

**Gravesend Sailing Club**

*The Reach*



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***Winter 2021***

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Right Picture: Sailing at  
the GSC big Sail

Front Cover Picture: The  
Medway Big Sail Team



## **Commodore's Commentary - Harriet Davies-Mullan**

*Editor's Note: Back in 2001 our Commodore Pat Heselden (Wright now) contemplated changing the traditional title of the Codpiece. You can read her meanderings in the online Reach archive, or the hard copy archive at GSC. Pat chose to alternate Cogitations and Chronicles, and then we returned to a Codpiece for a bit. With issue 13, Penny Davies premiered with a Commodore's Cacophony. Harriet was given full choice, and all the information. She has chosen to write a Commentary.*

Wow what a season. Despite all of the challenges thrown at G.S.C we've managed a lot including a new flagship downriver event to Chatham Dockyard, the 2021 Duck Supper, a new club galley and a significant number of new and involved members. Our sailing, training and social events have been fundamental to a lot of us, as we seek normality during another strange 9 months.

We've also reinvigorated the relationship with the Gravesend Sea Cadets and enjoyed getting them out for a sail in September using the RYA Fevas. The Sea Cadets have reciprocated with support for safety during events, much like the MVS. We're looking to have a few more Sea Cadet events next year, particularly to celebrate their 80th anniversary.

A warm welcome to our newest members. I hope you have enjoyed your first season getting to know everyone and finding your place amongst the G.S.C. team. As you may have already seen, many hands make light work and a full and varied programme so please do get involved wherever you can.

We've had some brilliant publicity, with a number of articles appearing in Kent Messenger, Yachts and Yachting and on the RYA website.

In addition, there has been a significant amount of behind the scenes work to keep our club covid safe as well as defend against the proposed development at Albion Wharf. As part of this, I have found myself trying to capture why we are such an asset to Gravesham (and further!). Amongst my many musings I find myself regularly thankful that we foster an environment of inclusivity and no judgement, where everyone and not everything is valued and welcomed. Long may this continue.

I've enjoyed my first 9 months as Commodore, through many many outstanding events, as well as a number of challenging situations. It's a privilege to be part of such a community and support network.

Enjoy the winter months, make the most of having some time off the water (if applicable) as next year we are set to return with a jam packed programme to make the most of our unique club at the gateway to the Thames.

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Thank you to Graham Steele and Richard Twyman for proofreading this edition of the reach before it went to print. If you'd like to join the proofreading team, please get in touch!

If you'd like your copy of the Reach in a larger print format, or a different print format please ask. We'll even try and provide an audio version if anyone really wants on. Speaking of audio, has anyone tried the #talkoftheThames podcast? Fancy writing a review?



## **Editor's Ripple - Charlotte Griffiths**

You may have noticed a change in style for the Ripple in the last Reach. Like many of you, my working life was significantly affected by Covid-19, and work events became more pressing, so a huge thank you to Chris Steer for stepping into the breach, and editing the last Reach. Although the pandemic continues, I'm back for now - and what a mix of articles we have in this Reach. I'm pleased to see that despite everything, people have managed to go sailing - at least the outside nature of sailing means that all those nasty Covid bearing droplets have mostly been blown away from Gravesend Sailors. It's hard to think the whole thing started with us cancelling the quiz night in case it turns into a super-spreader event - a decision that has surely been vindicated.

So, lets continue to remain vigilant, and if we have another lockdown this Winter, I look forward to receiving all your articles, written no-doubt as you read the excellent book 'Vaxxers', by Dr Cath Green, very much a relation of John and Val - see details on page 20.

## **Publicity Updates - Liz James**

You can't have missed that the role of GSC publicity officer has been reinstated. Liz has been doing a fabulous job at improving our profile. If you haven't already, follow us on Instagram and Facebook. Send Liz any suitable snippets or pictures. Liz has also got the committee's approval to start ordering GSC merchandise again, so start thinking about what you want. More stalwart members will remember the halcyon days of car parking permits, ties, hoodies, t-shirts, pin badges, baseball caps and more!

## Persona Inter Alia - Val Green

Well, despite the virus restrictions, we have had a good year for new members. We were not able to hold an Open Day this year but managed to hold several smaller events throughout the summer, which proved very popular. As usual members, both cruiser and dinghy sailors have certainly rallied round to provide a range of sailing opportunities for all who were interested.

We do try very hard to follow the maxim of Rule 1.2: **'The Club is for the encouragement of amateur sailing'** and it is very pleasing that so many members take this on board and are always willing to give advice and encouragement to less experienced sailors, in whatever way they can.

Lester and Laetia Hawksby bought *Humbug* (yes..she used to be a Gravesend boat!) and have been sailing her from Queenborough this year. We do hope to see her in Gravesend next season.

Robert and Victoria Arnold are hoping to buy a boat in the future but as they are not very experienced sailors they have taken every opportunity to get afloat with other members. Robert has been sailing on several cruisers to give him an idea of what they might buy.

Sadie Thomson-Ashworth and Tom Barnes have bought *Green Dragon* and have been working really hard during the year to get her ready to sail next year. They have certainly learned a lot about diesel engines!

Malcolm Trevor has bought *Tadorna*, a Snapdragon 26, and now has one of our deep water moorings. He's been very willing to take out old and new members as he gets

to know these waters.

Toby Withers came down to find out about the Club and has now bought a dinghy, *Nixie*.

Tom Horwood has bought a very distinctive small yellow cruiser, aptly named *Mellow* and will put her on a half tide mooring next year.

New members Suzanne Anderson, Toby Simmonds, James Pinkstone, Mark Mochan, Susan Dhanjee and Josh Firestone have all enjoyed both dinghy and cruiser trips and are raring to get more experience next year. So if you are ever short of a crew do advertise the fact on the WhatsApp group.

John Williams has bought a Squib (a keelboat), *True Blue*. Might be some interesting racing next season.

But there is always a down side and I am sorry to report the deaths of some members in the last twelve months.

Sheila Bradshaw died towards the end of July. Her husband Keith joined the Club in 1991 and Sheila became a member in 1998. They owned the cruiser *Wake*, which is still owned by a Club member. In recent years they enjoyed attending our social events, especially the Christmas lunch, and did manage a short visit earlier this year to watch some sailing.

Peter Taylor joined the Club in 1980 and had the River Thames in his blood. His working life was spent on the river as a lighterman, as was his father, and so he had a very detailed knowledge of these waters which he was very willing to share with members. He joined a group of

other ex- rivermen in the Club, John Green, Terry Griggs and Bill Hills and they would often swap anecdotes and videos of the old ways. Bill maintains that he introduced Peter to the Club, getting him hooked on sailing. He sailed his cruiser *Enliven*, often singlehanded, along the length of the Thames and around the creeks and rivers of the East coast. Members would often bump into him in Stangate Creek. John and I (Val) had a few phone calls from him when he spotted *Dee Gee* off Broadstairs, where Peter's son has a home. He helped during the rowing regatta off the promenade, manning our safety boat for them. He always took part in the Gravesham Thames Trophy race to London, even if not competing, and if he did compete often won the B class race. In the last few years he moved *Enliven* to Lower Halstow and his sons will now be sailing her. So look out for *Enliven* in the estuary. Peter was a perfect gentleman who was always calm and considerate and never had a bad word to say about anyone. He will be much missed.

Pat Robb had been a Club member since 1988, sailing with Chris Cook on *Prion*. They were very keen 'Creek Week' sailors as well as often joining other members sailing around the East Coast and to Holland. Pat very much enjoyed the social side of the Club and was an active member of the Social Committee and was also Editor of the Gravesend Reach for many years. She could always be relied on at Open Days, greeting potential members and making them welcome. She was also a very active member of the GSC Sailability group, acting as Secretary for many years and worked hard to raise

money from many sources, to provide equipment to help the less able to get on to the water - including the hoist demonstrated by Pat and Chris in the picture. She would have been pleased at the new plans the Club has to revitalise the group so we can continue to provide easier access. Both Pat and Chris were very keen bird watchers and gardeners. Their home in Hartley has a lovely garden which they once opened to the public for charity.



This will be the last membership article I write for the Reach. Time for the oldies to step down to make way for younger blood! I've enjoyed every moment of it and hope the new membership secretary does too. Remember the sooner you pay your subs the easier the job is!

## **Medway Big Sail** by Liz James

You may be forgiven for thinking that Chatham Marina is just a short trip down the A2, however for those of you that fancy a challenge how about getting there under sail! On Saturday 3rd July, Gravesend Sailing Club embarked on its first Medway Big Sail. In true British Summertime style the sun remained behind numerous large ominous looking clouds. As skippers and crews undertaking the sail, posed for the inevitable publicity shot (as on the front cover!) they then made their way

to their crafts. Seven cruisers took to the water and following the itinerary to the second, hoisted sails, readied Go-pros and cameras and were off. All headed towards the Thames Estuary the plan being to pick up the tide to carry them up the Medway to Chatham Marina, where their berths awaited them. The GSC fleet consisted of a number of different cruisers crewed by visitors, owners, friends and newcomers. The boats ranged in size; from a Sun Odyssey 32, the largest yacht at the club, to the smallest, a Pandora 22. But size didn't matter on Saturday as all valiantly sailed, some flying their spinnakers and whizzing ahead, whilst others opted for a more sedate trip, birdwatching and seal spotting along the way. Upon entering the Medway the wind decided to make the rest of the journey really rather interesting with gusts suddenly whirling around the yachts. The fleet were soon heeling over and whilst it had repeatedly been agreed upon that this was not a race those thoughts were soon flung overboard as *Just Nimbus*, *Lady Gray*, *Chodo*, *Silver Dolphin*, *Kadissa*, *Zulu* and *Four Bells* all jostled for first place. Huge congratulations to *Lady Gray* as the unofficial victor! After seven hours on the water and tackling the complexities of the lock, the fleet received a warm welcome at Chatham Marina. Once all the cruisers were berthed, Harriet our commodore produced a vast array of drinks and the evening was spent chatting, watching England in the Euros and swapping stories about everyone's epic sail! GSC's first Medway sail was such a success that it's already been calendared as an annual event. Remembering of course, that it is not a race!!!

And finally a huge thank you to Paul Robbins for organising this superb event.

## **Extract from Letters to my Mum** by James Gray

(My mother is currently in a nursing home. With the current restrictions, the only way to communicate with her is by phone, which is impossible due to her deafness, or by letter. Every so often, a paragraph in a letter strikes me as appropriate for the club newsletter.)

... Going down to work on the boat is quite time consuming.

I went down on Sunday just to move a cabin heater from *Black Sheep* to *Greylag*. *Greylag* is moored next to Roy's boat; so as I was aboard, Roy (Turner) and I discussed liftout, and the state of the basin, and the state of the sailing club, and the round the world yacht race and quite a few other things.

I collected my tools and walked around to the other side of the basin where *Black Sheep* is - quite a long walk: clamber over Roy's boat, across the yard, through a locked gate, along the road, round the corner, through another locked gate and along a pontoon. While I was working on the heater, there was a knock on the hull - Caroline Richardson, from *Fresh Start* next door. We discussed liftout, the state of her boat, the state of my boat, her plans for next year and quite a few other things.

Then I realised I didn't have all the right tools with me, so walked all the way around the basin to *Greylag* to pick up a selection of spanners, then back around again to *Black Sheep*. I managed this without stopping to talk to anybody! But when back on *Black Sheep*, Peter the Painter came by; we discussed his current job, the joys

of commuting to London, the state of my boat, and quite a few other things.

Finally transporting the heater to *Greylag* took two more return journeys all the way round the basin through both locked gates and across Roy's boat. By striding purposefully, I managed to avoid being waylaid by Caroline who was in the yard and looked ready for another chat.

I wanted to remove a large mattress/cushion from *Greylag* and take it home for drying, so I managed to manhandle it out of *Greylag*'s hatch, over Roy's cabin-top, across the yard and through the locked gate to my car. As I was grappling with it to get it into the boot, another member, Sarah-Jane Hutchinson parked up. We had a long chat. We discussed lockdown and the rules, her job in the NHS, availability of vaccine, and quite a few other things. While doing so, Caroline stopped on her way past, and shared a few words before going back to her boat. Then Roy came past, and stopped for a chat. The three of us discussed Covid, and the rescues on the round the world race, and Sarah-Jane's plans for long-distance sailing, and Joshua Slocum's boat, and boats in general, and quite a few other things.

And then it was full dark, so I locked up the boat and went home. Another productive day at the sailing club!

PS: In hindsight, the day wasn't entirely wasted. As a result of one of those conversations, Peter the Painter is now the new owner of *Black Sheep*, and is in the process of rescuing her from years of neglect.

## Cruiser Race by Sean Coomber

After the driest April in history, it was inevitable that for the first cruiser race of the season, mother nature would serve up heavy rain with a generous helping of thunder and lightning. As we stood in the clubhouse, socially distanced of course, and peered through the sparkling new windows, the rain eased and blue sky approaching from the west lifted our dampened spirits. Aware that *Just Nimbus* and her crew had foolishly sailed all the way round from her comfortable berth in Chatham for this race, the crews of *Luna*, *Four Bells* and *Silver Dolphin* felt obliged to brave the relatively short safety boat trip [to their boats] in order to join them for the race.

With any potential race officer wisely sat at home in a warm, dry living room, a course to Thurrock and back was proposed and self timing suspiciously agreed.

As *Luna*, *Just Nimbus* and *Silver Dolphin* crossed the club line with barely a breath of wind but carried fortuitously by an incoming tide, *Four Bell's* start was delayed as her new crew received some last minute instruction. As we tacked upriver towards Tilbury, causing skippers of outbound Cobelfret ferries to curse the start of the sailing season, the wind strengthened slightly and *Four Bells* made her move. As she stormed past the fleet, making good use of the best tide on the south of the river, the rest of us could only watch and wonder what superhuman powers had been bestowed upon her new crew.

As the fleet sailed painfully slowly up the middle of the river towards the mark at Thurrock we listened cautiously to our radios for any indication of shipping

heading our way. *Four Bells* reached the mark first, followed by *Just Nimbus* and *Luna* sparring for second position. *Silver Dolphin* rounded the mark just as another Cobelfret forced the fleet to cling to the Tilbury side of the channel.

Heading back down river, chased by some ominous black clouds and a strengthening wind, the fleet headed to the south side of the river to avoid the wrath of an approaching PLA launch.

As the clouds passed overhead, the race was lit up gloriously by a spectacular sunset as *Just Nimbus* finished a few seconds behind *Four Bells*. Making good use of the gusts off the Gravesend shore, *Luna* crossed the line in third place followed by a disappointed *Silver Dolphin*.

With boats moored up and crews ferried ashore in the dark it was time to share a drink and a cold pastie to celebrate a successful evening on the water. As keys were finally turned to lock up the clubhouse, the barely discernable sound of laughter and music from *Just Nimbus* suggested something less than the best possible preparation for her journey back to the Medway the following morning was being enjoyed.

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We've run a few RYA first aid courses this year. One of the over-arching themes has been how to get help if you need it. It's worth reminding everyone that our nearest defibrillator (AED) is at the rowing club. If we need help, local byelaws warn that channel 16 is not always monitored by the PLA.

[https://assets.publishing.service.gov.uk/government/uploads/system/uploads/attachment\\_data/file/869368/GMDSS\\_-\\_The\\_Benefits\\_of\\_Digital\\_Selective\\_Calling](https://assets.publishing.service.gov.uk/government/uploads/system/uploads/attachment_data/file/869368/GMDSS_-_The_Benefits_of_Digital_Selective_Calling)

## **Foremans Afloat: Part One by Emma Foreman**

For many years Ian and I have been planning to go through the French canals to the Med, in *Anya*, our 34 foot bilge keeled Moody, but then came Brexit and the pandemic. So plans changed and we have decided to circumnavigate the UK instead. Luckily unlike many others we don't have any time constraints, as we've rented our house, so if the weather is a bit dodgy or we want to stay somewhere for longer we don't have to rush off. We reckon it's going to take us at least two years as we plan to moor up in Wales over this winter and continue in the Spring.

So on 12 May 2021, Ian and I headed out of the Basin making good progress to Herne Bay where we anchored overnight. A 3.30am start the next morning took us into Dover marina, mooring with a lovely view of the castle. Unfortunately I was so taken with the view, when we walked to the harbour office to pay our fees, I managed to trip over the temporary pontoon. Ian said it looked like I'd been pole axed! Some two weeks later I still have the bruises on my knees to show off.

We headed off on Friday 14th with all good intentions of heading into Sovereign Harbour, Eastbourne and meeting up with friends over the weekend. However, we hadn't factored in the possibility that marinas would be closed despite Covid restrictions being reduced. Eastbourne and Brighton (another Premier marina) were not taking any visitors until the Monday when the next stage of restrictions was introduced. Feeling a bit concerned as the weather was due to deteriorate, we

were greatly relieved that in comparison Newhaven were so welcoming.

We fixed up our cockpit awning and ended up having a great weekend entertaining and keeping dry despite the continuous rain.

17-18 May we moved to Lady Bee marina, Shoreham by Sea, accessible at all states of tide through a lock, as more rain was coming in. This gave us time to have a sort out with the consolation that we found some storage space on the boat that we didn't realise we had!!

19 May was another early start to get the 4am lock and we headed off to Chichester Harbour. We took a river mooring near Emsworth with the plan to get into the marina there in the morning as gales were forecast. Unfortunately, as we were on a neap, we had to change our plans as there wasn't enough water to get over the sill so ended up in Northney Marina, Hayling Island for the next two nights as the gales blew through. More time for DIY as Ian finished building a bookcase and some perspex weather boards so even when the weather is bad we can still benefit from daylight.

21 May we had a great sail out of Chichester Harbour, dodging the dinghies sailing off Chichester YC, but then ended up mostly head to wind towards Bembridge, Isle of Wight. After much tacking up the Solent we got to our destination via a slalom type route up the entry channel taking a mooring on a finger pontoon in growing winds. Feeling a bit like a gladiator on the pontoon during the winds (do you remember the TV show when they had to hold a giant cotton bud and were on a wobbly board?), we made *Anya* secure and battened down the hatches.

After two days of sight seeing by bus, getting drenched on our way back to the boat in one of the frequent hail and rain storms, a trip to Osborne House, retail therapy, meals out and cinema we made the most of the break in the weather. Sailing in Force 5 with gusts of 30+kn at times we made it into Cowes where we took a mooring up the river Medina near Foley Inn with the anticipation of improved weather coming in over the weekend.

The next morning we had a great sail tacking across the Solent, in the midst of a great flotilla of boats (we might've gate crashed a race), to Newtown river where we anchored. It is a bird sanctuary, so we had the binoculars and bird books out, and also a seal spotting location.

Over the next few days we plan to go to Lymington to meet up with *Anya's* previous owners, a trip to Southampton and a weekend at Island Marina, and back to Cowes for a Moody rally and then continue west with our only deadline being 12 June in Poole when we're due to have our second Covid vaccination.



If any members would like to join us en route for a sail, a coffee or a beer just send us an email or give us a call (contact details in Club handbook). I have also made a travel blog if you'd like to follow our adventures: <https://foremansafloat.wordpress.com/>

## **News from the Narrows** by John and Val Green

In our last contribution we related our first year's experience of non-tidal boating. With the lifting of restrictions we were once again able to resume summer boating.

One of our trips, I can't call it a voyage, was up-river as far as the boat can go. The limit of navigation is Lechlade where, conveniently there is a small marina. Although full of narrow boats we were able to find a berth for our small boat. The marina owner had recently taken over and was making some great improvements and there was a pub alongside and the village a stone's throw away. Mooring along the river bank can be a problem during the summer but the small size of our boat is very useful at times!

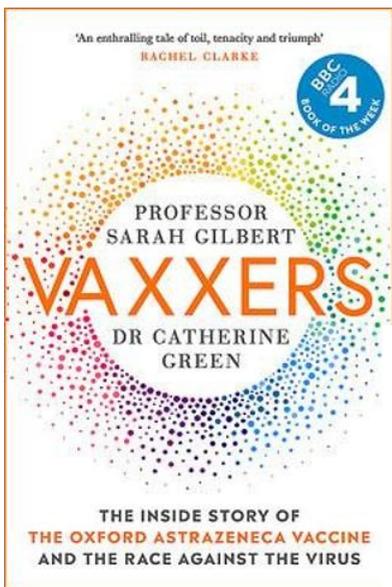
It is no exaggeration to say that the Thames at Lechlade couldn't be more different to the Thames at Gravesend. It is not without hazards however; fallen trees, tight bends, cattle in the stream and giant pink pedalos in the shape of swans, not to mention 'wild swimmers' are just some of the perils facing the up-river navigator.

We also went down river as far as Reading before the petrol shortage made its impact. Luckily John was able to persuade the staff at a petrol station closed to cars to fill up our two cans. With stops at Goring and Pangbourne we enjoyed a part of the river we had not visited before. The Virginia creeper in the trees was just changing colour so some of the reaches looked spectacular.

We are lucky to be in a small marina in the centre of

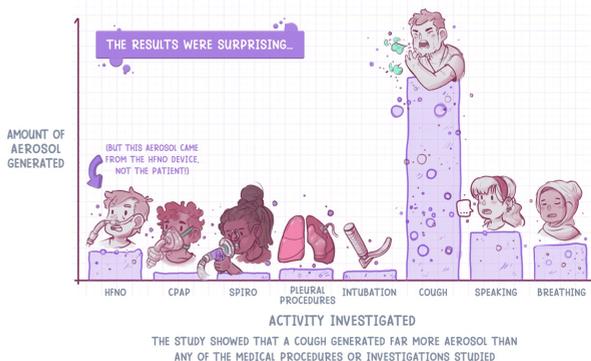
Oxford with a very helpful owner and an engineer and small chandlery on site. Apart from the occasional main line train and, honestly, one Sunday a steam train, it's peaceful and out of the way. It's part of the mill stream at Osney and so doesn't have any passing vessels. Like Gravesend, development will be spoiling the quiet somewhat next year but the new buildings will be 8 rather than 18 stories. We hope they don't cut down all the trees to ensure a river view.

We were hauled out last week and will be renewing the iconic Hardy rope fender and doing some work on the topsides over the winter.



To read interesting reports from other members of the Green family, I'd very much recommend "Vaxxers". It's easy to read, informative, and heart warming all at the same time.

Unrelated, we loved this picture from "Artibiotics" about how much Covid is spread by speaking and coughing relative to medical interventions.



## **Sailing Barge Research by Geoff Honey**

Last year I started taking an interest in my family history, something which has never previously piqued my imagination. It turns out that I'm descended from a Medway barging family, of which I had no knowledge.

By coincidence I also know Tony Farnham who has given a number of talks at the Club on the history of Thames barges. He is one of the last surviving bargemen having sailed on the *Cambria* as well as other barges. I worked with his wife Sandy many years ago and was invited on a day sail with them from Whitstable on the barge *Greta*.

After tracking down a phone number I managed to contact Tony and Sandy and explain I'm descended from a family of Medway bargemen and wanted to find more information. As we chatted Sandy mentioned they have a friend who is researching the Honey family history. Well, I certainly wasn't expecting that! I only hoped to get a few pointers as to where to look for historical documents. Tony sorted out the contact details and a week later I phoned their, friend. During our conversation discussing our family histories, she informed me that we are probably connected with a common ancestor about 5 generations back.

I also discovered one of my grandfather's brothers John Thomas Honey, who tragically lost his life when sailing aboard the barge *Three Brothers* when it foundered in a storm off the Belgium coast in 1906 (see image below). One account published at the time described how the Captain, William Ward and crew John Honey were last seen clinging to the rigging as the vessel was going down. Of the three persons on board only the remains of

the skipper were recovered.

<p>all ish, ver and</p>	<p>... was William Thomas, of 60, Avenue Terrace, Borstal.</p>	<p>... was assist Chapel.</p>
	<p><b>FOUNDERED ON THE BELGIAN COAST.</b></p>	<p>The Bishop 15th verse Epistle—"</p>
	<p>The barge Three Brothers, registered in the Port of Rochester, has been washed ashore on the Belgian coast. She had been to Antwerp for a cargo of bricks, and foundered on the return journey on the 7th inst. The crew, all of whom are Rochester men, were drowned. The captain was William Ward, of Pelican-yard, Strood, the mate Edward Carter, who lodged at Garden-row, Rochester, and the third hand John Thomas Honey, of 90, King-street, Rochester. All three men were married, and the captain leaves a family of five children. Honey is only 29 years of age, and his wife is in delicate health. The only body recovered is that of the mate, who is an elderly man and is identified by tattoo marks on his arm. Ward and Honey were last seen clinging to the rigging of the vessel as she was going down. The Three Brothers belongs to Mr. Rayfield, of Milton-road, Gravesend.</p>	<p>the sick, and if he be forgiven could the State record kept in the other in a cation of grounds, c them two to recover of sickne placed su recovery f all the science; doctors, c garded si which pri tian scier ism at th braced by</p>
	<p><b>BODY WASHED ASHORE.</b></p>	
	<p>The body of a man, unknown, was washed ashore at ...</p>	

Another of my Grandfathers brothers, also working on the barges but in a more nefarious way, spent time in prison after being convicted of fraud. Whilst claiming to be a cook working on the barge *Agnes*, he went to several shopkeepers in Rochester and placed orders for goods, he took some without paying and asked for the remainder to be delivered to the vessel where the skipper would settle the bill. This was not the first time he had been up to no good.

I have since joined the Society for Sailing Barge Research and upon receiving a copy of their journal found a link to GSC. Many of you will know GSC members manned the clubs cannons to start the sailing barge matches, in the journal a photo from 2005 Dave & Helen Thompson can be seen and a later one from 2007 shows Jim and Richard Twyman with the cannons. Who know what else I might discover.

## GOCEK - by Beril Tutuncuoglu

Gocek is one of the best bays for Sailors especially for beginners on the Turkey coast.



In the Hellenic language, Gocek means shiny blue -green, blue -grey colours. The place has green nature, clean sea and quiet coves that are not accessible from land. The Gocek Region is calm and there is always wind every day of the year and the wind does not produce waves as it is

inland sea and surrounded by islands.

Göcek has six marinas in the region. Since Göcek is a departure and arrival point for Blue Cruises, there is heavy yacht traffic in the town harbour. In Gocek, the necessary infrastructure, capacity, and amenities are available including small ateliers to repair sails etc.

The Twelve Islands can be reached easily by boats. 12 Islands are Aegean islands belonging to Greece. It is a group of Islands called 12 Islands (even though it is more than 12).

In winter Göcek's average maximum temperature is 14 °C (57 °F). In the summer the average maximum is 34 °C (100 °F), and the weather is sunny over 300 days per year. Highs of 40°C (104 °F) are reached at times. Göcek is renowned for growing wonderful tangerines and lemons as well as oranges, because of the climate.

There is still the possibility strong winds might happen especially at the beginning and end of the summer which can make it difficult to manoeuvre and approach even in

sheltered bays.

Most of the bays in Gocek have a suitable depth for anchoring. In addition to that many vault buoys were placed in Gocek Region.

The purpose of these buoys is to prevent the anchored boats from damaging the bottom structure of the sea.

Even though there is much more peace and quiet than some other tourism areas, restaurants, bars are available at promenade.

Local businesses provide services in some of the Göcek Bays. They provide restaurant services with wooden piers and vault systems built in the bays. You can safely spend the night here and get the chance to eat very delicious seafood in Göcek.



Left - Sarsala Bay

Right - Bedri Rahmi Bay



Bedri Rahmi is a well known Turkish artist and he had drawn a fish on rock and it is one of the thing to see before leaving from Gocek.

Gobun Bay is also well known and after approaching Göbün Bay, there is a path to walk to the village and there is great view to see.

The best bays to see there are:

- Sarsala Bay
- Gobun Bay
- Siralibuk bay
- Bedri Rahmi Bay
- Hamam Bay

## Hamam Bay

Even the town is calm, marinas might be too busy on weekends and holidays.

We can say Gocek is the capital of sailing towns in Turkey.

## **The Mirror of the Sea**

**Sourced by Roy Turner, written by Joseph Conrad**

Written in 1906 – the same year the GSC Clubhouse was built.

The sea-reach of the Thames is straight, and, once Sheerness is left behind, its banks seem very uninhabited, except for the cluster of houses which is Southend, or here and there a lonely wooden jetty where petroleum ships discharge their dangerous cargoes, and the oil-storage tanks, low and round with slightly-domed roofs, peep over the edge of the fore-shore, as it were a village of Central African huts imitated in iron.

Bordered by the black and shining mud-flats, the level marsh extends for miles. Away in the far background the land rises, closing the view with a continuous wooded slope, forming in the distance an interminable rampart

overgrown with bushes.

Then, on the slight turn of the Lower Hope Reach, clusters of factory chimneys come distinctly into view, tall and slender above the squat ranges of cement works in Grays and Greenhithe. Smoking quietly at the top against the great blaze of a magnificent sunset, they give an industrial character to the scene, speak of work, manufactures, and trade, as palm-groves on the coral strands of distant islands speak of the luxuriant grace, beauty and vigour of tropical nature.

The houses of Gravesend crowd upon the shore with an effect of confusion as if they had tumbled down haphazard from the top of the hill at the back. The flatness of the Kentish shore ends there. A fleet of steam-tugs lies at anchor in front of the various piers. A conspicuous church spire, the first seen distinctly coming from the sea, has a thoughtful grace, the serenity of a fine form above the chaotic disorder of men's houses.

But on the other side, on the flat Essex side, a shapeless and desolate red edifice, a vast pile of bricks with many windows and a slate roof more inaccessible than an Alpine slope, towers over the bend in monstrous ugliness, the tallest, heaviest building for miles around, a thing like an hotel, like a mansion of flats (all to let), exiled into these fields out of a street in West Kensington. Just round the corner, as it were, on a pier defined with stone blocks and wooden piles, a white mast, slender like a stalk of straw and crossed by a yard like a knitting-needle, flying the signals of flag and balloon, watches over a set of heavy dock-gates.

Mast-heads and funnel-tops of ships peep above the

ranges of corrugated iron roofs. This is the entrance to Tilbury Dock, the most recent of all London docks, the nearest to the sea. Between the crowded houses of Gravesend and the monstrous red-brick pile on the Essex shore the ship is surrendered fairly to the grasp of the river.

That hint of loneliness, that soul of the sea which had accompanied her as far as the Lower Hope Reach, abandons her at the turn of the first bend above. The salt, acrid flavour is gone out of the air, together with a sense of unlimited space opening free beyond the threshold of sandbanks below the Nore.

The waters of the sea rush on past Gravesend, tumbling the big mooring buoys laid along the face of the town; but the sea-freedom stops short there, surrendering the salt tide to the needs, the artifices, the contrivances of toiling men.

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If you've been inspired by the pictures in this Reach, we'll make sure they're all on our website so you can see them in glorious technicolour.

The RYA fish supper organised by Liisa and Jason Blowes, and Penny Davies raised £500 for the RNLI. Harriet Mullan - Davies hands over the spoils, on the water of course!

## **The Lament of the House:**

**Sourced by Tim Richardson, by** Arthur Ransome:

**"Houses, are but badly built boats so  
firmly aground that you cannot think of  
moving them"**

I cannot move, for I am grounded,  
The tradesmen fixed me to this earth.  
I cannot move, for I am stranded,  
It's been this way right from my birth

We'll hold you down, with bricks and mortar,  
You shall not sail upon the sea.  
You'll never row, out on the water,  
There is no tide to float you free.

I try to move, but I am grounded,  
Foundations chain me, where I stand  
I try to move, but I am stranded,  
Stuck here forever, on dry land

When I look out, upon the river,  
I see my brothers floating by,  
They travel to their destination,  
But I must stay here till I die.

I cannot move, for I am grounded,  
The tradesmen fixed me to this earth.  
I cannot move, for I am stranded,  
It's been this way right from my birth.

## Foremans Afloat Part Two

Gravesend to Milford Haven - The Scenic Route Part 2

June: Chichester to Dartmouth

Ian and I finished our 2021 sail on 7 September when *Anya* was lifted out in Milford Haven after 1070nm. We have had a great summer meeting loads of different people, sailing alongside dolphins, spotting Minke and Orcas on our travels and having seal and puffins bopping about nearby. We found that a good pair of binoculars within easy reach in the cockpit are definitely a must to help with our wildlife identification - especially as we've seen so much.

After being gale bound in Chichester Harbour way back at the end of May and finding odd socks in our washing, we spent a couple of weeks in the Solent sailing with friends who met us at various marinas on route, as we had booked our second jab for mid June in Poole. In Lymington we met up with *Anya's* previous owners for the day (the most expensive mooring this year at £46 for the night on the quayside!), before meeting up with other Moody owners for a rally based at Island Harbour, IoW for a fantastically hot and sunny bank holiday weekend. A great opportunity to exchange ideas and tips about our boats, enjoy a BBQ and find out the local knowledge of where to sail and moor.

Sailing round the Solent, especially near Cowes, was a bit like being on a motorway with the hundreds of boats out at the same time. Definitely Ian's turn on the helm!

On 7 June we sailed from Newtown River, IoW, one of our favourite anchorages on our travels as we could take

advantage of a free mooring (always an incentive) and enjoy bird and seal watching, in slightly foggy conditions to Poole. We've found that about 60% of our time we have managed to sail but when the wind is against us or there is no wind (which happened quite a lot), we put on what Ian calls the 'donk' or our iron topsail (engine). In Poole Harbour if you stay for at least a week it's cheaper to pay for your harbour dues online (Covid has made many of the moorings on the south coast payable online) and this allows you to anchor in some lovely areas. The first time we left *Anya* at anchor and went on Brownsea Island for the day it was like leaving a child on their own or with the babysitter for the first time. Was she still going to be at anchor when we returned? There was the slight concern that the anchor might drag or the tender would be 'borrowed' and we would be left high and dry. Happily *Anya* stayed put and my confidence of leaving her grew immensely (Ian is always more confident about this sort of thing). It meant that we frequently left her at anchor to go ashore, especially in the Isles of Scilly and off Lundy Island where there are really very few mooring alternatives.

After getting our second Covid vaccination on 12 June without a hitch (we made the most of having our fold up bikes in getting to the vaccination centre and whilst moored in Parkstone Yacht Club for three days - a lovely club with a great restaurant), we were then no longer restricted by further deadlines. We decided at the outset that we would moor/anchor at as many places as possible on our trip and if the weather was too windy or wet, or we just wanted to stay put that we would. This has always been an advantage as we heard several

horror stories of people leaving in not ideal conditions to get somewhere for a certain date. We also saw the RNLI helicopter and boats out several times and could hear the May Days making us appreciate the volunteers, each other and *Anya* on our trip.

From Poole we anchored overnight at Chapman's Pool before heading off for breakfast at Lulworth Cove, getting there before they started firing over the ranges and avoiding a huge detour you have to take to not get shot! Along the south coast there are several firing ranges so part of your sailing plan involves checking firing range opening times as it can add several hours to your day if you have to go several miles offshore rather than taking the inshore route.

At Lulworth Cove as it was so hot I decided to take the plunge and go for a dip. It lasted all of 10 nanoseconds as it was so cold. This was the only dip I took the whole summer as despite the weather being lovely at times the sea remained icy cold, however, Ian being more hardy and wanting to scrub *Anya's* hull went in a few more times.

Going across Weymouth Bay we motored through the many cruise liners that have been anchored awaiting the start of cruising holidays and caught mackerel for dinner - Ian has made the most of the opportunities for a fresh fish as we sail along and I enjoy eating it as the flavour is amazing when compared to shop bought. We ended up in Weymouth Harbour for a few days doing touristy things as the weather wasn't brilliant, before motorsailing around Portland Bill to Bridport for the night. Then onto Lyme Regis for our first drying out

mooring, where we went alongside the harbour wall to allow Ian to make some minor repairs to the base of our rudder following a slight grounding outside Emsworth a few weeks previously. We ended up there for a few days as we found on our first drying out that despite mooring as instructed by the harbourmaster that we needed to turn *Anya* around to give Ian more time to make repairs as he had to dig out mud to get to the bottom of the rudder. So up at 4am the next morning just as it got light to turn her. I then spent the morning checking out the ammonite pavement along the seashore at low tide while Ian completed repairs.

We anchored overnight outside the harbour for an early sail to Exmouth timed to get in the River Exe 2-3 hours before high water to safely get over the sand bar. The entrance was a challenge with racing tides, sailing within sectorised lights and dodging boats on swinging moorings that obscured the channel buoys - but then that's sailing! We spent the night on a river mooring before having a short stay in Exmouth Marina to potter round town and making the most of their showers and topping up the water. Then off up river to Topsham Sailing Club where we were made very welcome, staying on their visitor's mooring overnight. As we were heading off at 7am with the tide we sadly missed seeing Penny and Steve Davies who were due there later that day but we all know that the tide waits for no one.

As we planned to go to Teignmouth, which was only a few miles down the coast, we literally drifted there with a handkerchief sized headsail. Again we had to wait for the next rising tide to get up the River Teine where we moored on one of the visitors river pontoons before

heading ashore for some sightseeing. Poor Ian got pooped on by a seagull on our way back to *Anya*, but as we didn't win the lottery that weekend I'm not so sure about it being lucky.



On then to Torquay (pictured in the rain on the left) and Brixham for 4 days as you can get a free nights mooring if you moor for 3 - we like our freebies. In Torquay we had our rain awning out again as it poured solidly for 24 hours and the restaurant we had planned to eat at got flooded so we ended up with pasta again for dinner. Luckily across the bay, Brixham brought out the sunshine but my troubles with

washing machines continued with an evening wash ending up being a late night mission as the spin cycle wouldn't work. Anyway the marina staff who let me use their machine (we weren't moored there) were very helpful and eventually we got everything dry.

The next morning we sailed off to Dartmouth where we planned to discover the River Dart over a few days taking us into July.



## **An Afternoon's Sail to Remember: Graham Steele**

In the early 1980s I bought a 30 year old wooden Enterprise dinghy named *Marigold* from a friend from my Scouting days. After stripping down the bright yellow hull I applied bright red polyurethane (I retained the name *Marigold* although it was less appropriate with the red hull). I replaced the set of faded & disintegrating cotton sails with a set of used 'polyester' racing sails and I obtained an extruded aluminium mast kit to replace the rather heavy wooden mast.

During the summer, when the tide was suitable and the wind not too lively, I used to regularly trail the boat down to the slipway at Gillingham Strand and fun was had by all the family.

Every other year on our annual European summer holiday we would exchange our comfortable trailer tent for the Enterprise, with tents and other camping gear loaded into the boat, and head for the Alpine lakes in France & Italy.

One year when our two sons were aged 8 and 5 we were at our campsite at southern end of Lake Annecy. Invariably the breeze would be a gentle southerly down the valley in the mornings. The boys and I would go out & tack back & forward across the end of the lake trying to take the wind from those less experience sailboarders unable to sail as close to the wind as us. This often resulted in a loss of balance by the sailboarder, who had a nice cool landing in the lake.

After lunch the wind would usually change and blow northerly up the valley. Sometimes it got up a bit and I would go out single handed, tacking as vigorously as

possible up the lake.

That particular year we were at Annecy rather later in the summer than usual (early September). I had tacked quite a long way up the lake and was dealing with the occasional fresh gusts by easing out the main, as needed.

All of a sudden that wasn't working any more. The sails were getting blown flat onto the water even with all sheets running free. 'Marigold' capsized and filled with cold lake water.

I knew the drill, and I reckoned that there was probably no need to get wet through. I climbed up and over the side to stand on the centreboard and bring the boat upright. The centreboard creaked and I could feel it bending with my weight on it. A change of plan was needed, so I grabbed the main halyard then walked up the hull to bring the boat upright.

As this was the first time that I had managed to capsize any of my dinghies I imagined that I would now be able to open the self bailers, clear the boat of water again and go merrily on my way. I then began to appreciate that the fitted buoyancy that I had was insufficient to maintain the top of centreboard slot above water level. Even fairly vigorous bailing could not solve this situation. With my weight in the boat it was just too heavy to make any significant way.

So what to do? I ended up lying down in the water behind the boat - one hand holding the transom with the sheets in the other hand, and steering the boat by shifting to one side of the transom or the other so that the drag caused the boat to turn. Fortunately the wind

was dead behind me so I goose-winged the 3 miles or so back to the southern end of the lake.

Unfortunately I didn't have the manoeuvrability to get back to the campsite but there was a horribly stony beach of sorts at the end of the lake. I was able to gradually empty the boat by hauling onto the beach and tipping it over.

Back on the lake in a dryish boat my clothes soon dried. In half an hour or so I was back at the campsite. My wife looked up from her library book saying 'You've been gone a long time haven't you. Was everything OK?'

Two lessons learned: (1) Katabatic winds – the cold dense air cascading down from the mountains over 1,000 metres above knocking the boat down. If one is aware that this might happen, all that I can think of to rapidly abate the effect is to turn as sharply as possible into the wind, meanwhile sheeting in, to present as little area of the sails as possible.

(2) Whilst lying in the middle of a very cool mountain lake keep as much of your body as possible in the top few inches of water. There is a significant reduction in the loss of body temperature.

Graham Steele, *Marigold* (RIP)

