

UP THE CREEK

Winter 2016

COMMODORES RAMBLINGS



I must start this edition talking about the sad loss of two of our long-term members. Firstly, early in the year we learned that John Hollingsbee had passed away after a short illness. John would be seen most weekends sailing his boat Cetus on the creek. I must confess to not knowing him that well, but will never forget one work party weekend, John standing over me while I was working on the Cess pit that had been filling up with ground water and telling me that the repair would never work. Later in the day he returned and in his very dry manner looked at what we had been doing and declared that maybe he was wrong and it may work. It did!

In all the years I have known Pat Buckle, I have never heard a bad word said against him. He was one of the nicest people I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. Sadly, he lost his 2 ½ year battle against cancer in early September. Pat has been a key member of the committee and held most if not all Flag Officer positions for as long as I can remember. He will be sorely missed.

Despite a slow start to the summer with the end of May feeling more like winter than early summer this year has turned out to be pretty good weather wise. This year there has been 3 very successful impromptu trips organised by members. Towards the end of July Steve Simmons organised an East Coast trip.

This turned out a very enjoyable few days away, if dare I say, a little too hot at times, with the highlight for me being a 24hr visit to Heybridge basin. Heybridge basin is located at the end of the Chelmer and Blackwater Navigation and through the sea lock. Having never taken my boat in to a lock, let alone single handed, I was a little nervous. It didn't help when I was the first club boat called in so no one ahead to assist. I needn't have worried there were volunteers that turn up at high tide every day through the summer to assist the lock keeper and are ready to take your ropes.

On the return trip after getting out of the Blackwater and starting to head down the Essex Coast, a fishing vessel set off a red flare. All of a sudden I was trying to remember back to my VHF course and how to handle a Mayday Relay. I could remember what to do if hearing an unanswered Mayday call on the radio, but not what to do if sighting a flare. I knew it had to be a Mayday Relay as none of us knew what the nature of the emergency was. I stumbled through it and was prompted by the Coast Guard where necessary. As it turned out the boat had lost its engine oil and broken down. Two of our boats donated some oil, but the engine still could not be started, so Clacton Lifeboat was sent out to tow him in. Nereides 3 and myself stayed with him until the lifeboat arrived as he couldn't anchor due to no power.

At the end of August another trip was organised, that unfortunately I couldn't attend, that ended up at Gravelines. Finally, at the end of October, an end of season trip up the East Coast was organised. 3 boats set off on the Monday morning for the Crouch. I couldn't get away on the Monday, so set off on Tuesday morning to meet them at Bradwell. We all met up at the Swin Spitway, we couldn't have planned that if we had tried. For the last week of October, the weather was remarkable. The only down side was the wind was on the nose both ways.

It has been rumoured that we may have a volunteer to take on the role of Social Secretary next year. Watch this space for more trips in the future.

By the time this is published most boats that are coming out for the winter will be out. A big thank you to John Knight for all his organisation and to all the volunteers that make the lift out and in possible.

Another thank you to Roger Elkington for organising another excellent evening in the Tree Tunns for the End of Season Supper.

Finally, this is the final Up the Creek edited by Steve Simmons. I would like to thank Steve for all the work he has done with Up the Creek. Another volunteer has come forward to produce the next edition. I know Steve has struggled at times to fill all the editions. If you do any trips or work on your boat that may interest other members, please write it up and send it to the editor when we announce who it is.



NEWS & INFORMATION

Sighting a Red Flare – Do you know what to do?

As I mentioned in Commodores Ramblings, I had cause in the summer to handle a Mayday Relay. Although it turned out to be a relatively minor incident I felt slightly uncomfortable with my radio procedure. I can remember covering how to deal with hearing a Mayday Relay over the VHF on my radio course some years ago. But can't recall it being covered when sighting a visual signal of Distress. After the event, I made some enquiries by posting on a yachting forum on how I should have dealt with it. I was about a mile from the casualty when he set off a Hand held red flare. I had no idea of the nature of emergency. I issued a Mayday relay call: "mayday relay" x3 then the name of my vessel x3. At that point I wasn't sure whether to pass the details of the emergency or wait for a response first. I opted for just saying over and waiting for a response. Once answered I gave the details as far as I could being about a mile from the casualty.

The Coastguard prompted me through the information they needed. What seemed a little strange to me was all the calls from the Coastguard were preceded by "Mayday Jeddo." I had the following reply from a former Coastguard officer: "You did the right thing - Mayday Relay was definitely appropriate, given the SOLAS protocols for use of a red flare.

For the record, the correct format would be:

Mayday Relay x 3

This is xxxx x 3

Mayday Relay

Red flare sighted in position xxxx (can be bearing and distance from fixed point, or from your position)



BARNACLE BILL (THE POET)

Some Verse taken from The manual of Seamanship

AT SEA ON THE ENGINE

1. WHEN BOTH LIGHTS YOU SEE AHEAD TURN STARBOARD AND SHOW YOUR RED
2. GREEN TO GREEN, OR RED TO RED PERFECT SAFETY, GO AHEAD
3. IF TO STARBOARD RED APPEAR IT IS YOUR DUTY TO KEEP CLEAR, TO ACT AS JUDGEMENT SAYS IS PROPER TO STARBOARD, OR, PORT, BACK, OR, STOP HER BUT WHEN UPON YOUR PORT IS SEEN A STEAMERS STARBOARD LIGHT OF GREEN THERE'S NOT SO MUCH FOR YOU TO DO FOR GREEN TO PORT KEEPS CLEAR OF YOU
4. BOTH IN SAFETY AND IN DOUBT ALWAYS KEEP A GOOD LOOK OUT IN DANGER WITH NO ROOM TO TURN EASE HER.STOP HER, GO ASTERN

Identity and details of source unknown

This station proceeding (or whatever you are doing)

Ends

This is xxxx, out."



New building development planed

I would like to say a big thank you, for all the contributions, support and help I've had over the past four years. This is a really special club with so many members willing to help you when needed, I would also like to wish the next Editor all the best for the future and look forward to seeing the next edition. Many Thanks C6 steve

SAILING

NOW THESE FOUR RULES, WE MUST NOTE
ARE NO USE IN A SAILING BOAT
AS WE ARE DEPENDENT ON THE WIND
ANOTHER SET OF RULES WE FIND

1.A "CLOSE HAULED" SHIP YOU'LL NEVER SEE
GIVE WAY TO ONE THAT'S "RUNNING FREE"
IT'S EASIER RUNNING FREE TO STEER
AND THAT'S THE REASON SHE KEEPS CLEAR

2. WITH WIND THE SAME SIDE, RUNNING FREE
ONES TO WINDWARD, ONES TO LEE
THE LEEWARD SHIP GOES STRAIGHT AHEAD
THE OTHERS ALTERS COURSE INSTEAD

3.BOTH "CLOSE HAULED"OR BOTH QUITE "FREE"
ON DIFFERENT TACKS, WE ALL AGREE
THE SHIP THAT HAS THE WIND TO PORT
MUST KEEP WELL CLEAR, IS WHAT WE'RE TAUGHT

4.AT OTHER TIMES THE ALTERING CRAFT
IS THAT WHICH HAS THE WIND RIGHT AHEAD



“UP THE GREEK” (ATHENS 2016)

Athens 2016

The seed was set whilst on the August 2015 Ramsgate weekend. The planning and preparation complete it was time to go 0100 hrs to be precise, Friday the 20th May 2016.



dragged my but from my sex chariot, firstly I would pick Lou up, then Bob & Ken, Steve would collect Andy from Ditton and we would meet at Andy's Mums in Crawley where we leave the cars for the week then all jump in a prearranged taxi at approx 0300hrs our flight was at 0500

Ken had got some well deserved sleep at Bob's place and a good meal and although he was still recovering from his two and half hours ordeal in the water on Wednesday night he was determined to carry on. I'm sure I speak for the whole of LHYC when I say thank heavens he is still with us, the importance of wearing a life jacket no better illustrated.

There was only one hiccup on the way out Lou took two bags, and Easy Jet charged him £32.00 for that the rest all took hand luggage.

After clearing the customs etc, we opted for the bus the x96 stopped right outside our hotel, named the posiedon uhoh! The bus journey was uncomfortable it soon became apparent that the driver was related to carlos fandango foot to the floor tailgating in a large bendy bus, I reckon he was on a promise. anyway every time he chucked the bus in to a right hander I leant on the stop button seeing as I was standing like After 15 miles or so he stopped the bus on a sixpence walked to the back of the bus and through cheroot stained teeth asked where you go? Edam I replied I show you when to get off We didnt pay for



the bus ride, he just drove back to Le man's no wonder they want our bail out money.

By 2pm we were sitting on the beach in the tavern bar, observing the flotilla yachts making their way back to Kalimaki later to be known as Kalia krapy marina, its now 5pm we were

still sitting in the bar now watching the weather deteriorates, we all slept well!

Saturday 21st

We checkout of the hotel ships stores were purchased the inventory was done and the yacht signed for, she was (still is I hope) a Bavaria 36ft sloop called Lucky Day, nothing to do with Clint Eastwood, more Tele Savalas, well rounded lots of beam 4 years old very basic, not flash but ample.

The dutch lady moored next to us gave us some information about the weather etc, etc, she also told us the flotilla would be leaving at 12pm Sunday we left at 0900



Sunday 22nd

Our first leg took us 15 miles in a swy direction towards Aegina wind 5/6 full sail we crossed the shipping lane after laying aft of an Evergreen container ship, our speed 6 knots, passing the marina on the tip of Aegina we were steady on our course, suddenly out popped a ferry. the charts state, beware ferries daily out of headlands. He was increasing speed very rapidly, every time we layed off he changed course, he was coming straight for us I jibed and passed about 300 metres to our stern, at the way point another ferry came across in front of us, this time Ken layed off and we reset our course to pass outside of a large rock, by now the wind had dropped the sun was out, hay ho we were in no rush.

first stop Peridiga a quick look in the almanacs told us the mooring criteria and prohibited area,s etc,etc anchor stern on to the potoon our first experience of executing the method, oh dear save one other we were first in. It started well it ended badly so badly that we got blown beam on to the pontoon at the time we were also being harassed by the Harbour Master, he tried and untied then loosed then tied in the wrong place's I gave him ten euro's and he cleared off.

That evening while relaxing in the cockpit sipping a beer Bob suddenly said hang on a minute the harbour master he was a chancer. That would explain it all, including the smell of Metaxa on his breath. Todays lessons were learned, mind you it was worth 10 Euro's to get rid of him.

Monday

A peaceful night passed, we woke to the sun rising aft of us, and breakfast, untill Ken's had about 6 coffee's he's like a cat on a hot tin roof always first up at about 0530 UK time 0730 Stavros time. We got crafty if we nipped ashore before departure, we could get a coffee in one of the Taverna's then use the heads, that would stop Lucky Day smelling like a portaloos at Ascot races. There was 6 of us you know! anyway the next stop Methana Southerly 10 miles ish! light winds blue sky deep blue sea except when Lou said he could see the bottom, in fact we were in 200ft of water! it was the reflection of the boat.

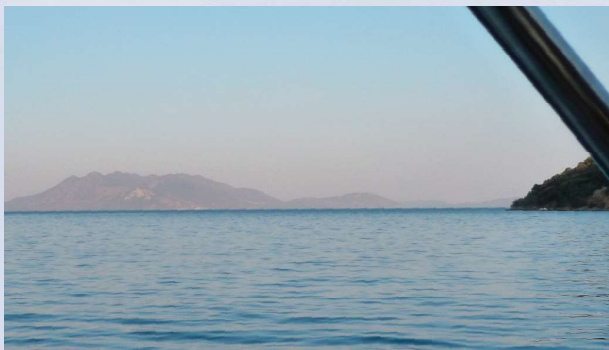
“UP THE GREEK” (ATHENS 2016)

The harbour at Methana had torquise blue water but the smell of sewage we picked up a berth and were ready to drop anchor when we heard NO ANCHOR NO ANCHOR take this lazy line , our reversing how ever was improving we tired up neatly and went ashore, it was a good 28/pushing 30 degrees. A walk around the village told us the season was still in its infancy deserted. A light lunch of Starvardo stuffed vine leaves, Greek salad meat balls was enjoyed at a lovely back street Taverna Andy and c6 purchased some mince and the lovely Greek lady let us leave it in her fridge while we polished off a quick beer. After our 2 hour visit it was time to leave, Andy knowledge of the greek language was proving invaluable, in fact he had us all learning one word a day we said our



goodbyes, slipped our mooring and set off for Vahiti. Vahiti lies on the west of Methana, about 12 miles distant our eta was around 1800hrs Greek time, we were pushing our luck for a berth. we moter sail close in plenty of water here Lou kept a check on our course and studied the chart and almanac, Vahiti a tranquil fishing village, can motor to breakwater, anchor and stern onto the Tavarna's depth 2m slight swell on north westerly etc etc a Dutchman hammered passed us under motor Vahiti was his destination

As we made our approach we noticed the Dutchman aft one berth left, we cautiously entered the harbour not much room here! we were weighing things up as our stern passed the end of the breakwater we turned to port motored up to a small boat no more than 15ft from the rock face , then astern, taking our way off drop the anchor, astern, anchor has control, The giant Dutchman and his greek sidekick who was the harbourmaster. started billowing out instructions, Ken muttered extremities under his breath, we took no notice. Three Euros berthing, one Euro electric And water to top up the tanks. The sun was setting, we drunk some chilled



beers the caged finches were singing the harbour was certainly tranquil, beautiful, surprisingly there were three Brit in. We meet Harry and Lowes, that night after a de louse, we sat

chatting and drinking whilst Steve and Andy cooked our meal Pasta mince onions bread , wine it was delicious. For four days Bob had told us many a story of his sailing days sang a few chanti's and made us all laugh, Lou renamed him God.

Tuesday

After coffee with Harry we made a short motor sail across to Epidarros, about ten miles in total. We dragged our butts a bit and left after 10am greek time. Another nice day. We arrived about 1 pm and anchored out side the harbour. There were two boats already there after a swim in the rather chilly water, the chefs went ashore and stocked up, Lou studied the charts, the rest of us chilled out sunbathing. after another lovely meal on board we were in the cockpit having coffee ,unfortunately our butts weren't the only thing to dragged, we rectified the problem quickly and settled down to a bit of anchor watch, untill 0430 just time for a couple of hours shuteye.

Wednesday

Nea Epidairous is only three miles up the coast. After the obligatory four to six cups of coffee and a good breakfast. We set sail. Stright out into a good wind from the North West put us on a beam reach Andy was on the helm and very good at it he was, Bob on watch along with Ken, C6 on coffee , lou on



the chartwork this helped to back up the chartplotter track that Ken had put in all the stages before we started, and was teachingus all how to navigate our way around. Now we were moving plenty of white caps about, good visibility, we pinched where we could rounded the Island we were now on lou's favourite a lee shore. It was at this point that Ken casually asked lou for a course to steer Lou's reply steer 370 degrees then swore realising his error "I never live this down" he said he didn't from that point on he was known as 370. C6 took the helm and the wind died down to zilch so we motor sailed into Nea another lovely day, another small harbour. Our stern on mooring was admired by a Norwegian and a very curvy and tanned lady in a blue water Ketches were getting better, Harry was already in he introduced us to Nick the Taverna owner, we ate we drunk and we danced to Greek music well we tried another good night had by all. God spared us the sea





“UP THE GREEK” (ATHENS 2016)



chanteys I'm sure C6 would have jumped over board if bob had taken a CD thankfully Obi one Ken didn't take a copy as I said earlier God did break in to verse a couple of times, this resulted in C6 holding his head in his hands untill God stoped Thursday

Korfos here we come, albeit slowly because the wind died a death, once we got into the bay we picked up a good breeze, because the wind slides down the hills then flats out. We had a good sail in

right upto the entrance to Korfos. It's much easier to get into than other places the only thing to watch is a reef that juts out about 400mt on the starboard side, once past that you have plenty of room. Our man at George's was true to his word and was waiting for us it was about three pm. As with most place's bow or stern on this time we nail it stright as a die good anchor control. Myself C6 and Andy dived off the front of the boat for a swim, once we had finished mooring, to say it was refreshing was a understatement. It was all to much, blue sky lovely day swimming, then literally down the gangplank and sit down to a meal and a cold beer, all this after a lazy day sailing well a bit of mooring too. Our Norwegian friend turned up, Harry also turned up along side us were five scuse lads they had even shares in a boat and went out regularly to use it what a good idea. Over our evening meal we discussed our route back. we decided to take our time, use the chart and plotter take regular bearings eps etc,etc regular log entrys hand bearing and steer 370, sometimes. Friday Kalicrappy.



Our journey back was 38 miles, we got some early wind and things were looking promising, but predictability around lunch time the wind died on went the donk Obi one had bought some whipping twine in Korfos, he tried he tied a lure to the end, the a shackle then chucked it over the stern it trolled merrily for about 20miles not a sausage we were visited by a pod of Porpoises but they didn't stay for long, our bow wave was no existant. Our speed was four Kts slowly making our way back we took hand bearings done a cocked hats ep filled out the log oh and had lunch, only one course alteration off the top of Aegina, because of the shipping a good look out was needed, this time bar a few Navy vessels on patrols, we were with other yachts. Frustratingly we picked up some wind for an hour, dropping our sails about a mile off shore and joined the ever increasing que to get into Kali makkaki. The marina was extremely busy our reversing practice was to come in handy. After indentifying our berth, that was after two reverse we got in line a rather large boat



was in our path he was pussy footing about so we went round him making sure we didn't foul the lazy lines ether side of us. it looked a straight reverse but no "in the corner in the corner" the harbour master shouted it had to be done one doesn't like to embarrass ones self every thing went just swell engine off booking in. we were un scathed, Lucky day was hand back. That evening we went for a beer, again ironically we moored against the Dutch Skipper we wondered if she had been anywhere at all Saturday

Another glorious day time for our cultural visit to Athens and the Acropolis I myself could not believe how big this place was the views were great, that took us well in to the afternoon so we walked into the market area and dined chatting joking about and generally enjoying ourselves. Our last day! a great week, thanks to everybody crew as follows

Ken Obi oneKenobi, **Roger** Cabin boy, **Bob** God, **Lou** 370 **Steve** C6 or C6 steve, **Andy** I bet you can guess





BRADWELL WEEK-END

Bradwell week-end. Thursday 21st –Monday 25th July A long weekend trip to Bradwell marina and Heybridge lock marina organised by Steve Simmons. 6 boats 11 people.

Thursday HW 14.28 , departed direct from the creek with little or no wind, calm sea and proceeded without event apart from the odd boat grounding as we crossed the Swin spitway to Bradwell marina where we overnighted.



Friday a.m. to Heybridge passing an old favourite in Radio Caroline. The weather was good and brought out the 'interesting' members of the party, caption required



for this one. Lot of activity on the Blackwater as we approached the lock with the barge Kitty and at least 2 others earning their keep to stay afloat. Heywood basin lock and the watering hole 'The old Ship' right there for a 'cold lemonade'. The Jolly sailor behind the 'Ship' provided a large table for 11 and really looked after the



party, with quality food and the odd drink. Company wasn't bad either.

Saturday, another lovely morning and we need provisions. A Tesco reportedly a mile up the towpath! Some took to the water, some legged it, but for those that did, the mile was more like 3 ...each way!. Our tour guide had problems



with his box brownie..... Left Heybridge for Pyefleet when the tide came in to exit the lock (I think everyone would have stopped another night but they were fully booked). Blackwater was busy with all manner of water activities including the barge Hydrogen hosting a wedding reception, and a Dutch visitor. Pyefleet, Saturday night and rafted up. The creek was really busy and we had some difficulty finding space. Simmo 'the chef' made Paella with Spanish dressing for 11 of us and we all fitted on the one boat!. A great evening.

Sunday morning we departed for Queenborough, a decent WSW wind and a few started sailing the line down to Minster when the crew of Nereides 3 noticed a fishing boat crew making distress motions with crossing arms and we attended. Apparently their radio distress message





BRADWELL WEEK-END



was heard by Jeddo. Aragorn joined the circling as the fishing boats engine had failed, no hydraulics and not able to anchor. Ken in Lethera, with his floating workshop, was able to offer the oil requested but this did not do the trick so we waited for the 'cavalry' Queenborough Sunday night, all 6 boats on a new heavy swinging mooring .

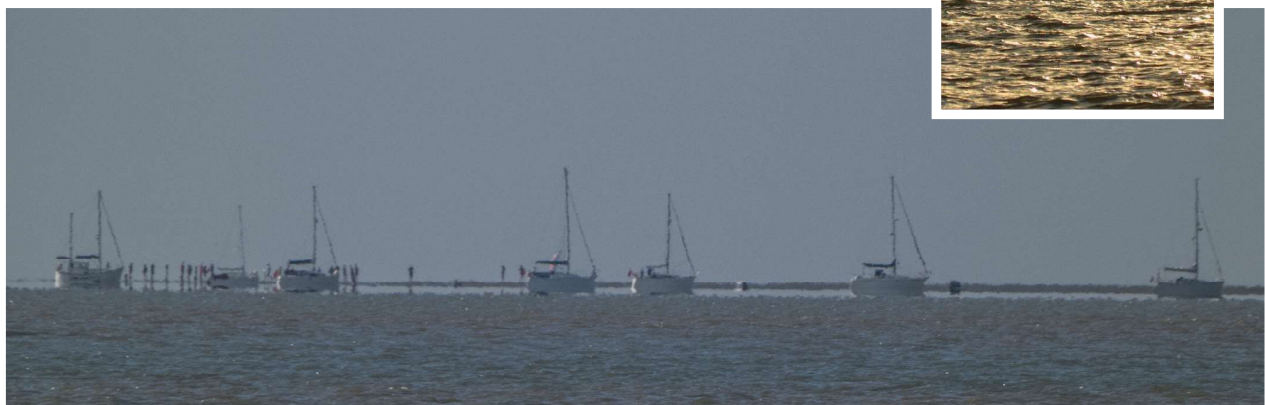
Home on the tide Monday and the end of a very enjoyable few days... Steve nominated to continue in the job.

John Knight

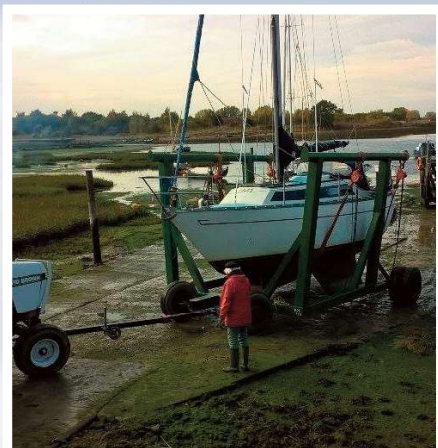




BRADWELL WEEK-END



LIFT OUT 2016



Today saw the last of the scheduled lift outs, 46 in total. There's possible another one in a few weeks time. This is the most we have done with the cradle system. A big thank you to John Knight for organising this and to every one that has helped, with some members being present for most of the lifts. The system we use relies on enough people being there on the day to rig and de-rig the cradles, to work the winches and place the blocks. It is important that all boat owners being lifted help with all lifts on that day. There have been a few occasions where we have had members just assisting with their own boats or even standing back watching while others do all the

work. This system can only work if everyone pulls their weight.

Yesterday and today it became obvious when the wind picked up, that a number of boats had flapping halyards creating a lot of noise. The sound of this can carry a long way and cause annoyance to our neighbours. Not only is this annoying, but will cause wear to your rigging.

One last thing, for your and every one's security, please lock any ladders left on site to make boarding boats difficult for any unwelcome visitors.

MY BOAT LETHERA

TRANSFORMING A TIRED BOAT

JEMMA TO LETHERA FOR ALL THOSE THAT ASK LETHERA IS ENGLISH
(OLD DIALECT)
IT MEANS NO. 7 SHE IS MY SEVENTH BOAT!

