



ROC News

The Magazine of the Rampart Owners Club

Volume 4, Issue 13, Spring 2014



A RAMPART, MISTRESS OF ALL SHE SURVEYS.

The Jalda Project

by Slawick Fermé

Season One, Part II : Collecting a Collector.

In the previous issue of ROC News (Winter 2013) I described some of the reasons, (or follies?), that led me to the purchase of Jalda, a little more than a year ago.

I now have to 'pick up the baton', but...

....the purpose of the following lines, is to share with you a part of the load on my shoulders - sorry about that.

Moored in Cherbourg harbour, still and neglected for many long, cold and wet months, Jalda appeared to me to be in a rather sorry state.

At first sight, "Ma pauvre!" I thought...

Contents

Page 1-4	The Jalda Project by Slawick Fermé
Page 4	News of Ponda Rita by Spyros Sgouros
Page 5	Commodore's Letter by Christopher Morrison
Page 6-11	Calina Coming Home by Emma Tarry
Page 12	ROC's Winter meeting at Cooper's Arms
Page 13	The Floods; Lotus Rose & Dennett's Yard
Page 14	Everybody loves her by Stanley Ross
Page 15	The Thames Barrier
Page 16	Cadogan Pier by Liz Poole



And what about snow?

Fortunately for the vendor, my mind was still dazzled by the subliminal memory of the 3 or 4 first pictures of Jalda he had sent me some months before this first visit.

In fact, I realized that these pictures were taken by her former owner, (G rard Pr vot), several years before, in the time of Jalda's splendour.

The Vendor had been working away from Cherbourg for the majority of his period of ownership of Jalda and therefore she had fallen into a sad state of disrepair and as you can imagine, for a wooden boat like a Rampart, there is nothing worse than one Norman rainy day without personal attention, so what can one say when the rainy day lasts for about two years?
And what about snow?



Still and neglected for many long months.



Saying goodbye to the vendor who knows Jalda will be restored to her former glory.

Nevertheless, I made an "honest-as-possible" analysis of the pros and cons of the project confronting me and decided that if it was enough of a bargain and the selling price dropped down, as close as possible, to the limit I'd fixed in my mind, then...go!

Just before the final handshake, I still asked a shipwright to come with me to visit Jalda and list the necessary work. Patrick James, a man of the profession, explained to me without smiling that the *disadvantage* of a wooden boat is....THE WOOD, which goes rotten with time and the alternating states of dry/wet, wet/dry. Right after, and still without smiling, he told me that the *advantage* of a wooden boat is...THE WOOD, since there is no piece of wood on said boat, that couldn't be changed or repaired.

Ouf!...

We talked a little bit about costs and timing, but not too much...

I signed!

It was Valentine Day 2013: the ultimate day for a *d claration d'Amour* to Jalda!



Some weeks later, at the end of April, we (myself, my Son Raphaël and my new friend Gérard Prévot), drove to Cherbourg to collect Jaldá and take her to Port-En-Bessin, to Patrick's Shipyard, for a deep Jouvence cure. C'est parti!

We left Cherbourg, around 10.00 a.m. under an uncertain sky and steered for Cap Barfleur, which we rounded in the middle of the afternoon. Jaldá's engines purred well at 1300 rpm, with a good cruising speed of 7 to 8 knots.

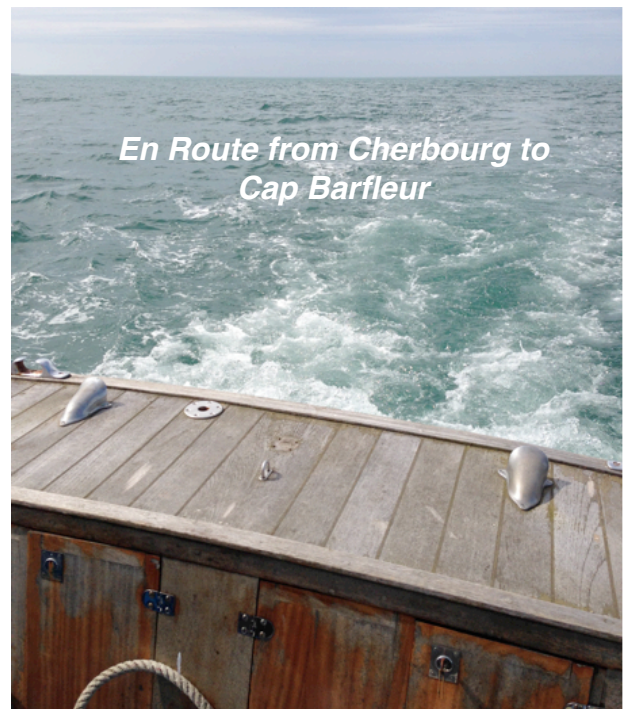
The sea was "*pocco mosso*" but not too much, not really uncomfortable. We were about to pass by Saint-Vaast-La-Hougue but, due to the late hour and the rising wind we decided to come alongside the visitors quay just for the night....or so we thought.

We were convinced we'd be able to cast off the following morning, to make for Port-En-Bessin - a voyage of a few hours. So we confidently opted for, firstly, a good dinner, secondly a good night in a comfortable local inn, where my son found an opportunity to amuse us after breakfast in the morning, looking 'cool', imitating James Dean in 'Rebel without a Cause', in the owner's vintage Triumph...

Our smiles faded on returning to Jaldá, however, when we discovered that outside the harbour, the sea was badly agitated, with a daunting, strong SW wind, forming man-sized rollers.

When the lock opened around midday, we attempted to head SE but after reaching the first buoy about one mile from harbour, Jaldá was so shaken, rocked-n-rolled by the waves coming over the starboard beam, that we quickly renounced our quest to pursue a potentially dangerous voyage. This course of action was fully endorsed by the local Coastguard, who was shouting into the VHF from his observatory: "Hey! You! The little English motor yacht! Get back the harbour immediately! Immediately! Over!" We had no other choice but to comply, so we turned back to St-Vaast, after less than half an hour of a 'washing machine' experience.

Everything inside was upside down and in total chaos but fortunately, nothing was broken; not an arm, not a leg, not even a glass. So all was well.



“Captain” Gérard told me that, through his former long experience of Jalda, “A Rampart always turns well, but never totally!”
Cheering, no?

Jalda was, at this point, still only midway towards the destination for her major restoration works. However, unfortunately, we all had various professional occupations calling us home, and so it was with saddened hearts we had to leave Jalda languishing in a visitors berth at St Vaast, awaiting better weather conditions. A couple of weeks later, Patrick James (you remember, the Shipyard owner) came with a friend to collect her and take her to Port-En-Bessin. Indeed, even they didn’t manage it the first time because of fog but they succeeded at the second attempt with many ups and downs.

Jalda finally entered Port-En-Bessin harbour, without glory, as well as without the wheel, due to a perfidious central screw. But not without a final brush with the Coastguard, who, on receiving a pan-pan call from the wheel-less and disabled Jalda, replied, “Sorry, you’ll have to sort it out by yourself, I’m presently too busy with a trawler!”

And sort it out, they did!

Next season, Part III, (in next issue, with Editor’s permission) *Can’t wait, ED*



Slawick Fermé

Jalda, gets out of her bath and in for a hot striptease!!



Spyros Sgouros contacted us recently with news of Ponda Rita 11

The renovation work is progressing well. I attach a photo of her taken three months ago, last August 2013, in the small island of Erikousa, north of Corfu. Ponda Rita is permanently moored in Corfu, Greece.



And very lovely she looks too and compares favourably with the millionaires yacht behind!

Commodore's letter – Spring 2014

It seems that whenever I sit down to write these letters, I am looking forward to an event which may well have happened by the time others read this.

The initial draft of this missive was written on the assumption that we would be at Henley for our Rally, along with the Thames Traditional Boat Rally. However, the organisers felt that they had to cancel it at 2 months' notice because of a number of factors:

- The ground is still flooded from the winter and, with more rain forecast, there was little prospect of it drying out. The drainage has been damaged by the heavy lorries which use the meadows over the Henley rowing week.
- The Thames itself is very fickle; water rises at short notice and in the past boats have been deposited on the banks, high and dry. Also, boats were trapped at Windsor for a week when all the locks were closed.
- In 2012, when cancellation was necessary at very short notice, the TTBR organisation lost a lot of money in cancellation fees

For all these reasons the organisers felt it necessary to cancel early rather than cross fingers and hope.

However, all is not lost. Liz has managed to get us free berths alongside Cadogan Pier off Chelsea, so the gentle meadows of Henley will be exchanged for the bright lights of the West End.

A number of the committee, but particularly Liz Poole, have been working hard in preparation for this event, in which the Ramparts will attend the Rally in force [I hope] and celebrate about 15 years of the ROC's existence. Liz is doing sterling work investigating a programme for the weekend at our new venue; Simon Jones and Michael Robinson are concocting a shore display of photographs; we are getting a banner made to sling from the guardrails; Jeremy Pearce – whose initiative this was – is planning something as yet undeclared; and we hope to have 4 boats from the S Coast making the trip to join the 'Thames Division' of Ramparts, which I hope will move out of their non-tidal enclosure and join us down there; we will open the boats to the public and we will be holding the AGM on the Sunday.

I do hope we will all make an effort to come to the Rally somehow, if not by boat, then by other means

Other news is that we are continuing to make progress on the archives. We have a shortened version of the Builder's List on the stocks and this is being refined before we go live. Once again, Liz P is the driving force in this and is giving up her time to sweat over her laptop, in company with some computer experts, to get the system in place. We owe her a huge debt of gratitude.

Other members of your committee continue to work behind the scenes; Ken and Tracy keep track of members' news and help with queries from people interested in Ramparts, as well as the continuing tasks of agendas and minutes. John Gillies continues his struggle to keep the membership and the subscriptions flowing in, but it is a task which is made more difficult than it need be – and you know who you are! My thanks to them all.

Finally, I know that members will join me in paying tribute to Lin Ebsworth, the stalwart wife of Tim, who died of cancer in May after a long battle. Longer-serving members will remember her for her zest for life, her good humour and willingness to make a go of everything. She was a popular member of the Club and attended every function she was able to. Our thoughts and condolences go to Tim who supported her so strongly over these last few years.

Have a very good summer

Christopher Morrison Commodore ROC

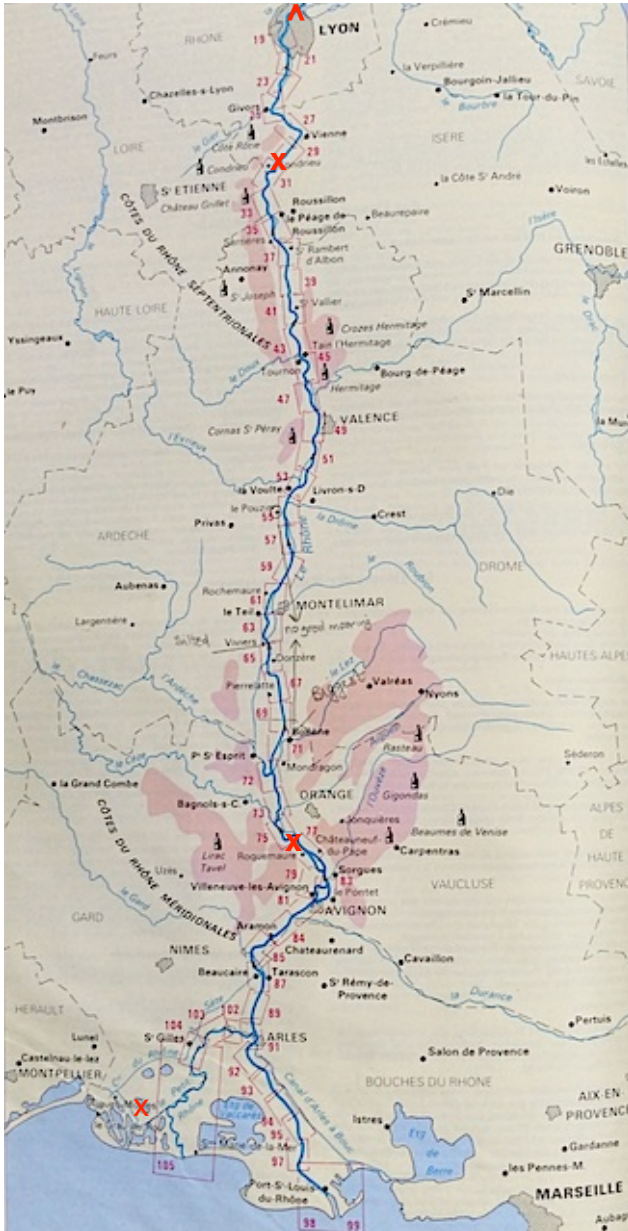


Lin Ebsworth
of
Maracus Bay

*as last seen at the
AGM in Littlehampton
last Summer
and on board
Maracus Bay
in Sandwich before
returning to moorings
in Newport IOW*

Rest in Peace Lin





Until this summer, I am ashamed to say that if you said the word ‘Rampart’ to me, I would have expected it to be in the same sentence as ‘battlement’ or ‘buttress,’ not necessarily beautiful motor boat.

When my new friend, Stephen Kingsman, invited me to come to spend some time on his boat and help him bring her back up through France to England, I had no idea what to expect.

Part of me half anticipated that this would be an invitation to spend time on something shiny white and fibreglass but little could have prepared me for seeing *Calina* for the first time.

Elegant in her mooring in southern France, the August sun glinting off her chrome and polished teak, she’s handsome; wholesome somehow, like a floating gentleman’s club, built entirely of wood and not an inch of plastic in sight.



CALINA coming home
by Emma Tarry



Stephen, all ready to go.

After a quick provisioning trip to the local Intermarché, I assist with the unclipping and unwrapping of Calina’s covers, hand my bags aboard and step off the quay onto a week of elegant adventure afloat. I’m the (trainee) crew for the first part of her journey back to Britain for an overhaul in Michael Dennett’s boatyard in Chertsey.

CALINA underway at the crack of Sparrow!

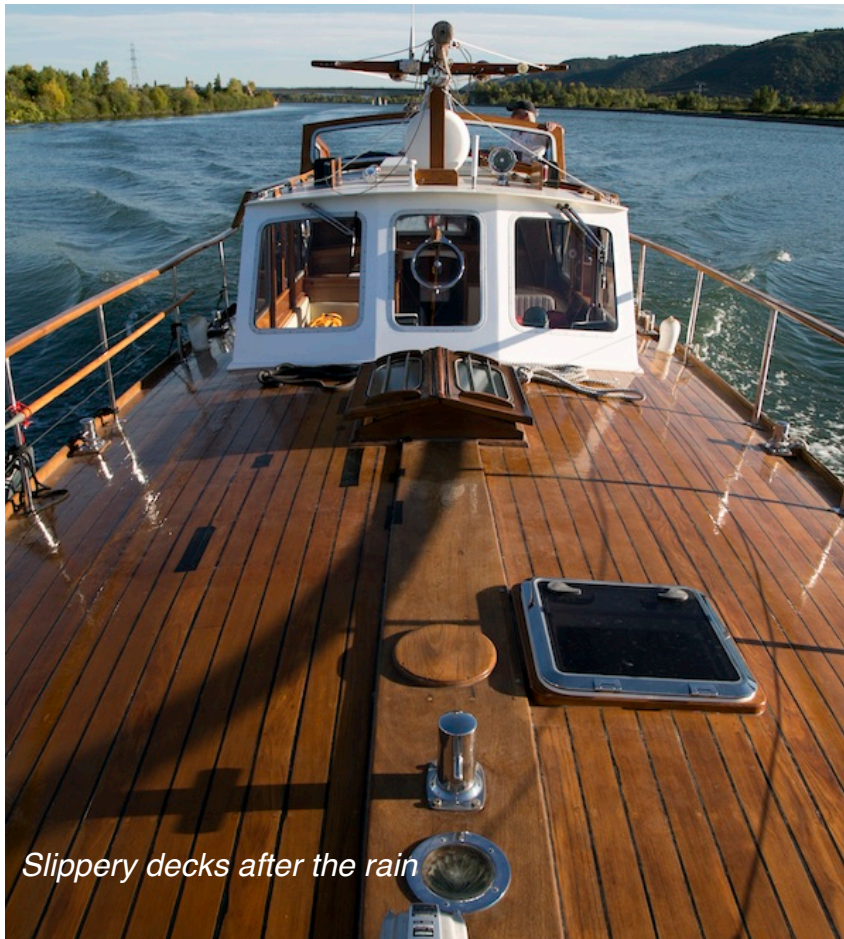


I'm a bit of a boating novice I suppose. My previous adventures afloat were precisely that. The last time I was on board anything smaller than a ferry, I set sail in a small yacht for 9 days at sea out of Gibraltar to Madeira with an old university friend, all bravado and blind enthusiasm. It became significantly more about blind faith after we had sailed out into the big seas of the Atlantic and our skipper mentioned in passing that this was also the first time he had been out of sight of land ... Thankfully, on board this beautiful 1971 Rampart 48, my captain is far less foolhardy. In the late summer Camargue sunshine I start to learn my knots and how to adjust fenders; we swing out of the marina and set forth up the Canal du Sète on our way north towards the Petit Rhône.

We reach St Gilles on our first night and moor up without much incident as thunderclouds mass overhead.

Big splashy raindrops begin to fall ten minutes after we have sat down outside *Le Cours* restaurant. We move inside as the long-promised storm crashes around overhead and the rain starts to pour through the canopy. On our return to Calina, our suspicions that her decks need another coat of waterproofing Coelan are confirmed and we set about locating and catching the drips. The gods must be smiling wryly as there seem to be leaks every where except over the bunks and, much mopping later, we sleep soundly.





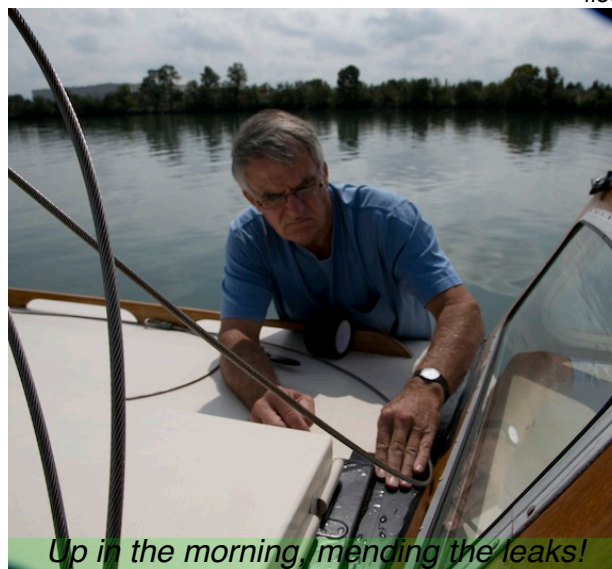
Slippery decks after the rain

The morning of Day 2: the alarm goes off before it is even slightly light. I hadn't reckoned on 5.30am starts when I signed up for this expedition. I particularly hadn't anticipated being asked to get up, wash, eat breakfast and scuttle around to cast off while still bleary eyed and barely awake. However, within moments of being under way I am grateful to be awake so early. The mist is rising off the water, the sun a strengthening glow on the eastern horizon and the air smells strangely vegetal and earthy. The deck is still glistening with last night's rain and shines like wet glass. It's about as slippery too. I move around tentatively with my second cup of tea.

We reach our first lock on this trip (St Gilles) within half an hour. It is absolutely terrifying to me.

Entrusted with calling out the distance off the wall (yikes – metres or feet? Inches?) *and* making sure I have fenders in all the right places *and* tying her up to a big bollard that, I'm assured, will float up the lock with us as the water level rises.

I scuttle around without really knowing what I am doing but I make a half decent fist of it and my captain seems pleased. Hurray! We rise a massive *six inches* and I am slightly disappointed. I have heard tell of massive locks and swirling maelstroms that will swallow a small boat (perhaps an exaggeration) but this seems remarkably undramatic. I am relieved and suspect everyone to have been massively exaggerating. I am also unaware of the Bollène lock that awaits.



Up in the morning, mending the leaks!

St Gilles Ecluse

Waiting for Calina to rise up the bollards

The Petit Rhône widens a little past this lock until we finally join the mighty Rhône itself. We make way upstream against what is now a strengthening flow but not the spate that we feared. We see massive trees, uprooted in some past flood, now pinioned by the current against red and green channel markers. They serve as a healthy reminder that the river can roar down this stretch when in flood and that we were right to leave the south early before the winter rains this year.

We see very few 'plaisanciers' on this stretch of river. No more LeBoats, crewed by Germans smashed on the local rosé, no more little hire boats with day trippers in shiny orange lifejackets.

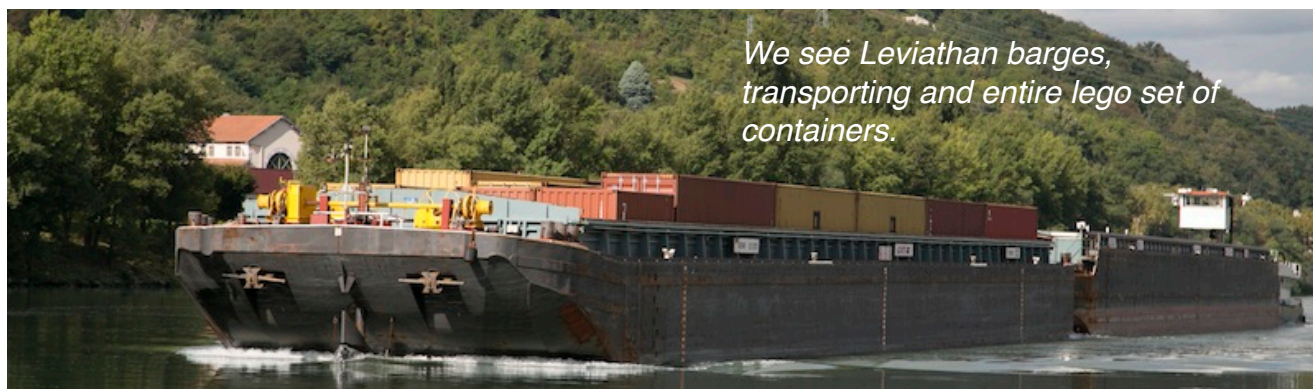
Instead we see occasional floating hotel tourist boats, the passengers thronging to our side of the viewing deck to video us waving cheerily back.



Mainly however we see leviathan barges, sometimes with an enormous pusher tug, transporting an entire lego set of containers. Most have little Clio's or Peugeot's on the back; 'Octopussy,' I note, sports a shiny new black Mercedes SLK. I wonder what and who his payload and paymaster are.

The locks turn out to be a lot bigger on this stretch of river and there is barely time to make another cup of tea or have elevenses as we motor straight into the Beaucaire lock. With a much more impressive rise of 16m, I have my work cut out to make sure that we are fendered off the wall but the lock fills steadily and there is no drama. We lock straight through Caderousse as well and make the lock at Bollène by mid afternoon. My jaw drops. I'd heard it was big – it's the biggest and deepest in Europe apparently – but I didn't reckon on the effect that motoring into a cavity of such epic proportions – the rise is a knee-trembling 29 metres, that's 95 feet in old money – and being the only boat in there when they shut the utterly enormous doors – would have. It takes over 50 million litres of water to fill the lock and they operate it just for us. Awesome.

Past Bollène, we now have a conundrum about where to stay tonight. We had originally anticipated spending the night in Avignon but we roared past there at about lunchtime so over another cup of tea we set our sights on Viviers at PK166 (I'm getting the hang of the *guide fluviale* by now) and reckon to be there at about 7pm. It says there is a *port de plaisance* where we can moor up for the night. We make good speed and eventually we can see the little marina in the distance.



We see Leviathan barges, transporting an entire lego set of containers.



The Rhone below Lyon



After sweet talking the lock keeper, we were allowed to moor overnight at Chateauneuf Lock



The Saone, above Lyon

You, the reader, are likely to know that a Rampart 48 is not a particularly small boat. She needs about 1.45m of water and she's tall out of the water, vulnerable to sudden gusts when you're trying to moor up.

From the safety of the middle of the channel, we scope out the marina anxiously through our binoculars. Worryingly, the biggest boat in there looks to be probably 4 metres long and as we get closer we can see that the entrance to the marina is narrow with no room to turn once you're in.

The pontoons don't come out very far and they are very low to the water. There's a wind and a current and Stephen definitely doesn't like the look of it but it's the only port de plaisance for another 45km and it's nearly dark.

The crew of the massive tourist ship moored a little further along in the channel try to reassure us in broken English that it will be fine. Stephen is is not so sure. We need a rapid plan B.

Now then, my knots may not be all that special, and I have to keep checking which side starboard and port are meant to be, so as not to go around the wrong side of the way markers. However, thanks to an expensive education, I happen to speak half decent French. I radio forward to the next lock and earn my supper by sweet-talking the lock-keeper at Chateauneuf into letting us stay on his waiting pontoon overnight. With a sigh of relief, we motor on another couple of kilometres and moor up. *We've covered over 140km today.*

That night, we are woken briefly at around 4am by a massive barge swinging into the lock next to us, lights and engines sounding like the spaceship in Close Encounters of the Third Kind.

We had set the alarm slightly later for the following morning and on Day 3 cast off at a much more civilised 7.30am. We lock straight through and my thanks to the lock keeper on our exit are heartfelt.

After another excellent day with serendipitous lock timing, we moor up in a marina at Roches de Condrieu (PK41) that night and wake the next morning to clouds looking quite menacing already on the horizon. It became clear yesterday that we would make Lyon today which seemed amazing as we had anticipated struggling to do that distance in less than a full week.

The day doesn't start that smoothly however. The wind is already quite strong and it has started to rain before we reach the first lock at Vaugris.

All toggled up in waterproof jackets, for the first time this trip we have to wait at a lock and tie up on the mooring pontoon. After half an hour, the lights go green and just as we untie, a squall gets up. At that minute a speedboat comes out of the lock and the driver opens up the engine right next to us, creating a 3 foot wash that nearly lifts all 20 tonnes of Calina clear onto the pontoon.

With all of this happening, a fender chooses that very moment to make a break for freedom. For the first time, my captain is not so calm and is probably wishing he had brought a more experienced first mate with him. He shouts instructions that I don't really know how to follow on how to retrieve the fender with the boat hook - while he is trying to stop Calina from mounting the pontoon. I try really hard - fail frustratingly - and eventually he takes the boat hook off me to do it himself. Thankfully he's better at lassoing escapees than I am! Fender safely retrieved, we motor sedately into the lock and, once out at the top, we only have one more lock before confluence of the Rhône and the Saône in Lyon.

Lyon is memorable mainly for the fuel station and the extraordinary riverside architecture. The fuel station is mainly notable for the shop - in which the manageress really doesn't want to sell us anything. It is lunchtime - she wants paying for the diesel and then she clearly just wants us to leave. Much tutting later (from her, not us), we buy a map for the next stage of our journey and wish her bon appétit!

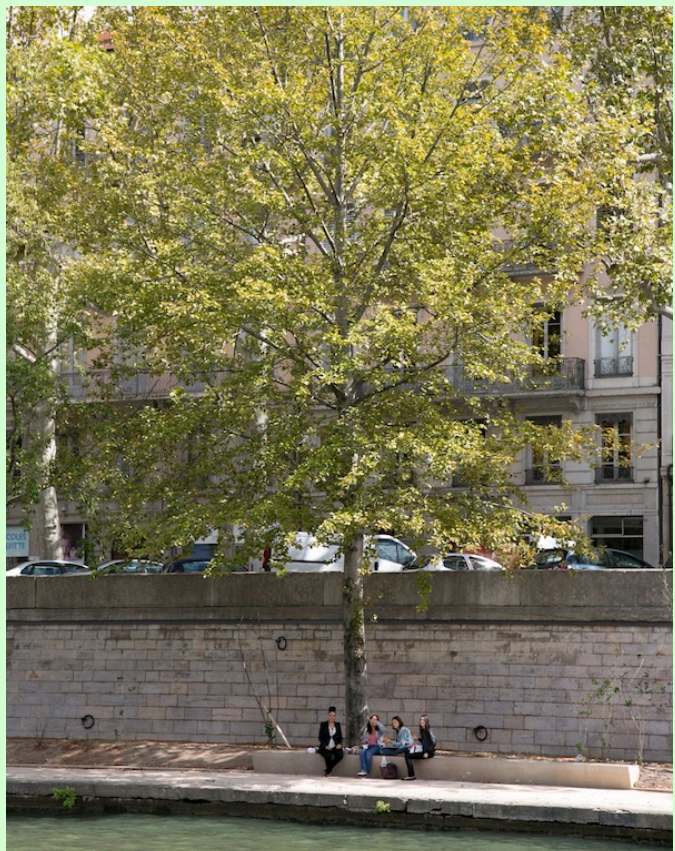
The architecture in Lyon is fascinating from the river; modern and leery technicolour buildings near the confluence give way to elegant C18th and C19th architecture as we head north. There's a small army of workers building a walkway that runs the length of the river through the city and lunchtime joggers are already making use of it, running past office workers on their lunch break and mothers pushing prams. Past Lyon and the Saône is noticeably less busy and less powerful than the Rhône. It's twistier too and much shallower in places. Our run continues smoothly that day and we moor up just across the river from Villefranche-sur-Saône at the end of Day 4. One more lovely day of sedate motoring finds us turning into the brand new port de plaisance at the northern end of Macon. We are much further up the Saône than we had anticipated being able to reach and we spend one last night on board before hopping on a train to go home.

It's been a fabulous trip. I am now an expert fender-knot-tier and I've done my basic training for driving in and out of locks - which I found incredibly nerve wracking. (My captain described driving Calina as like driving a digger - on sheet ice. It's much worse than that, especially when your pulse is racing!) We have eaten our weight in delicious French food, been stranded after supper miles away from the boat, narrowly avoided hitting many 'crocodiles' (sunken logs) in the water, seen a lot of herons and ducks, managed not to get lost or go the wrong way, drunk a lot of tea, sampled some fantastic wine and laughed - a lot.

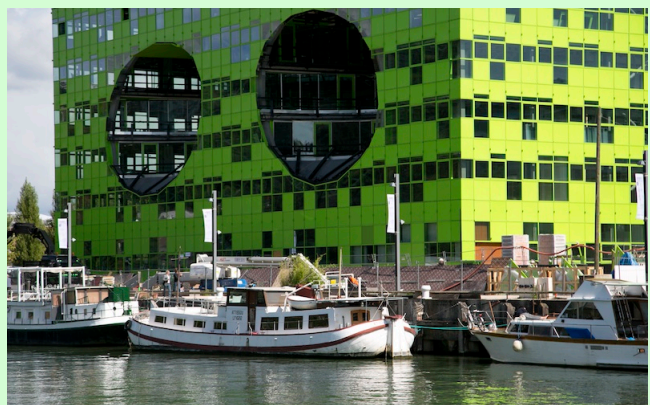
Can't wait for the next leg! *Emma Tarry*



Cruising through Lyon



The banks of the Saone through Lyon



The ROC Winter meeting seems like a lifetime ago, as I write this May 2014.

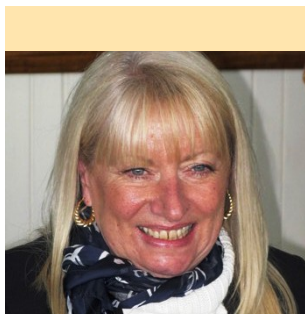
As we have done in the past, we met up at the Cooper's Arms in Chelsea, which seems like a convenient venue for most people and parking is available and free on Sundays. Convenient, that is if trains run and cars don't break down. After a car break down last time, it was a blocked train this time and unfortunately, the Commodore was on it. Held up, on the line, stationary for over an hour. Liz received the call from Christopher, (thank goodness for mobiles), when on the way to the Venue.

So, the first meeting attended by 3 new Rampart owners, was a bit of a shambles.

We went round the table introducing ourselves, thus meeting Caroline Leask and David Roberts, who have bought *Winden* from Andrew Smith; Helen and Kevin Foster, who have bought *Moombara* from Michael Nicholson and Slawick Fermé, who bought *Jalda* from Cédric Ménage. We discussed the fact that there was a way forward for building an archive, thanks to Liz's chums on Cadogan Pier, who have set up a program called 'Podio' and during the course of this year, it will be added to, bit by bit, until finally being unleashed onto the ROC members. Each person by then should be able to keep their own boat section up to date.

We may have to have a club lesson at an AGM.

Christopher Morrison, our esteemed Commodore, arrived at 1.10pm, just in time to close the meeting. A good lunch was had by all!



Sue Lifton, *Pop Watts*

During the meeting, Liz also related the sad news that Sue Lifton, ex **Pop Watts**, had died. She was a lovely lady and will be terribly missed by her husband John and family.

Above right Helen and Kevin (*Moombara*) contemplating the menu.

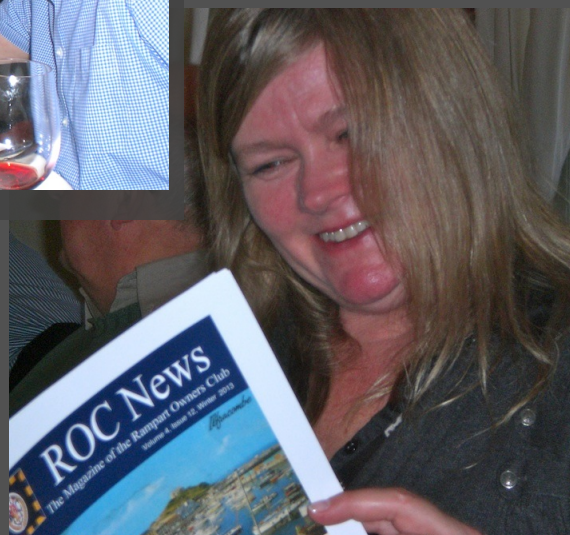
Above left, Mike Robinson chats to David as Caroline looks rather anxious, when Ken Joynt (ROC Sec) points out her letter in the ROC News.

But all's well.....**below right**..... she likes it!! Phew!



Stephen Griffiths (ex Roly) sharing an amusing anecdote with Slawick Fermé (Jalda), who crossed La Manche to be with us.

Below: Pamela Griffiths being regaled with an amusing anecdote by Tony Poole (Roly).



The floods



From Roland Phillips, *Lotus Rose* in Port Dinorwic, Wales

Highest tide for 20 years and as you can see by the pictures the outer wall has disappeared in the outside marina and the inner one lapped over the wall and I moved the boat just in time !!!

The Dennett's Yard in the River Thames.

If it's this high outside the front gate, it would be the same height throughout the workshop and over the hull of any boat on the slip!

Anyone who's been to Dennett's Yard will know just how packed the workshop is with tools, wood, equipment and boats.

Nightmare!

The vessels in the river are well anchored as the flood rises higher over the bankside.



Michael and Steve looking remarkably sanguine in the circumstances.

Below: Roly on the slip in less hazardous times.



*I think the boat on the outside is Winden.
I'm sure I'll be corrected if I'm wrong!*





STANLEY ROSS AT THE HELM, ALWAYS THE LEADER OF THE PACK!

EVERYBODY LOVES HER

Many of you will be aware that the relationship between skippers of sailing yachts and skippers of motor boats, can at best be strained, and at worst, downright confrontational. In my early sailing years, from the mid fifties onwards, when I had first a 12 ton sloop, then an 18 ton Cutter, both designed by David Hillyard, heavily built wooden, sailing vessels, I often cursed heartily as, ploughing steadily along at an optimistic 5 knots, I was close overtaken by one of those fibreglass bubbles going at full chat, say 30 knots, sweeping us almost onto our beam ends.

I never minded such things in my third wooden boat, the even more massively built 52 ton ex minesweeper, 'Nordic Star,' with it's double diagonal *six inch* oak planking, (yes really); it took a lot to move *that* bugger around I can tell you. Incidentally, I would suggest that, that evil vessel must have been the only boat *ever*, where, preparatory to taking part in a sailing 'race' with the fleet of my main club the South West Shingles Yacht Club, the club of self confessed idiots, master mariner Bob Fisher of Yachts and Yachting fame, came aboard during his bizarre handicapping procedure, preparatory to our taking part, in a race can you believe, looked around at our huge masts (which one's arms could not encircle) the one inch stainless steel shrouds, the thick tan sails with all the folding characteristics of thinnish pieces of plywood, and actually gave us leave to run our engine *during the race*, at "500 revs maximum," he declared,

Little did he know, poor soul, that the cruising rate of that gigantic eight cylinder Gardiner engine, was only 750 revs. Well, it did have a lot to push around (including the massive AGA).....anyway, where was I, oh yes, such a huge boat was immune to speeding plastic tubs, oh, and by the way, if you're still interested, we came in last. Happy days.

But to where, dear reader is all this Proustian rambling leading? I hardly know myself, except that when the Commodore of said SWSYC asked me last year for a contribution to the Archivist's note book, I realised that, sadly, I had virtually no yachting experience to draw upon that year, since, with Jackie, literally at death's door, on no less than four occasions, including six weeks in intensive care, seven whole months of that sailing year were spent in hospital wards, a very long way from my fourth, and I guess my very last wooden vessel, my beloved "Highland Beauty" a Rampart 48 Mahogany on oak frames, built in 1975.

Except, except, except, for that one, blessed, short weekend of two nights with those super people of the Rampart Owners Club in the Hamble, (beautifully headlined in this publication as, "The best rally so far") when my wonderful daughter Victoria stood in for me at home; it was, sadly, the only time I was out that year. So it was, that returning from that lovely weekend, an encounter between my motor yacht and a sailing yacht, stood that long-standing enmity, right on it's head.

A mile off Chichester Bar, solo on board, I was overhauling a large sailing vessel, and, as is my wont, I slowed down markedly to avoid wash. As we came abreast of her, the other skipper suddenly let go all, went below and came back with his camera and began taking shots of us as I slid slowly and smoothly by. Some days later I received in the post the photo, with a note that apologised that the weather had not allowed him to take a better shot of her, but, he said, "I just had to take a picture of your 'Highland Beauty', for she made such a lovely sight that day." It fair brought tears to me eyes.

When I wrote to thank him, I finished by saying that, sadly, difficult personal circumstances now meant that I was unsure how long it would make sense to keep her and asked whether he might be able to send me a negative from which I could make a larger picture for my study, so that I might better remember her? Within a couple of days, back came a larger picture, of perfect size, with his compliments. Ain't that a nice little story?

Cont. top right

But it is absolutely typical of my experiences during the fifteen years that I owned my little ship, over which time I am proud to say, that without exception, every boat owner, whether motor or sail, or even any passers by seem to love the good ship

“Highland Beauty”. As you will be aware in 2012 I had to give up my lovely little ship altogether, since problems at home did not improve, and showed no signs that they might. Some months later the new owner James, kindly invited me on board for lunch and it seemed to me he had made all the changes that I personally would have liked to have made, but could not afford. At least I have the warm feeling that she is in very safe hands. But I miss her more than you can know.

I guess many Rampart owners will feel this same affection for our very special little craft. And it seemed to me, from my years of ownership, that everybody, but everybody, loves Ramparts.

Stanley D L Ross



THE THAMES BARRIER.... FOR THOSE WHO HAVEN'T PASSED THROUGH IT'S PORTALS BEFORE.

THAMES BARRIER

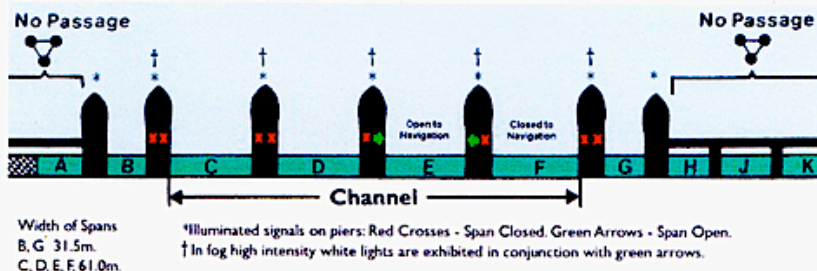
The Thames Barrier consists of ten spans lettered A to K from south to north:

Spans B to G are open to navigation subject to the restrictions described in current General Directions.

Spans C, D, E and F are 61m wide with a depth of 5.8m below Chart Datum.

Spans B and G are 31.5m wide with a depth of 1.2m below Chart Datum and have depth boards on Piers 3 and 9.

Spans A, H, J and K are permanently closed to navigation. Under normal circumstances, and subject to the requirements of partial closures, the northern spans E, F and G are used for inward bound traffic and the southern spans B, C, and D are used for outward-bound traffic.



Thames Barrier Control Zone

A permanent Control Zone, encompassing the Thames Barrier, is established between Margaretness and Blackwall Point. All vessels navigating within this Zone are subject to the requirements of current General Directions as summarised below.

Navigation through the Barrier Control Zone

Under normal conditions navigation is through one span in each direction, which will be indicated by green arrows and red crosses on the piers of the Barrier. Vessels intending to pass through the Barrier should contact London VTS on VHF Channel 14 at either Margaretness Inward bound or Blackwall Point Outward bound. London VTS will then allocate a span which will be indicated as being available by the green arrows and red crosses. Information regarding spans available for navigation will be broadcast in routine broadcasts at quarter past and quarter to the hour.

In addition to VHF radio, London VTS communicates with river traffic through illuminated Thames Barrier Notice Boards. These are fitted with flashing red and amber warning lights and are situated on the embankment at the western and eastern limits of the Control Zone. When either the red or amber lights are flashing, the Notice Board will display a message directing vessels to call London VTS on VHF Channel 14 for more information and instructions.

No vessel is to pass Margaretness Inward bound or Blackwall Point outward bound during a Thames Barrier closure unless authorised by a Harbourmaster at the Thames Barrier Navigation Centre (London VTS).

Spans Open to Navigation

Light Signals

Each navigational span of the Barrier has an array of traffic signals on the ends of the adjacent piers to indicate whether the spans are open or closed to navigation. The light signals will be displayed both by day and by night. Spans are open only to traffic in a single direction at any one time.

Green Arrows will be exhibited from the ends of piers either side of the span(s) open to navigation. The arrows point inwards towards the span open to navigation from a particular direction. Red Crosses will be exhibited from the ends of the piers either side of span(s) closed to navigation from one or both directions.

Spans Permanently Closed to Navigation

Span A to the south and spans H, J and K to the north are permanently closed to navigation and display at their centres the signals prescribed in the River Byelaws for closed bridge arches (see Thames Bridges – Lights and Shapes)

Overtaking and Manoeuvring Restrictions

Any vessel wishing to overtake another vessel, or any vessel wishing to carry out manoeuvres in the Thames Barrier Control Zone, may only do so with the express permission of the Harbourmaster at London VTS.



ROLY ON CADOGAN PIER

This is the venue for the Anniversary Rally on 19th/20th July 2014.

This shot was taken from Battersea Park opposite, so those with dogs will have a wonderful area in which to exercise them.

The fashionable Kings Road is 4 minutes walk away, with Peter Jones Store at the end in Sloane Square.

Those coming by car can park over Albert Bridge in Albert Bridge Road, free on Saturdays and Sundays but beware, the carpark in the park charges on both days. There is also free parking in Cheyne Walk, 2 mins from the pier, from Sat 1.30pm and all day Sunday.

There is a 170 bus from Victoria Station that stops outside the pier gate.

From Clapham Junction Station, the 170 bus stops on the other side of the road before Albert Bridge.

We are planning a voyage in Star of Killarney down through the sights of London, to Tower Bridge, Sat. morning.

Other ideas, at the planning stage, as I write, are a Friday evening trip to our favourite bistro for dinner, Saturday night BBQ on the pier and a night-time film show on the deck of Hollandia, (a Danube Hotel Barge), with the lights of Albert Bridge as a back drop; the London excursion boats come up, just to catch a glimpse of it!

We've been lucky enough to book the upstairs room at 'The Surprise', Chelsea, for our AGM and lunch on Sunday morning.

The Ramparts are able to stay on the pier until Monday, HW 0948h BST.

The tide is perfect for Ramsgate, departing 0800h to pick up the tide all the way after the city. The tide for the Upper Thames (Tedd Lock 1048h) is good for departing bet. 0800h & 0900h. Come and join in the fun. The more the merrier! Make it a Rally to remember.

Liz Poole



CLUB CONTACTS

Commodore: Christopher Morrison

email: morricl@aol.com Tel: 07979 964 684

Secretaries: Ken & Tracy Joynes

email: majonca@gmail.com Tel: 07848 415 544

Treasurer: John Gillies

email: jgillies@johnsongillies.co.uk Tel: 01702 294 977

Archivist: Stephen Griffiths

email: gstephen123@gmail.com Tel: 0207 3521 1267

Vice Commodore/ ROC News Editor: Liz Poole

email: LizPoole@YachtRoly.com Tel: 07802 179 674