



Roach Sailing Association September 1999 Newsletter

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Chairman's Note

Dai Williams

Well here we are again, another sailing season nearing completion and our laying up supper in the near future.

At our last supper when Wendy Eagling, Vice Commodore of RCYC was our guest I discussed with her some of the problems of the Burnham Clubs' fleets racing leading to difficulties with our racing especially at the confluence of the Roach and the Crouch. Wendy dealt with this very promptly to alert all Burnham Clubs and to inform us of their major events. I was therefore gratified during last Sunday's RNLI race to meet RCYC Commodore Mr Campbell racing in his Dragon "QUICKSILVER II" and to hear that he was fully aware of our racing.

You may be aware we were recently very saddened by the loss of Eric Stone ("MERIS" Skipper) and we extend our deepest sympathy to Valerie at having lost her dad but also her sister Janet all in the space of four months.

At the funeral on 31 August I was very pleased at the excellent turnout by RSA members and for those unable to attend you may like to read the eulogy below I presented at the funeral service:-

"I feel highly privilege and honoured to be asked to express our thanks for, and to celebrate Eric's life. However I also have misgivings in that I know Eric would be highly embarrassed to hear our praises.

I have known Eric for over forty years and first and foremost he was a really good friend who was always so helpful to everyone. However he was the most difficult to accept help himself - as he would say "I don't want to put you out." It was always a joy to meet Eric - he was always the same.

He was a very modest man and so many of his talents were often unknown to those around him. Eric was born in Leeds and lived his early life in London never far from the water - maybe this stimulated his interest in oil and water colour painting and his love of the Wapping school of art. His paintings were of a very high standard and I have spent many a happy hour viewing them with Eric - but he was rarely satisfied with them himself.

Another talent of Eric's was photography, he was very much in the realm of our friend and his late colleague Jack Coote. Eric also produced wonderful woodwork expressed in the half models he made of his yachts - they are meticulous and so accurate they are sheer perfection.

Eric sailed for over fifty years and every year until his friend Bert Monk died they shared a sailing holiday from the time they first had a partnership in TEOD "VANITE" in the 'forties. He was an ace racing helmsman and for a number of years he won many races at the Alexandra Yacht Club in TEOD 47 "CORSAIR" with an exclusively family crew.

In recent years we rarely planned to sail in company but last season, in fact exactly twelve months ago today, of all the thirteen rivers we call "East Coast" we accidentally met up with Eric in Stangate Creek off the Medway - whence we sailed in company around Sheppey, stayed the night at Harty Ferry and thence home to Paglesham - a very fond memory!

In conclusion - we can be sure that as Eric crossed the bar he would be leading the racing fleet and keeping a very close eye on the depth. God is proud of Eric in that he developed his many gifts and made full use of this life. We miss you Eric but we have the memories for ever.

Make the most of the season - hope to see you at RCYC on Saturday 16th October – **Dai**

Secretary's Note

John Langrick

Firstly a big thanks for the articles in this newsletter, please keep them coming.

RSA Burgee

We are having more RSA burgees produced. There will be two types, a triangular cruising burgee, 18 X 12 and a racing burgee 12 X 12. Not too sure of the prices yet, but should be about £12 each. Please let me know if you want one.

Committee News

Earlier this year at the AGM, I stood down as the treasurer and Noreen Bishop has agreed to take on this role. I know we all would like to thank Noreen for her support. Rodney Choppin has resigned from the Committee after 20 years I guess he deserves a rest! Of course Rodney remains a member and I am sure all of us wish him well and pass on our thanks for a job well done. Should any other member wish to stand for the committee or any of the roles, please let me know.

Around the moorings and beyond

We have had some great weather so far this year, with more to come I hope! Most races have now been completed, so could last years cup winners please return the cups to me for engraving as soon as possible. Caroline reports that we have had good turnouts in races this year and will give a further report at the dinner and in spring newsletter.

It was great to see HALLOWEEN back in the water after a major re-fit earlier in the season. Among the more serious work was a new centre case. Rodney and John Whittingham had a great cruise around the Medway in her this year. I must ask him for an account for the newsletter.



HALLOWEEN approaching her mooring after a sail to Fambridge

The first RSA cruise planned this year was to be to Pyefleet but had to be re-routed to Fambridge as the wind promised to be NE with SW forecast for the Sunday. Colin Lockett joined us in Finesse JOSID together with Richard Bessey and family in PUDMUDDLE. We all had an excellent evening meal at the Ferryboat. The winds were favourable both days and we had a great sail.

Nigel and I attended the 'Heads of the River' meeting at South Woodham Ferrers Yacht Club and they encouraged the Roach Sailing Association to attend the Two Rivers Rally at Brightlingsea. Jon Walmsley (STRAVAIG) and myself in SWANTI attended to represent the RSA, rafting up on the pontoon at Brightlingsea. STRAVAIG's boom tent drew a great deal of attention, good job the wind kept down that night! About ten other boats from Brandy Hole welcomed us and we had a great sail there, but even better sail back.

I had a few 'interesting' cruises starting with Faversham for the Dauntless Association AGM, then Benfleet, Ipswich and various Crouch 'ditch crawls'. Most members also had a great cruising season, but the growth of weed on SWANTI's hull tells me that there is not long left before the end of season haul out and scrub.

Paul Bishop is working hard to get Dauntless EVA ANNIE back into the water before the end of the season. All major structural work is now complete so we await the big day, (buckets ready).



Yes Paul, it is a very nice chain locker!

The Roach at Paglesham remains much the same, both the yard and Ron Pipe's moorings were renewed this year but not before two members boats on the yard moorings were damaged due to moorings dragging. Both STORMFAGELN and MYSTIQUE had considerable damage. Such damage is not surprising when you consider the events of last weekend which saw six RBYC boats (yes SIX) on one mooring. Two yachts of about 30', one large motor cruiser, a small motor launch, one sailing dinghy and a tender. They tied up all side by side --- made a lovely photo which I will be sending to the commodore of the RBYC. They did apologise and promised that they would make sure that they informed other members via the RBYC newsletter that the practice of 'borrowing' moorings at Paglesham and then rafting up puts excessive strain on the mooring, especially when, as in this weekend it coincides with a spring tide.

Tony and Pam Hudson have sold PAISANA and bought LINDY II. She is a very pretty Elizabethan 23. She has a wonderful turn of speed which I noticed as I met Tony and John Turner sailing her back from the Medway via the Havengore earlier this year.

I had an excellent sail with Nigel in Winkle Brig MEMORY. We sailed round the Narrow Cuts, through the Havengore Bridge, out over the Maplins, (got very wet), and then back via Potten bridge. All bridges were in working order, (unlike the crew)!



Nigel Bishop trimming MEMORY's sail

The telephone numbers for the Havengore have changed. Note that it is always wise to check in advance that the bridge is working before planning to take this route. Remember that you will get no response unless you call within two hours before and after high tide. I have only been caught out once this year and had to sail the long way round from Thorpe Bay... at night.

The Havengore is very difficult to see from the South but for those with GPS, a way-point at the mouth of the creek as it enters the Thames is as follows: N 51.33.273, E 00.51.424. We also have to thank the Wakering Yacht Club who have placed port and starboard withies through the Narrow Cuts and at the mouth of the Havengore.

Havengore Route Information

Roach Sailing Association Havengore Route Information

**Bridge keeper present 2 hours before and after high water
Both Havengore and Potton Bridge operated at weekends or with prior permission
from the Range Officer**

**Range Officer 01702 383211
Havengore Bridge 01702 383436
Havengore Bridge operates on Ch 72 Call Sign 'Shoe Bridge', Range
Officer 'Shoe Base'
Potton Bridge 01702 219491**

Laying Up Supper

The 1999 laying up supper will again be held at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club on Saturday 16th October. If you wish to attend, please let us know by 14th at the latest. We should meet at the RCYC at 7:30 for dinner at 8:00. Trevor Taylor has been booked to take members by river from Wallasea Island at 7:00. The ferry cost will be £2.50 per person return, (£2.00 pensioners), to be paid on the boat. but please be prompt!

Noreen will be the contact point for dinner registration this year and, if you would like to attend, please send acceptance detail and cheques to Noreen using the form at the end of this newsletter. The price of the meal will be **£17.50** per person, (I apologise for the £1 increase from last year), and we will again have a choice of menu.

John Langrick (secretary)
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LADY HAMILTON's Trip to the Sun

Dennis Haggerty

LADY HAMILTON is a Shipman 28 and has been sailed from Paglesham since 1994. Owner, Dan O'Herlihy, commenced his single-handed trip to the Med on May the 24th this year. He is now (15th of August) in Italy tied up to an ancient quay in a small port close to Rome. Here is a resume of the trip so far and some extracts from LADY HAMILTON's the log.

Launched 15th of August '99 following a major refit at the Island Yacht Club at Canvey. Dan gave up his job, sold his house, its contents and his car over the Easter weekend(!) He spent the next six weeks dedicated to completing work on Lady H. The weather was kind, and unimpeded by the usual myriad of jobs and responsibilities, finished all of his planned work on the boat. Indeed, the only cause for concern was the delay delivering a new genoa, ordered in January from W Sails of Leigh. It arrived, after a lot of chasing, only 2 days prior to the launch.

The dates below indicate the arrival day at each port Dan visited.

May 15 - arrive Ramsgate, a beat to windward all the way from Canvey.

May 16 to 17 - overnight sail to Yarmouth Isle of Wight, NE F7, by the second day fully tested the design and strength of the new bowsprit.

May 19 to 20 overnight sail to St Peter Port Guernsey, through the Alderney Race ok, but missed the tide at St Peter Port, had to run around the back of the island and anchor.

May 25 Tregiuer
May 26 L'Aber'Wrach
May 29 Cameret

May 30 good forecast, wind from the North East, previously variable weather now settled - head out to cross Biscay bound for La Coruna.

June 1 - great progress, but a deep depression is sweeping North from Spain. The recently installed Weatherfax proves invaluable. Time spent interpreting weather information as an air traffic controller in the RAF left Dan in no doubt what was heading his way. Years since spent reading Allard Coles Heavy Weather Sailing and Lin and Larry Parly concerning small boats and surviving gales, were now very relevant indeed!

June 2- Gale SW, wooden block mounted on the cockpit combing that takes inboard end of the Autohelm splits in two, now have to steer by hand. Reef, then down all sail, deploy sea-anchor, waves vary in size from 30ft to O'hh my God!

LADY HAMILTON drifts with her rear quarter to the waves. Dan batted down below doing a "pea in a pod" impression for two days. Even his cast iron constitution decides that eating is not such a good idea.

June 3 - South-westerly gale continues, the incessant noise and the opportunity to consider the unsuitability of a light weight cruiser racer for such conditions are overwhelming! However the Sat Nav confirms that the LADY HAMILTON's drift NE is a little over one knot. A great comfort to know where you are even if there is not a thing you can do to about it.

Finally, the wind abates, but now blown further into 'the Bay' it is impossible to lay the original course - head due south under jib. Sea-anchor recovered (Plastimo parachute type - £50 in Shoreline) it is found ripped to pieces. It will be replaced with something far more robust - best not to dwell on the consequences should the gale have blown for 3 days.

Fortunately, with her new rig, LADY HAMILTON will sail herself to windward. Hence, the need to hand steer the rest of the trip is avoided and a great relief to the storm battered single hander!

June 4 - Lueca N.Spain. It's so good to see people again! Taking stock of the boat, with exception of the self-steering mount, the only other damage is restricted to damp books from a leaking hull/deck join. Confidence in the boat and the design/strength of the new equipment and rigging are now at an all time high. Nifty work with a mastic gun now undertaken to sort the leak.

June 7 - Ribadeo
June 8 - Cederia
June 9 - La Coruna

June 10 - Ria De Camarinas, stuck for two and a half days sitting out another gale, the third so far. Then a run down the coast - 62 miles to Bayona

June 12 - Bayona - finally the weather has settled with a sustained high pressure. But now the Navtext isn't helping as La Coruna are not transmitting. Hoping to pick up Gibraltar Weather Text broadcasts soon. Now much hotter, the refrigerated compartment built during the fit out is proving its worth. It has a seawater cooled condenser unit which is very efficient and well within the capacity of the solar panel. It keeps a large supply of beer at a perfect temperature!

June 15 - Viano Do Catelo (Portugal)
June 16 - Leixoes
June 17 - Figueira Da Foz
June 19 - Peniche
June 20 - Cascais
June 22 - Sines

June 24 - Cape St Vincent. Finally got away from the North-westerly swell that has dogged the trip since leaving France. After 4 weeks of rolling Dan could not stop rolling when he walked ashore (unless it was all that beer).

June 25 - Vilamoura, the Algarve is marvellous, one long beach with lots of anchorage's. However the marina here charges like the proverbial wounded bull! Fortunately only in for one night - Spain (once more) tomorrow.

June 26 - sailed overnight to Barbate

June 28 - Gibraltar, tried to get into Sheppards Marina, but it was full. Have to anchor right at the end of the airport runway, the noise is incredible. Cranking battery loosing charge if the engine is not run for a few days - turns out to be faulty wiring of a switch, but nearly went to the expense of buying an expensive replacement battery. The original came with the boat and is at least 7 years old. Fortunately the Farymann diesel starts with the slightest provocation and it's easy enough to hand crank.
Shopped at Tesco's and had lunch at Burger King, the first chips since leaving England.

July 2 - Duquesa
July 3 - Fuengereola
July 4 - Marina Del Este

July 5 - Almerimar - disaster! In a flat calm under 'iron topsail' made a routine check on the engine. Horrified to find the engine tray awash and further inspection revealed bilge water almost up to the floorboards. Close sea-cocks and PUMP! Inspection revealed a 4mm hole on the underside of the cylinder head (it is a flat engine - i.e. it is mounted on its side). It was leaking about 8 gallons an hour with the engine running.

Probing opened this hole up to twice the diameter. Corrosion had finally eaten through a thinner part of the head casting. It is impossible to drain every last drop of (raw) cooling water out of an engine of this design and after 25 years of corrosion it finally gave out.

Necessity being the mother of invention, via a nearby access plate, working at extreme fingertip length, in the tiny gap under the engine, it was possible to clean up and plug the hole with epoxy and piece of scrap stainless. Almost 50 hours of motoring later it is still holding. A recommendation from John Quillam to use 'liquid metal' was passed on by phone and Dan duly bought some to hold in reserve.

I have now been charged with finding a second hand cylinder head for a Farymann A40M, 12hp single cylinder raw water cooled diesel. Horizontally mounted. And if you know where I might find one give me a call on 01702-258651

July 8 - Gabo De Gata
July 9 - Garruca
July 10 - Mazarron
July 12 - Torrevieja
July 13 - Villa Joyosa
July 14 - Calpe

July 15 - Morayra - the trip since Gibraltar has been dogged with persistent light headwinds, frequent calms and occasional F7 - always on the nose and making daily progress painfully slow.

July 16 - Ibiza, San Antonio has not changed (Dan was here in the late 80's. He found an old mate Jeff who is still living on his Heaven Twins Catamaran in the harbour - his 12th year). The bay is very full of yachts so pushed off for a week of sailing around the island waiting for mail to arrive from the UK.

July 18 - Espalador
July 19 - Formentera
July 20 - Espalador
July 21 - various coves
July 22 - San Antonio again.

Total distance sailed since the start of the trip from Canvey: 2190 miles.

July 28 - Mahon (Menorca)
July 29 - commence what turns to be an 84 hour beat to Sardinia including 25 hours under power.
August 2 - Conoscere (Sardinia)
August 10 - Civitavecchia (Italy)

Next stop Anzio. Dan's plan is to spend the rest of the summer sailing to Levkas (W.Greece) and to over winter in Corfu. But then again, he could end up just about anywhere.

He plans to fly back at some point during the winter. Dan may stay beyond a few weeks in the UK and find work to top up his 'cruising fund'. It depends whether he is able to secure anything abroad. Any offers of employment considered!

Editors note: Dennis flew out to Corfu on 14th Sept for a week sailing with Dan on the LADY HAMILTON. Hopefully we can ask him how he got on at the dinner!

The Everlasting One Design

Caroline Gibb

I don't know how long I'd been there but it was a long, long time. No one would recognise me now, no one would remember, I would be here to the end of my days. All I could do was remember the good times but they were no more. My old hull was twisted as my starboard quarter lay on a lump on the saltings and the green fresh water inside me rose with each fall of rain. How I longed for the salt water to rise around me on every tide but this only happened a few times each year and then only for a moment.

But then, they arrived. Suddenly they were looking at me. "Is it, yes it really is but which one?" then they looked at my transom and saw my name. "It's Bluebird, I didn't expect it to be her" Then they patted my deck and left.

Two days later they returned with a bucket and bailed the stinking green water out of me. Then a sail came around the bend and two more people arrived. They came ashore, spoke to the other two and proceeded to lift my transom over the lump and turn me around to face the water and with a gentle push I hurtled down the bank like a champagne cork out of a bottle and with the most wonderful splash was at last back in my beloved salt water. It was a glorious feeling to be free again at last. Then one of them got in to me, a rope was tied around my rotting samson post and the other clinker boat hoisted her sails and started to tow me. As the wind dropped she would slow down, but I couldn't I was too excited and kept trying to get past her. She was very nice, she told me that her name was MEMORY and she had been rescued too and everything would be all right. I wasn't so sure because I had been "rescued" before but she assured me that although it might be quite frightening I would be all right in the end.

They put me on a mooring next to MEMORY and some people came past in a dinghy. "Is that a TEOD" they said "we used to have an EOD." Someone else had recognised what I was, I didn't think it possible as I had been altered so much and the mention of the word EOD got my spirits up - something to be beaten at all costs. I spent the next two weeks on the mooring with MEMORY for company and every day they came to pump me out, then they took me ashore and put me in a garage and started to make me as I should be.

My old broken ribs were removed and replaced with nice new ones, all the ghastly things which had been done were pulled apart and the dreadful tabernacle which had been put on my deck was taken away. My broken thwart was thrown out and a lovely new one put in its place. My deck was restored to its proper shape and the ghastly coaming and rubbing strake replaced with what they should be. Everything was put back in its place, new rowlock chocks made (the old ones were non-existent) and at last all my knees were returned - most of them were gone and now I have lovely new laminated ones in their place.

I was then rubbed down and layer after layer of lovely paint and varnish applied. Most of my fittings were wrong or completely missing and I now have all that I could wish for - many items being donated from some of my old TEOD friends - their owners were so pleased to see me that they went home to see what they could find. But us TEODs always had that sort of effect on the people who sailed us, they were never quite the same again. I was a little worried about what I would do for a mast and sails, but shouldn't have been as these appeared as well complete with a pair of nine foot six oars - hardly heard of these days.

When all was finished I was taken down to where the TEODs were first thought of and launched in front of a lot of people who took photos of me and said how lovely I looked and 'I'm back in class too!'

I have seen two wooden EODs and my old TEOD friend CORSAIR has been down to see me. Just to remind the youngsters I even beat one of those young whippersnapper fibreglass TEODs over the line in my first race - that showed them, I am in my seventies you know.

When I talk to my friend MEMORY and her sister SAMPHIRE they still tease me that I was worried about being rescued. I really should have known better. For I am a TEOD and we made the best yachtsmen who sailed on this shore. We left them special memories which I now know will never be forgotten.

And as I sit here on my mooring with my tall, proud mast pointing towards heaven I hope that all the TEOD yachtsmen in the great yacht club in the sky feel as proud as I do now. Especially those gentlemen who, nearly a century ago had the wonderful foresight to produce a boat which is a delight to sail and race; easily affordable, as pretty as a picture and so perfectly designed for the rivers and creeks of our East Coast.

The idea and design was years ahead of its time and I doubt if the comradeship the class produced amongst its members, which it still enjoys today, has ever been equalled by any other class - for I can remember them all. Our numbers have dwindled but the spirit's the same as the day that the TEOD was given her name.

Yours gratefully

Bluebird
Thames Estuary One Design Sail Number TE 23
Built 1926 by HE Cole of Leigh-on-Sea
Designed by FC Morgan Giles in 1911 for The Alexandra Yacht Club

WINKS on the Fal

Richard Bessey

July 1999 saw the completion of 18 months restoration work on WINKS, a 11½ foot clinker lugger built at Tucker Brown's of Burnham in the about 1958. She has had her keel and centreboard case replaced, one garboard and about 30 ribs, along with a good deal of sundry patching. A couple of days in the Roach for trials and a touch of taking up, WINKS was loaded on a trailer bound for Cornwall.

Arriving in Friday afternoon rain, I launched at a public slip at Sunny Corner near Truro, and tacked gently down the river, leaving the family to find a camp site. Near Loe Beach at the head of the Carrick Roads I encountered a Falmouth Oyster boat, it's owner preparing for the Falmouth Classics racing next day. He helped me to find accommodation for WINKS on the beach for the week (£20).

Next day I set off for Falmouth. As the morning progressed the number of traditional boats grew, and by the time I arrived near the starting boat (an old square-rigger) there seemed to be hundreds milling about - WINKS seemed to be the smallest boat!. There were yachts and working boats of all sizes. Of particular local interest were the Falmouth Oyster Boats - which still dredge the Carrick Roads under sail (motors are not allowed whilst fishing). These craft are also raced seriously and many a 1st XV were seen sitting along the side! Skiff rowing is also highly popular in Cornwall, but these traditional boats are also required to sail, and a large dipping lug is used - several were racing that day.

I followed the action across the Harbour entrance to St Anthony's head, then sailed into St Mawes, where I tied WINKS up to the harbour wall and went to look for a Pastie. I also looked into the St Mawes YC for a beer, and the racing officer kindly showed me round the place.

The afternoon saw WINKS back at Falmouth to see some races finish, then back the three miles up the Carrick Roads.

During the following week, WINKS visited most of the places that surround the Roads - Restronguet and the shallow Devoran estuary, Mylor, Flushing, and Penryn on the Falmouth side, St Just, Feock and the Truro River on the St Mawes side. The estuary is perfect for small boat sailing, with a big expanse of water but well-protected and with rarely more than half-a-knot of tide.

One evening we sailed up the Truro River to Malpas (about three miles) to visit family there, six of us in WINKS. The river passes the KING HARRY chain ferry, several laid-up ships, and some curious cottages (with an interesting history no doubt) as it winds between the steep oak-clad hillsides. We had a fine Cornish tea in Malpas, and didn't get away 'till nine, to row back in the dark!

WINKS is now back home on the Roach for the rest of the season. The experience of trailing her to remote parts was remarkably easy-going, and likely to be repeated. One interesting footnote - we actually used less fuel on the journey than usual - thanks to a little less wellie on the motorways!

Ditch Crawling

John Langrick

Earlier this year I set off to the Dauntless Association AGM which is held in the Shipwright Arms in Oare Creek near Faversham. I was to sail SWANTI and Alan Holland was sailing in company with me in RUTH. You may know that both SWANTI and RUTH are Dauntlesses, RUTH being the oldest, (and probably the most pretty) surviving yacht.

We planned to sail through the Havengore on the lunchtime spring tide, make the Swale on the ebb, the punch the tide to moor at Harty Ferry on the Friday evening. On the Saturday morning, we would sail to Faversham, then back to Oare Creek for the AGM. We would then set sail again shortly after midnight and anchor again for some shuteye at Harty Ferry and then make it back to the Havengore for Sunday afternoon tide.

Setting off on the Friday, we were met with a light South Westerly and easily made the Havengore within an hour of the moorings at Paglesham. Time for a brew and wait for the Bridge-keeper to arrive. I have mentioned it before, you can tell when the bridge keeper arrives because he parks his car next to the bridge control. No use calling up before then as there is no response. The bridge keeper arrives about two hours before high water and then takes about 10 mins presumably to put the tea on. Alan moored alongside and we planned the route over the Thames. With the tide running, we could make the Spile buoy by heading more to the East of South and thus making better use of the South Westerly. As soon as the ebb set in, we would be swept more to the East, but with any luck could well be over the other side before the strongest tide.

We followed that plan, making good time in excellent visibility and were soon in the shallows off the Kent coast heading for the Columbine Spit off Whitstable. We had a fine day with light winds (2-3) all day, but on approaching Whitstable Street, the skies darkened considerably and the wind dropped ominously. Time to get the sails down .. and fast. With sails furled, I motored over to the shallows on the Columbine Spit and put the anchor out. No sooner had I done so and the heavens opened and visibility was reduced to nil. I had seen RUTH a few minutes earlier about a mile out, but now all I could see was a mist of hissing water. Time for tea!

The downpour started to subside after about 20 minutes and I could now see RUTH motoring slowly towards me with sails down. Alan also hung on his anchor until the rain ceased then we both set sail as the wind had changed to North East, but was only 1-2 again, just enough to push us over the ebb into the Swale.



RUTH – Seeking a mooring at Harty ferry

There is a number of moorings on the South of Harty Ferry although they do say the best holding is to the North, nearer the pub. The forecast had promised North Westerly and a couple of vacant moorings on the South side seemed to beckon and we tied up there.

We had planned to visit the pub, but after a few beers and a great meal, though better of it and so turned in for the night. A very uncomfortable night it was. Although the wind remained light and from the NE, it gave a most uncomfortable rolling motion, especially at the top of the tide, so much so that when I rose in the morning, I saw that RUTH had moved over the other side of the river during the night in order to get a more peaceful berth.

Saturday morning and after breakfast, we set off into Faversham Creek. I have said before that it seems a good idea to enter Faversham Creek as early as possible on the tide, This makes the channel visible and also highlights the many obstructions on either side of the river. The wind was still blowing from the North East and added to the flood to sweep us up the river. At the entrance of Oare Creek, another Dauntless Assn member had laid withies, optimistically pointing out the best place to take the mud for a stay that night. It all looked a bit treacherous to me as we were swept onwards towards Faversham. The river winds for about a mile, past cottages and old piers until at last we were in sight of the Iron Wharf and Faversham town. But now the tide was at full flood and the wind about F5. I was travelling faster towards Faversham where I know the creek is blocked by a bridge.

To the port side are boats moored next to the bank, to the starboard is mud and so I turned to Starboard, grounding the bow and using the wind and tide to spin around into the tide and face into the wind. Try that with a keel boat!

RUTH followed my manoeuvre and we both tied up on the Iron barge. Time for a pint at the local. I am always amazed by the fabulous array of wooden boats at Faversham. Alan Staley's boatyard remains a fascination with me and I could spend hours wandering through the most interesting of craft. But we had not too much time to spare as we needed to return down the river and be at Oare Creek before the ebb set in too fast. On our return we were joined by Dauntless CHRISTABEL who let the way as by now the tide was covering all the creek and the channel was becoming difficult to follow. We had to maintain a good speed as we were being followed by a barge and she had far less room to make mistakes.

The Shipwright Arms is at the junction of Faversham and Oare Creek and is set in a small boatyard. Cristabel lined up with one of the marker withies and ploughed her bow onto the mud. She was shortly joined by Dauntless JANE. Alan and I continued into Oare Creek and into the small dock. This is made out of an old steel barge with one end cut out, let into the mud to form a harbour. Unfortunately there is no way to tie up in this dock and the edges are jagged from when the superstructure must have been cut away. Alan and I tied up as best we could and went off to see the yard manager to get permission for an overnight stay.



Dauntless CHRISTABEL and JANE, doing what Dauntlesses do best.

Our berth was within yards of the pub, a great place to stagger back to. With warps carefully laid out, we were able to moor both SWANTI and RUTH in the centre of the dock and let the ebb settle us. Shortly we were joined by the largest Sea King I have seen, THANKFUL. At 32', she was built for Denny Dessouter and featured in an earlier PBO magazine. We now encourage Sea King owners to join the Dauntless Association as both Sea King and Dauntless were designed and built by Reg Patten.



SWANTI and RUTH inside the 'dock' at Oare, THANKFUL is in the foreground.

That evening we had a great meal at the Shipwright arms, a pub that has no mains electricity, gas or sewage. Luckily the generator is very quiet! The beer is from kegs and we had a great choice of numerous guest ales but drinking had to be curtailed at 23.00 as we had to depart the following morning at 01:00. The forecast had promised N going to

NE. With more East in the wind it would help me the following day to get back over the Thames, but a NE would make it uncomfortable leaving the Swale.

After what seemed like just a few minutes sleep, it was time to start the engine and loosen the warps for the trip down to Harty Ferry. Why do I always have to be first? And on my own... The creek was absolutely pitch black, no stars and no buoys lit to guide me. I could just make out the white hulls of the boats anchored at the mouth of Oare Creek, but beyond was pitch black. I very slowly navigated as best I could by looking at the echo sounder and keeping my fingers crossed. The others were following my stern light.. easy for them.

Then a bang and a rattle down the side of SWANTI told me that I had at last found the cardinal mark at the mouth of the creek. I could now turn towards the glow which was Queenborough at the other end of the Isle of Sheppey. The rest of the river remained in complete blackness.

I could not see the moorings I had used the previous night and so motored what I felt would be a decent distance passed them and then turned into shallow water, dropping the anchor in about 20 feet of water. As it was by now high water, this would ensure that I could get away in the morning.

Another very restless night with the same unpleasant motion as the previous night had me awake again at 05:00 and to my delight there was a light South Westerly and the tide was still ebbing . Within minutes I had set sail and edging out of the Swale. Alan stirred and saw me making way and he also set to hoisting sail. The wind lasted until I reached the Columbine and then after a calm of about five minutes, set in blowing hard from a few points East of North. SWANTI will not sail closer than 45 degrees to the wind, but if the 'iron tops'l' is on tick over, it allows me to 'cheat' along at about four knots. By ensuring the sails are always filled and pulling, I can make excellent progress. My intent was to make the man-made island off the Havengore and there anchor for late breakfast. Within three hours I had made my destination and nudged the bow of SWANTI into the sand in the small inlet that runs in from the island at low water. I dropped the anchor over the bow and walked it and a length of chain onto the sand and made it fast. Time for a swim, watched only by a seal who bobbed his head up inquisitively from time to time.

Presently RUTH arrived and by this time the tide was making considerably and it would not be long before the Broomway was covered. To seaward a power boat sped down the Swin towing two rubber tyres on which two squealing children clung on in delight. It too anchored by the island, presumably waiting for the Broomway to cover.

At about 1 ½ hours before high water I set off slowly across the sands. I have a waypoint on the mouth of the Havengore and needed to steer a course of about 20 degrees to make the mark. After about 45 minutes I was on the Broomway and picking my way through the Withies towards the Bridge. RUTH was following and we both passed through the bridge and into the Narrow Cuts followed by the power boat which passed us both.

The occupants were all grinning and waving. Only then did I recognise it was Julie (my wife's) cousin. I guess it was quite a 'nice' power boat...

As I approached the moorings it was a delight to see the CHA launch pulling up another speedboat caught in the act of skiing just off Paglesham Pool. What a great end to the weekend!

And finally..

We have had an increasing amount of ski boats launched this year in the yard, much to the annoyance of members. The following picture 'stranded at Paglesham' indicates that there is justice in this world!



Roach Sailing Association Laying Up Supper 16th October 1999

The laying up supper will be served at 8:00 and I suggest we all are in the bar at the RCYC by 7:30. For those travelling on the ferry. Please be at Trevor's jetty by 7:00pm. The fare will be £2.50 return (£2.00 pensioners).

We have a choice of menu and the RCYC has asked us please select our options and to name the person so that all the meals will be ready at the same time. Could you please let me have the name, followed by the option. For example, I will be having the Stilton and Cauliflower Soup for starter, the Chicken for a main course and Creme Brulee for sweet. Hence my reservation will read:

John Langrick b,1,i.

Soups

- a) Cream of Celery Soup
- b) Stilton and Cauliflower Soup
- c) Carrot and Redcurrent Soup

Main Course

- 1) Traditional Roast Chicken served with a Fresh Sage & Onion Stuffing
- 2) Old Fashioned Steak & Kidney Pudding
- 3) Smoked Haddock with Spinach & Chive Butter Sauce
- 4) Mediterranean Vegetable & Cheese Wellington

Sweet

- i) Creme Brulee
- ii) Bramley Apple & Cinnamon Pie
- iii) Chocolate Truffle Torte

Fresh Filter Coffee

Laying Up Supper Registration

I would like to reserve _____ seats for the Laying Up Supper at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club at £17.50 per head on the 16th October 1998

The menu choices are as follows:

Name	Choice
_____	___, ___, ___.
_____	___, ___, ___.
_____	___, ___, ___.
_____	___, ___, ___.

We will/will not require a ferry trip from Wallasea to Burnham . The fare is £2.50 per person (£2 pensioners), payable at the ferry and please be at Wallasea by no later than 7:00pm. Please return with a cheque (for the meal only) payable to the Roach Sailing Association to:

Mrs N Bishop
99 Stambridge Rd
Rochford
Essex