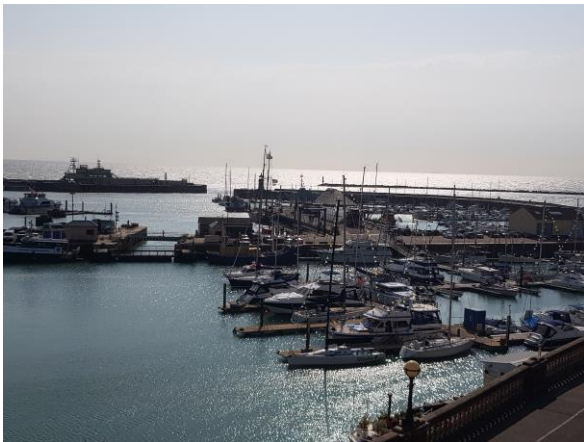


TEMPLE NEWS (BUMPER EDITION)

November 2020

A reminder that you may contact the office for information/advice. Please email Kathryn at info@rtyc.com or Elizabeth at Elizabeth.anderson@rtyc.com



COMMODORE'S MESSAGE

Hello everyone

Well, what a year 2020 has been so far! I was truly honoured to be voted in as Commodore in January but, little did I know what was to follow. Having said that, with a very knowledgeable and experienced team in place, we are doing everything possible to keep your club active within Government guidelines and restrictions and my thanks go to all the Committee, Non-Executive Directors and others who have helped me so far to date. I said right up front that the objectives were to protect the staff, members and the RTYC. All the required social distancing measures were put in place with hand sanitiser, masks, entry-exit procedures, etc. We have managed our opening hours to maximise the assistance from the Government with the furlough scheme, which has now been extended to March 2021 and which will help see us through the winter.

So, what's been happening?

- A working party very kindly smartened up the terrace. Thank you to the Fosters, Greens and Stephen King.



- The cruising section managed a number of trips in between lockdowns (see the Cruising section for some very interesting reading)
- The racers managed a series

- The radio-controlled lasers have met once a fortnight in the harbour
- We started running Fishy Friday using Marc Pierre's restaurant beneath the yacht club
- We ran a quiz at Halloween with the club decorated with spooky decorations. There was cheese and wine on each table - congratulations to the editor of the Temple News and her team who won and a special thanks to Martin and Rachel Morgan's for organising
- There was a "guess the weight of the pumpkin" which raised £104 and was won by David and Pamela Bleazard at a weight of 7.860 kg



- We started to run music evenings on a Friday with a maximum of 30 people to ensure personal space. We sold-out 4 with 16 additional people on a waiting list. We are trying to rearrange these once the government announce next steps

The Entertainments Team had a number of other events planned which, hopefully, can go ahead when we are allowed to re-open.

Finally, I would like to thank members for supporting the club by either using the clubhouse and or renewing subscriptions. Unless the guidelines change we are hoping to reopen on Friday 4th December.

I hope everyone stays happy and safe

Best wishes
David Parish

250 CLUB

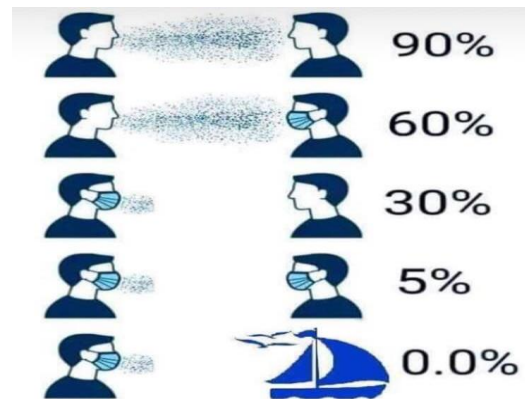
I am sorry I have no results to publish but, hopefully, we will be able to have the annual BIG Draw as usual in February 2021 when all will be revealed....

Date of the next Draw TBC

RAMSGATE WEEK & SOCIAL MEDIA NEWS

I'm writing this article in the current Lockdown 2 and, to be honest, missing catching up with all of you at the Yacht Club. However, this time of enforced isolation does give time to reflect on the past few months and, although things have not been easy, I am truly proud of the way our club, under the leadership of the Commodore, has been able to start running events giving us a sense of normality. Regular weekend events had been planned with a Halloween themed quiz evening taking place just before lockdown. Who ever imagined that Rachel could find fifteen questions on pumpkins alone? It's such a shame that the Ben Mills evenings in November were cancelled as the one in October was a great evening, but hopefully we can hold the next event in December.

Sailing had continued, when the weather allowed, thanks to RCS Nick and his team, and it was great to get down on the pontoons before sailing and chat with you all. During one of my trips I was lucky enough to watch the crew of *Bad Boys* preparing for the race, and I took a short video of Anthony Dale being wheeled onto the yacht. That video has been viewed so far by over 4.8 thousand people, spreading a positive message that it is possible to overcome disabilities to enjoy our sport. To quote one Facebook follower, who lives in America, 'I wish I could give this post a thousand likes, well done!'



Our social media following continues to grow and, just to clarify for those who don't do Facebook and Twitter, we have many pages. On Facebook, **RTYC Ramsgate** is open to everyone and, to quote statistics, in the last month we have reached 14.4 thousand people, great exposure for the club, and its free!

We also have the **Ramsgate Week** page, which as you would expect is pretty quiet at this time of the year but still reached by about 600 people. Our closed group is **Royal Temple Yacht Club** which only club members can access. You have to be approved to join and it's a private group where people can share videos, and comment on closed events that take place in the club. For example, the zoom quizzes that Martin and Rachel Morgan's kindly ran



Harbour Christmas Lights 2020

As 2020, thankfully, draws towards its close and many of the year's plans have sadly fallen apart leaving little worth remembering, we now have our chance to, at least, make the harbour memorable for all the right reasons at Christmas. We know just how much joy our lights bring at Christmas and I think this December we really need more than ever to bring our harbour alive with lights.

Usually, by now, posters are placed on boats and in the club announcing prize giving and dates and I'm pestering everyone in person on the pontoons and in the club but this year that's just not possible so it falls to the *Temple News* to encourage you to dust off those lights and special sparkling creations and plan your part in this year's spectacle. Lockdown rules suggest that until the 2nd (unless you are a liveaboard) we can only prepare but, from then on, it's full steam (or sail) ahead. Our aim is to get the harbour twinkling by the 6th of December. Prizes are on order and judging will take place over Christmas with, hopefully, a get-together in January to present them in the club.

Once again, I am able to provide some lights to those who are joining in for the first time and to those who have had lights damaged by the weather. Please either email me at martinmorgans@hotmail.com or call me on 07815149630 for more details.

I look forward to seeing you around the pontoons over December. Let's give everyone something to smile about!

Martin Morgans



during the first lock down were only advertised on the closed group.

We also run the [Ramsgate Illuminations](#) page as well, which is where I share all of the photos of your beautifully decorated boats. And that gives me the chance to remind you that Christmas is fast approaching and it would be fabulous if more boats than ever could be decorated, we desperately need some festive cheer this year!

Twitter is another medium we use to advertise Ramsgate Week and also the Illuminations. And once again followers on these pages are increasing as we are stuck at home, with little to do.

We don't just post articles on our own pages, images of our sailors smiling faces are sent to all the local Facebook groups as well as the worldwide Facebook Yacht Club in an attempt to reach out to our local and wider community and generate interest in our club and our sport.

Before I sign off I just wanted to share some special news which some of you may already be aware of, Chris Cox has successfully completed and passed his Yacht Master Ocean Theory and Practical which means he joins a very select number of club members who hold that qualification. Well done Chris!

Stay safe, hopefully I'll see you soon.

All the best



Karen

Chair of Ramsgate Week and Social Media.



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and Scotland (SC037769). Registered charity number 20003336 in the Republic of Ireland.

Following Denys Tweddell's article on Trophies – Lost and Replaced, this follow-up story completes the saga. Thank you, Denys

Lost Trophies

In April 1988 we had a serious robbery; thieves broke into the Trophy Cabinet in the bar and stole a collection of our silverware.

A neighbour reported that after failing to start a car near the Tidal Ball, they were seen running down Cliff Street carrying bags. (The getaway car was stolen from the forecourt of Dumpton Garage.)

No more was heard of them and it seemed that this was going to be another unsolved crime.

Some years later we had a telephone call from the Hemel Hempstead Police in Hertfordshire. They asked if one of our lost trophies had a Viking Ship emblem. This was, indeed one of the features of the Europa Cup. Saying this, we were asked if we could come to Hemel Hempstead to examine a collection of pieces that they had impounded.

Brian Martin and I were taken to the station where we were shown a heap of scrap metal. Clearly these had been cups and salvers; all had the Hallmarks removed and engravings buffed out but there, in all its glory, was our Viking Ship.

A closer examination of the pile showed the arms of the cup. Piece by piece we could identify other items of our collection and, except for two items, all totally ruined. These two items were the Telescope and the Temple Mug. The Mug had been presented to the Club by Dick Walsh. The engraving had been buffed out and the Hallmark cut out but re-soldered into place again. This gave a clue as to what had happened to the Trophies. In their original state they would be difficult to sell but their Hallmark could be used on modern material giving "age" and so a piece made yesterday could be passed off to the gullible as being made in the reign of George IV with a very enhanced value.

There is a very interesting story of how our trophies came to be in Hemel Hempstead. It begins with a series of robberies in the Home Counties that were under investigation. One day a member of the Hemel Hempstead Crime Squad recognised a possible suspect in the town and apprehended him. Under questioning, the suspect admitted to being involved in a life of crime and decided to go straight. He co-operated fully under questioning until asked how he disposed of the stole goods and now he prevaricated for some time. Eventually, he gave the name of a firm in Ramsgate (he, himself, was not involved in any of the crimes in that part of the country).

Now we come to the interesting part of the story: Hemel Hempstead police decided to raid the Ramsgate premises. They did this without the involvement of the local police force. They raided the premises of a jewellery shop in the High Street and found the silverware and a quantity of a jewellery from a local jeweller who had also suffered from a series of robberies.

The sequel to this was that the owner of the High Street premises was charged at St Albans Court and on trial was found Not Guilty. The jury accepted the view that the manager of the shop had bought the scrap in good faith.

We recovered some of trophies but in a very sorry state of SCRAP.

Former Commodore Brian Martin has supplied this newspaper cutting recording the raid and the photograph of the smashed cabinet



Silverware raid stuns yachtsmen

The missing Europa Cup.

Twelve silver trophies valued at £35,000 have been stolen in a raid on Ramsgate's Royal Temple Yacht Club.

The thieves smashed the club's glass display cabinets with sledge hammers, grabbed 15 cups and salvers and drove off in a car stolen from the Dumpton Park Garage.

The car and two trophies were later recovered.

The Cliff Street club's car commodore, Mr. Denys Tweddell, described the loss of the silverware as a tragedy.

He said: "The stolen items were among the finest in the yachting world and can never be replaced."

"Some of the trophies date from the turn of this century and the workmanship is out of this world. That standard of craft does not exist any more."

"A valuer recently said it was almost impossible to value them because they could not be judged solely on their weight in silver."

He said the club was considering offering a reward for the return of the trophies, but was waiting for financial advice.

Among the stolen trophies were the Beales Cup, presented to the club in the 1940s by Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Europa Cup, presented to the club around 1964 by the German emperor Kaiser Wilhelm.

"These cups are part of our history," said Mr. Tweddell.

"The Europa Cup is one of Germany's premier trophies and we often chide our German friends that we have their cup. Quite recently they said they would give us £10,000 for just that one trophy."

Anyone who knows anything about the burglary or the trophies should contact Det. Sgt. Martin Uden at Ramsgate police station on 581724.

The Royal Temple Yacht Club insurers are offering a reward of £3,000 for any information that will lead to the recovery of the stolen trophies and/or information leading to a conviction.

Commodore Mr. Brian Martin outside the club in Cliff Street.

A section of the club's fine collection of trophies.



Derek Hirst

96 years young, and still a sailor

Derek was awarded a medal from the Norwegian Government a month or so ago. It was for his part of being a member of the crew of the RN vessel *HMS Zambesi* that went up the Norwegian coast and rescued some 525 Norwegian citizens that had been hiding from the Germans.

The presentation took place at Derek's home in his garden and was done by the Norwegian Consulate to the UK. Derek said it was nice to be remembered after some 75 years after the event. There were two awards given; out of the 240 crew from the vessel, only two remain.



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TEMPLE TEASER

FROM STUART CARTER

Solution on page 15

1. What is the name of the type of chart where Latitude and longitude are shown as straight lines crossing each other at right angles?
2. Where would you be unlucky enough to find a supercell?
 - a) A Maximum Security Prison
 - b) In a Thunderstorm
 - c) In the hull material of the most modern America's cup Yacht
3. What is the Saffir-Simons Scale?
4. What is the name of the wind that comes from the Sahara and can reach hurricane speeds in North Africa and Southern Europe, especially during the summer season.
5. At what approximate distance from the planet's surface do GPS satellites orbit the Earth?
 - a) 40,400km (25,100 miles)
 - b) 20,200km (12,600 miles)
 - c) 10,100km (6,300 miles)
6. What is a meteotsunami?
7. What is the benthic zone?
 - a) A temperate zone just north and south of the Equator
 - b) The lowest level of a body of water
 - c) The area immediately in front of the bow of a yacht
8. Name two of the main symptoms of scurvy
9. What is a forked mooring?
10. Which organisation publishes the IRCPS?

Nigel Collingwood

Please send any contributions for compilation into the next issue or comments, etc to Sue Foster at sueandtommyfoster@gmail.com

SAILING NEWS

End of Season Round Up



What a year we have had! Who would have believed the future when I was fortunate enough to be elected to be your Rear Commodore of Sail that Mr Covid decided that he was more important than our sailing and all my plans for RTYC?

It's been a challenging year for the RCS Team and my thanks go out to Paul, Stuart, Karen, Deborah, Clive and the ladies and gentlemen of the Race Hut Team for their support in helping me get the racing and competitive sailing going again; without the assistance of these volunteers and them giving up their valuable time we wouldn't have been able to race, so a big Shout Out and Round of Applause to them.

It's been a real challenge to get some traction under the sailing but not to be beaten we did get some great racing in during the season. It all started with the new buoys and special thanks goes to Rob Brown and the Ramsgate Harbour Team, also to *Nelson* and *Spectrum* Boats to get these out on the water in time for the racing to start. We began the sailing year with restricted 2-handed racing and congratulations must go to Expedite the Poupard Family for winning this event. Julian Poupard would have been so proud of you and *Expedite*. Special thanks to all the competitors who made the effort to join in this racing. The final results were:

1st *Expedite*
2nd *Sandstorm*
3rd *Pippy*.

We then followed this by getting the RC Lasers launched again. This has been a great success. Thanks to Jim Boorman, Adrian Tomlinson, Mike Brand and Paul Woodward for their support. The current rankings are:

1st Adrian Tomlinson
2nd Mike Brand
3rd Peter Jackson

We then followed this with a restricted crew series as per the government guidelines. This became the RTYC Series of 10 races with 8 to count. The results are:

Class 1 IRC Handicap

1st *Stiletto*
2nd *Kabluzo*
3rd *Assassin*

Class 2 IRC Handicap

1st *Foxy*
2nd *Buccaneer 2*
3rd *Cobra*

Joint Handicap Classes 1 & 2

1st *Stiletto*
2nd *Foxy*
3rd *Buccaneer 2*

Classes 3 & 4

1st *Pippy*
2nd *Manana*
3rd *Cordyll II*

We then set an Autumn Series with crew to the sizes allowed in their handicap ratings. This consisted of 6 races with all 6 counting. The results are:

Class 1 IRC Handicap

1st *Stiletto*
2nd *Assassin*
3rd *Kabluzo*

Class 2 IRC Handicap

1st *Foxy*
2nd *Buccaneer 2*
3rd *Cobra*

Joint Handicap Classes 1 & 2

1st *Stiletto*
2nd *Foxy*
3rd *Buccaneer 2*

Classes 3 & 4

1st *Pippy*
2nd *Manana*
3rd *Cordyll II*

The last race of the season found me in isolation due to exposure to a Covid case and thankfully Stuart, our Race Officer, read my speech (many thanks Stuart). I would also like to thank all of you for making the effort to race and get out on the water in these difficult times. It has been great to get your support with the racing, I'm sure we all have a catalogue of misdemeanours from this year. Highlights for me are don't follow *Foxy* on the Dyson Dash! We all know Mike likes to chase buoys around in Broadstairs. I must remind *Stiletto* to write down the course so Paul's affair with number 4 buoy is not repeated. Get Kim to mark the head on his spinnaker so he doesn't launch his kite sideways again. There are so many more that I will not bore you because there's a time and a place for these.

I hope you have enjoyed the limited sailing and I am sure, like me, you found the courses and racing challenging and great fun. I am hopeful that the world finds a solution to the pandemic sooner rather than later and that we will be able to have a full calendar of sailing in 2021. It is my intention to start next season off with a fitting-out supper with a prize giving for this year and, more importantly, Stuart's Kangaroo Court; so, start saving guys, as we have lots of fines already stacked up. I'm sure this will be a fun night and something to look forward to get us off to a good start.

I had so many plans for this year but of course Covid quashed these. If I am fortunate enough to hold office next year, then watch this space. As a taster I want to instigate some on-the-water training sessions outside the racing; some off-the-water crew competitions in the bar, more weekend regattas in the summer so we can get some visiting clubs to compete, etc, and not forgetting our much-prized annual regatta, Euromarine Ramsgate Week, in the summer. The world is our oyster so any thought and contributions on what you would like me to include next year will be warmly welcomed.

In closing may I thank you for your support. I wish you all the best, stay safe and I look forward to sharing good times again with you all in the very near future.

Nick

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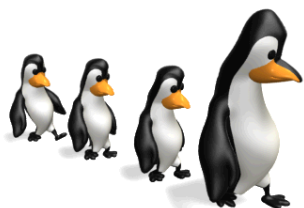
www.LateSail.com

We then had a more socially-distanced walk along Ramsgate sands to Dumpton Gap (without lunch, alas). It was very good to see June Warren joining us.



As soon as we are able, another walk will be organised. Please contact Davena if you would like to join our WhatsApp group.

THE WALKING GROUP



Contact Davena on 07760 402479
to be added to the group *WhatsApp*

Eric led the walk on Thursday 20 August, from the St Crispin Inn around the fields at Worth, near Deal, and back to the pub for lunch (we were still allowed then!). The weather was perfect and the venue and pub grub very enjoyable.



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RTYC CRUISERS

Our Cruisers went into action the minute the government guidelines were lifted; *Oyster* to the East Coast for three weeks, *Emily* to Holland, VC Martin Morgan's *Pintail* organised a cruise to the Veerse Meere, *Blown Away* to Amsterdam and beyond... while *Assumpta Ann* and others visited the Rivers Orwell and Deben.

So... from the Vice Commodore:

Holland 2020 - The Official, unofficial tour

With 'That Virus' having scuppered our planned cruise in June, a few die-hard Holland lovers found themselves discussing the potential to try again in August. With a little help from the RTYC Cruiser WhatsApp site and an official nod from RCC Anne we suddenly had five boats ready to set off. Sadly, one had engine issues two days before leaving and so finally *Pintail*, *Principessa*, *Blown Away* and *Christine* set off on or around the 31st of July and we all finally met up in Middleburg on Sunday the 2nd August.

After the customary magnificent meal at the Yacht Club and a lay-day to make the most of the supermarket and super chandlers we wished bon-voyage to *Blown Away* as they pushed on to Amsterdam. We made the rather shorter and more relaxing 2 hour run to the Veerse Meere and our planned stop at Mosselplaat. As the island's pontoons were busy we chose to drop hook in the bay between the island and Veere. The weather, having been hot from the start, now became rather Mediterranean, temperatures soaring into the 30's and the winds non-existent. The pleasure of falling into the water several times a day to cool off, playing in the ribs, walking on the islands was just too good to miss. We enhanced the evenings after a BBQ on the boats by taking a rib run into Veere for another cold one, and a welcome ice cream. The challenge of returning to the correct boat in the pitch dark made all the more fun as 40 anchor lights all seemed very similar when 500 meters away! Our daily 'skippers meeting' took on a very familiar theme. Question - is there somewhere we want to go on to? Answer - Where could possibly be better than here? And so, seven days were spent swimming, snorkelling, rib riding, walking, BBQ'ing, oh and drinking! I have to say it was probably the most enjoyable period I have ever spent on *Pintail*.

Sadly, all good things come to an end and we reversed our path to Middleburg to plan our journey home. Unfortunately, that was exactly the time when my radiator cap decided to fail and *Principessa* proved a very good tug-boat and *Pintail* was expertly placed onto the pontoon in Middleburg. Several hours of cycling later a new cap was found and normality restored. That evening Anna Murphy succumbed to the teasing and jumped into the canal having challenged me to do the same if she did (the video is available). As VC, I could hardly refuse and honours were even.



Reality was now that Belgium was off limits and France and Holland would be in 48 hours. Fortunately our plan was to overnight at Cadzan Bad before a direct run home on the Friday. As usual *Pintail* headed off early as the slow boat and watched AIS at *Principessa* and *Christine* leisurely wandered out and then overtook by mid-crossing. After 15 hours of flat calm we arrived to find the lock open and our berth waiting. Holland 2020 was over - bring on Holland 2021!

Martin Morgans (Pintail)



AUGUST 17th - 24th EAST COAST CRUISE

Unfortunately, due to late cancellations, only three RTYC boats participated in this cruise, although this did not prevent us from having a very enjoyable time.

On the Monday *Assumpta Ann* and *Stella Maris* sailed (and motor-sailed) to Woolverstone Marina on the Orwell, where we were joined by *Avventura* who had sailed up the previous day to spend the night on Half Penny Pier at Harwich.



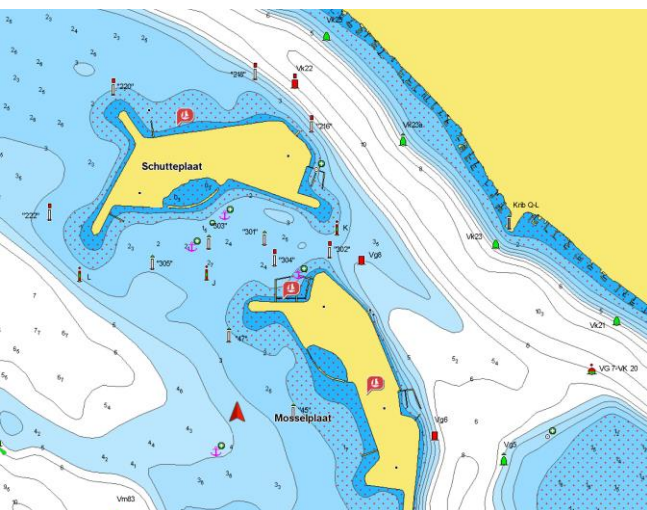
*Entrance to Tide Mill Harbour at low water.
Taken just after Pimms O'clock on Avventura*

On Tuesday it was the almost obligatory very pleasant walk for a lunch time visit to the famous Butt & Oyster pub at Pin Mill.

Wednesday saw us at the Tide Mill Marina in Woodbridge. We planned to stay for 2 nights but due to high winds actually stayed for 4 nights. Luckily Woodbridge is a lovely destination with a pleasant town to replenish stores, and interesting riverside walks. Also, luckily, we were all moored together with bows to the wind, so we were well sheltered. Despite the high winds it was mainly dry and sunny. We all enjoyed a very sociable stay.

On the Sunday we went back to the Orwell ready for taking advantage of a weather window back to Ramsgate the next day.

Dennis Payne
(*Assumpta Ann*)



Please send any contributions for compilation into the next issue or comments, etc to Sue Foster at sueandtommyfoster@gmail.com



Blankenberge, just under ten hours after leaving Ramsgate. At the end of the dock was *Pintail* and *Christine*, the RTYC flotilla was complete.



Hopefully we will soon be putting a few ideas together for 2021. Maybe this will be the time to experience cruising more of the East Coast, River Thames up to St. Kathrine's Dock, Eastbourne and south coast, always leaving time for a dash across the Channel for wine and cheese should this be allowed. Whatever, you can depend on cruising being a good, friendly experience. A space worth watching!!

We had a great meal across the road from the marina with Andy and Sarah and returned early to the boat ready for our 09.30 morning start.

Soon we were past Zeebrugge on a fresh breeze, in no time we were in the Westerschelde and then crossed the channel to the lock at Vlissingen. After the lock came the first bridge; we edged up to a Dutch steel motor boat which was tied to the side of a large barge. We asked the Dutchman when it was going to open, in about an hour was the answer but we had an invitation to raft up alongside.

Anne Peers
Rear Commodore Cruisers

BLOWN AWAY TO FRIESLAND

I had always wanted to sail our boat through the Dutch canals to Friesland, the northern province of Holland. My Mother is Dutch and I can remember staying with my Grandmother in her family home in the early 60's. The house was next to the Canal and the Noordbrug Bridge in Leeuwarden, the capital of Friesland. I have distant memories of looking out of their front window to see the bridge going up and down and waiting to hear the double thump when it bounced down.

In 2017 we followed Mark Andrews in *Aventura* to Middelburg and the Veersemeer in Zeeland on the RTYC summer cruise to Holland. We had a great time stopping at Nieuwpoort on the way and going on to visit Middelburg, Veere, Zierikzee, Goes and the islands of the Veersemeer. This year's 2020 summer's cruise to Holland provided the incentive to finally take the plunge and not say again that "we will do it next year". We had asked our friend Peter and his partner Carol to join us on *Blown Away* and I had also asked him to plan our journey. Our 20-metre mast meant that we would have to follow the 'Staanemaast' route, the mast up canal route from the South of Holland, across the IJseelmeer and to the North through Friesland.

Peter, being a retired mariner, managed the task with professionalism and, after what I am sure was many hours of chart work, produced a coloured spreadsheet showing an arrival in Leeuwarden taking just seven days. His plan provided distances, times, waypoints, bridge and lock details. I had read quite a few articles on the internet about going through the canals and most had said to give yourself about seven days to get to Amsterdam. So, we loaded the boat with far too much stuff and....

We left at dawn on Saturday 1st August, it was calm, there was no wind and it was warm, our first stop was to be Blankenberge. Martin and Rachel on *Pintail* had left with Tony and Kim on *Christine* the day before and we thought that we may not see them. Andy and Sarah with *Principessa* had said that they would join us on the way across but when we left Ramsgate at dawn, *Principessa* was still tied to the dock. After an hour or so we spotted a sail behind. It was *Principessa*; they eventually came past and we followed them into



Before the hour was up the Dutchman had nearly the complete RTYC convoy tied up alongside, but then the bridge lights turned to red and green. The four bridges to Middelburg open every four hours and then go in sequence.

By four in the afternoon we were alongside *Christine* in Middelburg's inner harbour. A great meal and Sunday evening was enjoyed in the yacht club with all members of the fleet.

08.15 Monday morning saw us leaving Middelburg and following Peter's plan to Willemstad. Soon we were at the Veere lock; we went in the commercial lock with a barge. All the barges had at least one car on the rear deck, some had two or even three. Some had small boats, jet skis and other toys, we could see that it was a sign of success to have more than one Audi on show.

After hearing a lot of Dutch chatter on the radio we realised that the lock doors were stuck. After a while they got the doors half open and after doing my best in atrocious Dutch on the VHF we were given permission to squeeze out. We travelled East across the Veersemeer and entered the Oosterschelde via the Zandkreeksluis. Then a left turn and a right to go north along the Mastgat to the Krammersluizen. Now East along the Volkerak to the Volkeraksluizen. We knew that we had to go through the commercial lock for air clearance and, after being shouted at by a barge captain telling us that we were going to the wrong lock, a quick check on the VHF confirmed that we were right. Then out into the Hollandsch Diep and we had arrived at Willemstad.

Please send any contributions for compilation into the next issue or comments, etc to Sue Foster at sueandtommyfoster@gmail.com



It had taken just under eleven hours from Middelburg, 'the plan' had said eight. The missing three hours was waiting time for the locks and bridges to open.

My cousin Sanny drove from her home in Breda to join us for a delicious dinner at the restaurant on the waterfront. Willemstad is a small historical town with super facilities for yachts; it's a great place to visit.

Tuesday night's stop on Peter's plan was Gouda. It was 35 miles. After topping up the fuel tank with just 71 litres we left Willemstad at 08.30.

We motored East then turned North past 'S Gravendeel then, on joining the Oude Maas, we turned right to pass through the large Dordrecht railway and road bridges. Past Dordrecht city, another large road bridge and a left turn North to briefly join the Nieuwe Maas. Quite a lot of barge traffic here. Although the barges looked slow they generally were at least one or two knots faster than our seven. It was no problem to keep out of their way. We were now going around the back of Rotterdam and the sharp right into the Hollandsche IJssel brought us to the Storm surge barrier and the Algerbrug. Next the Julianasluis and bridge, and we arrived at Gouda.

Our Dutch Atlas showed a marina just off the main canal with a depth of 2 metres. Following the excellent Navionics software on my iPad we turned south down a narrow creek to the Gouda 'marina'. We slowly came to a halt, the depth sounder showed 1.6, *Blown Away* draws two metres. The bow thruster helped to swivel the boat round and the Yanmar pushed us up to a motorboat that was moored to the bank. We rafted alongside, keel in the mud, the harbourmaster greeted us and showed us the location of the 240v sockets (a must for the girls' hairdryers), and the water hose.

The creek 'marina' was clearly not in the best part of town, but in the evening we walked to the town centre, which was impressive, very historical and delightful. A great dinner was enjoyed and we retreated back to the boat on a very hot and sticky night.

A check on the nav lights earlier had discovered that the mast running light was not working. Peter 'volunteered' to operate the winch... so yours truly sat in the bosun's chair, for the first time in my life.

With a new bulb in one pocket, screwdriver in one hand, torch in my mouth, I was winched up, past the radar and up to the crosstrees. A quick fiddle with the bayonet fitting produced the light and I quickly put the cover back on and was relieved to get back down. Luckily Mandy was in the shower washing her hair when this was going on, so I didn't get into trouble until it was all over.

In the morning we realised that we had been attacked by the Gouda Creek Mosquitoes; poor Carol looked as though she had chicken pox.

The plan was to leave 05.30 Wednesday morning as the railway bridge north of Gouda opened at 06.00. We needed plenty of revs to push out of the creek mud but were on our way by half past five. Peter and I on deck and the girls still in bed. The bridge went up as planned, another seven bridges and we were going across the Brassemer-Meer. Then another three and we were at the Schiphol motorway bridge by 11.15. We had to wait nearly two hours, but now it was less than a

mile to the very deep Nieuwe Meer. At the Northeast end of this lake is the meeting place for the Amsterdam Midnight Convoy.

The bridges through Amsterdam will not open during the day, so every night between midnight and 2am the bridges open, just once, to let boats through North and Southbound. By two in the afternoon we were at the Northeast end of the lake; we tried to dock on a pontoon by the shore but run out of depth. Peter remembered that we had passed a small restaurant called 'The Lake' with a canal-side mooring just before the lake. A quick 'phone call to book a table did the trick and we were moored up, with keel in the mud, by three.

The afternoon drinks and evening dinner at 'The Lake' were exceptional and when darkness came we let go the lines to motor back across the Nieuwe Meer and join around ten or so other boats at the waiting place or 'Wachtplaats' for the Nieuwe Meersluis lock and bridge.



At about 23.30 the VHF channel 22 crackled to say that the first bridge was opening at 23.50. We were told to be prompt and to keep together so Peter was on the bow as collision prevention officer, in the dark.

There are thirteen bridges altogether on the Noordzeekanaal through to the north of Amsterdam. At one and two in the morning the streets were surprisingly quiet, the only red lights we saw were the ones in front of bridges. Carol, though, was sure she could smell something illegal, or perhaps it was legal in Amsterdam. We emerged from the last bridge at around two in the morning, then into the big waterway to turn East. Soon we were across the channel to find the Sixhaven marina.



We crept through the tiny entrance and after ten minutes of looking, found a vacant space at the end of a run of pontoons. We tied up and were quickly out for the count. Peter and I were up before eight, I found the harbourmaster on the dock and explained that I had just been to the office to pay, but it was closed.

He walked with me to the pay station and asked me to touch the big blank screen. The screen lit up with options of different national flags, then I had to fill in the boat name, then length, breadth, persons on board, days of stay, then confirm, then amount, credit card, pin, etc, etc. All remote, self-service, Dutch ingenuity! At 08.30 we were off again, boys on deck, girls in bed, 31 euros lighter.

Thursday's destination was Hoorn, still on plan. We travelled a short distance to the Oranjesluizen and the large Schellingwoude road bridge. We had to wait just 20 minutes for the bridge to open and then we were on our way across the Markermeer to Hoorn. The Markermeer is the southern part of the IJsselmeer which it is separated by the Enkhuizerzanddijk, a man-made causeway with a dual carriageway on top.



The two seas are only around 2 to 4 metres deep. The weather continued hot and calm - we had chosen the hottest two weeks of the year for our trip. The Markermeer was mirror smooth. Hoorn soon came into view, it was a yachties' paradise, we could see hundreds of masts. On the radio we were allocated berth B12 and by one in the afternoon we were backed into B12 with bow lines round poles at the front.

Hoorn is an old fishing town, now turned into one of Holland's major tourist destinations. We enjoyed a great afternoon exploring the old town and seeing the sights. Dinner in town was again up to the usual excellent Dutch standards and we were back on the boat ready for an early Friday morning start to Sneek in Friesland. The boys were up again at sunrise and we dropped lines at 06.00. 2200 rpm saw us going at 7 knots towards the Enkhuizen Sluis, we were there within two hours. Through this lock and we were in the IJsselmeer, again flat calm and it was very hot. The bimini had been up all the way from Ramsgate and it was not going to be put away any time soon. After only a couple of hours of heading East we were passing the giant wind turbines on the approach to Lemmer. We had finally arrived in Friesland. We had a twenty-minute wait to enter Lemmer's Prinses Margarietssluis but before we could go in, an absolute deluge of at least 50 small boats emerged from the lock to spend the day on the IJsselmeer. The Prinses Margaret Kanaal travels North through Friesland via the Friesland Lakes. We followed this Staande Mastroute to the Sneekermeer and turned West to find the Sneek's Jachthaven Marina.

This marina was the closest to the centre of Sneek that we could find, we had rung them earlier in the day to book a mooring for the night.

Following the Navionics ipad we turned North towards the town centre, then a left down a small waterway, to again slither to a halt in the mud; 1.5 on the depth sounder. There was an empty space just long enough, alongside, on the grass bank a few feet away. With the help of the bowthruster, *Blown Away* swivelled herself around to get the port side to the bank. The bow thruster battery decided though that it had had enough and promptly expired. We got the bow to the bank and got the stern in as close as we could, we could go no further.



The afternoon was spent shopping and sightseeing, we travelled into town in the dinghy negotiating low bridges on the way. Sneek is a really smart historical town, with a vibrant centre, full of shops, cafes, restaurants and attractions, it is at the centre of the Friesland lakes area, a Mecca for motorboaters and sailors. In the evening we enjoyed a super meal with Leo and his family, another of my Dutch cousins. The next morning was to see us leave for Leeuwarden, still on plan.

Off at quarter to nine, it was hot, very hot for so early in the day, back to the Prinses Margarietkanaal and north past Grou and Northwest following the main canal. We stopped at a road bridge, our calls on the VHF went unanswered, then a fellow boater shouted to us that the bridge would not open and that we had to go back to Grou and take the smaller canal north to Leeuwarden. The Staandemaaste route had been changed and our book was out of date.

We travelled the three miles back and turned west through a small linking canal, going slowly to avoid the swimmers. Pushing through the soft mud we joined the D19 canal and went north into towards Leeuwarden. A few more bridges with helpful controllers and we were at the penultimate bridges to Leeuwarden's Prinsentuin Marina, our ultimate destination.

The last bridge was the Vrouwensbrug, the bridge warden was hosing the bridge. I thought he was public spirited and cleaning it. I was to later learn that it was so hot, the bridges were expanding and getting stuck, he was trying to cool it. Through the 'wives bridge' and we were presented with an amazing scene, loads of swimmers in the canal, both banks lined with sunbathers, picnickers and boats of all shapes and sizes. Our first attempt at mooring on the north bank ended with us being stuck in the mud, bow to the bank, across the canal.

Clearly, my hand signals to the captain of the large tourist boat bearing down on us, indicating that we were stuck on the bottom, were misinterpreted, as my friendly wave was not returned. A few hundred yards further along we found deeper water and moored the boat safely to the bank.



Blown Away was now only a couple of hundred yards away from my Mother's childhood home. Within a few minutes my Mother's 93-year-old sister was on board with her daughter Carla, enjoying afternoon drinks. We had made it to Leeuwarden in just over seven days, still on plan. Sunday, the next day was spent exploring Leeuwarden and having family get togethers. A chat with the Noordbrug bridge warden revealed that the bridges opened from nine in the morning, so

we were at the Vrowenbruug at nine on Monday to start our journey home.



Not quite exactly retracing steps as our first night's call was to be Enkhuizen, an old fishing port on the West shore of the IJsselmeer. It is now a top tourist destination with old and new marinas. Past Grou, Sneek, Lemmer, across the glass IJsselmeer with our seven knots providing a lifesaving cooling breeze in the heatwave.

At six in the evening we had arrived at Enkhuizen marina, jam packed with over six hundred, mainly, sailing boats. We motored to the fuel dock to get filled up. After a while of searching for the office we were told that it was self-service, no attendant. A Dutchman moored behind to fuel up after us. Clearly, he felt obligated to show me the ropes. Touch the screen, pin etc, etc, do it yourself. By the time we had sorted ourselves out it was evening and we walked into town to enjoy another great meal, only spoilt a little by my large beer toppling over on the wobbly table, soaking Mandy's dress.

The next day's plan was to make North Amsterdam by 23.00, ready for the midnight run, this meant an afternoon start and a morning's sight-seeing in Enkhuizen. The old town was full of tourists and was delightful. We were advised to visit the NoordZee museum. It was just a short walk from the marina and we were captivated by this amazing museum. It was a complete historical village rebuilt to recreate the old fishing town. There was a quay lined with old trading vessels, fishing boats with characters in period costumes and complete streets of shops and workshops, we spent nearly the whole morning walking around.

In the afternoon we took our bow lines off the poles and said goodbye to this wonderful place. Out into the waterway and south a short distance to go through the Enkhuizen sluice, we only had a twenty-minute wait. We were now into the flat calm of the Markermeer and we could see the skyscrapers of Amsterdam through the haze in the distance. A gentle breeze from the east enabled the jib to help the Yanmar for a short while. By eight in the evening we had arrived at the waiting place for the southbound midnight convoy. We tied up on a floating pontoon at the west side of the basin. As the dark came we were joined by a few more small yachts. Peter engaged a couple of young ladies in a small sailing boat, in conversation and told them that we were going to Dordrecht, they recommended the St Maartensgat Marina as the best place to stay.

At one in the morning VHF 22 came to life to tell us that the bridge was opening at 01.20. Dead on time the bridge lights lit up red and green, the signal to be ready. We let go our lines and I was right behind a sizeable yacht with a blinding stern light. Anti-collision officer on the bow. The blinding light was about the fifth boat through the first bridge, we were only a boats length behind, the bells rang and the lights turned to red, the bridge went down behind us, the three boats behind got the chop! A 24 hour wait for them, that was mean, we heard protestations on the radio, but the bridge voice said "je bent te laat".

Suddenly no one in the shrunken convoy wanted to be tail end Charlie and we all bunched up in the dark, jostling for position at every red bridge light. Thirteen bridges in all, then the last lock and a run across the NieuweMeer to moor up at the waiting place for the Schiphol Motorway bridge, which would

open at 5 in the morning. We tied up near the bridge and next to a deserted roundabout at three in the morning. After a couple of hours sleep, the bridge opened for us at five, we passed the yacht marinas of the Westeinderplassen lake as the sun came up. Then a turn south through the Braassemee-meer lake, this whole area is a boating paradise. Then we were sauntering past the back gardens of the lovely properties of Alphen Aan Den Rijn, many had mechanical contraptions to drop their boats in the water, some had garages for boats complete with up and over doors. One couple were in bed in their garden, they gave us a friendly wave from under the covers as we passed by, 30 feet away! There was quite a long way to go, about 50 miles. At one in the afternoon we arrived at the Alblasserdambrug, a large road bridge. We had to wait for over an hour, there was nowhere to moor on this busy river so we motored to keep station while we watched firemen direct water hoses on the underside of the bridge. After the bridge, it was a short run down the 'Noord' and across the Oude Maas, then a turn left into a small canal between the old tall buildings of Dordrecht.



Following the iPad we turned an immediate left through a small gap and into the St Maartensgat haven. Right in the historic centre of town, next to the church. The girls' advice was spot on. There were plenty of spare places in the tiny harbour and the harbourmaster was on hand to direct us to the side of a motorboat, Blown Away was swivelled round, now with no bow thruster, and we docked, stern to the pontoon. We told the friendly harbourmaster of our hour wait at the Alblasserdam bridge, he said we were lucky, the bridge had only just opened, it had been stuck for three days!

Dordrecht is a great place; historic buildings and a restored town centre. we had an enjoyable afternoon walk in the town and a delicious evening meal in the town square. The harbourmaster had told us that the large Dordrecht rail and road bridge complex just south of the harbour would open at 07.12 in the morning.

We quietly dropped our lines at quarter to seven and crept out of the Harbour's tight chicane entrance, out into the waterway and we were immediately at the bridges. On VHF 71, in my best Dutch, I asked bridge control when they would open the bridge. In perfect English, came the reply, the first bridge opening is 09.12.

Peter looked at the chart notes, yes 09.12 was right, the harbourmaster was wrong. We thought about going back to the harbour as there was no waiting place, Channel 71 came into life again, "wait one minute", said the voice, then.. "we will open the bridge for you". We were the only boat there. We watched as the lights went red and green, two rail bridges went up, then the bascule road bridge, then a green, this at 07.00, the rush hour, the main east / west link between Dordrecht and Zwijndrecht. We could not believe it, they opened the bridges just for us.



Profuse thanks were given in dreadful Dutch. We looked back to see long lines of stationary traffic, it must have been at least a ten-minute stop for them.

Great progress was being made and we realised that our intended Thursday stopover of Willemstad would be passed by 10 o'clock. We had already called there so we decided to go on to Goes, a lovely town at the end of a small canal which leads right into it's very centre. We had followed Mark Andrews and *Aventura* there three years before and it was definitely on our 'go there again' list.

Past Willemstad and retracing our steps to the Veersemeer but going through the Goes canal lock instead. We went in the lock with half a dozen or so small boats, then into the canal. The banks were lined with parked cars and hundreds of sunbathers on both banks. We were down to three knots in order to carefully negotiate the swimmers, young and old, the heatwave had turned the canal into a swimming pool.



The harbourmaster came down on his bicycle to open the road bridge and then cycled back to open the harbour bridge as we motored up. There was plenty of space and we moored, side on, to the pontoon at the far end of the little harbour. My cousins Sanny and her sister Carla drove down from Breda to join us again for drinks on the boat and then we all went into town to enjoy another great meal in the beautiful town square. We now heard of the sudden new Covid rules for returning citizens, we decided to make a bolt for home.

The harbourmaster had arranged with us to open the harbour bridge at 11.00. in the morning. After shopping for provisions, we were ready at the bridge to watch him pull down the counterbalance with a rope. We got to the road bridge as he arrived on his bicycle to open it. The swimmers had gone now and we were soon through the Goes lock. Out into the Oosterschelde and immediately left, back into the Zandkreeksluis, the lock for the Veersemeer. West along the Veersemeer and back into the lock for the Middelburg canal. At Middelburg we moored to the large fuel barge to fill up with diesel. The barge is also an interesting and large chandlery shop. On paying in the store I asked when the Middelburg bridges were going to open, the man gave me a sheet of paper with all of the opening times. The next opening was 15.37. it was opening in fifteen minutes. The bridge Gods were still with us.

We lined up behind two large barges and followed them all the way to the Vlissingen Lock. We were out into the Westerschelde before five in the afternoon running with the

tide, still no wind but a bit of a chop on the water. At seven we were in the harbour at Cadzand-Bad. The man in the harbour office remembered *Principessa*, *Pintail* and *Christine* who had called in on their way home the night before. After a little sleep we left in the dark on a flat calm sea. It was hazy, sometimes foggy, sometimes clear, we were home in just over eleven hours, the Yanmar hadn't missed a beat. We found plenty of places that we have to go back to, maybe 'next year'?

Don and Mandy Gray Blown Away



Thank you *Blown Away* for a superb article.

If this has whetted your appetite for a more adventurous cruise next year, check out the stats on page 16.



BLOWN AWAY'S ROUTE THROUGH HOLLAND

TEMPLARS GOLF SOCIETY

Wednesday 16 September 2016

Another good day's golf for the Templars with John Barrett, Sam Matsubara, Alan Bray, Robin Curtis, Roy Naylor, Dave Comiskey, Dave Alan, David Say and myself turning up to enjoy the delights of Westgate golf course.

We enjoyed fine weather and a course that is in very good condition despite the lack of rain in recent months.

The Westgate golf club management have implemented various precautions to be observed as a result of Covid and, overall, the golf went smoothly.

We must all start feeling sorry for JEB (John) as he's about to start losing weight because he failed again to win the cake for the longest drive – well done Roy!

I was the overall winner with 34 points with John snapping at my heels with 33 points. David (Say) was nearest the pin but he declined the prize saying that it should be presented to Sam as he had achieved a Personal Best by getting his ball on the green with his shot from the tee!

The annual Templars dinner was due to be held on Thursday 19th November at the RTYC. When we get details of the new date, menu, etc I will be in touch.

I look forward to seeing many of you for our next meeting when lockdown permits.

Please stay safe and enjoy your golf – my very best wishes to you all.

Don



Rosie & Jeff have sent some photos of their pride and joy – being launched with the help of RCC and of the superb signwriting on the stern



TEMPLE TEASER SOLUTION

From page 5

1. the Mercator projection
2. In a Thunderstorm – It is a strong rotating updraft
3. A system for classifying hurricanes from category 1 (weakest) to 5 (strongest)
4. Sirocco
5. 20,200km
6. A tsunami arising from weather conditions (such as a cyclone)
7. The lowest level of a body of water
8. Bleeding gums, loose teeth, sore joints, bleeding under the skin
9. Two anchors set apart by between 45 and 90 degrees
10. The international Maritime Organisation (IMO)

BLOWN AWAY - FACTS AND FIGURES

For the Statistically Minded

2020	Blown Away to Friesland.	Distance nm	Passage Time	Engine Running	Bridges Passed	Locks Passed	Fuel to fill up
August			H M	H M			
	RAMSGATE				-	-	
Sat 1st		70nm	9.45	9.45	-	-	
	BLANKENBERGE						
Sun 2nd		16nm	6.3	3.3	5	2	
	MIDDELBURG						
Mon 3rd		43nm	10.45	8	4	4	
	WILLEMSTAD						71 Ltrs
Tues 4th		35nm	6.45	5.3	5	1	
	GOUDA						
Wed 5th		33nm	11.4	9	32	2	
	AMSTERDAM						
Thur 6th		35nm	5.3	5	1	1	
	HOORN						
Fri 7th		42nm	7	6.3	4	2	
	SNEEK						
Sat 8th		28nm	6.3	6	12	1	
Sun 9th	LEEUWARDEN						
	TOTALS GOING	302 nm	64h.25m	53h.15m	63	13	
Sun 9th	LEEUWARDEN						
Mon 10th		65nm	9.45	9.15	15	2	
	ENKHUIZEN						117 Ltrs
Tues 11th		37nm	9.1	5.3	2	2	
	AMSTERDAM						
Weds 12th		49nm	11.45	10.45	35	4	
	DORDRECHT						
Thurs 13th		47nm	10.3	9	7	3	
	GOES						
Fri 14th		35nm	7.1	5.2	10	4	66 Ltrs
	CADZAN BAD						
Sat 15th		75nm	11.25	11	-	-	
	RAMSGATE						Est 63 Ltrs
	TOTALS BACK	308 nm	59h.45m	50h.10m	69	15	
	TOTALS THERE AND BACK	610 nm	124h.05m	103h.25m	132 Bridges	28 Locks	317 Ltrs .7 Gallon / hr