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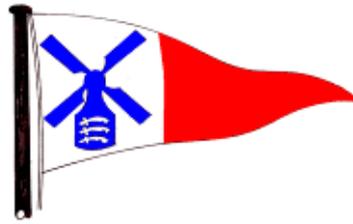
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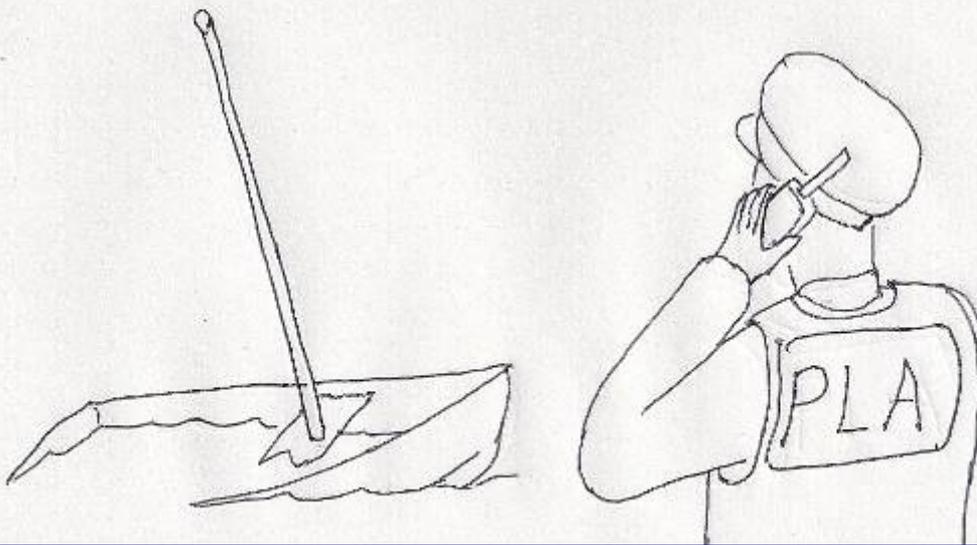
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IYC Newsletter

He Said:

'Someone nicked the road sign' ?



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COMMODORE'S QUARTER DECK



Dear Members,

Well summer has arrived at last...it may have left by the time this Newsletter reaches you.

A few members have managed some good trips and the dinghies and ribs have been out most week-ends. Lorraine and Ian Cuthbertson has just enjoyed a lovely sail, they bought a boat in La Rochelle and sailed it home. Gillian and Bob Hough spent a month sailing

into Holland and thereabouts. Sharon and Tony Bell had there boat at Woodbridge for a couple of weeks

Once again, Newsletter time brings mention of members passing away, it is always a sad time and this year we have had more than our fair share. As most of you know Mick Leavitt drowned in Spain in July of this year just 5 months after his wife Joyce died. Our sympathies are with the family.

On a more cheerful note, congratulations to Pam & Ray Stibbs, Jan and Alan Antony on their recent weddings.

It is getting near that time again, the AGM. The Committee are getting prepared to make any proposals they feel would benefit the Club, but it is also up to the members to consider changes they would like to see. Also if any of you are considering standing for election at the AGM October is the month to get your nomination forms in. The Committee has worked hard maintaining the running of the Club and you may have noticed the new security cameras, which after the break in were a necessity. We can now see all around the compound, Clubhouse house, Car park, garden and down to the Barrier. Nothing is foolproof as you are know, so please ensure you keep your eyes and ears open and be watchful of strangers wandering about. It is up to all of us to question anybody, not just Committee members.

The Diamond Jubilee Thames Pageant included some of our Club members, Capt. James Hayhow on M.V. Heiko and Jan and Alan Antony. The weather was not that kind but I am sure we all enjoyed the splendor of the Pageant.

Please read Jimmy's account of his day. Alan's report in the next Newsletter.

Over the past few weeks we have been host to the Essex Yacht Club Cadets and Thorpe Bay Cadets.

Both Clubs' have sung our praises, as we always say, we are the envy of most clubs on the foreshore. We catered for them, fed them and Thorpe Bay stayed

the night in tents in the garden. This is a reciprocal arrangement and our Cadets are more than welcome to sail to their Club's in fact Thorpe Bay have invited our Cadets to their 'Cadet week' next year

A Hole in One – or the Commodore less Cruise.....

I had agreed last year that it would be fun to take the kids with us over to the Yanlet for my Cruise, memories of all the fun we had there many years ago sprang to mind and dependent upon the weather that is where we set off for.

Loaded up 'Southerly Bug' with all the goodies for the trip.. got in our dinghy 'Scruffie' even tried the outboard (that worked) and waved goodbye to all those moored in the Creek, the other boats were to follow. Quite a nice stiff breeze, sailed out of the Creek and turned right, cut the corner too close and low and behold. A big bang, the dinghy stopped, the floor boards lifted up, Bob said start Bailing. We tried the outboard and guess what, it would not start. Dropped the main sail and started to sail and paddle across to one of the Fishing boats moored in the Creek. Dropped the foresail, grabbed hold of the Fishing boat and hung on, still bailing. I could not climb aboard the Fishing boat, but Bob did and tied us on. Two of our Club members were out in the water near us and Ian Bennett on 'Growler' came round out stern, Bob got off 'Scruffie' and the two of them pulled me onto 'Growler' a bit of manhandling there. Bob got back in 'Scruffie' and Ian towed us in to the Slipway. He radioed a few people who immediately came to help us bring the boat ashore. Needless to say everything was soaking wet and even though Sharon and Tony offered us to sail with them to the Yantlet I think the idea of any more water was not what we wanted. Thanks to Ian and all those that came to help that day, all very good Club members.

Ps. For those thinking about the 'Help Me Trophy' I was not the helm, just the crew, and remember Bob has been sailing in the Creek for more than 60 years.

PPs. Read Sharon Bells excellent report of the Commodore less Cruise.

With all best wishes

Valerie Deane

Commodore

**Annual Dinner and Dance will again be held
in the Marquee at the Clubhouse on October 6th
Please put this date in your diary.
Further details to follow on Notice Boards and Web-site**

They Did Mean To Go To Sea!

Saturday 4th August dawned dry and bright, of course we couldn't have it all, it was rather windy, but then we are supposed to be sailors!

Perfect conditions for the Commodore's cruise over to the Yantlet. Which is why we saw Scruffy leaving before high water, with Val and Bob aboard, setting a fair lick down the creek. Unfortunately we also saw Scruffy return into the creek somewhat lower than when she left. Unless Val had done even more shopping, something was seriously amiss..?

Well, you will have read Val's part of the tale, and this is the tale of those of us who did make it! So with the imminent sinking of Scruffy I imagined scenes reminiscent of Daphne DuMaurier's Jamaica Inn, members scouring along the saltings to whisk away the sausages, burgers, baps, crisps, Pringles (two flavours) bacon, eggs, cheese, wine (lots of), lagers, bitters. Just throw in a cuddly toy and Brucie would have been proud!

Thankfully all of the supplies were safely aboard with us on Southerly Bug. For those of you who think we go hungry on a Commodore's Cruise...think again! So with our waterline somewhat lower than normal we headed out to the Yantlet, eagerly followed by Ken and Bev on Exile with Lorraine, Tiff and Phoebe as crew. Mel was also game on Kerrin.

Just after 15:00 we dropped our hook and the others followed. As the tide dropped we were sheltered by the bank from the wind, and it could almost be the Caribbean if you had the right goggles on! Shorts were donned to enable us to leap over the side so we could set up camp. Tents were erected, including a beer tent which came in handy, and a pit was made for the barbeque. The guys did their cave man thing and came back with wood for the fire, but to be honest Tiff and Phoebe managed to return with more!

Just as the last of the tide was leaving us we saw Sundance winging his way in, good job he can float in a puddle. The only problem with that was, as the last of the puddle left, we saw Sundance perch on the wooden remnants of some old pilings. Eeek.

The men were dispatched to do their thing and try and rescue the day. By this time the barbeque was glowing nicely and the sausages and burgers were sizzling their hearts out. It was time to crack open the wine....well it was thirsty work for us girls watching the men heave a large Cat about on the sand!

By about bottle number two we noticed a white 4x4 appear on the sea wall and two men got out. They walked over to Sundance and announced themselves as Policemen! I don't know if anyone checked their i.d, it could have been their Nando's loyalty cards they flashed at them. Apparently we had been seen landing at the Yantlet by the patrols in the Thames and they had dispatched Kent Police to tell us to leave! Erm a bit tricky when the tide is now on the horizon...

'It's M.O.D land yadda yadda yadda, you can't be here'. The sailors listened to the lecture and then decided to make use of the Police visit. A bottle jack was duly produced from the

back of the 4x4 and used to raise Sundance and she was chocked up with wood until the next tide....Phew....

Us girls must have looked scary at first because there was a lot of reluctance by the Policemen to come over and join us, but eventually they gave in and had a drink (a soft one!) We could not tempt them with a burger, perhaps that was classed as fraternizing with the enemy? They were happy to tell us we did not look like the Taliban and we could stay. I did point out that two of the burgers that had been cremated could be classed as weapons of mass destruction but I didn't think I could launch them all the way up to Stratford East. Yes, after club members visiting the Yantlet for decades we had become victims of Olympic security!

They bid us a good evening and left.....How did the rest of the evening go? Well with all that food and drink you can just imagine....

Sunday saw Mel kicking the bonfire back into life with his secret concoction of sea weed and beach debris. Why is it that it doesn't matter which way the wind is blowing the smoke always blows in your faces??? Still we all stank of the bonfire from the night before so who cared?! Tiff, Phoebe and Lorraine all had had a good nights sleep in their tents. Luckily the herd of local cows decided not to visit in the night. Aboard Southerly Bug I wouldn't describe it as a good nights sleep, having been woken at 04:00 to help reposition the boat as the skipper didn't like the angle we had settled at on the tide before. I don't think he will do it again....he will suffer the angles next time, it's the easier option!

Sausages were cooked up for breakfast, to be honest all of us agreed we would be happy not to see another sausage for a while, such was Val's generosity, either that or the Commodore has shares in Wall's! Whilst munching away our peace was shattered by the arrival of the helicopter that had been buzzing up and down the river since the Olympics had started. If that pilot blew sand onto our food there would have been trouble...We all waved.

He brought with him a cloud burst, so we scooted into the beer tent. It had to be christened, so Ken kindly faced up to the challenge and cracked open a Fosters at 11:00! Good man..... All too soon it was high water, we had calmly cleared the beach of all our possessions, and how did we end up with so much stuff on that beach?! We left the Yantlet looking as if no-one had even visited.

To end the voyage all of the boats were visited by the Border Patrol RIBS, as we made our way across towards the Ray. Tony was asked if we were with the other yachts and were we going to *Canley*? !! Obviously not crewed by anyone local then?!

So to those of you who have not been on one of the clubs cruises yet, don't think they are boring, stuffy yachtie affairs, come along next year. Who knows we may get to see Maidstone prison yet!

Sharon
Southerly Bug

SOCIAL EVENTS

In June we had lots to celebrate, starting with The Jubilee Dance on Saturday 2nd of June. Due to other events taking place only about 20 members attended. (Photos on Social Website) those that did attend had a good time. We had 2 crown winners who took part in Best Crown.



Sunday June 3rd Royal Themed Quiz Night. Monday 4th June was the Jubilee Garden Party (Due to weather held inside) with 64 members sitting down to eat with an additional 10 members enjoying the Buffet after their sail. (Photos on Social Website)

Following this we had games outside for the children with a sack race and egg and spoon race (some adults took part as well) (photos on social website)



Saturday 16th June we had one of our best Quiz Nights with 7 Teams and nearly 40 members in attendance.

Saturday 14th July we had a Caribbean Meal with 38 members attending some members even took part in the Limbo Poll Dance.



*This was followed by our monthly Quiz Night on the 28th July.
In August I tried something a little different and had live entertainment on a Friday night. So on Friday 10th August we had the Yankee Blues Brothers With 89 members in attendance and a great night was had by all. (photos on social website)*



Saturday 24th August our monthly Quiz Night with 4 teams, the overall winner was The Twirls with a score of 79 points.

Future Social Events

September 15th Italian Meal

September 29th Quiz Night

October 6th Annual Dinner Dance

October 20th Quiz Night

October 27th Halloween

November 3rd Firework Night

December 1st Prize Giving

December 16th Children's Christmas Party

December 22nd Adult Christmas Dance

A big thank you to all members for attending these events.

Janet Mason Social Secretary.

‘The Diamond Jubilee Thames Pageant’

Like it or not, I had to be involved in the Diamond Jubilee Thames Pageant for the whole extended weekend. My job is Captain of the fuel tanker M.V. Heiko which is based between HMS President and Hermitage Moorings – down river of St. Katherine’s Marina. I had to be available for any boats needing fuel i.e. PLA, Fire Services, RNLI, Environmental or Private. On a normal day, I would be moving up and down the river, but for this occasion my boat was not allowed to move because of the amount of diesel and gas on board. On the plus side, my boat was the closest to HMS President (where the Queen was due to disembark) apart from the naval minesweeper which was kept close to the Jetty.

On the Sunday, we arrived at 6a.m. (in the rain) and boarded the boat. There were already people along the river bank finding places to watch the procession. The Heiko was moored below Tower Bridge in the Avenue of Sail.

Although the rain continued all morning, the barge ‘De Walvisch’ at Hermitage Moorings provided an entertaining show for the ever expanding crowds. We saw most of the boats heading up river to join the start of the procession and then watched them all come back down again as part of the pageant.

By the afternoon both sides of the river and Tower Bridge were packed with people and it stopped raining! The radio confirmed that the Thames Barrier had been closed and that the Thames Pageant had begun its course down river. We waited until finally the first boats came into view lead by the floating belfry ringing the church bells. The cannons were fired from the Tower of London. As the boats came under Tower Bridge the rain started again and continued for the whole time of the procession. The flotilla included rowed boats, sailing, steam and motor vessels, Dunkirk little ships, passenger and pleasure boats, narrow boats, barges, tugs and other working boats on the Thames, Historic and of course Royal vessels. Each type of vessel included a music barge with bands and choirs. The final one was the London Philharmonic Orchestra on the ‘Symphony’. The choir continued to sing Rule Britannia and Land of Hope and Glory even though they were obviously soaked by the rain and then there were fireworks from Tower Bridge.

The whole day seemed to be a great success, enjoyed by everyone.

We were only aware of one problem, - when a Policeman boards our boat – desperate to use the toilet because there are no facilities on the police rib.

Regards,

Jimmy,

Captain James Hayhow (Thames waterman & Lighterman)

IYC Boats for sale (More details on the IYC Web site)

McGREGOR 26X	50hp O/B Motor/Sailor	26ft	£16,000
COLVIC	MOSS ROSE	26ft	£8,000
WHISKY JACK	TRIMARAN	13m	£18,000
TRAPPER 300	FLYING FOX	26ft	£7,000
FAIREY FISHERMAN	JENNY F	26ft	P.O.A.
MACWESTER ROWAN	MOUNTAIN ASH	22ft	P.O.A.
McGREGOR	EMILY	26ft	£10,500
VIVACITY	GRP	20ft	OFFERS
SADLER 25	NIPPA II	25ft	£10,000

IYC BOATING ACTIVITIES 2012

Adjusted for BST

Date	HW	HT	CRUISER RACE	CRUISE	CADET
SEP Sat 1	13.53	5.9	Ellen Rapkin		
Sat 15	12.49	5.7	Upnor Race(IYC)	Leigh Reggatta	
Sun 16	13.27	5.9		Leigh Reggatta	
Sun 23	18.47	5.2	Town Cup Race (IYC)		
Sun 30	13.27	5.8	Konningstein		DinghyTeamRace

ISLAND YACHT CLUB Combined Cruiser Series Race

To Upnor on Saturday 15th. September 2012.
 High Water Southend 12-45 Ht. 5.7 mts.
 Start Line Leigh Buoy: Warning signal 1340hrs Start Signal 1345hrs
 Courses No's to be displayed on Committee boat at start
 Finish line between Medway Buoy No.31 & No.30A but may be shortened.
 Time Limit 19.00hrs (Only applies if NO boat finishes by the time limit).
 Entry Forms to Mike Blatcher no later than 18-00 Thursday 13th. Sept.

DINGHY		RIB Crews and Race Officers		
Date	Event	support 1	support 2	RACE OFFICER
SEP				
Sun 16	Autumn	Alex Burling / lollipop	Colin Ebdon / TBA	Alison Metson
Sat 22	Autumn	Mark Woods/ James Heys	John Bell / TBA	TBA
Sun 30	Konningstein	Chris Irvin / TBA	Garry & James Marshall	TBA
OCT Sun 14	Gin & Rum	Adrian Pharro / TBA	Chris Irvin / TBA	TBA

When you're sailing, things don't always go according to plan...

The late May bank holiday had been moved to early June and combined with the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, which gave us an extra day's holiday. So the plan was to hold the vice commodore's annual cruise that weekend. The slightly later date should give us more hours of daylight and better weather, and the extra day would mean that boats could use 2 tides to get into and back from Hoo marina; useful for boats with a deeper draft or slower boats such as sailing boats in light winds. And a jubilee pageant was planned to take place on the River Medway over the bank holiday, which should provide some entertainment. So it was decided: Saturday 2nd June it would be!

"Morning Star" was lying at Titchmarsh, but Bob and I were both able to take a day off work on the Friday, so we could set off early and meet other boats planning to leave IYC on Friday evening at Queenborough. We set off at 12:00, exactly 2½ hours before low water, in light southerly winds. The weather was cloudy, but the visibility was good and the sea was slight. We managed to get over the bar at Stone point with plenty of water under the keel, and after a bumpy trip around the Naze found that the wind had backed to NE and increased to force 4. We unfurled the genoa and started sailing at about 5 knots through a light shower. As we started to pick up tide, our speed increased to 6.5 knots and we rushed passed seals resting on the West Barrow sandbank. By 18:00 we were entering the Thames estuary, goose-winged, flying along at around 8 knots in a wind that varied from ENE to NE, force 3-4. We sailed straight into the Medway and turned into the Swale, before furling the sails and starting the engine to pick up a buoy at 19:20, with the assistance of the trot boat operators. This fantastic sail, 52 miles in 7¼ hours, was followed by an average meal at the "Flying Dutchman", and then we settled down to wait for other early arrivals.

That was when things started to go wrong. Conditions had deteriorated during the evening, the wind had increased and the sea was getting rougher. Some boats decided not to venture out in the poor visibility, but to wait until the morning to see if things improved by daylight. However, "Max", "Loose Connections" and "Barquest" braved the journey, although they had a rough crossing. Following a swift nightcap, we all retired to see what tomorrow would bring.

The next day (Saturday) brought more of the same: cold weather, cloudy skies, moderate seas and ESE4 winds. We left as late as we could, while still taking advantage of the incoming tide, and just after 09:10 all 4 boats were racing down the Medway, with "Barquest" well in the lead for most of the 1½ hours it took to get to Hoo where we were greeted in the usual friendly manner. "Liberty Belle", "Southerly Gem" and "Aztec" arrived shortly afterwards, and we all moored up, tidied up and went to the clubhouse. The plan had been to go to Upnor for dinner, but it was getting colder and windier so we decided to stay where we were, especially as the kitchen was offering a delicious menu, including lamb shanks with

roast potatoes. And the bar was offering some tasty liquid refreshments. Extra roasties were produced, more beer was consumed and a very enjoyable evening ensued!



On Sunday, the weather was no better. Some crews took the opportunity to decorate their boats with flags for the Diamond Jubilee, and some ventured to walk into the village, where jubilee celebrations were taking place. The theme for the cheese and wine party was Red, White and Blue, and crewmembers took the opportunity to buy flags and hats for the occasion.



Thanks to the Hoo Ness Yacht Club, the cheese and wine party was to be held at 3pm inside the clubhouse, where it would be considerably more

sheltered than on the jetty. Many hands make light work, and while the boys carried bags from "Morning Star" to the clubhouse, Margaret Warmer, June Bonner and Dawn French helped to set up the tables and decorate the room. Thank you ladies,



without your help, the cheese and wine would not have been ready until bedtime. Then we all watched the Jubilee celebrations on the TV, and sat around eating, drinking and chatting. It was a very convivial afternoon, followed by a few more drinks back on board later.

During the night, the wind increased and some of the mooring lines began to snatch, making it very uncomfortable on board. Even the jetties were rocking!

Added to which, some of the boats lost shore power during the night and were very cold. This was the last straw for some and they decided to go home a day early. However, "Morning Star" and "Max" stayed, and went for the (delayed) walk to Upnor. As we walked along the beach, the wind dropped, the sun appeared and it began to get warm. On arrival in Upnor, we were greeted by the sound of a

woodpecker in one of the oak trees near the castle, and the locals were obviously expecting us, as they had put the bunting out in the High Street. The Tudor Rose was holding a barbeque in the garden, with a good selection of food. We sampled the beer first though; that was very good too. There was also a beach party going on, with music on loudspeakers and children sliding about in the mud. But we had missed the river pageant, which had been the day before.



On Tuesday things started to go to plan again, as both boats had a lovely sail back to Queenborough, leaving after lunch to take advantage of the tide. The wind was S veering SW force 4, although we had gusts up to 23knots. We made up to 8.5 knots under just the genoa! However it started to rain after we arrived, so we only ventured as far as The Old House At Home that evening. Wednesday dawned with a brisk SW 4-5. We left Queenborough at around 11:00 and followed a ship to the Kingsferry Bridge, which duly opened to let us through as well. Just after that we were hit by a sudden heavy squall, which reduced visibility to nothing. Fortunately it only lasted 15 minutes, but it soaked everything. After a challenging navigation of Faversham Creek, we arrived at Iron Bridge Wharf in Faversham just after 14:00, and tied up to a barge there. The duty manager and his assistants were very helpful, taking our lines and finding 2 connectors so that we could plug into shore power. Going ashore for a quick exploration, we found a number of very old riverfront warehouses just 5 minutes walk away, which had been converted into shops including a garden centre with a teahouse, a massive furniture shop, a second hand store and an upholsterer's workshop. Further along was an old waterside pub, and just around the corner from there was Faversham High Street, with buildings dating back to Tudor times leaning over the pavement. Interesting to note that most of the hanging baskets were padlocked in a similar way to outboard engines! In the other direction along the river was a wildlife sanctuary, and we saw many bird watchers walking along the riverbank with cameras, binoculars and tripods. I also spotted marsh warblers, a cuckoo, Adonis blue butterflies and blue damselflies. There were houseboats at the boatyard too, some of which had lovely cottage gardens with beans and tomatoes growing among the herbs and flowers. Some one had picked a small posy of sweet smelling roses and put them in a jug in the ladies' toilets. Things were finally going to plan!

That didn't last long, however. On Thursday the met office forecast that the weather was deteriorating, so we decided to leave a day early and get home before the "strong winds" forecast for the weekend arrived. Dawn and I took a walk along the riverbank while waiting for the tide, as we had noticed that some of the buoys did not seem to be marking the best water on our way in. We were surprised to see



how far out some of the buoys were – and horrified to see the remains of a large boat (probably a barge) lying on the bank with some of its ribs jutting into the channel. We took pictures of it, and its location, so that we could make sure we avoided it on the way back.

When we returned to the moorings, we heard that the forecast was S-SE 4 or 5 occasionally 6 later. It was a good direction, and not too

strong, so we decided to go, carefully avoiding the hazards we had spotted. We parted at the end of Faversham Creek, with “Max” going to Queenborough, where they later had a rather uncomfortable time of it. “Morning Star” headed back towards Titchmarsh, sailing under reefed main and genoa as the wind increased but still making well over 6 knots. Then a revised weather forecast was issued: S or SW 5-7 occasional 8! It was too late by now to turn back (which would have meant sailing into it anyway), so we reefed down and ran ahead of the wind. We maintained speeds of over 10 knots in winds blowing up to 34 knots, and reached Harwich just before low water. We would not be able to get over the bar at Stone Point, so after a quick discussion (“Shotley?” “No, I don’t fancy locking in in these conditions!” “Suffolk Yacht Harbour?” “Yes, good idea”) we decided to go to SYH. We steamed in and headed for the nearest empty visitor’s mooring (just inside the entrance), quickly securing mooring lines and making sure we had plenty of springs attached. The whole journey from Faversham had taken less than 7 hours!

The next day was too rough to move, although we saw a Dutch boat being brought into SYH by the RNLI with its sails blown out. The harbourmaster told us that winds of 53 knots had been recorded at Shotley on Friday, so it was probably a good decision to stay put for another day. On Saturday, the wind decreased to W force 4, so we sailed gently back to Titchmarsh under genoa, the day we had planned to return.

Our plans had been defeated by the weather not being typical of June (although maybe typical British summer weather), which often happens when you are doing an activity dependant on weather conditions. But we had a good week, in pleasant company, enjoying sailing in all its variety.

Gillian Hough

Down on the waterfront...

Little things...

Sadly, the waterfront lost one of its stalwarts in the early part of the summer. The chap had fought valiantly against his illness for a number of years... He never let it get him down, was always smiling, laughing and joking. He was always willing to put his skills to anything needed - for club or a member – passing on titbits of information that we would find useful, when he was gone. The yard seemed a little bereft for a while. We move on...

It's amazing what a waft of freshly baked scones brings to the tea hut door: there's a yard hand oft found around his boat, or the hut, drinking tea. He's not allowed biscuits - we understand – but as soon as he gets wind of scones, cake or mince pies the drift hits his sensory glands and his grinning face will appear...

Preparing a plate of buttered oven fresh scones and loading them with homemade strawberry jam, I was thinking of our waterfront friend's passing – and of dear old Dave (Lane): he loved them too. It's a treat produced for the weekday crew that goes back for over a decade now. I'll always remember our friend's face when the piled plate appeared. His lips would pucker up as he emitted a long "OOOOOOOO" and rubbing his hands with glee his legs would jog up and down before exclaiming, "Lovely...!" in that colloquial way he had. He was looking forward to them but sadly his illness overtook him - they were good. The scones and the times...

Both of those men loved homemade mince pies too... I'm sure our friend's spirit will continue to drift around the yard ... wafting into the hut as the plate does a round ... so, cheers Len.

Heading back into home waters, I was told, "Watch out for the men in black..." "They've seen us around..." I said nonchalantly down the phone.

"Well ... everyone's been stopped..."

"Right" I said, dismissing the words and casting them into the background.

Sailing within sight of the waterfront not seen for some weeks and munching a tasty bacon and egg sandwich my crew said, casting an eye astern, "Look they're coming to us..."

"Who...?" I asked, spitting egg as I turned to look. Clad in black helmets with dark visors, dark attire and more, surely, besides, they looked quite sinister... They were the men in black. I casually asked them aboard... I wanted to ask for ID, but thought better of it!

The crew said, "I've just got the bacon done ... like some?" Yikes I thought, thinking, it's too early to jest with them!

They'd not wanted to board ... just cruised alongside asking a few questions about the boat before getting onto more penetrating points. Then it got onto, "...where are you going?"

"Home!" the crew suddenly called from beside me.

As I winced, I quickly told them I wasn't going above Gravesend and so didn't need a permit: I'd checked it all out months before...

Well, they agreed, sort of, saying, "It was all a bit vague..."

"Not to me it wasn't." I chipped in, grinning, knowing I had access to my stuff!

Then it came to details (Only of me and not the crew, I hasten to add...) "DOB?" snapped another questioner. There were three of those.

The voice beside me just couldn't stay quiet ... "Going to send him a birthday card...?" it said, chortling and looking directly at all three taking notes...

"Shoe size...?" another quickly asked, laughing. Thank goodness they had a sense of humour...

My thoughts about 'our' being out of area for the summer's jamboree went to, "Maybe we've come back too early!"

Later that day we wended our way into familiar waters and finally into the creek not seen by the boat for exactly two months. It was nice to be back: 'home' has a certain quality not found elsewhere.

People will say that the summer has been bad; however, when the statistics are looked into the reverse will be seen to be the case and the period of the school holiday has been better than average in our eastern parts. It has certainly been warmer and as we all know, generally wetter. Some have had plenty of sunshine and localised showers, some heavy. We got caught in one, in another place. Singapore was the last time I experienced such a deluge ... a few miles away a man in a kayak was killed by a lightning. Makes you think, a little.

On the whole we had far better conditions than experienced for many a year. Around all the waterfronts visited though, one thing was obvious; people were not out on their craft. Marinas were choked with many craft not even launched. I found that quite sad really.

Getting back to coming into our creek, so many of the craft look to be unused, and many of the moorings are empty. Still out – or left the club?

What's happening?

The work party group will be assembling soon, well, those that have been absent: the midweek crew have continued. The days are shortening and coats will soon be dug out to ward off the cold while lifting out craft, repairing jetties and 'playing' in the yard. Great: it's a chance to give something back. There is many a waterfront that envies ours here...

Water Rat



Treasurer's Report.

I hope that everyone has had a good boating season so far. Certainly, the Club seems to be doing reasonably well in these troubling financial times. The Budget Holders are spending cautiously and the Club funds are looking reasonably healthy.

At the moment, I am working on the draft Financial Accounts for the Year Ending 31st March 2012. There are a few odd items that I need to check with our Accountants but I expect to put an encouraging Report to the Members at the Annual General Meeting.

Looking at the Club from a purely financial angle, the bar takings seem to be up, the attendance at social events is up and sporting events are being well supported. This is good news for the Club on both a financial and a social basis. Therefore, I would encourage more Members to support the Club and its wide range of activities so that the Club can continue to grow and improve.

Ken Bills
Hon Treasurer

BARRIER ZAPPERS

The Barrier people have fitted a bar in the road to stop any chance of the barrier falling on anything.

Your Zappers need to be re-programmed.

Please leave your Zappers in an envelope in the Office Door & Chris Irving will get this done.