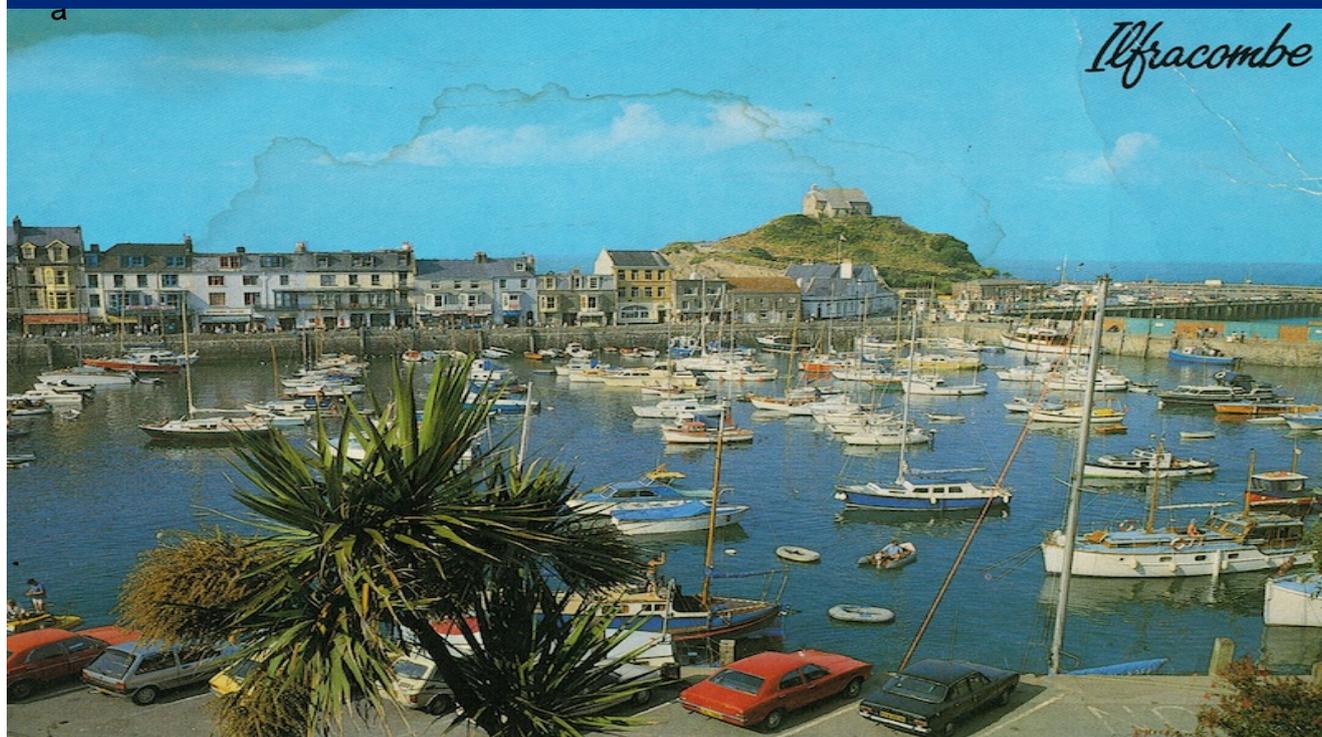




ROC News

The Magazine of the Rampart Owners Club

Volume 4, Issue 12, Winter 2013



SPOT MAJONCA IN SUNNY ILFRACOMBE LOOKS LIKE A POSTCARD - BECAUSE IT IS A POSTCARD

This postcard simply had to go on the front page.

Ken and Tracy Joynes (our much valued secretaries) found it in a pile of paperwork soon after taking ownership of Majonca from Stan and Dot Heap, who many of you will remember. Stan and Dot had invited the Joynes' up to their home in Wolverhampton to hand over the engine manuals along with all the other paraphernalia that accompanies a Rampart and in the course of the final explanations of Majonca's idiosyncrasies, out dropped the postcard from the pile.

*Ken & Tracy
enjoying the party
on Roly at Henley in
2011, their first
proper trip up the
Thames*



Majonca lies far from Ilfracombe these days, she is to be found in Shepperton Marina in the Upper Thames, where she has been brought up to the Environment Agency's specifications for the River.

This is an ideal cruising ground for a 50 year old, 36ft Rampart with apprentice owners. Especially with the abundant sunny days we've had this summer.

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Commodore's Letter

by Christopher Morrison



This summer has re-kindled our faith in the British weather. From a cold and wet winter/spring came a glorious summer which is only now – mid-October – showing signs of ending. I hope all of us managed to make the best of it.

There were a few exceptions to the eulogy above, and one of those was the day of our arrival at the Rally in Littlehampton. Stiff Easterlies had been blowing that week and, although the Friday of our passage from Chichester Harbour dawned sunny and peaceful, by the time we were into the eastern Solent and approaching the Looe Channel, it had piped up considerably and the effects of a strong flood tide against the wind made for an uncomfortable couple of hours. I was reminded of the adage that although the boat will often take the punishment, it is the resilience of the crew which is the deciding factor.

Our boat numbers were lower than at past Rallies, with only Roly, Highland Beauty and Penny Jane managing to get to Littlehampton. However, a number of members joined for the weekend and that made for a jolly occasion. A one-hour trip up the Arun in dinghies to visit Arundel and have a pub lunch was a satisfyingly unusual experience, and the dinner on the Saturday night was the usual noisy occasion although the rather public position of our tables adjacent to the main bar meant that speeches and Sea Shanty singing were curtailed.

The AGM, held on the Rally weekend, went smoothly and the particular piece of good news for our overseas members - those resident in a non-UK post code - is that their subscription has been reduced to that of an Associate Member [those not owning a boat] which, in turn, is half that of a Full Member. Subscription rates for next year remain the same, namely £50 for a Full and £25 for an Associate/Overseas Member. I mention Subscriptions particularly as they are due on 1 Jan and I remember from my time as Treasurer that a fair amount of chasing had to be done to extract the subs. In 2014 this may now be done by ebanking. Our account is at Barclays in Southend; Sort Code 20-79-73; Account Number 23195120; SWIFTBIC ####; IBAN ####. Please put the reference RAMPART/your name otherwise we won't know who has paid.

In July, Roly was again taking part in the Thames Traditional Boat Rally and once more invited us all on board for drinks on the Saturday evening. It was a gloriously sunny day and quite a few members made the most of it on Roly's bridge deck, including the new owners of Winden, David and Caroline Roberts. We were also joined by the crew of Aureol, a Rampart that survived Dunkirk and who is part of the Dunkirk Little Ships group, represented at the TTBR.

Next year's Rally is to be held on Thames and the final details will be discussed at the November meeting in Chelsea. I do hope we get a strong turnout as one of the main aims is to 'showcase' our boats and the Class to the Yachtie press and the public. This increased awareness will attract new members and help to keep second-hand values buoyant.

Finally, a short update on how we are getting on with collating our archives can be found on the opposite page.

I wish everyone a good winter and may the weather be kind to our Old Ladies.

Christopher Morrison



PROGRESS WITH THE ARCHIVES AUTUMN 2013

In the last magazine I highlighted the need to get all the Rampart archives onto some form of software and collated so that it can be retrieved easily, and this was reiterated at the AGM in July.

As a result of that meeting, we established the following framework:

Aim

The aim is to:

- Collate all Rampart history,
- Tag it for easy retrieval
- Extract pertinent information to be included in any further publication.

Rampart Records

Information on Ramparts exists in:

- Published material in magazines, books and advertisements
- Desty archives including the Builder's List, shipwright's drawings and personal memorabilia
- A DVD made by Michael Nicholson for the Club's use
- Personal records of members and previous member about their own boat
- The spoken word and folk memory
- Club archives collected by Stephen which may include all, some, or none of the above

The Task

The task can be divided into four main stages. Stages 1 and 2 should be conducted regardless of whether Stages 3 and 4 are carried out subsequently:

Stage 1 – high priority

- Identify the source and whereabouts of presently-held information
- Decide on a suitable software system
- Collate that information onto a suitable software package in its original form
- Resolve any conflicting information and identify any gaps to be filled
- Enhance that information with verbal anecdotes or folk memory

Stage 2

- Actively search for more and new information
- Fill any gaps identified in Stage 1
- Collate as above

Stage 3

- Study the information to ascertain what sort of publication would be possible, its likely appeal to Rampart Owners and to the public
- Identify publisher, costs, selling price
- Extract and order the information to achieve desired nature of publication

Stage 4

- Write and publish

1. Definition of software requirements

The choice of software must enable the information to be retrieved easily, cropped, enhanced and adjusted to suit any likely publication package.

2. Timelines and Project Responsibilities

Stages 1 and 2 can take place, in part, simultaneously. Stages 3 and 4 must await outcome of Stages 1 and 2.

3. Response by members

This project had the backing of the AGM and it is hoped that all members will respond to requests quickly and fulsomely, and be prepared to take on tasks which might be asked of them in order to achieve the aim.

Needless to say, in the best tradition of Sod and his Law, things haven't quite followed the plan. However, we have achieved the following: Stage 1 [above]

- Progress has been made in identifying a software system and we do know the extent of most of the information available to us. Regrettably we were not quick enough off the mark to make use of James Humphry's 'willing volunteer' to scan in some of our paperwork.
- We will be looking for a volunteer – gap-year student perhaps – who would do this for a small remuneration; it would mean working from London for a few days.
- Work is in hand to resolve conflicting information.

Stage 2

- Liz has selflessly typed up the Builder's List which came from the Desty Yard and this is available on Excel. It lists all the boats that the family ever built and we will be asking members to check their own boat's details shortly.

Not shown in the above plan, but as a useful aside, we have established that there is a register of National Historic Ships. This Register is for boats over 50 years old and is split into two parts:

Part one is for boats over 35ft and is run from Greenwich National Maritime Museum [NMM]. Part two is for boats under 35ft and is known as the National Small Boats Register and is run from the Falmouth branch of the NMM Cornwall

The registers can be accessed through nationalhistoricships.org.uk and both Star of Killarney and Penny Jane can be found on their respective registers. If your boat is over 50 years old, or approaching it, please consider registering her.

So, progress is being made and I hope that when we ask for responses from members, then all will respond. *Christopher Morrison*



Safely alongside the Town Quay in Littlehampton for the Summer Rally

Highland Beauty on the left, Roly inside on the right with Penny Jane alongside.

The Pilot Book made the entrance to Littlehampton sound terrifying but we all made it through.

We only had 3 boats at Littlehampton but our numbers were swelled for various stages of the weekend with people arriving for a day or a weekend.

Coming from London, Roly had to make 3 stopovers to arrive at Littlehampton entrance at the recommended time of 1 hour before high water, Ramsgate, Eastbourne and Brighton. Penny Jane came from Chichester and got herself poised at the entrance the night before so was able to make it in one 4 to 5 hour passage, arriving second. Highland Beauty, last but not least, was otherwise engaged that evening and so left their mooring in the morning, taking a bit longer waiting for sufficient tide to cross Chichester Harbour before she could leave, coming into Littlehampton against the tide, hence facing the other way, see above. However, we all made it through the fast flowing channel into the river Arun, in a sort of sideways slide. During a fun meal out on the Friday night, we planned our sortie up the river to Arundel, the next day. The tide was good to go up for a lunch time beer, before turning to bring us back down to Littlehampton. As Candy, (HB) was in the last throes of Legal exams, she was left behind swotting, while James shared a dinghy with Christopher and Cindy.



Candy relaxing before getting back to swotting for her final exams



James on the helm, conning up to Arundel



Christopher and Cindy dressed to withstand the lively river.



Fortunately, it was a lovely sunny day, because we got soaked! The river runs fast all the way up and with a head wind, we got it full in the face. We were all looking forward to our pub lunch and glimpsed the town round every bend, never seeming to get nearer. But finally, 1 hour later we arrived to find a convenient little quay to tie up to.



Roly's crew, right to left, Tony on the helm, Liz & Stewart

We had an interesting tour of the town with a task in hand. James had forgotten to bring any shoes!! So we dived in and out of charity shops until we found the perfect pair of flip-flops. Correctly attired for entering a pub, we had lunch and of course a beer or two. A final ice cream and then we made our way back down river to Littlehampton. People were arriving for the Saturday evening meal, so we had to quickly smarten up and entertain the new arrivals on the bridge deck in the sun.



Arundel was just there with our pints waiting but with all the twists and turns we never seemed to be getting nearer!



A convenient little quay beside the bridge on the left.



Christopher chats to the locals in sunny Arundel



Must have shot for an owner of a boat called Roly!

At last the long awaited pint! Drying off in the sunshine while we await our lunch.



Walter & Val, (exLa Belle Dame), were first to arrive on Saturday afternoon to have a nice cup of tea! They stayed the night in a little hotel on the seafront.



Next arrived Stanley Ross, the raconteur, keeping Cindy Morrison amused over a glass of wine.



Soon everyone made it and James kept Stanley's tradition of drinks on board Highland Beauty before the Saturday evening dinner. Our new members, Colin and Becky (Pop Watts) far left.



Out to dine.

Left, one end of the table and right, t'other. Cindy's got lost somewhere in the middle.



The Meeting



It was lovely to see Tim & Lin (Maracus Bay) who have returned to Newport IOW from a year up the River Stour, Sandwich.



**SABI STAR'S RUN TO THE SUN
– THE TRUTH AS SEEN BY THE
REAL SKIPPER
BY
JULIE GILLIES**

Elsewhere in the mag is John's voluminous account of our four-month trip through France and as a typical example of male hyperbole, it needs some contrary views, for which Liz has recruited me.

As chief logistics officer on Sabi Star, my first planning started some years before the departure. Let alone the issues of standard Grandmother duties, of supporting our working children and their spouses, collecting children from school etc, I had to warn them in plenty of time to recruit alternative baby-sitting services. One of our sons lives at home so needed a freezer full and lists of do's and don'ts, how and when to put out rubbish, feed the cat, replace toilet rolls and all the multitude of other Mothering things that just get done (by magic!) in the running of a normal household. Basic cleaning of the house was organized, although the cleaners never do it as well as when I am looking over their shoulder, and as for the gardener, well, that would take a whole article on its own.

Then there are my clothes. Four months of outfits and items that need regular washing in a marine environment, with expected weather being anything from cold to hot and the well known issues of mould and that wonderful Rampart smell of diesel oil and bilge water which seems to get into everything.

I had an expectation (note past tense) that most nights would be moored next to fabulous restaurants and we would saunter along the prom in the company of beautifully dressed French lovers, romantically holding hands and stopping to consider menus in balmy night air.

WRONG. Try muddy nettle covered banks with a five-kilometer hobble into a one-horse town, and being bitten to death by mosies.

We tended to eat on board, usually tired out, having managed twenty locks in eight hours. This brought another logistics problem, in that we needed enough staple food to last the several weeks between supermarkets.

I had read guides to the canals, which suggested that the jovial lock keeper would be growing fresh veg and every lock had an opportunity to purchase the local produce. In fact, almost every lock is automated, all the keepers cottages either derelict or occupied by people with huge dogs, generally unfriendly.

Then there is the scenery. The northern rivers are very green. Very, very green. The lack of use of these waterways over the last ten years or so has resulted in the growth of trees and bushes right up to the canals. The view is non-existent, other than of trees, and this unending view goes on for days in some places. We saw one other boat in three days at one time and the general lack of human life was quite unnerving at times.

My dogs were with us. As we did not want to put them through a Channel crossing, John and our friend Richard brought Sabi Star from Hamble to Honfleur. My role was to drive from our house in Shoeburyness, through the Channel Tunnel to meet them wherever they were able to stop on the non-tidal Seine.

This meant a 3am start for me, with my co driver and good friend Leisa. We finally finished loading the car at 10pm. John had called us to ask for emergency items he had forgotten or found he needed. This included a 3m long piece of timber which we wedged in between us, making driving....interesting!



Dog training !!!

Sadly, one of Julie's dogs was run over and killed when they got home.



We landed at 6am and spent the next 8 hours driving to Poses on the Seine but this took a feat of navigation, as roads close to the rivers are very badly signposted, (cue Gaulic shrug while commenting "this is France, what do you expect?"). We eventually found John who was going through a crisis with a very helpful Frenchman who was explaining that the newly installed landing stage, paid for with EC money had a wonderful water and electricity point that needed tokens. However, no one knew where to obtain the "jetons", (Gaulic shrug, see above)



Leisa and Richard took the car back to England and the next morning, we set off; self, he who thinks he should be obeyed, and two dogs. Eight hours later and no landing stage in sight we were getting desperate, not to mention the dogs, when we found a disused lock. The Cruising Association handbook said it could be used in an emergency, so in we went.

The problem with a disused lock is sheer sides and no ladders safe to use. Dogs desperate, I'm not going to climb, so John sort of scrambled up and I tied the end of a line to each dog lifejacket and he hoisted them up. Problem solved.

Next was our first lock. We went in behind a coaster and before we had our lines on, the gates were closed and the sluices opened. We had some difficulty holding the lines and the bollards are set in the side of the wall, so we were supposed to undo and re-secure to the next one down. However, having had a moment or two (or three) of crises, we got through and moved on to the next lock. Eventually, having lost most of our fenders, we started to master the locks, although it is always a tense time.

I was distraught to find that no matter how careful I was and wearing gloves, my hands suffered, and keeping nails intact was a forlorn hope.

This reminiscence is in danger of becoming longer than the original article, so I must say that I thoroughly enjoyed the experience. The complete change of lifestyle, and living on a boat for more than the annual two week holiday was a voyage of personal discovery as well and I really can't wait to do it again next year.

TORNADO IN TREPORTI

BY MICHAEL & ROSEMARIE KRATZNER



This year we stayed again in Treporti, which is just opposite Venice. In June 2012 our boat "Rosemarie" was hit by a F2 tornado with 100 kn windspeed, as measured by the harbour anemometers. Fortunately only the cover of the boat was destroyed (*Below Left*). This tornado went through the harbour just like a knife. Small boats on land were flying and the house of the harbourmaster was completely destroyed (*Left*). This is the second time that we had problems in a harbour.

In 2007 a storm at Cherbourg harbour smashed our boat against the pontoon and created a 10 cm diameter hole, fortunately above the waterline.

Three boats in the vicinity sank.

Some years ago Michael Nicholson suggested I should write a book about arguments for not to go to sea. However it can also be dangerous not to go to sea and to stay in the harbour.

The real Rosemarie and an atypically serious looking Michael. We hope to see them at the Anniversary Rally next year.



Meet new Members....

From across the sea

My name is FERMé...Slawick FERMé.

All other similitude with HM's Agent 007 will end here, since I'm much younger than him....Only 63.]

Chapter One [Or how I became JALDA's owner]

From my Russian Mother I have got my given name and her T34-typical sense of humour, and maybe, additionnally, some taste for working hard with my hands. Mum born in Koursk, very famous for tanks trials...A (wild) wide part of the History... From my Normand Father, I inherited his good and outgoing nature and a (wild) wide passion for the sea and everything able to float on it (with extension to any water surface, salted or not). Dad born in Le Havre, it's in itself already all a Story...



Slawick in suitable Rue!

While I was a kid, my Dad used to nickname me "Midship" since he dreamt for me an ambitious career in "La Royale" – I mean the French Navy - and managed to persuade me to follow this path : working hard at schools and Engineers High School but in the end, defeated by two bad seeing eyes (deep myopia), a common disease for such young men looking too much, too closely in their mathematic and physic books instead of spotting the delightful young girls in the streets surrounding the Engineers High School... C'est la vie.

Despite becoming and being more and more continental, getting further and further east from the Paris area to Strasbourg, via Reims and Metz, I was always and all along my life looking over my left shoulder towards the sea, the west or the deep south.

I fall in love at my first visit to Elba Island in 1973 and did at first great wish, to settle there sometime in my own house, in an unknown, uncertain future.

I went back so many times to the Island (camping, house renting...) with my Wife and later with my small family, always dreaming and projecting to build or to find the house of my dreams, until 2001 when I decided to invest in a local and typical Tuscan house (with sea view, of course), and where we are now spending most of our happy summertime, with numerous visits and stays between two successive hot seasons.

Being so often so close to the Sea has reactivated the dormant agent which was in my mind for so many years, like a virus: to sail, to navigate, to have a boat...

Every day, every evening, exploring the local harbours of Porto Azzuro, Rio Marina or Porto Ferrario, looking at the boats, yachts or dinghies, with a "Feu-de-St-Elme" gleam in the eye.

And more and more regularly, I started to buy Italian, French or English magazines, Boating, Yachting, Nautic, etc..and increasingly, I was attracted only and directly by the 3 pages of small ads "For Sale" at the end of each copy.

In the end, I discovered in France a magazine where the small ads pages are not only 3 but **ALL** the magazine : "Les Annonces du Bateau", 25,000 to 35,000 ads of second hand boats for sale every month!!!

I'd never gone to Paris or any other place in the TGV without buying "Les Annonces du Bateau" right after my return ticket.

And once...November 2011 edition: what?

Just look below:

"Vend Motor-Yacht 15m RAMPART 46' – 1957 – Seeable in Cherbourg..." with a (flattering) picture.

The picture was showing exactly the type of boat I liked, deliciously retro, but not too much, elegant and nice looking on the sea.

I thought: it will be this one, and not any other.

And so, after having entered into a long process of mails, visits, hesitations, travels, passions, expertises, bargains and so on, I became the new [happy] owner of JALDA on the 14th February 2013, Valentine's Day... Tout un poème.

Thanks to Cedric and his Father for having been so patient with me.

Chapter Two [Or how I became RAMPART owner]

The very first time I saw the name of Rampart was of course by reading Cedric's ads, describing his boat.

This name of Rampart sounded doubly unusual for me, firstly because in French the word "rampart" is spelt "rempart" with "e" and secondly because we do expect this word to be more associated with a middle age castle than to a XXth Century cabin cruiser...

During the process of buying JALDA, I started to investigate through modern medias with, as unique indice, the name of "Rampart". I found some websites relating about the name, the shipyard and...**the Club**.

I thought that it could be a good support to be in touch with and, sacrificing little more money, I subscribed to the ROC £50 = 80€, money transfer fees! The same day I paid for JALDA... Ouf!!!

Then, I have to say, ROC was like a new cloud-of-friends – I say "cloud" in its ultra modern and virtual meaning – since after several months of epistolary exchanges, I'm still not physically knowing any of ROC's members.

But communication has been set-up and will last, I hope.

I'm now in the expectation of meeting most of you, new-friends-cloud, sometime in November 2013 if I do manage to liberate some timespace in the overbooked agenda of a semi-retired salesman.

Maybe, see you in November, 24th, Chelsea. Let's hope.

Bon vent à tous.

Slawick

JALDA 186490

Jalda with a new lease of life.



An original photo of Jalda



..... And Closer to Home

Hi all

Our names are Colin and Becky (Cooter) and we run a charter diving and fishing business from Selsey in west Sussex. I have been a commercial fisherman for over 30 years and we are now the proud owners of Pop Watts. As the new guardians of this rampart, we have now owned Pops for around one year, we have been busy doing lots of alterations and making Pops our own. We have had a new mast made and fitted, picture as shown. Also in this photograph you can see Pops's new wheelhouse.

We have also been busy inside. Pops now has a new toilet fridge microwave re-carpeted throughout and forward accommodation has been completely refitted with all new bed curtains and cushions. We have also installed 240 V electric and had a partial rewire. Pops has also been busy on the water and can be regularly seen cruising up and down Chichester Harbour.

Kind regards, Colin and Becky



Pop Watts

Colin and Becky have spent a year making Pop Watts their very own. It was great to meet them at the Littlehampton Rally.

Welcome too, to David and Caroline Roberts, the new owners of Winden. On the way to the TTBR, Roly encountered Winden going the opposite way on the Thames. Of course the camera is never at hand in these moments but we jumped up and down waving and shouting "You're going the wrong way". Our new members looked rather alarmed but when it sank in who we were and where we were going, they decided to come along to the Saturday night drinks on board Roly at the Rally. See note below:-

A short note to thank you both very much for your kind and generous hospitality aboard Roly on Saturday evening.

As new ROC members we were anxious about meeting fellow Rampart owners for the first time but we were quickly put at our ease by such a warm welcome by a great bunch of people. We enjoyed ourselves very much and thank you once again for being such gracious hosts. Next year with the benefit of increased experience and confidence we plan to bring Winden our Rampart 32 to the TTBR and look forward to meeting everyone again then if not sooner.

All best wishes,

David and Caroline



Winden was previously owned by Andrew Smith. Last seen at the TTBR 2 years ago sporting a period mustache

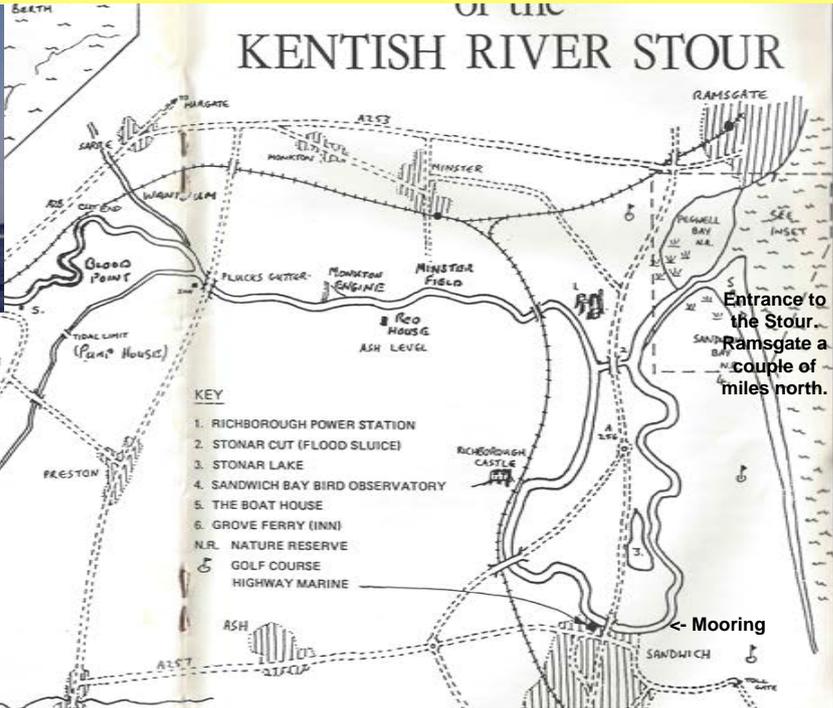


At the TTBR

David and Caroline in the centre of the picture.



Maracus Bay



Entrance to the Stour. Ramsgate a couple of miles north.

To Sandwich and Back

Several years ago, Tim and Lin Ebsworth, bought a plot of land with a mooring in Sandwich, with view to leaving their mooring in Newport IOW and moving there in Maracus Bay, when Tim retired from the Pilot boat team in Portsmouth. However, their plans were sent haywire when it was discovered that Lin had cancer and would need treatment on the mainland over a period of months. So, Tim retired early and they decided to take off to Sandwich and enjoy their new life as much they could, as soon as possible.

The following pictures show the amazing landscaping and development of the site carried out by Tim, turning a wild patch of river bank into a tranquil private mooring. He even created an extended mooring, which, once let to a narrow boat, brought in some extra cash to suppliment the pension.

Maracus Bay was turned into a completely self sufficient home with the addition of a raft of good batteries, solar panels, a wind generator and a solid fuel stove supplying hot water and radiators fore and aft.

However, there are many erudite sayings like 'Be careful what you wish for' or 'Pity the person who achieves his dream', and so it was with this little corner of paradise. With family living on the Isle of Wight and isolation in Sandwich, Tim and Lin started to yearn for the busy riverside marina they had left as well as their family and friends on the island. Fortunately they hadn't burnt their boats, pardon the pun, as they had kept the old mooring on and they courageously admitted to themselves that paradise wasn't for them and as soon as they were ready and the weather was fair, they sold their dream and Tim sailed Maracus Bay back to Newport IOW, where she belonged.



Left

Before

The mooring bought by Tim & Lin as it was when they arrived. Just a mooring!



Left & Below

After

The mooring once Tim got to work!!



Left

Self Sufficient, 4 Solar Panals & Wind Generator, along with the fuel stove, provided all their needs.



Master of all he surveys



Left:
Tim relaxing on his hand-built sturdy bridge, leading to the mooring.
Or should we say estate!



Above:
Extended mooring supplimented the pension.

Right:
Tim and Lin with 'Man's best friend', idylic but a little bit lonely.

Rampart Castle

Ken Joynes sent me this with the comment, 'How about this for a club house?'. So I put it out on the ROC google group email and had this reply from Peter Desty.

Hi Liz,

The castle was on a large plot of land which was purchased by my Grandfather back in the early 1930's just up the road from the old Rampart Yard, he divided the land up and built a pair of semi-detached houses and rented the Castle out to an old spinster. He lived in one of the semi's until 1938 when he built a detached house in the corner of the Garden. My mother still lives in the detached house which is on the river. Her drive can just be seen to the right of the photo. My daughter now lives in the semi that he lived in and which was our family home for many years. The other Semi was sold years ago as was the castle, originally to my younger brother Rob, who converted it and added an extension. He sold it in the mid 1980's. The castle was the coachman's house for the Manor estate, there was another one on the other side of Bitterne Manor which was for the Gardener, it was sold and allegedly shipped out to the USA. I bet when you sent this out you didn't realise that there was such a tie to Ramparts.

Regards

Pete

My response was as follows:-

Hi Pete,

Thanks so much for the info.

Ken Joynes, our secretary, told me it was connected to your family but thought perhaps there was an old aunt still in it or something.

It is all very vivid to me at the moment as I am in the process of putting the builder's list on a spreadsheet as a start to getting all the Rampart Archive, that has been amassed by Stephen Griffiths, into digital form and then, hopefully, on a website.

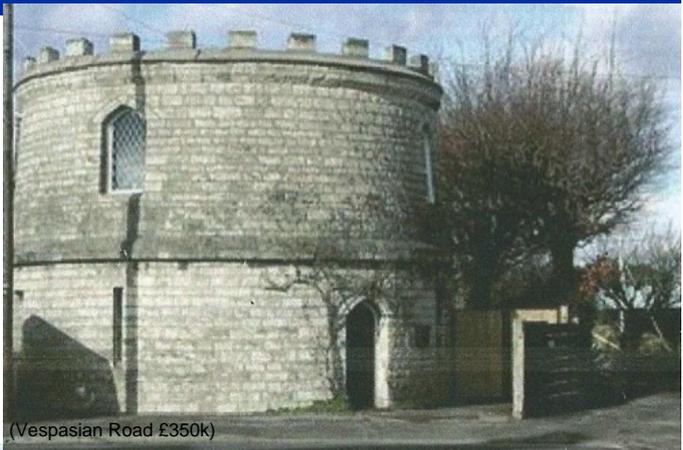
I have been fascinated as I've worked through all the pre war boats and the one's that were pressed into war service and never returned. I was thinking how mortified we'd be if our precious Roly was commandeered and then lost at sea. Still in those difficult times it would have been a small price to pay. I guess I would have swopped Roly for my father, who was killed on D Day, parachuting into France!

Oh my goodness, I didn't realise how immersed I'd become in all the Rampart history.

I'm sitting here rocking gently side to side, in true Roly fashion, on the tidal Thames writing this.

I bet you will never know how much your family is in all the ROC members thoughts and how grateful we all are that such a traditional boatyard survived as long as it did.

Your Grandfather was certainly an exceptional person. Lovely to hear from you, Liz



(Vespasian Road £350k)

MAKE THE GRADE: It may look more like a chess piece than a castle, but it was designed to keep marauders at bay. Comprising of 2 bedrooms, lounge, kitchen, dining room, downstairs wc, ensuite to master bedroom, private garden backing onto river, private jetty.



“Well done, Michael and now its time for a glass of wine.”

That seemed a perfectly reasonable thought after a hard day's labour on the vessel but I knew I'd none on board so I thought I'd kill two birds with one stone by stepping off the boat in preparation for the trip to the chandlers for victuals, preceded by checking the varnish on my handrail from the vantage point of the pontoon. So, with paintbrush in one hand and pot in t'other I stepped off.....

Had I stepped off onto my large metal steps there might not have been a story but I couldn't have done that as I'd just varnished this access area. So, I stepped off the "poop" deck which I've done many times before. For those of you who have poop decks rather than aft cockpits you will know that it is more than just a step down to the pontoon. But, hey, I know what I'm doing so off I go.

And off I went. Right foot down onto cleat with mooring rope wrapped around which I've used before: gentle landing, reducing the drop.

I have no idea how long it takes to drown, in spite of my several First Aid at Sea courses but I've often wondered just how much of one's life one sees before succumbing to the deep. In the fraction of a second between lifting right foot and completing the trajectory pontoon-wards there was no realisation that I was doing something stupid or reckless, other than the reaction to catch the handrail in my left armpit to prevent my fall into the murky depths of Lymington Yacht Haven. There were three, consecutive impacts: of my right foot slipping off the rope-clad cleat, of my left shoulder being impaled on the handrail and of my groin being segmented by landing on the happily placed mooring rope.

It's quite hard to recollect first thoughts: pain was perhaps the first thing to be felt and this directed my attention to my right foot which seemed to be at an odd angle to the ankle. I attempted to move but the pain in my left shoulder left me in no doubt that this would be impossible. So, there I was suspended twixt vessel and pontoon, totally unable to move and in great pain.

It was past 17:00 when all the boat workers would be enjoying their end-of-day pint in the Haven.



Me and Barton

Then I remembered that I'd seen a new boat owner, one Leon Crouch, playing with his new Squadron 55 whom I knew. I hailed him and he came running and, being unable to budge me, raised the alarm. We were soon joined by a driver of one of the smart black RIBs belonging to Solent Rib Charters who happened to be an ex-Army Medic. Others followed - comprising mainly Yacht Haven Staff and, about 30 minutes later, the ambulance team. This lot managed to get me sitting on the steps belonging to my next berth neighbour. The Paramedics or ambulance team, to give them a more dreary title, tried to persuade me that I could walk back up the pontoon!

After pouring copious quantities of morphine down my throat they went and fetched a trolley onto which I was heaved and carted up to the ambulance. They thought I had a bad fracture of my ankle and, probably, a dislocated shoulder.

The care I received at Southampton General Hospital was excellent, my only criticism being the speed with which they wished to fill up my bed with a new patient and expected me to vacate the hospital and return to god knows where at their pleasure. A compromise of an extra 2 days was reached and some kind friends, who live a few miles along the coast came and collected me and have looked after me ever since.

Thank goodness I have hired a replacement for crutches which are painful to use with a "re-located" shoulder, in the form of a "Stride-On." I think this clever device originated in Australia and brilliant it is: it can be turned in its own length and is navigable on the flat in bathrooms and other tricky places. In fact I still use crutches to help tackle stairways but for £16 per week it has enabled me to be more mobile than I would be with crutches.

So, I scoot along the pontoons and crutch myself aboard the vessel which is looking a little forsaken, to fire up the engines. But not mobile enough to act as anything other than a liability on the several charters booked for September and October which I had to cancel. To conclude on an optimistic note, I'm no longer in any doubt that the charter activity will increase and my immobility enables me to attend to next year's advertising with due diligence.

I do hope to attend the November meeting but, at present, am not sure how.

Michael Robinson



To Coelan or not to Coelan?

It was nearly two years ago now on 16th May 2011 that Calina was relaunched at Trafalgar Wharf, Portchester. She had spent the previous 6 months undergoing a very considerable refit which was covered in an earlier issue of ROC News. She is now just starting her third summer in the Mediterranean sun down at her mooring in the South of France in Aigues Mortes. It would be interesting to see how she would fare in that time.

Now we know!!

When I bought Calina the decks were partially covered in grey Trakmark, a sort of diamond pattern non slip material which served two purposes - firstly to be non slip but I suspect more importantly to stop the rain coming through.

We had stripped all this off and the beautiful teak below looked superb.

We pondered long and hard how to treat the decks once we had finished all the sanding and recaulking.



As no doubt every traditional boat owner will have experienced, you are never short of advice on how you should be doing everything. The problem I found was that it was quite common for this advice to be completely contradictory-especially where Coelan was concerned! In the end we opted to bite the proverbial bullet and go for Coelan. As it turned out this was absolutely the right decision in the end but it wasn't all straight forward.

This is what happened a week after we had left Portsmouth. We were just arriving in Paris.

We had been 'at sea' for less than a week and the crew sleeping in the saloon could see the sky through the cracks in the flybridge deck and the small deck aft of the cockpit looked like this. See right --->>

Oh dear!

The teak decks hadn't seen the sun for a while! We tracked down the Coelan technical people in Germany who were most helpful.

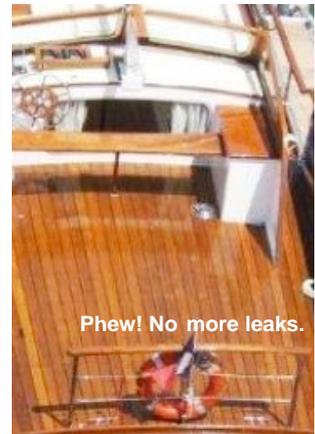
Quite simply we hadn't put enough coats on. They suggested the solution - prime the areas with their special flexible primer and apply two or three more coats.

We are just starting our third Mediterranean summer and we don't have a single deck leak.

Stephen Kingsman



Every self-respecting boat owners"s must have shot, when approaching Paris!



The Secret of Preserving a Rampart in 'tip top' condition.

The trick that makes owning a wooden boat a feasible proposition is to cut maintenance while preserving your original investment. [The quickest way to loose money is not to keep the boat in tiptop condition.] The answer to this conundrum often lies in spending a lot of money wisely e.g. the proper preparation of Roly's hull, sand blasted + 3 coats of primer, followed by 2 coats of the most outrageously expensive anti-fouling kept her clear of weed for 3 seasons.

However, by far the greatest "pay back" has been achieved by covering her completely when ever feasible. For the previous 15 years she had been covered for 8 months each year by a heavy green tarpaulin supported by a massive timber frame with a ridge height of over 7ft! It took 2 men about 5 hours to erect or dismantle it, not to mention the disused dumb barge to store it.

However, the time had come for it to be replaced and so, in 2000 I reviewed the whole question of covering her both for winter and summer.

The criteria for the main cover were:

- To be able to be erected by an ageing skipper and his wife in a reasonably short time.
- To be small enough to be stored in the forepeak because we wanted to take Roly abroad and leave her covered up.
- To double as a sun screen to shade at least a major part of the deck when we were in the flesh spots of Europe.
- To be secure enough to be left, unattended for long periods of time.

After much thought I came up with a design for a cover which proved extremely successful [with a couple of reservations, see below].

The basic structure is a ss cable "ridge" which runs from a stub mast in the tabernacle, over three struts, to a web strap over the bow roller with a 10" bottle screw to give it the required high degree of tension.

The struts are 50mm stainless steel tubes fitted with plastic, purpose made caps, which minimise the chance of abrasion to the cover while locating the cable to the centre line. The foot of the struts sit in brackets, which are hinged fore & aft and are braced to the rails by webbing straps.

The existing boom, from the stub mast to the crutch, supports the ridge of the aft section of the main cover.

The main cover was divided in to 4 parts, the fore and midships sections were designed to 'stand alone' when in port, providing sun screens to the decks.

The sides of the cover rolled up to rail height to get maximum breeze across the decks and to allow views from the deckhouse.

The new cover was first erected when Roly returned to Chelsea Harbour at the end of the season in October 2000. It survived some high winds throughout the winter, although I have to admit Chelsea Harbour was a millpond compared to coastal berths.

In addition to the main cover I designed a new set of secondary covers.

The cockpit had a conventional cover held by clips to the perimeter of the cockpit rim.

Note it is essential that this cover is bar tauged at all times so that the rain water is shed, preferably clear of the after deck.

A major problem which I never solved was that to gain access below decks throughout the winter this cover had to be unfastened and the refastened each time, a small but time consuming job.

We left Roly in Barcelona for three winters under the care of an English resident whose job it was to maintain boats. Part of his brief was to check the automatic bilge pumps, the heaters and dehumidifiers each month.

I presume he did this but to save himself effort he left the corner of the cockpit cover loose. The net result was the fresh rainwater was channelled into the cockpit resulting in the rotting of the after deck and the starboard knee at a repair cost of £10,000 + [2004 prices!].

The cover over the fly bridge is a 3 x 4 m white sunscreen, stiffened with two ss tubes in pockets, lying across the raised boom and braced to the rails. This can be easily moved along the boom or tilted to provide shelter from the sun.

The bimini, over the cockpit, was stiff enough to leave up in all but the worst of weathers. It kept most of the cockpit dry when in harbour, a place to take of wet gear off or sit under [if the rain is in the right direction]; it was, of course, designed as a sunshade!

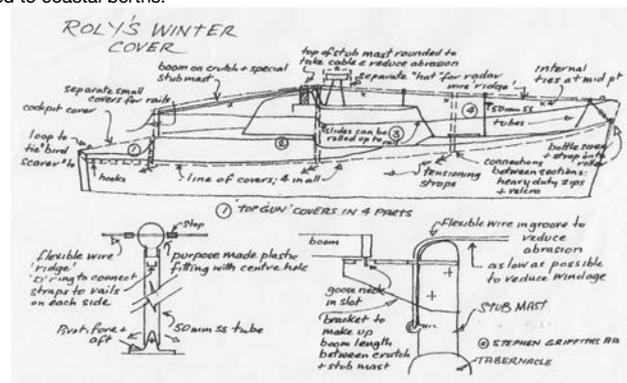
The structure is again ss tube in a pocket in the cover running across the stern and supported by a ss upright on each quarter. The struts are secured to the deck with hinged brackets, [braced fore & aft] and also supported, mid span, by a coat hook screwed to our extremely robust flagstaff, [it doesn't look as bad as you think]. The forward end is tied to the aft guard rail; note the cover has to be carefully cut so that one can reach the deck from the cockpit steps and can be tensioned enough to stop "ponding" when it rains.

The material for the main, over all cover was top of the range [£12/sqm] "Top Gun", made in Germany and supplied and fitted by Flexicovers in Poole and Paignton, contact David Gray [tel +44[0] 1803 555014], the struts and rigging were supplied by Atlantic Spars, Brixham, [tel 01803 843322].

The overall cost, excluding my design time which was considerable, was £2,500. note these details are 2000 vintage. The cover, was made in dark blue to cope with the effect of pollution in the UK, but for Barcelona it should have been white. Even with all ventilation open, 40c was measured on the foredeck!

Stephen Griffiths (former long term owner of Roly)

Tony and Liz thank Stephen wholeheartedly for maintaining Roly in such a tip top condition.



Tony & Liz on the circuit



Roly alongside at the Rally



ROLY ON PARADE AT THE THAMES TRADITIONAL BOAT RALLY

Aureol, 30ft, 1936, a Dunkirk Little Ship, parades with a veteran of the great evacuation on board. They have been known to have 10 Veterans on board all at once for a parade. They also know how to take it easy, Simon behind the wheel and Louise on bow. Aureol parades with DLS group, which left Roly, the sole representative of Ramparts, this year.

We had a good party on Roly on Saturday evening, to which of course, the crew of Aureol came, along with old and new members of the ROC

Aureol



We took a 2 week holiday to attend the TTBR.

A 2 week licence for the Thames cost £184 but all the moorings below were free and one at the Magna Carta field in Runnymede should have been £6 but no one came to take our money.

The picture below was a pub called The Bounty, at Bourne End



Aureol

The rally is a real razzmatazz of vintage wooden vessels parading round the course in their various groups.

Without any other Ramparts there, we paraded with the 'larger boats'.

The weather was glorious and we sat out on deck every night, with our neighbours, eating and drinking into the small hours.



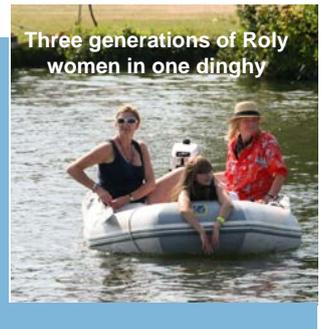
Razzmatazz



Eton

Left:

Is a great mooring at **Windsor/Eton**. There are other places opp. on the town side that cost around £6. There are also several marinas in the area. Most really good spots, like this require you stay only one night. We took 4 nights altogether from **Teddington Lock**, the beginning of the non-tidal Thames, to **Henley** but it can be done in two.



Three generations of Roly women in one dinghy

Our last day on the Upper Thames

Our good friends, Shirley and Jonathon, had joined us at **Windsor** and were leaving us, here at **Hampton Court** but not before lunch with a bunch of new arrivals, family and friends who joined us for the trip back through **Teddington Lock** and down the tidal Thames to our mooring in **Chelsea**. A voyage of a couple of hours.

The mooring at Hampton Court runs down the side of the castle and quite a few boats can be accommodated there. Sometimes you have to ask people 'nicely' if they could move up closer the boat in front of them, to give you enough space to moor behind. It's just a short walk to shops, pubs and cafes or even a visit to Hampton Court.

We couldn't believe our luck this year, with such wonderful weather. We meet so many lovely people and of course we were much admired up and down the river.



Hampton Court

Next summer will be our Anniversary Rally, so fingers crossed for a repeat performance weather wise.

Liz Poole

Topless in the South on France

Following the article in the last issue, John & Julie Gillies relate the details of losing Sabi Star's wheel house

How Sabi Star went from being the tallest Rampart to a lithe limbo dancer. Our trip through France was always going to be a bit of a squeeze. We have an air draft of 3.8 m as the shipwrights built a superb enclosed steering dog house in the usual outside steering position. This means our mast is about 2m back from the usual position, but gives a dedicated steering and navigation station which is snug in a blow, and cool in sunlight. It is quite light in weight and with our hydraulic stabilisers don't suffer excessive roll with the extra top hamper. Wind can affect us but it is never too bad.

Anyway, to get back to the topic, we knew that some problems might arise, so studied the charts, and chose a route where the minimum air draft was stated at 3.5m. They lied!

To be fair, the canals were very full of water with what we have been told was a damp summer. Didn't see much rain ourselves, just the effects. So, with water levels high the air draft was severely tested.

We aren't complete numpties. We did plan for it by working out that by filling the bilges and carrying full fuel and water tanks, together with our two deck water ballast bags at a tonne each, we had an air draft of 3.5m. We should have been all right.

However, we got too cocky. The northern canals are heavily used and the bargees assured us that the stated clearance was for boats with an air draft of 3.5. Unfortunately, the middle canal section states it is for a bridge air draft of 3.5. Spot the difference?

SNCF don't care either way and just build railway bridges at any height that suits them.

So, after six weeks of careful optimism, where we had touched a couple of bridges with minor scrapes, we arrived at our nemesis. It was a section on the Vosges where sand barges worked. We approached the lock and our marker flag bent ominously. Julie was spotter, on the foredeck, and she screamed that this was the lowest by far. We crept up to it, but it was clear that there was no chance of getting under.

We reversed up the canal to a safe spot and moored for the night, to debate our options. To go back was to admit defeat, but we couldn't go forward. So, our beautiful dog house roof had to come off. Even our dogs picked up on our despondent mood and moped around.



That evening the generator went on and my jigsaw started the vital cut. I ran around the cabin sides so that the arched roof could lift away.

The next morning we carefully, and with some effort, lifted the roof off, onto our main cabin roof, cast off and headed for the offending lock. After much praying we approached it and..... still too sodding high!!

Much later we realised that one sand barge in a lock stretch raised the water level by 100mm. We had three barges on that occasion. Very depressed we retraced our course to think what to do next. The nearest big town was Charmes, with a nice long quay and we managed a good spot with water and electricity. After a good meal and a bottle of wine we felt better and our good friends Richard and Sharon were to drop in on us on their way back from holiday in Italy in his little sports car, a Caterham 7.

Thinking ahead, Richard and I went to the local bricolage, equivalent of B&Q, and bought the biggest parasol we could find. Fitting it in the Caterham to bring it back to Sabi Star was interesting.

We debated the options endlessly, but in the end there was nothing else for it but to chop off the cabin sides. This would have the added benefit of allowing us access to almost all the canals except the Midi. However, while I am confident of basic joinery and the replacement of a rubbing strake this was beyond my area of expertise!

I contacted our usual shipwright, Will Sterling in Devon.

As luck would have it he was between jobs and just finishing a regatta at Cowes. He agreed to jump in his van and drive to us on the other side of France. Where there's a 'Will' there's a way. Will worked his magic with wood and in two days cut off the sides and then reassembled them to be collapsible.

First we removed the roof I had cut off. Then he marked the cuts so that the jigsaw puzzle could be reassembled. Then the handsaw came out and he worked his way around each part. The front screen was cut off in one piece, and the side screens also were cut and edged to fit. The rear bulkhead needed some adjustment, but finished satisfactorily.

After that, the whole was reassembled and strengthening pieces fitted, weathersings glued and screwed, and a hinge system installed to the roof so that Julie and I can lift it on and off.

Will left us with the disassembled unit stowed on the afterdeck, and we set off, 10 days after the first problem was encountered. We easily got under the errant bridge, found that several others were low as well, and continued on our way.

Of course, now we were open, the heavens opened and we had two days of continuous rain. However, it achieved the desired effect, we passed easily through the restrictions, enjoying the fine weather with an open top, and didn't re fix it until we were almost at Lyon, as the sun was too hot, and the wind too strong for the parasol.

This winter we are having a removable bimini pramhood installed so we can go topless whenever the mood takes us.



**Topless!
Sabi Star
not Julie!**

At the end of the trip, Sabi Star was left snug in Auxonne, with a crucial cover.

See Stephen's article P14



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