

rhboa 93 - Spring 2001



NEWS



ASSOCIATION

Number 93

ASSOCIATION

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www.rhboa.co.uk

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First Rally of The Season

To escape St. Patrick's Day the 'Rye Harbour Boat Owners Association' organised a 'reccy' to Nieuwpoort, north of Boulogne, north of Calais, north of Dunkerque, almost as far as Ostende and definitely in Belgium. The sea was 'calme' though perhaps 'un peu agitée' due to a light Force 3 coming from the South/South West. The 0730 'Hoverspeed' from Dover rode the waves well. So much so that not one of the motley 'RHBOA' crew of Stuart Pope, Mike Berry, Peter Davison, Peter Hollands, Martin Carter and Tony Long reported in sick during the 75 minute voyage. It was a lovely warm day for the time of year...almost touching sixty fahrenheit...but rain threatened. So after a hastily convened meeting in the bar the 'RHBOA' two-car convoy turned right instead of left upon arrival in Calais and headed for Boulogne.

They never made it. At eleven hundred hours French time they 'chanced upon' a restaurant in Bourneville and ever conscious of the needs of their trusty steeds for an early siesta after the travails of the voyage across 'La Manche Anglaise', they alighted, tied their cars up outside the saloon and sat down to accomplish some serious eating and drinking. Spring water of course for the two drivers.



It was lunchtime when they sat down but the skies clouded over, the rain came...Ryers can spot a shower coming at twenty paces... and by the time they departed some five hours later dusk had arrived and smacked daylight clean out of the sky. Undeterred, our intrepid mariners remounted and galloped off into where the sunset should have been, arriving some short time later at the 'Auchan' Supermarket. The forthcoming 'Fitting Out Supper' was in their sights. Cars loaded with the association's assorted needs, our (by now rather merry) crew trundled back towards Calais and its many satellite cities...run by the 'Red Cross' for the benefit of foreign visitors to our shores. They survived the crossing and lived to tell the tale. The price? One of the cars had pre-booked at the 'Mirror Card' discount rate of £29. The other car, coming late, forked out the princely sum of £ 49.

First Rally of The Season (continued)

But it was all worth it for an afternoon of Peter Davison stories. There are some who, meeting Peter only in committee, know nothing of his jocose side. Reports from our French correspondents suggest that the assembled company were in stitches.

As for the French cuisine. Six course lunch with pear sorbet between courses. Eight bottles of wine disposed of, including contents. These sailors must have hollow legs. The bill? 950 French Francs at the splendid price of two English fifty pound sterling notes. No wonder the French wanted to buy up Newhaven Harbour. Once the English hear of these prices, they will be crossing to Dieppe in droves.

Meanwhile Holland has her supporters too. After several trips to Holland on highly confidential business 'to do with boats', Patsy Richey ensures us that you can pop across to Veere or Middleburg for lunch...leave on the first ferry out of Dover, turn left and drive for three hours. As rumour has it that the chief executive of 'Rye Bay Brokerage' has tried every conceivable way to get to Rotterdam and points north...by trains and boats and planes as well as by car...this is reliable information Yet one has to wonder at the point of all that, when instead of turning left and driving for three hours you can turn right and drive for half an hour. And can the smug 'value for money' Dutch match the 'no tax on the working man's pleasures' French when it comes to quality and price?

But to be fair to the English, the 'River Haven Hotel' on the Winchelsea Road does a first-rate Sunday Carvery at a very reasonable price. So perhaps the sensible course of action is to stay in bed until midday every Sunday, get up, turn right out of 'Brede Moorings', over the sluice, right past 'Sea Cruisers' and into the hotel. I wonder how they got on there while their manager was drumming up business on the continent?

French Invade English Port

The French finally established a bridgehead in Sussex yesterday 443 years after kicking the English out of Calais. Control of Newhaven's ferry harbour was bought for £14 million by 'Transmanche', a consortium from Dieppe, which aims to increase Channel services between the two ports.

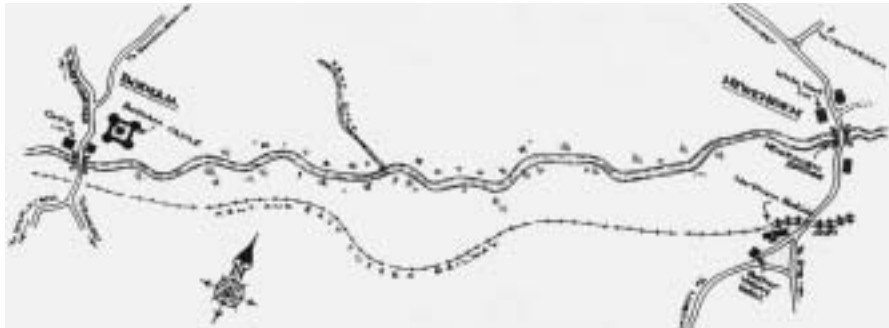
Buying Newhaven underlines the concern in Dieppe about the fall in the number of Britons visiting it and the surrounding area. The decline, which followed the decision in 1998 of 'P & O Stena' to end its Newhaven-Dieppe service, is having a severe effect on the local economy.

A summer-only service is operated by 'Hoverspeed', a subsidiary of 'Sea Containers', which sold the ferry rights at Newhaven to the French. Under an agreement with 'Transmanche', 'Hoverspeed' will provide a year-round service aimed at attracting 100,000 passengers.

Reported by Neil Tweedie in The Daily Telegraph on 13th April 2001

Tripping Up The Rother by Charles Bronsdon

Having won the boat trip from Newenden to Bodiam on the good ship 'Dannie Lee' as the raffle prize at the barbecue, we decided to make a day of it, and spend time looking over the castle at Bodiam as well as having a pub lunch at the local. We arrived at Northiam to be met by Capt. M. Berry at approx. 10.00 hours on Tuesday 29th August 2000. The sun was shining and the boat looked very much like the 'African Queen' with Mike looking like Humphrey Bogart, with his captain's cap set at a rakish angle. It only wanted Katherine Hepburn to appear out of the bushes to make the illusion seem real.



We left right on time and as the river was at its normal height we went under the little road bridge with ease, although Mike did say that after heavy rain he sometimes has to duck as he enters the bridge.

As we meandered down the river we were amazed by the number of different birds that Mike was able to point out to us, especially a heron and cormorant that were busy fishing, and also a kingfisher flying over the river. It was also very pleasing to see the large number of swans, ducks and moorhens swimming and nesting by the river's edge.

The trip down to the castle took about 45 minutes. We disembarked on the river bank and walked up the hill to the castle, where we spent a pleasant hour looking round and imagining we were repelling invaders from the battlements. Seeing and hearing the chuffing and the hoot of the steam train from Newenden to Bodiam arriving further enhanced the pleasure. It did feel like some bygone age, especially as the sun was still shining.

After a pleasant lunch in the local pub we returned to the mooring where Mike was waiting to navigate us back to Newenden. We all had a great day out and would thoroughly recommend the boat trip, as it is an ideal way to appreciate the river and its surroundings.

'RHBOA' Competition

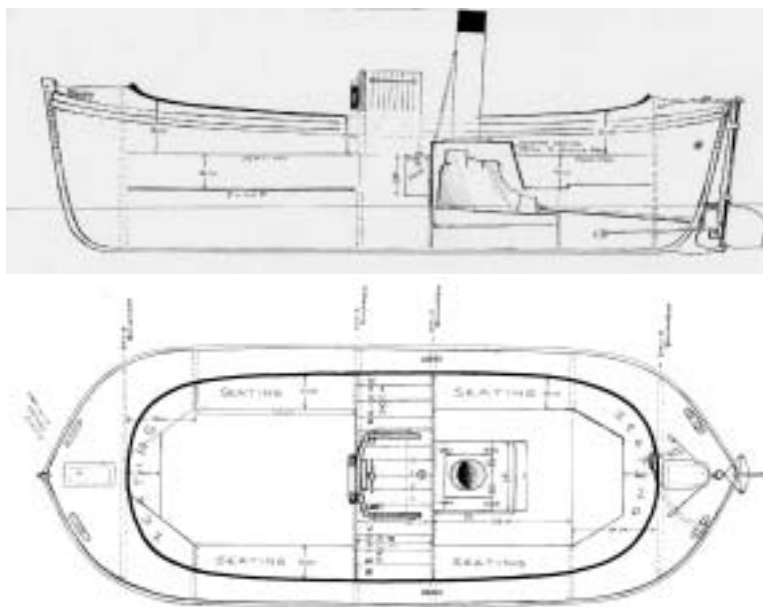
Who else spotted both deliberate (hmmm!) mistakes in the last issue? There is no H' in Reboam and its 6 and not 8. John Sivier was the first to get it right ...with Martin Carter a close second. Congratulations!

Bodiam Ferry Company

www.bodiamferry.co.uk

'Trips run from the wharf at Newenden, where there is a car park, to a landing place close to the overflow car park attached to the *'National Trust'* centre. Mr. Berry reports that the recent extension of the *'Kent and East Sussex Railway'* from Northiam to Bodiam does not seem to have adversely affected business. Indeed there is evidence that some visitors to the area are electing to travel in one direction by train and the other by boat - a heartening example of how neighbouring attractions can generate interest and business for one another.'

from Cruising Monthly, March 2001, Volume 38 Number 3, Page 36.



Elsie May & Dannie Lee

The *'Bodiam Ferry Company'* service began in 1991 when Mike Berry discovered that a public right of navigation still applied to the Rother where a trip boat had operated from Rye to Bodiam from the turn of the century until the 1930s. The single trip from Newenden Bridge to Bodiam Castle takes about 45 minutes.

Mike's first boat was a former fishing boat called the *'Elsie May'*. This was replaced by the *'Dannie Lee'*, purchased in autumn 1996 and brought into service in 1997. The *'Dannie Lee'* is a former *'Royal Navy'* lifeboat, built of fibreglass by *'Watercraft'* of Shoreham in 1973.

The Eastern Rother by John Morgan

The River Rother has changed course over the centuries. The mouth was originally near New Romney then changed a few miles and then to the present outlet as a result of storms in the channel. It also flowed to the other side of the Isle of Oxney, which is how the Isle got its name. The scale of charges are still displayed on the wall of the 'Ferry Boat Inn' at Oxney. The castle at Bodiam was built in the 1300's by order of the king to defend us against invasion. The Romans boated as far as Robertsbridge.

The Cinque Ports, of which Rye is one, were set up by a mediaeval king before we had a proper navy. In return for large tax concessions, the five towns had to provide ships and men to defend the country when needed. The associate ports had lower rates of concession, but less onerous commitments.

Barges operated on the river until well into this century up to the limit of navigation at Bodiam. Improvements in road transport finally caused their demise. They carried around thirty tons, and could be sailed, rowed or quanted by a two or three man crew. At Newenden, the wooden shed where the barges were built and repaired still exists.

Also at Newenden, sea-going ships came up river to deliver their cargo of round timber to the wharf where the present 'Bodiam Ferry' operates from. Each winter, a traction engine brought in a sawmill and the timber was processed. The cottage is all that remains of the original buildings.

The first recorded mention of the game of cricket is in a royal document of the 14th. century, which states that the game of cricket was played at Newenden in Kent. The actual site was a little way along the lane from the present cricket ground.

Scot's Float Sluice was built by William Cubitt in the 18th. century to keep the sea out. At high tide, the sea is several feet above the level of the river at normal retention. Locally, it was known as Star Lock, after a pub of that name, which was a useful overnight stop for the barge crews. Some locals still call it Star Lock. The present structure was built in the 1980's to replace the old one. The gates from the old lock and sluices were offered for canal restoration. I was the go-between for these, as I was the 'IWA' branch secretary for twenty years. Eventually, they went into a restored canal. Barry Green, the lock keeper, is a mine of information and does everything to encourage boating on the river. Just don't mention anglers to him unless you want an involuntary swim.

On the tidal river below the lock, is berthed the fishing fleet and many private boats. The tide here can flood in at around five knots and ebbs only slightly slower. Great care and knowledge of the mud flats is needed, and I would not advise trail boaters to launch at the harbour slipways and come up on the tide. Besides having to pay for the slipways, you also have to pick the right time of tide to go through the lock.

John Morgan, 49 Hillbrow Road, Ashford, Kent TN23 4QH.

Fitting Out Supper

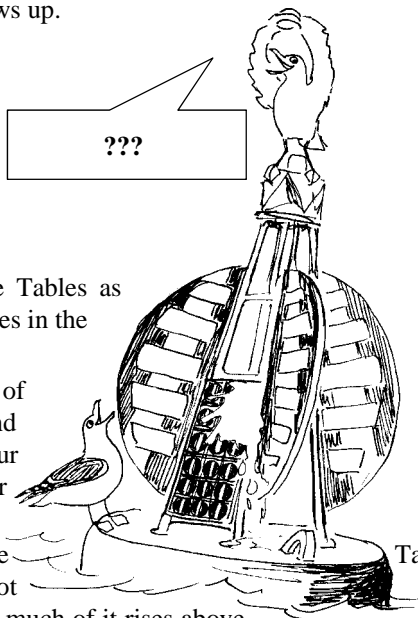
Good food, good wine, old friends, convivial setting, real music from Richard McGowan, one of the best live artists on the local scene. What else could anybody desire on a crisp April evening at the start of the boating season?

The Fitting Out Supper on 7th April was much enjoyed by those who came...but only 35 members did so. Why? This year we even posted a reminder to paid-up members a week before the event. But to no avail. If members no longer want two suppers a year, then please say so. We know we are not the only local organisation having trouble getting members away from the TV on a Saturday night but there is clearly no point in laying on events if nobody shows up.

Comments please.

Caption Competition

The prize in this issue is for the best caption to Connie's cartoon. Talk to Carl Bagwell to find out what's going on.



Rye Tide Tables by John Sivier

There are dangers in using the Rye Tide Tables as proper tide tables for finding safe anchorages in the vicinity of the Harbour entrance.

One ancient and experienced sailing man of my acquaintance, arriving off Fairlight and deciding he hadn't time to reach the harbour mouth and cross the bar decided to anchor for the night off Pett Level.

He took a sounding and consulted his Rye Tables, which, as we have just noted, do not show the range of the tide but merely how much of it rises above sea level. He could have got an approximation of the range by doubling the height above sea level, but instead took the predicted height as being the max height by which the tide could fall, concluded he would have adequate water beneath him at low water some 8 hours later and dropped anchor.

All ended happily. But the skipper never told the crew that when he went on deck around low water and observing about twenty fathoms of anchor chain growing horizontally from the bow, took a sounding with his fully extended boat hook and calculated that he had about a foot of water beneath his bilge keels!

*The prudent sailor fears but three things;
Fire, fog, and lack of sea room.*



Local Plan for Rye by John Collard

The summary leaflet outlining the Local Plan states that the 'District Council': 'sees the opportunity for some regeneration in the areas around Rock Channel, Strand Quay and Winchelsea Road, which have declined both in quality and in terms of numbers employed'.



The need for regeneration has certainly been manifest for many years. Recognition of this need is unlikely by itself to provide sufficient stimulus for action. Therefore it becomes necessary to set out clearly the objectives of the Local Plan in this area and the specific steps by which they may be attained. In furtherance of these comments, it is suggested that additional paragraphs be inserted as follows:

New Paragraphs to be inserted on Page 76 (Chapter 4) Policy CBE 28, after the sentence: 'The main areas for change are likely to be along the frontage of the Rivers Brede and Tillingham':

Benefits from Floating Moorings

A major step towards achieving regeneration in this area would be the construction of a sluice and navigation lock at or near the confluence of Rock Channel with the River Rother. Impounding water from that point upstream as far as the Strand Quay would bring the following benefits:

Aesthetic appearance. A river basin would take the place of an ugly expanse of mud and siltation.

Property Values. The value of riparian land for potential residential, commercial and maritime development would be enhanced.

Maritime amenity. Floating moorings, the need for which has become crucial to the viability of the Harbour of Rye, would become available for local and visiting boats.

Employment. Jobs would be created not only for the construction phase but for sustaining the new residential, commercial and maritime complex.

Local Plan for Rye (continued)

Essential to any project would be the participation of the 'Environment Agency' both as 'Harbour Authority' and in its regulatory capacities. Control of the lock, sluice and water level in the basin would rest solely in the 'Environment Agency' who might require pumps or a separate culvert to eliminate risk of flooding upstream at times of heavy rainfall.

Given imagination and strong motivation by the 'Environment Agency' and the 'Rother District Council' acting in partnership there would be no insuperable difficulty in resolving extraneous conflicts of interest.

As with many civil engineering schemes of this nature a quick return in terms of financial profit would be highly improbable. But taking a medium to long term view, the lock and sluice would effectively transform the unplanned and sadly neglected area into an attractive complex of value to the whole Rye environment.'

Local Plan Amendment

Suggested redraft of Paragraph 8.44 on Page 149 in conjunction with additional paragraphs on Policy CBE 28 and in the interests of historical accuracy.

'In the past numerous proposals for lock gates and sills within the Rother estuary have been put forward (including three initiated by the former drainage authorities) but none of these schemes have materialised for a variety of reasons.

More recently there were inconclusive discussions about the possibility of converting the Strand Quay into a partly non-tidal basin but no feasibility study was commissioned in the light of a possible conflict of 'Environment Agency' interests.'

Sine Qua Non

It is all too easy to point to the problems of conflicting interests and the lack of short term profitability but my contention is that without floating moorings the 'Harbour of Rye' will never thrive as a base for sailing and boating and a priceless natural asset will be wasted.

Practical and positive support for floating moorings was forthcoming during the regime of the 'Kent River Board' and the 'Southern Water Authority' and the lack of it under the multi-purpose regime of the 'Environment Agency' would be a sad reflection on the quality of its management.



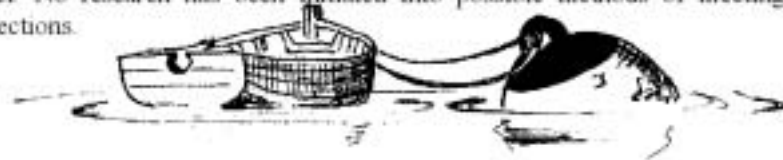
John A. Collard, 16 Watchbell Street, Rye, Sussex TN31 7HA

Floating Moorings in Rye by John Collard

26 July 1999

Almost every small port and harbour on the French side of the English Channel has somewhere where small boats can lie afloat on clean secure moorings at all states of the tide. On the English side, although Rye is the only harbour between Eastbourne and Folkestone, its potential value for small boats has never been realised for the reason that it has no floating moorings. Unless this facility - particularly valuable for keelboats - is soon provided, it seems certain that Rye's future both as an attractive base and as a useful port of call for small boats will be in serious danger.

Many different schemes for floating moorings of varying merit have been mooted over the last 40 years but none has materialized, largely due to objections from land drainage and ecological interests but also through lack of motivation at management level. No research has been initiated into possible methods of meeting these objections.



In order to terminate this *impasse*, it is suggested that the Management Plan should

- Endeavour to identify at least one site (either on- or off-river), which might accommodate a minimum of 70 floating moorings.
- Estimate the cost of creating floating moorings at the site including measures necessary to protect other interests.
- Assess the long term viability of the moorings project
- Recommend methods of funding the capital costs.

It is notoriously easy to block any proposals of the above kind by referring to difficulties in raising capital. However, any or all of the following methods would seem to offer opportunities:

- Sale of harbour properties not needed for navigational purposes.
- Reduction in operational length of the Admiralty catwalk thereby releasing a considerable proportion of the £260,000 currently proposed for its reconstruction.
- Obtaining assistance from the 'Rye Partnership'.
- Accumulating a reserve fund for the specific purpose out of annual revenue.

A target included in the 1994 to 1998 Management Plan was 'to encourage the development of 300 wet marina-style moorings.' This was unrealistic because only the 'Environment Agency' possesses or controls suitable riparian land together with powers under the Harbour of Rye Revision Order. The 'Agency' also enjoys the great advantage of having equipment and personnel already deployed in the area.

John A. Collard, 16 Watchbell Street, Rye, Sussex TN31 7HA

The Bonny Bonny Dew

I enclose a cheque for 'RHBOA' membership. It is unlikely that we will make it to the Fitting Out supper or the AGM as we are busy up here, starting on the renovation of the outbuildings (small boat sheds) and laying a mooring for 'Rovella'.

When we bought 'Hazelwood', we inherited the wreck of the 'Marguerita' on the foreshore. There are at least two local variations of accounts of her demise, both involving some degree of mysterious circumstances. She was a heavily built, locally I think, wooden fishing boat of about 40 ft. There is not a lot left of her now...keel, some frames, fuel tank and a badly rusted engine block (Gardiner Diesel).

Although she adds a bit of interest to the area, she unfortunately is on the clearest, best-access bit of the beach, so I am beginning the process of removing her remains. Some of the lumps are a bit heavy, so there have been some elaborate block and tackle systems.

The engine block may end up as additional weight for 'Rovella's' mooring. There are also some heavy lumps of fishing ground gear and a runaway 'Ministry of Defence' buoy (liberated by the previous owner of our cottage).

We were out in kayaks the other day, talking to the seals...three local ones that seem to think we need an escort...when a minesweeper came into Loch Goil and spent a couple of hours on manoeuvres. Halfway across the loch we suddenly realised that she had finished and was coming out and that we were the crossing vessel. We 'maintained course and speed' and she crossed our stern at a good distance and with very little wash.

We are having some fun in the kayaks...we are thinking of getting a sea kayak...as they are quite quick and are good for exploring close inshore. I've added a few uncharted rocks onto Admiralty Chart 3746.

The 'Fort George' (Royal Fleet Auxiliary) was at Glenmallan in Loch Long in December 1999 and the 'Fort Austin' before that. They are big ships. A frigate came into Loch Goil in February last year and stayed a couple of days. A submarine was in before that but we were down south collecting our daughter from Heathrow so we missed that one. They come into Loch Goil for I.D. trials fairly regularly. There are usually helicopter and 'MOD' police launches zooming about to herald their approach.

There is a 'CND' camp near the Gareloch base and they have had some minor problems in the past. Loch Goil and Loch Long leisure boats don't seem to be held up too much by the 'MOD'.

The weather is generally quite mild in Argyll and the main barrier to small boat enjoyment in winter is the 'Argyll dew'. Good sailing and best wishes to everyone.

Nigel & Jane Richardson, Hazlewood, Carrick Castle, Loch Goil, Argyll PA24 8AF.

Boy Racers

Many thanks for the November News. I find it very impressive and of great interest. I really like the traditional setting, the professional content and the clever sketches and humour.

You mentioned that other copies may be available and I was hoping that I could have another one to send to my cousin Ken in North Wales. He owned a 'Morecombe Bay Prawner' and we used to sail the Mersey and Liverpool Bay when I was up there. He had it moored in Conway and for a number of years we sailed in the Liverpool 'Nobby' races. We actually won the 1986 race and this was the one that Granada made a programme on. I have an interesting video of it. I am sure Ken would find the 'RHBOA' News of great interest and I enclose a stamped addressed envelope in eager anticipation. Please let me know if there is a cost for this.

You also asked me if there were any other articles. Well there was a little sequel to our Boulogne voyage. But I doubt that it would be worthy of publication. I don't think that it matches the professional input of Carl Bagwell or the humorous and informative articles by John Sivier. However I have enclosed it for your information. You may even know the night watchman at the wharf and I would like to pass on my thanks at least.

Once again, thanks for the efforts in producing a really good publication.

Ron Warburton, 4 Woodbrook Road, Hastings, East Sussex TN34 2DQ.

Red Flags



The Range Officer informed the meeting of the fact that the local council was flying a large red flag to warn bathers of dangerous sea conditions/no bathing allowed. The Range Officer was being inundated with telephone calls as the locals thought it was a Range Danger Flag.



The Chairman stated he would contact the council and discuss the matter with a view of coming to an agreement over the matter.

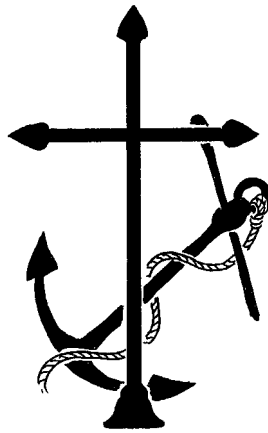
from the minutes of the Fisheries Liaison meeting on 13th January 2001

Clive Wall (1937 - 2001)

If Clive Wall had been given the choice between an obituary in *'The Times'* or in *'Rye's Own'*, he would have chosen *'Rye's Own'*. As schoolboys, Jim Hollands, Mervyn Robbins and Clive Wall were inseparable. Many Ryers will have fond memories of *'The Penny Cinema'* these three local rascals used to organise at the back of the Robbins' house on Udimore Road. And several years later Clive would be one of the founding members of the *'Rye Wheelers'*.

Now suddenly Clive is no longer with us. Shock and disbelief has been everybody's reaction to Clive's unexpected death on Sunday 14th January. He was one of those people who always seemed indestructible...someone who was always around. 'Where's Clive? I saw him at Brede's Moorings half an hour ago. He told me he was off to his workshop.'

And what a workshop! What an Aladdin's cave that was! Clive might have been the inspiration for *'Bob The Builder'*. 'Can Clive fix it? Yes he can!' There are stories too numerous to mention...indeed everybody seems to have one...of Clive fixing their fridge, mending their *'Jabsco'* pump or turning some discontinued brass boat bit on his lathe for them. He loved anything mechanical. He loved to fix things. And he loved explaining how things worked. And not just things, but people and people in groups too.



I am standing on a seashore. A ship spreads her tan sails to the morning breeze and starts for the ocean. She is an object of beauty and I stand watching her 'till at last...at last...she fades on the horizon and someone at my side says, "She is gone."

Gone where?

Gone from my sight, that is all. She is just as large in the mast, hull and spars as she was when I last saw her; just as able to bear her living freight to it's destination. The diminished size and total loss of sight is in me, not in her, and just at that moment when someone at my side says, "She is gone," there are others who are watching and other voices take up the glad shout, "There she comes!"

And that is dying.

Clive was a born storyteller. All over Rye there are people who will remember that twinkle in his eye as his beard began to quiver. This meant Clive had just felt a story coming on. Then he would launch into it. In next to no time he would have the assembled company in fits of laughter. Indeed happiness was Clive's natural state. He loved life and threw himself into it with gusto.

Clive Wall (continued)

Clive died young. He was born in 1937 and attended what is now 'Freda Gardham School' before going on to 'Hastings Technical College'. He left school in 1953 and went to work at 'Central Garage' on Cinque Ports Street, before doing his national service in the RAF between 1956-58.

In the RAF his principal achievement appears to have been starting up England's first ever pirate radio station...receiving the first of several reprimands from 'authority' for his trouble. It seems that the 'powers that be' had no arguments with the programming...but were less than happy about his use of the RAF's own flight channels! How irritated they would have been had they known that forty years later the family would nickname their 'little man with the big boots' 'Brigadier Gubbins' ... after the leader of their revered Bletchley Park 'Enigma Project'.

After demob...Clive always called it that...he went to work with 'J. Hollands & Sons'...a TV business on Cinque Ports Street in Rye. There are several different versions of what happened in the mid-sixties but the end result was that 'Rediffusion' bought out 'J. Hollands & Sons' and Clive started his own business as the proprietor of a small Radio & TV shop on Ferry Road. It served its purpose well, for it was here he met Anne Eastland who had moved to Rye from Harrow in North London. Clive and Anne married in 1974 and with marriage came responsibility and mortgages so Clive went to work, first for 'Hotpoint', and then for 'Whirlpool', retiring in 1992 at the age of 55.

Most Ryers will remember Clive. They may remember him from the early 70s repairing their TV or radio. Or they might know him from his salaried years when he would fix their washing machine or their spin dryer. It did not really matter to Clive whether it was some Victorian monstrosity that managed to evade the Luddites or some new-fangled gadget coming off the world's post-war production lines, whatever it was, if something in the home had gone wrong, Clive would fix it.

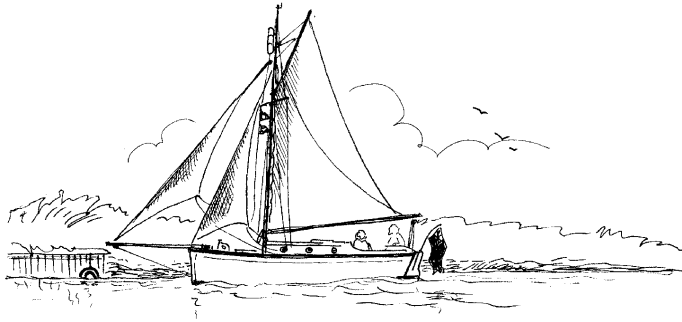
Many people will remember Clive from the water strike in the mid-80s. Clive did not approve of the strike...and nor did Jimper. It was one of the snowiest winters ever, but each evening after work Clive and Jimper and other volunteers would trudge out with buckets of water to make sure that no old people in Winchelsea Beach went without water. On at least two occasions Clive & Jimper went out in appalling conditions to repair the water mains which 'Southern Water's' pickets had deliberately broken.

Apart from his work Clive had three other great loves in his life. The first was his wife, his home and his family. Clive and Anne were so happy together that they were known around the town as 'Clivenanne' ...pronounced as all one word. Many people have warmed themselves at 'Tangleweed's' wood-burning stove on Sea Road in Winchelsea Beach. Conviviality seemed to be built into the very walls and rafters of the place.

Clive Wall (continued)

The second love, particularly during the early years of adult life, was photography. This he followed with a passion that only others with a 'passion for something' can ever truly understand. In the 1960s, as *'Rye's Own'* can bear witness, the *'Rye Movie Society'* won the *'Sussex Best Film of the Year'* award for three consecutive years...an unprecedented achievement. Clive was the mover and shaker behind this success. After retiring, this passion expanded to encompass 'engineering' of many other kinds. There was nothing that Clive could not, and would not, fix. Always, somewhere in his workshop, would be 'just the thing'. And how difficult it was to pay Clive for his work!

The third great love of his life was boating. It was here he came closest to gaining celebrity status when in 1996 he bought his gaff-cutter *'Goblin'* from Peter Skellern...and yes, *'Goblin'* was, and still is, a lady. What good news it is to hear that Anne intends to keep *'Goblin'* and continue to sail her out into Rye Bay and over to Eastbourne...just like *'Clivenanne'* have always done.



But Clive's boating went deeper than being merely a private hobby. Clive cared deeply about boating as a way of life and never stopped campaigning to ensure that the people of Rye would never forget their maritime heritage. Clive believed that Rye should hold her head up high and be proud of being the home of the *'Rye Mudlarks'*.

Clive hated pomposity and could not abide arrogance. Anybody foolish enough to pull rank with Clive would eventually end up on their face in Rye mud...toppled by their own momentum. Politically, Clive was no fool and was always underestimated by his political opponents. He would get mad...and then he would get even. Yet he was never one to bear a grudge. He might hate the message but he would seldom feel the need to shoot the messenger. Once Clive had made you his friend, you would stay his friend...however much he might disagree with you. Indeed after the shock of hearing about his death, the first thought that most people had was, 'What a good friend Clive was!'

Clive Wall (continued)

Clive will be missed by all of us privileged to have known him as a friend. Our thoughts and prayers go out to his wife Anne and to his children Louisa, Matthew and Michael. His was a good life and one for which it could truly be said 'He loved God and loved his Neighbour'.

But of one thing we can be sure. There cannot be much doubt who that little fellow is, up there with the twinkling eyes and the quivering beard, busy sorting out the squeaky hinge on the pearly gates. Let us hope that St. Peter has the good sense to let him get on with it. If he tries to tell him what to do, he will be told in no uncertain terms that 'I will fix it...and I'll do it myself!'



Meanwhile back down on Earth, on the banks of the River Brede, there is a house called 'Tangleweed'.

In the back garden is a newly planted eucalyptus tree. Beneath the tree is a plaque. On it are inscribed the words: 'Brigadier Gubbins'. That would have amused Clive.

Why not sit there yourself one day? You might just feel a story coming on.

prepared by Peter Etherden for the February 2001 issue of 'Rye's Own'

RHBOA Donation In Memory of Clive Wall

5th February 2001

Please accept my most sincere apologies for not writing to acknowledge receipt of your most generous donation sooner. On behalf of the 'Royal National Lifeboat Institution' I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for your generous donation of £ 25.

It is donations, like yours that enable the 'Institution' to carry out its life saving duties. During 1999, provisional figures show that a total of 5973 Lifeboat launches took place (3685 (61.7%) of these launches were made by Inshore Lifeboats) enabling the 'Institution' to save a total of 1009 lives.

Yours faithfully

S. M. Tollett, 7 Main Road, Rye Harbour, East Sussex TN31 7TP.

Clive Wall & Rye Harbour Boat Owners Association

In 1991 Clive and Anne took over 'Brede's Moorings' and soon turned it into the social centre of Rye's little boating world. They owned the moorings for four years before selling the lease and concentrating their energy and enthusiasm on the 'Rye Harbour Boat Owners Association'.

From 1992 to 1995, Anne was Treasurer and Clive served on the committee of the association. He was voted in as Chairman at the AGM in 1995, when Dusty Miller announced his retirement, and held the post for a year before harbour politics exasperated him to the point of despair and he resigned. But to his credit, he picked himself up, dusted himself off and bounced right back. Clive always bounced back.

He was very active once again in boat owner affairs at the time of his death. Only a few months previously he had been lambasting the local police authority for failing to prevent boat theft in Rye...and making sure the local newspaper knew all about it. And just the day before he died, he told 'RHBOA's' acting chairman how much he was looking forward to 'some fun and games', as he liked to put it, at the next committee meeting.

As chairman of 'RHBOA' Clive fought for two things. The first was to get value for money for his members. To Clive it was quite clear. His members forked out three quarters of the costs of Rye Harbour and his job was to see they got some return for their money.

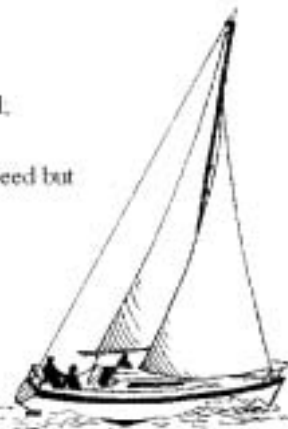
The second was to insist that if something needed fixing then it should be 'us' and not 'them' who should do it. This 'Rye approach' to the world of public affairs was in sharp contrast to the 'why haven't they done it?' attitude of the time and inevitably put him on a collision course with 'authority' in whatever guise it came.

The Perfect Yacht

The perfect yacht must be:
light enough to be driven easily by a moderate wind,
stiff enough to stand up to her canvas in a blow,
shallow enough to be easily docked and to run at speed but
deep enough to hold her up to windward;
long enough to reach well but
short enough to turn easily to windward;
low so as not to hold too much wind with
plenty of freeboard to keep the sea off her decks.
In short she must be:

broad, narrow, long, short,

stiff, tender, high and low.



Whither Calidris?

Please find cheque enclosed for £8 - subs for Inga Chapman and John Chapman. What excellent value for money your newsletter is. Although we often receive it several months later than the publication date it's always nice to hear of the 'goings on' in the Harbour and of the people who use it. The improvements are great.

We are currently on the other side of the Atlantic, having crossed from the Canaries to Antigua January 1999. The first summer was spent cruising to Bermuda, then the Chesapeake and up to Maine. The latter being an especially beautiful cruising ground. Wintertime - 'Calidris' was berthed in the City Dock Annapolis where we experienced our first snowfall for five years. In Summer 2000 we cruised Maine and Nova Scotia spending some time in the Bras Dor Lakes.

Now we have exchanged pine trees for palm trees and are temporarily based in the British Virgin Islands, one of the best cruising grounds in the world. Future plans are undecided. Where should we go next? Trinidad? Venezuela? Or the Western Caribbean? We'll keep you posted. Best wishes for 2001. May the weather in the UK be better than last year.

Inga Chapman, s/y Calidris Alba, Tortola, British Virgin Islands 3rd January 2001

RHBOA's Colour Magazine

RHBOA's committee looked at the question of colour for 'RHBOA's magazine when the editorship changed hands a year ago. Their conclusion was that with a membership of 200 and a sub of £ 8 colour could not be accommodated within a £ 1000 annual budget. So instead colour was kicked upstairs onto the website where it is effectively free...although at some stage the association will have to face up to a web hosting charge of £ 10 per month...our website is at 'www.rhboa.co.uk'.

However there are ways to bring in more colour to 'RHBOA's quarterly magazine. Increasing membership would be one way. But the current hand-crafted production method, despite the extensive use of digital and mechanical gadgets, reaches its limit at around 250 copies...after which lots of things need to change including the price.

Three other suggestions are to place a cover price on each issue and sell to non-members; to subsidise colour printing by soliciting donations and to introduce advertising. The potential for advertising is considerable. The success of 'Fixtures', 'Rye Directory' and 'Rye's Own' demonstrate this quite clearly. We have made a start...but we want to keep artistic control and we insist on boatey adverts only.

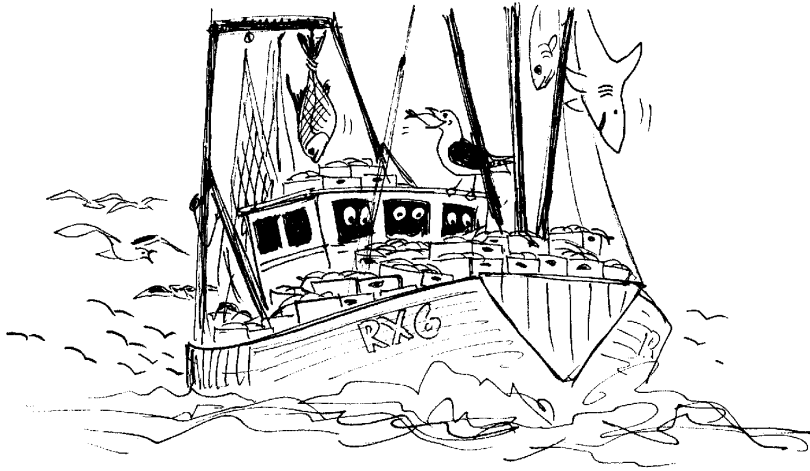
Selling to non-members may start this year but colour is really needed before putting our magazine on public display. We also need to know how we will cope with the level of unexpected demand that 'Rye's Own' experienced over the past year.

Meanwhile if you have any bright ideas or would like to help expand our local publishing empire then 01797 226397 is the number to call.

More Haste Less Speed

Sorry for the delay in sending in my subs. Carried it around with me for 2 weeks hoping to see you or Connie. Have not seen you for months. To make up for any inconvenience caused I have enclosed a copy of a little poem 'we' wrote to celebrate the disfigurement of the 'Wayward Lad'.

Robert Haste, 10 Shirley Drive, St. Leonards-on-Sea, East Sussex TN37 7JW.



Ode To The Wayward Lad

Here we are on the 'Wayward Lad',
Towing a trawl like we always have,
Skipper and crew think 'we're in heaven'
The boat is cut down to 9.97.
I'm sure the 'MAFF' men are happy as well,
The Over 10 logbook has been sheer hell!
Mistakes we have made with areas and weights,
And even with the times and the dates,
Working the areas on a rota,
The worries of fishing to a ***** quota,
Can we catch this? Or how many that?
Can I take one home for the cat??!
Here we are on the 'Wayward Lad'
Towing our trawl like we always have
Now we can land whatever we catch,
We can stack them right up to the hatch,
The skipper & crew think 'we're in heaven'
Now that the boat is cut down to 9.97.

Icebound on the Hudson River

Enclosed is my application and also a photo of the 'Tangaroa' in dry dock (October 2000). I am fully recovered from all illness and am looking forward to a full season...if the weather holds. We are making plans to return to Rye in the spring and look forward to seeing you all. Weather here is very cold and we have two foot of snow on the ground. Not very nice.



My boat is a 1967 Tartan Yawl 27 foot; beam 9 foot; weight 8000 pounds; draws 3 foot with a 3½ foot centreboard which makes it 6½ foot in deep water; enclosed head and nice galley; 4-cylinder inboard universal gas motor. Inside is all teak and mahogany. Sleeps 4 adults. Nice comfortable boat. Of all the boats I have owned this is my favourite. I am considering a jib furling system ('Hood') this year. I am getting too old to be at the forepeak changing sails and am pricing several systems to see which is suitable for my needs. Please keep in touch. Miss you both.

Bill Slack, 49 Susan Drive East, Newburgh, New York 12550-1410.

Scottish Farewell

I have decided to end my membership of 'RHBOA'. Both Alan and I (and now I only) have enjoyed keeping in touch with what goes on in harbour affairs, but I am now planning a move and trying to cut down on various subscriptions.

Mary Maniez, Cedarwood, Inverneill, by Ardrishaig, Argyll PA30 8ES

No Kills

'Mr G Mann, RCO Lydd Ranges stated that there had been 671 challenges over the period resulting in 139 interceptions that resulted in no downtime for the ranges. This is a highly satisfactory situation and a credit to all those involved. The Range Officer confirmed that the close co-operation from all parties was paying dividends.'

from the minutes of the Fisheries Liaison meeting on 13th January 2001

Sivier's Soundings

Cornus Properties' was the title of an obscure Channel Islands-based firm who obtained planning permission some 25 years ago to construct a marina complex on the West Bank of the middle channel upstream of '*Alsford's wharf*'. There was to be a lock giving access to two hundred yacht moorings, together with an up-market housing development including shops and a pub and some wharfage.

The project had a chequered career. It was passed from one bunch of developers to another and ended up by being taken over by John Alsford - just before he went bankrupt and left for Australia. In the meantime, the various potential developers had assaulted the area with a variety of mechanised equipment so as to indicate to the appropriate authorities that work was going on and planning permission should not be allowed to lapse. Apparently developers have to do this once every five years or so to maintain the blight on the area concerned.

One of those through whose hands it passed was one Mr. Goubay from the Isle of Man who turned up at a meeting in 1987 called to discuss a consultant's survey which had been commissioned to identify potential off-river moorings sites around the Harbour. Mr. Goubay's message to the meeting was to dismiss the consultants' report as a waste of time and money because he was about to commence work on his own project which would meet all requirements for off-river moorings in the Harbour of Rye for the foreseeable future. Needless to say, nothing actually happened on the site. And no-one can recall seeing Mr. Goubay in the area since.

At the first meeting of the '*Environment Agency's*' consultative 5-year Management Plan immaculate conception process I found myself sitting at the same table as Dr. Barry Yates the warden of the nature reserve. Dr. Yates told me that when the wharf went into receivership, planning permission for the '*Cornus/Merton/Goubay/Alsford/Rastrums*' marina development site lapsed and was not allowed to be passed to the new wharf owners. The site has subsequently been graded as an SSSI and an area subject to special protection.

But there is cause for some disquiet about the rapid and total environmental embargo imposed on a riparian area of a traditional navigation. Particularly when the Harbour Road side of the river has been designated for industrial development and already has several commercial undertakings bordering the river - including a chemical works and '*ARC's*' scrap heap of rusting yellow '*meccano*' - their legacy to the harbour from their abortive sea gravel extraction operation.

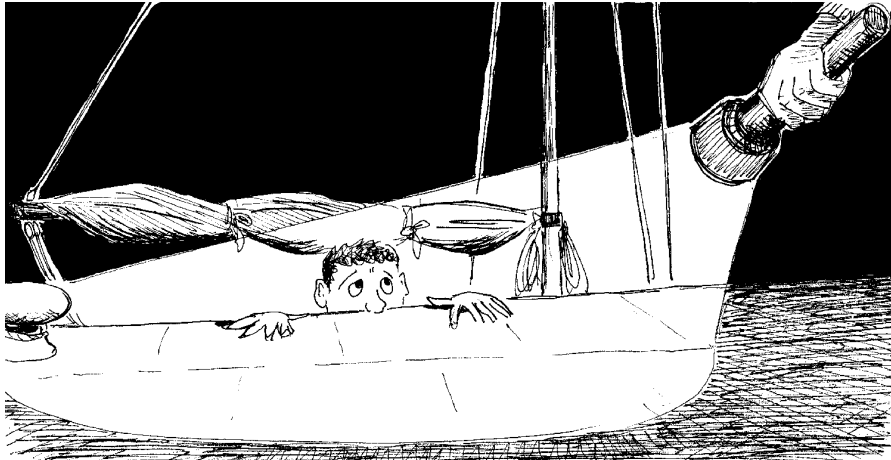
Notice from RHBOA Committee

A subcommittee has been formed to develop boating-friendly development plans for Strand Quay. If you wish to contribute, contact the sub-committee chairman Charles Bronsdon (Tel: 01424 813209). Further details in the next issue.

Return from Boulogne by Ron Warburton

I hadn't entered Rye Harbour in the dark since the early eighties and it all looks so different than it does in the daytime, especially in uncomfortable seas. We were at the end of our eventful trip from blockaded Boulogne and all the way across the barometer had been dropping rapidly and although the wind was not yet fierce the sea state was becoming very lumpy and 'Wake' was rolling from gunwale to gunwale which was wrecking my knee joints as I tried to keep vertical at the tiller.

We were approximately twelve hours behind our planned entry but a bit early for this particular tide and although we were keen to get into the comparative shelter of the river it was difficult to assess if there was enough water yet so the plan was to move slowly as close as we dare and attempt to keep an eye on marks we knew. But at night it isn't easy.



Bill Brydges and Mike in 'Suama' were following us and up to being off Dungeness we had been in radio contact but the batteries on my new hand-held radio were failing and although I could hear him I could not transmit.

I don't know how he managed it but Tom Collinson produced a roast chicken salad and we took it in turns to go below and have it whilst we had time to spare. Tom came up and took the tiller but when I went to eat mine I lost my grip and it shot across the cabin floor before I could catch any of it. I am told that it was very nice. It certainly appeared to be. I had no option but to clean it all up off the skiddy floor because broken limbs at this stage was not what we wanted.

We had decided to keep as close to the red tripod (I thought on the way out why do we call it a tripod when it appears to have four legs) when we made the move to go in because the tide was pushing us to the east, and then we would go up the middle of the river if there was little water.

Return from Boulogne (continued)

We decided to go for it and it was not long before we were travelling at a rate of knots up the river but in more comfortable water. I kept my eye on Bill's masthead light astern but he appeared to turn back as if he had missed the entrance. This concerned me somewhat but there was nothing I could do as we were being pushed up the river by the incoming tide.

As we approached the harbour office I knew Carl would not be there at this time of night to make me do a U-turn as he had done a few weeks earlier when we came in from Eastbourne. It would not be possible to do it at that position this time anyway but I was going to have to stop somewhere as there would not be enough water for me at 'Roger Breeds' Moorings' yet.

I decided to turn in the wider part of the river at the wharf as there appeared to be enough water there to enable us to have a break, I was sure that there would not be any lady skippers delivering ballast at that time of night.

We nosed up to the wharf, made fast and everything became peaceful all at once. The conditions out there had played havoc with my knees and I was convinced that I had lost two inches in height. But I was still able to peer over the top of the wharf, only to see a torchlight approaching us. It was the night watchman. 'You can't berth here. It's private,' he said on his arrival.

I almost laughed. We had been out there for hours. Tom was wet through. I had dropped my supper. I was two inches shorter. And now we were being moved on. I politely, I think, explained that it was a Rye boat, that we had just crossed the channel and were waiting for more water at Bridge Point. 'Oh right, I'll put the floodlights on for you then,' he replied.

Now that was a really nice gesture and we were grateful as we could tidy up a bit and enjoy our tea in the almost pleasant rain that was now falling. I looked down river and I saw 'Suama's' mast headlight approaching so all appeared to be well.

However there was one more minor item, which came to light the following day. I had noticed that the engine did not seem to have much power and when she dried out on her berth I found a tangled mess of rope or net around the propeller. It looked like a vulture's nest. It was a wonder that we could have moved at all. So really with hindsight we had been quite lucky. Also at the rate I was shrinking I was beginning to fit the cabin of my boat which had a bit less than standing headroom.

Spot The Mistake

*Which official
publication
recently reported
spotting this new
species of
moth at the
Rye Harbour
Nature
Reserve?*



Cast Away II

monitored by Ray Battersby

Bill was a business consultant and finally decided to take a holiday. He booked himself on a Caribbean cruise and had the time of his life - until the boat sank. He was swept onto the shore of an island with no other people, no supplies; nothing but bananas and coconuts.

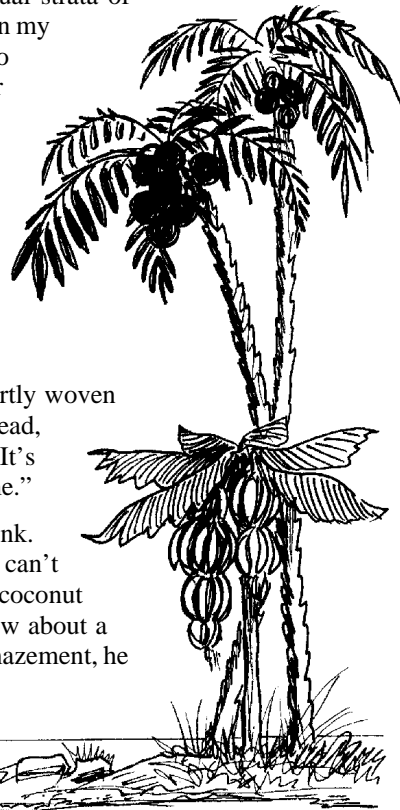
Four months later, he was lying on the beach when the most gorgeous woman he had ever seen rowed up to him in a dinghy. In disbelief, he asked, "Where did you come from? How did you get here?" "I rowed from the other side of the island," she said. "I landed here when my cruise ship sank." "Amazing," replied Bill, "you were really lucky to find a dinghy." "Oh, this?" replied the woman. "I made it myself from materials I found on the island. I whittled the oars from gum tree branches. I wove the bottom from palm branches and the sides and transom came from a Eucalyptus tree."

"But, but, that's impossible," stuttered Bill. "You had no tools or hardware. How did you manage?" "Oh, that was no problem," the woman smiled. "On the south side of the island, there's a very unusual strata of alluvial rock exposed. I found that if I fired it in my kiln to a certain temperature, it melted into forgeable ductile iron. That's what I used for the tools and to make the hardware.

"Bill was totally stunned and when the woman offered to row him over to her place, he agreed. After a few minutes they arrived at a small wharf and as Bill turned to look ashore, he nearly fell out of the boat. A stone path led to an exquisite bungalow painted in blue and white.

The woman moored the dinghy with an expertly woven hemp rope while Bill could only stare ahead, dumbstruck. They walked into the house. "It's not much," she said casually, "but I call it home."

They sat down and she offered to fix Bill a drink. "No, no, thank you," he replied, still dazed. "I can't take any more of that coconut juice." "It's not coconut juice," the woman replied. "I have a still. How about a Pina Colada?" Trying to hide his continued amazement, he accepted and they sat down on her sofa.



Cast Away II (continued)

After exchanging their stories, the woman said, "Why don't you take a shower and a shave while I slip into something more comfortable? You'll find a razor upstairs in the bathroom cabinet."

No longer questioning anything, Bill opened the bathroom cabinet where he found a razor with a bone handle. Two shells honed to a hollow ground edge were attached via a metal swivelling mechanism. "Wow!" he thought, "this woman's amazing. Whatever next?"

When he returned downstairs, she was already on the sofa wearing nothing but vines - strategically positioned - and smelling faintly of gardenias. She beckoned him to sit next to her. "Tell me," she began, "we've both been out here alone for a really long time." She slithered a little closer to him. "You've been very lonely. There's something I'm sure you really feel like doing right now..."

She slithered even more suggestively towards Bill. "Something you've been longing to do for all those months. You know..." She stared into his eyes. Bill couldn't believe what he'd heard. "You mean...", he swallowed excitedly, "I can actually check my emails from here?"

RHBOA Social Calendar 2001

Eastbourne Rally

We've normally been to Boulogne twice by Easter-time. But everything's running six weeks late this year. So we sail to Eastbourne Marina on Saturday 26th May. Good high tides (3.5) at 2 am and 2 pm so take your choice. Evening meal in the clubhouse and 10% discount if enough members go.

Barbeque - Saturday 4th August
Laying-up Supper - Saturday 27th October

Boulogne Rally

We will be off to Boulogne on Saturday 9th June, hopefully in better weather conditions than previous years. Depart an hour before dawn at 0300 on a 3.4 tide for breakfast in the shipping lanes and the Old Town for lunch. Leave Boulogne at dawn on Sunday for the 3 pm tide in Rye. We can travel in convoy for anybody wishing to make it their first crossing.



*For further details contact Stuart Pope on (01797) 230380.
Also check RHBOA's 'Herald' page at www.rhboa.co.uk close to the event.*

Resurrection by Guy Willson (continued)

The story so far. In the last issue of RHBOA's quarterly magazine Guy told the story of how he had chanced across a little vessel in a gravel pit on Castle Waters. We pick up the story after he has persuaded a local joiner, Chris-the-Coop (Chris Cooper) to allow him to do the work on his land on the salts behind Jempson's Yard. Chris' one condition was that Guy 'kept at it'. This, of course, he was wont to do.

Generally she was in sturdy condition and clearing and scraping away crud and grot was quickly achieved. A few new planks had to be made and I cut some frames from compass or 'grown' timber...for readers new to wooden boats, this is wood that grows round corners...as well as steaming some new ribs as well. A new dagger board casing was made and fitted together with a rudder and a standing lugsail rig with a jib set flying over a tiny foredeck. She was finally finished with varnished topsides and white underneath.

After school my daughter Paiwa and her friends would charge across the field to meet me as the steam box percolated, softening the prepared oak ribs inside. Keenly separating to their tasks of dollying, riveting and rooving the copper nails through the ribs as I bent them into the hull against the planking.



Drill, drive the nail-dolly outside, roove iron, cut and rivet. Toiling with me for a good few hundred before we were through. Larger nails for the grown frames. The hull now had a more solid 'ring' when you tapped it rather than a dull thud.

Naming a boat

monitored by Peter Jobling

Bad luck will befall those who rename a vessel; launch a vessel without a name and then name her when she is afloat, give their boat a name that begins with 'A'; name their vessel after a reptile or after a boat that has sunk.



Resurrection by Guy Willson (continued)

Scandinavian boats, like their Viking forebears tended to have wider planks with sturdier frames spaced much further apart than present day English clinker; this being made possible by giving extra strength by having a garboard (first plank on the keel) angled at about 30° to the keel with the rest of the hull planking forming slack bilges rising to the sheer which is usually well pronounced at the ends. Most of these kind of boats were double-ended but ours had a transom.

Sussex beach boats are at the other extreme and have very full bilges carried at the ends to a flared and full forefoot to give maximum buoyancy in the surf with a full load (of fish nets and crew). The Scandinavian boats tend to be fast and very seaworthy with a simple design pedigree going back virtually unchanged to about 600AD. Nordic boats were often made totally of pine, normally selected with a dense grain like pitch pine for strength. The wood is usually resinous and this gives it better durability.

The oak had indeed deteriorated but the pine remained healthy though dry. Having scraped off all the old crud and varnish with an old plane blade we fed her with a merciful and gratefully received helping of linseed oil mixed with a little turps which brought a flush to her bilges and actually gave her a decidedly newish look. After some time paint and varnish were applied outside the hull.

The original dagger board casing was probably guilty of letting in the water causing her to sink. So I replaced it with one I made out of some diesel-soaked marine ply recovered from the rubbish heap with Clive Wall's blessing at 'River Brede Moorings'. These were cut and spaced with oak through-fastened with copper nails finally fastened to the keel and thwart



It worked a treat with an aluminium dagger board giving a draught of 3ft. The rudder was made up of an off-cut of ash for the tiller. The cheeks on either side of the rudder blade, were cut from the branch of an oak blown down in the 'Storm of '87', and the rudder blade itself from an oak table top which was awaiting disposal after an attic clear-out by my father.

I would point out though that rudder blades do need pins drilled through them to beef them up for the task or we might find the rudder falling apart at an embarrassing moment. This was duly done and it was soon swinging on its pintles. The total finishing used up two litres of varnish, one litre of primer and one of brilliant white gloss for the undersides. The tiny foredeck and hatch were painted blue...later a new deck was laid and the hatch removed.

Resurrection by Guy Willson (continued)

Her name 'Shiloh' was carved out of a piece of rosewood and the letters painted in gold and white. All agreed she really did look a treat. Little else was needed to make her seaworthy, save to stow her gear. Anchor, ropes oars, etc., were laid under her thwarts. She was trailed to the nearby Brede river and launched. There was a lemonade launching party for the children and they were soon aboard and rowing up-stream to her new temporary berth outside Clive Wall's back garden! Now we had to work on the rig.

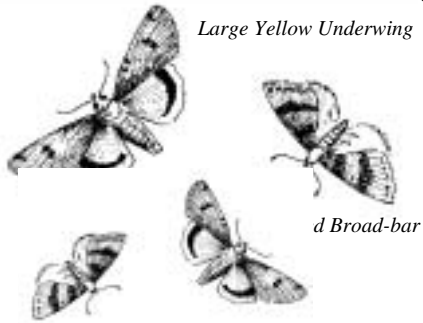
'Shiloh' was now simply begging for a rig. Since her launch the children with various friends, had rowed her up and down the river and even used the 'Seagull' outboard as well. Finally I drew up plans for a standing lugsail rig with a jib. Traditional rigs usually have a low aspect ratio...this being the sail plan spread low fore and aft rather than a high tower of sail with shorter footage and boom length. This was felt to be better for a narrow boat like ours.



The mast came from an old naval whaler, courtesy of the sea-cadets, which had lain redundant since the boat met its demise. This had to be reduced considerably in size and with much joy I discovered that the stick was Oregon pine and totally free of knots. A boom and yard were also prepared. The sail was converted by my wife Marijke out of the original whaler sail. The lofting was done on the school playground and the cutting and sewing done by her at home.

News from Rye Nature Reserve

At the 'Rye Harbour Nature Reserve' last summer the annual moth trapping project identified 43 species of moth (compared to 89 species the previous year). These included an 'Oblique Shaped Moth' that had managed to wing it across the Channel from France...and the notorious 'Lime Spec Pug'.



There is an old boat builders maxim of 'if it looks right 'tis right" and we felt this when we prepared the sail and were confident enough to cut it and I followed this up by sewing in the boltrope, cringles and reefing points. I made some single-sheave blocks from odd pieces of teak which I got from a garden furniture manufacturer in Rye and these laid out and set up for the mainsheet, halyards and downhaul.

The mast of a lugger is unstayed and this simplified the rig for construction as well as for handling. Belaying pins were carved for the halyards and fitted in place. The last thing being the fitting of the bilge pump to replace the bailer and we were ready for our first sail.

After the trials in which some adjustments were made to her rigging, we took 'Shiloh' out for a few miles into Rye Bay and were not disappointed by our labours. Each wave lapped under her clinker lands and her bow rose to meet each with relish, only the barest hint of spray coming over the gunwales. The children were a little apprehensive of steering at first but soon got the hang of it.

The sail plan turned out to be very well balanced giving just the right amount of weather helm. 'Shiloh' gave a gentle surge as the sails filled and she made good way at about four knots. The dagger board was very effective at reducing our leeway although we needed to back the jib on the windward sheet to go about unless it was handled at speed.

'Shiloh' was a great success and we were delighted all round. The wind increased to about force five and Dungeness power station was only about three or four miles away so reluctantly we turned around and headed back to our berth. By the time we were halfway the wind was increasing and we reached across it passing the 'tripod' and re-entering the harbour. The children are looking forward to the 1993 season with much glee and avasting noises. All this for £192 (including the 'Seagull'). Not bad for a freebee!

This is the second episode from a two-part article that first appeared in 1992...when River Brede Moorings were run by Clive & Anne Wall. The first instalment was in RHBOA Number 92 published in November 2000.

British Waterways plc

British Waterways is seeking a partner to own and develop property interests along 2000 miles of canals. The move would finance economic regeneration around neglected inland waterways. Up until now the agency has relied on government funding and the *'National Lottery'*. But now it will be able to generate cash from two other sources: a joint venture with *'Marconi'*, which has put 500 miles of cable under the towpaths, generating £ 6million to £ 7 million a year, and the water grid from which it sells excess water. However its property assets, valued at £ 300 million, are expected to produce far greater value over time.

Prospective bidders include leisure developers and housebuilding companies hoping to cash in on the attractions of waterside living. *'British Waterways'* will consider buying in additional land near its sites if it is needed to make development commercially viable. *'British Waterways'* said that many of the developments might ultimately be sold or rented on long leases. Disused and derelict waterside land is considered suitable for marinas, shops, pubs, restaurants and housing.

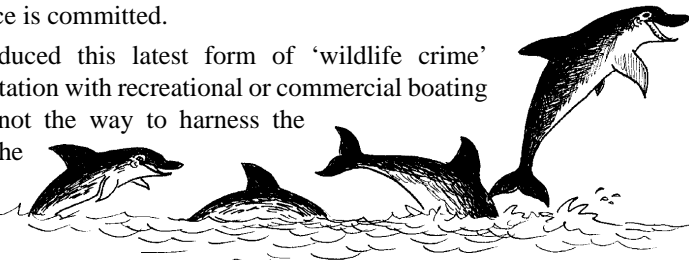
'British Waterways' is being advised by *'King Sturge'*, property consultants, and by *'N. M. Rothschild'*, investment bank. *'British Waterways'* portfolio includes canal fronts within and around London. It became the successor owner of east London waterfront property following the demise of the *'London Docklands Development Authority'* with significant holdings around *'Canary Wharf'*.

Report by Norma Cohen in The Financial Times on 10th March 2001

Legal Protection of Marine Species

The Government recently amended its own *'Countryside and Rights of Way Bill'* (now in force) by adding an isolated marine provision, making 'the intentional or reckless disturbance of a dolphin, whale or basking shark' an offence. Penalties are severe - up to six month's imprisonment, a fine of £5,000, and forfeiture of the boat in which the offence is committed.

Government introduced this latest form of 'wildlife crime' without any consultation with recreational or commercial boating interests. That is not the way to harness the co-operation of the responsible majority of boat users.



In the *'House of Lords'* debate on the Bill, Lord Ambrose Greenway, speaking on behalf of the *'RYA'*, secured an assurance from the Government that '...accidental disturbance of these species will not be an offence; nor will the ordinary navigation of a vessel. If a cetacean seeks out a vessel to ride its bow waves, the vessel would not be committing an offence.'

RYA Magazine Spring 2001

WWF Oceans Recovery Campaign

RYA members, whether under sail or power, will want to be sure that their ordinary cruising activity is not risking harm to vulnerable marine species. The seas around our shores are home to an amazing variety of wildlife but decades of mismanagement, pollution, over-exploitation and harmful development have all led to unprecedented pressures on our marine life. How can the boating public help?

Last summer the 'World Wildlife Fund' (WWF) launched the 'Oceans Recovery Campaign' (ORCA), which draws attention to the multiple threats facing our marine wildlife. As part of 'ORCA', 'WWF' has joined forces with MarLIN (the 'Marine Life Information Network' for Britain and Ireland) to build up a national picture of our marine wildlife.

The survey of 34 species from the bottlenose dolphin to the common starfish take place during 2001. Data collected will help to shape national marine environmental policy and management. 'RYA' members can play a vital role in the 'Sea Life Survey' and 'WWF' would appreciate help during the coming boating season. A colour, waterproof identification card is available from: WWF/UK, Panda House, Weyside Park, Godalming, Surrey GU7 1XR. Tel: 01483 426444. Fax: 01483 426444.

Contact Details

- Find how to identify and record sightings at 'www.marlin.ac.uk/wwf'
 - Sign-up to WWF's internet petition at 'www.e-petitioner.org.uk'
 - Campaign details on the ORCA website at 'www.wwf-uk.org/orca'
- Or call 0845 121 0500 and ask for the ORCA Sea Life Survey pack.*



Sail to Save Project

The 'Whale and Dolphin Conservation Society' (WDCS) is dedicated exclusively to the conservation, welfare and appreciation of whales, dolphins and porpoises (collectively known as cetaceans). The 'WDCS Sail to Save Project' was initiated to raise awareness of the diversity of cetaceans (at least 30 different species), which can be found in European waters.

'WDCS' has produced a full colour A4 waterproof chart to help you make quick identification. Information from 'RYA' members will directly contribute to 'WDCS' efforts to give European whales and dolphins the protection they deserve.

Contact Details

- ♦ Durlston Marine Project: e-mail 'dolphinsightings@hotmail.com'
- ♦ WDCS Project Details at 'www.wdcs.org.uk'
- ♦ Sea Watch Foundation at 'www.marlin.ac.uk/wwf'
- ♦ Or call the Durlston Project on 01929 421111



Rye Spectator

What are the French shipping lanes compared to the dangers of the Winchelsea Road? As many of you know, Connie Lindqvist, our designer and illustrator, was knocked over by a 'hit-and-run' driver, driving down the wrong side of the road, when she left her workshop at 8.30 pm. on Tuesday 27th March. She will be just fine after eight weeks in plaster. But if you know anybody who has any information that might help in our enquiries please call 'RHBOA's' editorial office at 01797 226397.



Ever the true professional, after a three-week hiatus while she checked in and out of the 'Conquest Hospital' and into the 'Rye Memorial Care Centre', Connie took up her pens once more and finished her 'RHBOA' assignment. Can you spot which pictures were drawn before and after the accident?

So many 'RHBOA' members are taking to wheels that we could start a 'RHBOA Wheelers Section'. Chris & Monica Steward cycled over from St Vaast to Barfleurl the other year to say 'hi'. And Helmut Freitag, John Gurney, your magazine editor and John Royle...the sixth RHBOA man on 'HORAC'(?)...have all been spotted riding in Rye on two wheels. Meanwhile down at Rye Harbour there have been regular sightings of Michael Alford boldly pitting muscle power against the fury of a ice-cold easterly sweeping in from Dungeness and points east...like Siberia.

Perhaps now the 'Gossamer Albatross' has shown how to harness muscle power to cycle a plane across the English Channel, 'Rye Eco-Boats' will follow by harnessing wind, wave and tide power into their GRP gentleman cruisers 'from a bygone age'. And why not into the development of the Rother Estuary as well?

But meanwhile, those knowledgeable enough to consult the public records at 'Companies House' on the web, might care to check out 'REB Limited' - Company Number 4199788. As a private limited company, offering shares to the public is against the law but rumours are that 10% of the 120 shares could be acquired at the bargain price of just £1000 each, the most onerous condition being that the shareholders must live within 35 miles of Rye. So if you lost your shirt on the dotcoms, why not save face by investing in the future of your own local economy?

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NOTICE TO MARINERS

No. 1 of 2001

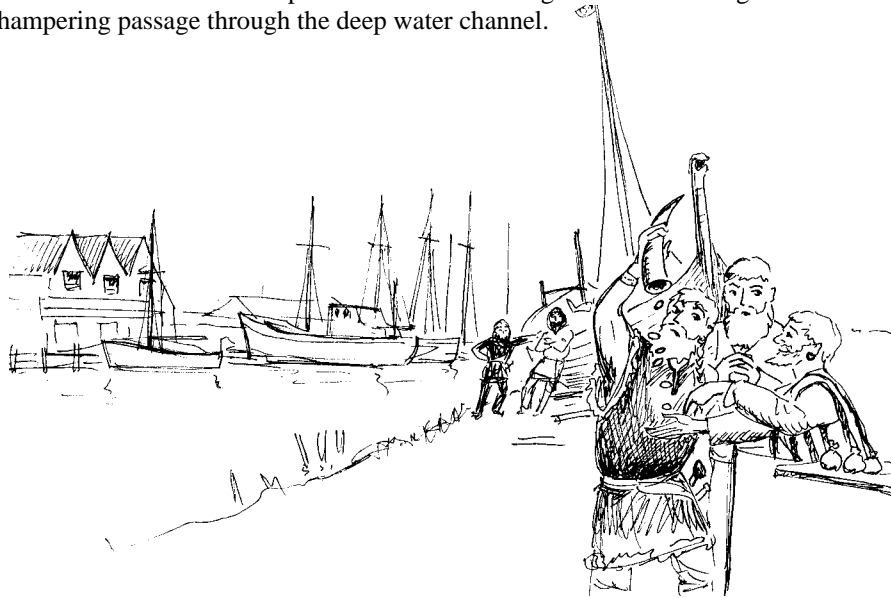
**ENVIRONMENT AGENCY - SOUTHERN REGION
HARBOUR OF RYE**

ROCK CHANNEL - BANK SLIPS

Mariners are advised that bank supporting timbers (marked by beacons) on the south side, Rock Channel have collapsed into the fairway in a number of areas.

Where it has been possible offending timbers have been cropped/removed leaving exposed tops that intrude into the navigation causing an under water hazard. A number of temporary beacons have been sited together with orange and red buoys (Dia. 0.8 metres) marking danger areas.

Extreme caution is to be exercised when navigating the Rock Channel as other, unmarked timbers are expected to move during the forthcoming wet season hampering passage through the deep water channel.



*RHBOA may not agree with opinions expressed in this newsletter
but encourages publication as a matter of public interest.
Nothing printed may be construed as official policy.*

Illustrations © 2002 Connie Lindqvist

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