

Barry Island, 3 September

Graham Bailey

Cast off: 09:00, return to Port: 17:30, nautical miles: 185 approx. Horizon: dry 'n 'lovely, heading: South-Westerly (most of the time!). Timings: 08:00 to 19:45ish, weather: pleasantly warm and dry.

Sailor

Graham Bailey
Brian Charlton
'Fast Sal'
Lawrence Morgan
Steve Reeves
Graham Owen
Steve 'snapper' Mason
Dave Preest
Vic Martyn

Vessel

1200GS (flying skull n crossbones)
KTM 950 (with chocolate cams!)
650GS (smoldering at rest)
Transalp
PAN
1200GS Adventure (lovely bit of kit)
GSX750F
TDM900 (smooth as Guinness)
700 Deauville

Well 'shiver me timbers' what a motley crew to end up with I can tell yuh. Still, they were keen, and the weather looked fab, and the seaside beckoned (if you can call Barry the seaside!).

We got as far as Chepstow, and breakfast and fuel were called for by some of the mutinous crew (the Forest section!) So we dropped anchor in Tesco and ate most heartily.



I never leave port without the Journal!

With moorings cast, we got underway again and eventually slipped on and off the M4 in our quest to locate our salty old

shipmate, Capt Davey Bainbridge and his prize ship, the Prince William, said to be moored somewhere in the docks (good a place as any I suppose!).

After several reconnaissance trips into and back out of Barry!! (I always give great value on my ride outs!) the call was made... 'Thar she blows!'. The tall ship herself stood towering above the

dodgems and big wheel of the accompanying fair in the foreground,

and indeed was a sight for sore eyes.
(Don't go there Budge!!)

Our presence caused quite a stir as we made our way through the gaping crowd that had by now, anticipated probably just a little more from us than a couple of 'hurried' group donuts as we attempted to park in front of the vessel.

Received with the usual warmth and sincerity that has long been Capt Davey's trademark, we were all led aboard and

personally escorted throughout the fine ship even into quarters that normally would require blonde hair and a pair of legs!! (sorry Annie!) well Dave had been away from home for almost 2 hours at this stage!

(Is that a DVD of the Titanic I see on the top shelf Dave!)

One and a half hours later we emerged from the murky bowels of the Prince William, completely in awe of her construction (9 miles of rope you know!) and so much more aware of the life style aboard a ship such as this. (Give me the mountains and woods of Wales any day... stop it Budge!)

With photos taken, and farewells dispatched, we all slipped our moorings once again and headed northwest this time (good start!) towards the beckoning mountains of Wales and much dryer land (temporarily).

Dave 'Scout' Preest was at point, and scenery was changing by the mile. Before too long we were all safely back at the 'Charltons Chateau' for a good old BBQ bacon butty, held down by a mug or two of piping hot

Earl Grey or Morrison's own (I wasn't sure!).

'What a day!' The sort that just happens to turn out 'spot on', if you know what I mean,

certainly one I would not have missed for anything.

My usual thanks to all of the above part-time mariners, whose banter and presence contribute so much towards the meaning of 'quality of life' with final thanks to Capt Davey for our 'privileged passage' (sailors terms you know!) that we navigated under his watchful eye.

Until we meet again, 'land ahoy me hearties' ♦



Crikey Dave, where's the jacuzzi?