

I know that **Mick the Lip** will supply his thoughts on the Tri-Services event at Gosport this last weekend, but I'd just like to add my four penneth before he says whatever...

Whilst driving at 50mph along a straight Lincolnshire country lane last Wednesday, a pesky pheasant ran out of a hedge across the road directly in front of me. I didn't even have time to brake. As I made a mess of it, it damaged my front grille and had to order another. (I even found an odd feather under the lower roll panel today). Next day delivery they said. Huh, I still waiting.

I decided to drive down on Friday - I really didn't want to drive 240 miles and then have to sail (did I) Barbara, my missus kindly requested that I convey her down to Gosport so she could use the ferry to Portsmouth/Southsea to stay with her sister for the weekend. You might think that's ok, but as it turned out somehow or other for the duration of the 4.5 hr drive (240 miles) my left ear seems rather hot. So I dropped her off at the ferry with some relief. Having found the guesthouse, I found that it wasn't a B&B at all, just a B (no breakfast) Yeah, yeah, I should have checked :(As the guesthouse was full(so they said) they had placed me in room in the attic. Having pre-paid, I needed a shower only to find whilst standing in the nod ('orrible sight) there was no hot water. There was hot water in the tap of sink, but not in the shower (Brrrrrr!). That night, it sounded like the guest next door had six women in his room - it went on to the early hours. I banged on his door only to be told to F--- OFF. I went to the cafe above the GMYC for breakfast. There were supposed to be at least 19 entries, but as 6 of them didn't show so we were down to 13. Due to dwindling Tri-Service numbers, during the AGM it was proposed that we include Police and Firemen. Wind? Well there was warm AIR but no breeze to speak of. There are 2 sailing ponds at Gosport and as the Commodore had said, 'Club members had been trying to eradicate the weed problem by using scythes, the decision was made to sail on the large pond to see if it was clear of weed. Well, there was still some floating weed that caused any racing to be a lottery, so we swapped to the smaller weed free pond.

I have great trouble in how far my boat is from other boats and the nearness of marks etc. I'd round marks to early and miss altogether or I'd go far beyond and lose places. Nevertheless, I did manage a few reasonable 4th & 5th places, but generally the wind was so fickle, I did wonder why I was at Gosport at all.

Mick had really wanted to impress other TSRSA members with his boats speed on the water, so he keenly rubbed his boats underwater hull area down and added some kind of go-faster addition - well, it didn't work, in fact it made the boat go-slower and Mick got all annoyed with himself for adding it in the first place. He took the boat back to his digs and rubbed the go-slower stuff off the hull. Mick seemed to get the idea that I was lucky so he touched my arm in order that my luck transferred to him, well I'm not superstitious but it did seem to work, but as the fickle wind was continuing to be 'fickle' Mick was at the back of the fleet on a run, he passed all other boats on one leg rounding the leeward mark 1st and went on to win (LUCKY BUGGER).

As there were only 2 RAF members, I was presented with the RAF Trophy. I don't know why, but somehow I feel like a fraud. Pic will show.

So having picked the missus up from the Gosport ferry terminal, my left ear became rather warm for 240 miles.

Joke of the day: Mr eagle was on his morning flight, soaring way up near the clouds and was feeling a bit randy when he spied a Dove on a dove cote. He swooped down and had his way with the dove. Bloody great eagle! The dove sang "I'm a little dove and I've had a little love and I'm happy." Still feeling a bit horny the eagle resumed his flight and then spied a little Blue Tit sitting on the branch of a tree and swooped down and had his evil way with the little Blue Tit. Bloody great eagle! And the little Blue Tit sang, "I'm a little tit and I've had a little bit and I'm happy" Still feeling a wee bit randy, the eagle resumed his flight and continued soaring near to the clouds and later he spied a duck waddling across a farm track so he swooped down and had his way with the duck and flew off again. The duck sang, "I'm a little duck and I've just been fu...wait a minute, I'm a drake and there's been a big mistake."

Regards,

Chaz the Trip