The procedure took just over 10 minutes. He was found to be suffering no serious affects and made a swift departure.



"Conclusion"

The exercise proved really useful. However!, POM-II was already equipped with a block and tackle which was regularly used to lift wheelchair users on and off the boat. So the team were well practised in that part of the drill. The boat was stationary in the harbour with flat water and the crew were expecting the MOB.

"The Real Thing"

If we had to carry out a MOB at sea with only a moderate sea running, it would prove to be a far more difficult exercise. Whereas it took 10 minutes

in the harbour it could take that long to get back to the casualty. The guard wires would be cut, but the lifting apparatus may take some time to arrange. You may think the bathing platform on the stern would help, however in any sea it would be very dangerous as the casualty could be struck by the boat. Also, the casualty may be unconscious. The lift in the harbour was vertical, as the casualty was not long in the water. Longer than 10 minutes and they would have had to been lifted horizontally to avoid "post rescue collapse".

"The Moral to the story"

Stay on the boat! Your life jacket will keep you afloat. However, that might not be enough!

STAY SAFE! STAY ON THE BOAT!



MARGARET'S SEA-FEVER

Apologies to John Masefield 1876-1967

Margaret must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,



And all she asks for is Pride of Man
III and a compass to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's
song and the white sails shaking,
And not a grey mist on the sea's
face but plenty of sunshine
breaking.

Don must go down to the seas again, for the call
of the running tide

Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be
denied:

And all he asks is a calm day with his water-bike
flying, And the flung spray and the blown spume
and the sea-gulls crying



We must go down to the seas again to the
carefree leisure life,
To the gull's way and the shark's way and the
wind like a feathered knife;

And all we ask is a merry yarn
from laughing fellow rovers,
And a quiet sleep and a sweet
dream when the long trip's
over.



Your Membership fees.....

April is the start of the New Sailing Season and Membership Fees should have been paid by now. The fee is still set at a minimum of £10 but you can make payment above this figure. Despite a very disheartening start of the season it's still great value and not only covers the cost of your sails but also the tea and coffee on board. Hopefully we will be able to make up for the lost time later this year. So if you haven't paid your membership yet – PLEASE PAY NOW!

If you pay by cash it would be helpful if you start paying by standing order, this saves you the effort of paying each year and also helps the Membership Secretary. The Standing Order form can be downloaded from the SFTD website. When completed send to Monica Clark, 42 Wybourn Drive, Onchan, IM3 4AN.

100 Club Winners.....

Supporting the 100 Club is another fun way to keep POMIII afloat. Congratulations to our April 2020 100 club winners:

Ian McCauley £30.00

Alan Cope £12.50

Betty Cooke £7.50

The 100 Club provides extra funds for running our Boat, its only £24 a year. Get a form from the downloads on the website or our Chairman Paul Atkinson (contact details on back page).

We must go down to the seas again.....

We hope you enjoyed this special Newsletter and reminded you of all the great occasions you've enjoyed a sail, one of the socials or any other activities with Sailing for the Disabled.

If you would like to share any of your experiences, your stories are more than welcome. Also any other comments or suggestions are very much appreciated. The charity is there for you and we will do our utmost best to make it as enjoyable for everyone as possible.

A sad loss of a true Gentleman

It is with great sadness that we have to inform you that Mr Roy Limmer, one of our most ardent supporters and crew/carer, passed away. Many members will have very fond memories of sailing with him.

Our thoughts are with his wife Val, family and friends.



Corporate Sponsors

We are indebted to our benefactors who help to keep Pride of Mann III afloat.

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Recent donations

Peel Charity Shop
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Dates for your Diary

10 September 2020 — AGM

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