



Forestay

This is the 100th issue of Eastcoaster! Since I only joined the OGA in 2007 I have no idea what the first issue looked like, but it must have been good to still survive 100 issues on!

As some of you will know I have forsaken the East Coast for the summer. Julian and I have taken *Robinetta* north, up the east coasts of England and Scotland to Orkney. We have now turned back south again and gone through the Caledonian Canal to the West coast. Everywhere we go we get chatting to other yachtsmen about how and where we normally sail; having a small wooden boat makes a great conversation starter! Each and everyone of them is surprised by the number of rallies and events we normally attend in a year. It makes me realise again how lucky we are in our area. Much as I'm enjoying the cruise, I am sorry to be missing my normal social sailing.

Meanwhile I have been collecting reports from a faithful band of reporters who have attended the East Coast Events. It is great to have so many different voices in this edition, and I would love to see it happen more often!

We have the August cruise coming up, so if you attend please write up your favourite day or activity, and send it to me. There may be a small prize available! Same goes for photos. I want to see as many as possible!

Meanwhile, I hope you enjoy reading what the East Coast boats have been up this year to so far.



*Alison relaxed on the helm by
Julian Cable*

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Crouch Rally

Report by Mick King, photos by Ian Kemp

As everyone knows it's always very wet and very windy for the Crouch Rally and this year it was, well different! Yes it was forecast to be bad but not until the Monday, so we had some new boats and some old boats risking the Saturday and Sunday.



Greensleeves II

Roy Hart's new gaff rigged Dragon, *Greensleeves II*, and Tony Judd's *Diamond* were the new boats, with Graham Jenkins' *Jacinta*, and Ian & Pam Kemp's *Pintail of Morra* old faces with old boats and Pete Wakeling & Dawn Wigley in *Reynardine* new faces in an old boat. *Aussie II* was there too, looking after Trev' and Elaine Rawlinson.

Joining by tyre over tarmac on Saturday were Robert & Lorna Hill, Shirley Judd, Mick & Paula King, Hugo Lane & Toby Bennett and Yvonne Mitchell. Mary Gibb, *Molly Cobbler's* new owner was also there. The initial rain gave way to some sunshine in time to light up the BBQs in the ample wind which gave us an excuse to sample a beer or two!



Diamond

Sunday saw the race for the Inde Coope and Allsop Trophy, racing down river from North Fambridge in a brisk breeze, putting in a loop in Cliffe Reach and then continuing down river to the finish at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, *Diamond* and *Jacinta* continued down river to their home ports to avoid adverse wind conditions forecast for the Monday.

The Results were as follows.

1st: *Greensleeves II*

2nd: *Diamond*

3rd: *Jacinta*



Jacinta

Dinner on the Sunday evening was held in the Royal Corinthian and we were joined by David & Persephone Lewin.

Thanks to North Fambridge Yacht Haven and North Fambridge Yacht Club for hosting us on Friday and Saturday, and thanks again to The Royal Corinthian for the use of their facilities on Sunday.

Chatham Rally

Report by Anne Mason and Yvonne Mitchell, photo by Ian Kemp

As the preceding week was glorious with blue skies, sunshine and fair winds it promised to be a good weekend. At least seven boats were expected to attend, but this is boating! Saturday dawned damp and grey with little hope of improvement but the wind was North F4 which made an easy sail up the Medway, with no tacking!



Chatham

Four boats arrived at Chatham marina. *Random* from Brightlingsea, *Pintail of Morra* from Benfleet and *Kajan* and *White Moth* from Queenborough. There was plenty of room on the 'events pontoon' conveniently situated just inside the lock. Tea and beer were duly consumed before sampling the delights of the adjacent dockyard or the shopping outlet.

Later all repaired to the nearby Chinese buffet restaurant. Pete and Clare Thomas bravely made the trip by car to swell the numbers, which was much appreciated. A convivial evening was had by all with good company and as much food as we could eat, before retiring for a quiet night followed by a rather lumpy trip home.

Mistley Rally

Report by Pete The Knife, photos by Fiona Neale

Weather reports for the week leading up the Mistley Rally on 28 June were pretty grim, heavy rain, showers, thunder and lightning, so we thought that the event would be rather a subdued affair.

Friday night registration started with *Random* arriving from Brightlingsea and gradually the event bloomed with nine big boats and "Metal Micky" McCarthy's

motor boat *Tempus* as start boat. With five smack boats, we decided to run a big boat and a smack boat race at the same time.

We worked out a course for some wind which, in true planning, failed to materialise so we saw only one boat actually start, and that crossed the line backwards! *Reverie* and *Random* were technically the only ones close enough to the line to make a race, so for 15 minutes they 'raced' with *Reverie* pointing in the right direction and *Random* starting to go in the same direction. After consultation with the start boat it was agreed to abandon the race and get to The Mistle Thorn for lunch.



Random and Reverie

The smack boats had some wind by now, and made a good stab at getting towards the first mark. The Feathers' *Knot* was in the best position when the wind failed them and gear came down as fast as Mike could take them in tow.

We all made it to lunch at the Thorn, but for some mysterious reason everyone ignored the brief of going to Mistle Marine pontoons and just went to the Quay, tied up to the fence and climbed over. Can't think why?

It rained so hard just before we arrived, there was a waterfall pouring off the Quay having run off the road past *EDME*. Lunch was served for 22 and was fantastic. Great quality and value once again. Well done to the Thorn! While in the Thorn it rained some more, and after we left it rained again but, undeterred, in true gaffer style, Sarah decided she wanted to sail the Smack Boat *Papa Stour* back to Wrabness which she did. On *Reverie* we had a great sail back with *Lillibullero* but it was wet.

Back at the hut the log burner went into full chat for soup and a warm up. I took *Papa Stour* for a sail and some of our Youth members made ready and set up the BBQ and Bonfire so welcome the crew from *Rely* who had arrived while we were all up river.

There was a party of 30 or so on the beach in true Wrabness style with no rain and a kind of a sunset until the bonfire died.

Prizegiving sort of featured, where the assembled company were shown the Thorn Trophy which was what they were all racing for. It had been specially polished!

The six glasses were given out; to *Gladys*, because she flew everything and was the best looking vessel; *Random*, as she had sailed the furthest to the event with novice crew, one of whom fell between the flubber and the boat on Friday night; *Storm*, the crabber as she had the newest smack boat from Brian Kennell. Another glass was given to *Knot* as the



Sarah Adie and Papa Stour

Feathers were in the best first mark position when the race was abandoned and one to Sarah in *Papa Stour* as she was the first to cross the start line and definitely sailed the furthest doing the return trip in the rain. That left one more glass, which went to Mike McCarthy, for coming round from Maldon to support and help. He was also presented with a bottle of wine as we were certain he would look after this better than a seamanship trophy.

Thanks go to Mike McCarthy, Andy Abraham for his sheep dog flubber/rib, The Thorn Hotel for a great meal and all those participants who defied the weather and came to the Mistle Rally. Oh! And Nancy Bell at the Quay without whom (and PTK's ladders) we could not have got over IT!!

East Coast Race

Report by Pete Thomas, photos by Clare Thomas

The forecast leading up to the East Coast Race was looking rather dubious and strong wind was forecast for the Saturday's race. The threat of poor weather undoubtedly meant that the entries were down on previous years. At 7:00 in the morning the wind was whistling through the rigging and it was not looking good. Along the pontoon crews were arriving and one could see reefs being hastily tied in and top masts lowered. The wind was blowing force 5 gusting 6 but was due to fall off later in the day.

With wind blowing over the full ebb out of the creek it was making quite a chop and as we motored out in *Transcur* we were met by *Rainbow* and Mark Butler returning to her mooring having decided that it was not the right weather for the newly rebuilt craft. 200 yards further on *Kelpie II* decided like wise and returned to her pontoon berth. Her quarter mounted outboard was spending too much time out of the water to make progress in those conditions. *Kelpie II* was soon to be followed by the little Itchen Ferry *Wonder* who thought better of the conditions.



Dirty Girty

At 9:00 the gaffers started tearing down the Colne with the ebb. The course was up the Blackwater rounding various marks on both sides of the river, round Thirstlet Spit and back to the finish line off Batemans tower. The gaffers quickly made their way to number 8 with the low aspect rig of *Dirty Girty* and her young crew at the front end of the fleet. *Sheila* the gaff rigged 6 metre was in hot pursuit, with the Albert Strange yawl *Charm* and the 39ft yawl *Gwenili* not far behind. By the time the smacks started 15 minutes later the leading gaffers were miles in front. *Jacinta* found the going quite rough and was taking more water on board than was really safe and decided to retire.

There was a very good turnout of 8 smacks this year mostly Class One smacks who really made light of the blustery conditions. It was only *Charlotte Ellen* who decided that full sail was OK; the others had lowered topmasts and reefed mainsails. We knew that unless we reefed *Transcur* heavily we would be over pressed and we were warned by the race committee before the start that stronger wind could be expected around midday.

We tied in three of our possible four reefs – the main was really quite small now but we were very comfortable. *Maria*, *Charlotte Ellen* and *Alberta* got away quickly leading the fleet. *My Alice* was not very far behind – she seems to be going much more quickly over the last year. As we headed up the Blackwater to Thirstlet the sky blackened and it was clear that we were going to get very wet and get more wind. *Ellen*, heavily reefed, decided to call it a day and turned back for the Colne. Smack *Peace* made excellent progress to the spit.



Maria

The smack *Maria* caught up the earlier start group and was the first boat home, *Sheila* was the first gaffer home followed closely by *Dirty Girty* who did amazingly well in the windy conditions. *Lili* and *Diamond* were being sailed single handedly and were trailing the fleet. *Diamond* retired but Martin gamely persevered and took home the Plodders Pot.

The bermudan boats had a rather poor day, only a few ventured to the start – *Veritia*, *Maid of Tesa* and *Quintet*. *Quintet* investigated the

shallows rather too closely on a falling tide, *Veritia* and *Maid of Tesa* retired.

To Sail or not to Sail - Swallows and Amazons

Text and photos by Clive Robertson

For the third Friday in a row, I found myself looking at Met office charts, trying to decide whether to sail or not. The Mistle Rally was preceded by a severe weather warning, in The East Coast Race we experienced ferociously strong winds, and now heavy rain and thunder storms are forecast for the weekend of Swallows & Amazons. It wouldn't be so bad if we weren't basking in more than 20 degrees during the week. I can't help feeling that someone's out to get us.



Smacks Boats

On the basis that the last two weekends turned out for the best, I now sit on the optimistic side of the fence, and for the third weekend in a row I have to leave the drinks after work early "to catch the tide". Work colleagues struggle to understand this concept.

With light winds in the air, a quick briefing at the newly refurbished Walton & Frinton Yacht Club put us on a start line with "Spit" as the pin (Outside the creek) heading eastwards towards Stone Point, rounding a mark on the north side of the channel, then back past Titchmarsh marina, across the wade, rounding a race mark near Honeypot, and finishing outside the clubhouse. There wasn't enough wind to get us around Horsey Island.

A good turn out of boats, ensured a crowded race start, and the majority of the fleet found themselves in the shadow of one another, semi-stalled over the start line. *Dirty Girty* took a longer distance timed run approach, and managed to carry boat speed from further back, through the shadow and out to the front of the fleet.

Elly & Rory Howlett were able to hold the favourable end of the line, and break away from the fleet in *Neva*, as did Jo & Anna Masters in *Whoopie*. Mike & Sue Feather used the other end of the line in *Knot*, and crept up the south side of the channel against the flood. One by one, the rest of us managed to start driving through the water, and slid up the north side of the channel to the first mark. This was dinghy racing at it's best.



The course was shortened to a mark a little closer, and we were *Knot* reaching back towards the creek, and starting the beat up to the wade on long and short tacks, with the flood now in our favour, but high tide approaching. The decision was made to round a race mark this side of the wade, and with 2 safety boats provided by the club, all the race boats were soon informed of the course change. We were now running back to the creek with varying amounts of human ballast distribution, centre plate depth and rudder depth, trying to close in on our nearest competitors. *Awol* runs fast, but doesn't point particularly well, so I was trying to catch Mike & Sue Feather, and Pete Thomas before another "Long and Short" beat up the creek against an ebb tide. I didn't manage to catch Pete in *Happy Days*.

The first half of the fleet came in evenly spaced out, a few minutes apart each, but with four boats left to finish the wind was decreasing and the tide ebbing even faster. As we cheered on the final boats coming home, there was pride at stake for both Jo & Anna Masters, in *Whoopie*, with Paul & Josh Masters in *Ripple* close behind. All the boats were struggling to punch the ebb tide, but a tactical manoeuvre by Jo & Anna with their anchor ensured they held position while everyone else drifted backwards. *Whoopie* crossed the line just in front of *Ripple*,

and *Pudding Faces* was a mere 12 inches short of the line before the wind dropped off yet again and the ebb tide overwhelmed a 40 minute effort to finish. Painstaking.

Elly and Rory in *Neva* received the trophy for first overall. I found myself in the position of 4th smack's boat, yet again just outside the podium zone. Maybe it's time for a new sail, and some technical work on *Awo!*'s hull.

The Walton and Frinton Yacht Club laid on a superb 2 course dinner, and with drinks at £2.50 a pint, everyone appeared to be having a good time. With the usual musical entertainment in the evening from the talented musicians among the group, we watched the predicted electrical storm across the backwaters from the club house. I believe the amount of rain we experienced that night could be measured in feet, not inches.

Sunday morning, in a wet camp site, there was no wind at all and everyone prepared for a "row, scull, and motor" to Horsey Island for a walkabout. We were briefed on the requirement to keep an eye on ourselves and each other, and added up the amount of engines and anchors we had. As it happened, while setting up the boats a slight breeze lifted the clubhouse ensign, and in a matter of minutes, *Happy Days* led more than 10 boats sailing out of the creek and across the wade. Landing on Horsey Island was a first everyone, and moment we'll all remember. The wind picked up further and we reached back across the wade, and beat up to the club house in no time.

For the third weekend in a row, the weather looked set to ruin all plans, but yet again the OGA carried on regardless and delivered another Swallows & Amazons weekend to remember.

Southwold Rally

By Lorna Hill, photo Clive Robertson

This event in recent years has attracted a great deal of interest for small boats sailing up the River Blyth and this year was no exception. With regards to the big boats event, The Sole Bay Race, we reluctantly were forced to abandon due to low entries. With the Dutch Cross Country on the horizon, one or two 'regulars' *Robinetta* & *Witch* away up north and a selection of other good reasons, our numbers were down, but this failed to dampen our spirits.

We enjoyed a warm welcome from the Southwold Sailing Club and were treated to a delicious meal of chilli in the clubhouse, (followed by paella), followed by pudding all washed down with numerous pints of Adnams.

It was obviously due to good planning (!) that the event coincided with the 'Latitude Festival'. Even though we were a few miles away, we could still 'enjoy the beat' long, long into the night at our camp-site! The Club kindly permitted us to pitch our tents in their garden, which proved a brilliant facility. Well sheltered, good views and picnic tables for cooking breakfast, what more could you ask for?



George

I suppose it would be fair to say at this point, that George Hutley may have asked for a water proof tent! Following an amazing lightshow, not from Latitude, but an electrical storm, torrential rain and thunder claps took over well into the night. George's fair weather tent collected so much water that to avoid drowning, he had to cut the groundsheet away.. Luckily his mentor had trained him in the merits of having a sailing knife to hand. The remainder of 'his worst night ever' was spent fruitlessly attempting sleep in full oilies.

Next day to await the tide to take us upstream, it was Pete The Knife's idea to take to the saddle and see the Suffolk Countryside from bicycle. This was a wonderful way to spend the morning.

Well, all was going well, George was in poll position for The Blyth Bugle Trophy and we were all preparing our boats for launching, ready for the off. As a result of a failing jockey wheel, Clive Robertson far from taking a trip up river, became 'white van man' and took a trip to A & E. courtesy of The President's mode of transport,

Clive was whisked off with a hugely swollen and painful foot which took the full weight of his boat and trailer when the jockey wheel slipped. To cheer Clive up (!) we thought it only fair to award him The Blyth Bugle, - it did bring a smile to his face, just!

The remainder of the party had a peaceful sail upstream managing to pass under the A12 road bridge and up to a point where a collapsed bridge prevent any further progress. The Club launch arrived to assist any stragglers back to the harbour, but thankfully everyone managed under their own steam.

Our thanks go to Adnams for generously sponsoring this event and the hospitality offered by Southwold Sailing Club and Southwold Harbour Masters.

Now for some more general reports!

Love at First Sight

by Molly Gibbs



Molly and Mary

I never believed in love at first sight, but the moment I saw the picture of *Molly Cobbler* in the advert, I wanted her. Seeing her confirmed that: I would never find a boat more exactly what I wanted.

Monthly visits during winter, often by train plus a seven mile cycle ride, did not damp my enthusiasm, and I was keen to get her into the water as soon as possible. I was camping out in her for a few days at the end of April, before she was finally launched. At this point I got cold feet. The other side of the river seems very close at Maldon, and the outboard seemed so hard to

start (it isn't, but it took me a while to get the knack.)

Bernard kindly came and checked the rigging, and took me out for a quick sail in the sunshine. The wind gusted, the oyster catchers cried, she creamed through the water with her reefed mainsail, and I both loved it and felt that I could not cope.

One thing I was sure of, I could not start sailing her alone in Maldon. I found Pete from Maldon Sailing School to come downriver with me for the first trip. It was a grey day, with a light easterly, but enough to tack with, and the ebb tide carried us downriver at a good speed. This began to feel like something I could do! Motoring into Bradwell Marina brought me up against the difficult bit – manoeuvring at close quarters. Someone helped out that time!

Left to myself, I decided that the first thing was to get the hang of starting the outboard, and then to practise manoeuvring. The very next day it was calm as a millpond, so I managed to start the outboard, and with my heart in my mouth, I carefully planned taking off her lines. She hardly moved. This was reassuring, but getting out of the berth took more turns than I care to mention..... Motoring out forwards down the creek was OK, and I easily retraced our inward course. Out on the Blackwater, there was blue sky above, mirror-like blue water all around (the occasional yacht was dropping its sails as useless!) and I motored upriver, happy to be out alone in my own boat, even if not under sail. I practised a lot with the outboard, and managed fine with plenty of space. Returning, a sea breeze got up, so I unfurled both foresails (but did not quite dare to switch off the outboard!) and knew this was right for me. *Molly* does well under just her foresails, even on a fine reach.

The next couple of days were quiet, but in between cycling and getting some jobs done on her, I made several trips out from the berth and then back again, and learned something new each time. I got better at leaving, but found a new way to cock up when coming back each time! And as for the bobstay.....it can get caught on anything!

So it was a big thing when I set off early one morning for Brightlingsea. A light northerly, blue skies, the whole Blackwater to play with..... Raising the mainsail alone was another first, and I was reciting to myself the list of steps to take, as if I had never done such a thing before....but up it went, the foresails unfurled, and there we were, sailing. I took a deep breath, and switched off the outboard. Me and *Molly* and

the wind. Just as I had dreamed.....but don't dream while sailing, you'll go aground; I did find myself going off course, and told myself off severely.

Well, the trip was successful, the harbourmaster helpful, and instead of losing my nerve, I wanted to sail more and more. People are encouraging rather than the reverse, and though I still have to take a deep breath before I set off, I have so far coped with no disasters – but I still need practice turning into a berth!!

In need of practice or not, Mary has now taken Molly Cobbler across the North Sea to Holland to participate in the Dutch OGA's 10th anniversary Cruise!

Although not strictly speaking an East Coast event a great number of our boats are over in Holland at the moment, as am I, having taken a break from cruising Robinetta. In case you're interested in Robinetta's slow circumnavigation of the UK, here is a summary of what Julian and I have been up to!

Robinetta heads north

Words and pictures by Julian Cable

Many readers will know something of our trip north. We left Tollesbury at the beginning of May and after a short shake-down cruise to Brightlingsea we made it in one hit to Lowestoft where we had an unexpected week's holiday. There was a F7 in the forecast all the time and we were pretty nervous about getting around to Wells-next-the-sea anyway. Finally, we decided the winds were OK and the tide was right. We had a lovely trip round, followed by a perfect day in that lovely town. The following morning we headed off to Grimsby. We had hoped to move on to Bridlington before I had to go back to work but they couldn't squeeze us in so we left her in the Grimsby fish dock for two weeks.



Dolphins outside Sunderland

We got back to Grimsby at the start of June and continued north. Our first "must see" was the HMS *Trincomalee* in Hartlepool. She is a wonderfully preserved and presented representative of a ship of the line from Nelson's era. After that we had to be in Newcastle so I could take the train to London for

the day for an OU tutorial. We decided to go into Sunderland the day before. What a good move! As we got near the entrance to the harbour we picked up a school of around 8 dolphins with at least one calf. They played with us for about 10 minutes. Wonderful. Newcastle was great too, with magnificent night views from the bridge and a lovely Sunday morning market right on the quay where we bought pies for the trip. As we left on Sunday morning a pipe band played us under the millennium foot bridge.

After a lovely evening at the Royal Northumberland we went to anchor in 'the Kettle' by Inner Farne. In the event we managed to pick up a buoy and rowed *Worm* over to the island to look at the birds. The RSPB rangers were really taken with *Worm* and completely ignored *Robinetta*! It was hatching time for the Arctic Terns, Puffins, Guillemots, Cormorants and Eider. Amazing.

The next morning we motored over to Lindisfarne for lunch at a pub and then on towards Eyemouth. About half way a breeze sprang up off the shore. I could tell it was a line squall but we hadn't had much sailing at all so I put up a reefed main. After a while it dropped and I shook the reef out. From then on the wind just kept increasing. We would reef a bit more, and not slow down and repeat. By the time we got to Eyemouth I had untied one mast hoop and reefed all the roller is set up for and lost the jib and we were still doing 5 ½ knots with deeply reefed main and staysail. As it was coming off the land there was no fetch and it was really comfortable. We learned later the wind was touching 30 knots at times.

From there we went to Anstruther and took the bus to Kirkcaldy to see Alison's parents and then motored in a flat calm in one 24 hour hit to Peterhead. We had a really bumpy trip round Rattray Head to Fraserburgh and then hopped to Banff, Lossiemouth and Wick.

We had explicit instructions from Martin Bremner, the Wick harbour master, for the trip to Orkney. They worked perfectly. A pedalo could cross the Pentland Firth safely at slack water neaps. (*with no wind. ed.*)

We had a week in Stromness and Scapa Flow. There was a bitter north wind the whole time and not much sunshine but we had a splendid time on both land and sea. One day we hired bikes and cycled around Maes Howe, the Ring of Brodgar and

Scara Brae. They don't disappoint.

Then we went east about Mainland to Kirkwall. The tides need careful planning but can be really helpful. After a few days there we picked up the visitors mooring at Rousay and the next day took the guided tour, which was great and then hopped on the evening express (ebb tide) to Westray. Strong winds were forecast and several yachts, including Dylan Winter's *Harmony* were tucked up there. Westray has lots going for it including an active sailing club, really important archaeology and a fantastic geyser-like feature where the waves funnel up a deep "geo" and send spray high into the air.



Pierowall Harbour, Westray

It was decision time. Should we continue round Cape Wrath as I had wanted, or take the Caledonian Canal as Alison preferred. We had three weeks before we needed to head south to join *Kajan* for the Dutch Cross Country Cruise. If we took the outer route we would be rushing. The inner route felt more like a holiday so we headed back south, not west.

TO BE CONTINUED

Upcoming Events

Given the number of reports above it might seem that the East Coast OGA sailing calendar is complete, but in fact the main event is still to come!

The August Cruise

The August Cruise is now back in its usual month and format, starting with a welcome party at Ipswich wet dock on Saturday 16th.

The regatta on Sunday will no doubt retain its now traditional Flubber Football, Duck Hunt, and other fun games, but has been renamed the Teamac Regatta. Those who went to Cowes last year will remember Teamac's graphically painted boat, and enthusiasm. They have decided that they like the gaffers, and all participating boats will get a voucher for £20 off their mooring fees courtesy of their generosity, so look carefully in your Goodie bags when you sign in.

The evening entertainment at the Last Anchor barbecue will be provided by MC Hammett, an event not to be missed!

Monday's cruise to the Deben will only go as far as Ramsholt, as the tides are not right for going all the way to the Tidemill. The Ramsholt Arms is under new management now, so we will have to see what fresh delights are in store!

The next morning there will be Smack boat racing in the river, before the larger boats head out on the first race of the week, the Seaways Bells passage race to Walton. That evening will be spent an anchor in Hamford Water or by Stone point, with a few going on to moorings or into Titchmarsh marina, but those wishing to go to the marina should book their berths direct. There are no plans for entertainment in the evening, but with the Pennyhole Bay Race in the morning an early night might be a good idea? (Who am I kidding!)

After the Pennyhole Bay race on Wednesday we return to the Walton Backwaters, and head further up the Walton Channel for a meal at the Walton and Frinton's brand new club house.

Thursday sees a pursuit race to Wrabness, with the slowest handicap boats getting to start well before the faster ones, making for an exciting race up the Stour to Wrabness, where we celebrate with beers and a bonfire on the beach. Make sure you have enough food to cook on board, as there are no handy shops or pub nearby, but plenty of places to moor or anchor, and a beach to party on! There will be a Smacks boat race in Holbrook bay, as we are trying to put together a Smacks boat

race series this year. If you don't have one of your own you might be able to persuade an owner that he needs crew...

The racing schedule continues on Friday with the Two Rivers Race, out of the Stour, then up the Orwell to Pin Mill, where we will be the guests of the Sailing Club for a barbecue. Moorings are available at Pin Mill, or if you prefer a marina after the wilderness of Wrabness book yourselves in to Wolverstone and walk back along the footpath to Pin Mill.

Saturday sees the Ladies Helm/Junior Helm race, with moorings booked for all at the Suffolk Yacht Haven at Levington. The evening is not scheduled, but the Yacht club can cater for everyone, or there is a good pub in walking distance.

The Presidents Race on Sunday is the final race of the week, and then we return to Levington, for a meal in the Harbour Room Dinner followed by prizegiving and entertainment by John & Mario. We are in the Harbour Room rather than the Lightship this year so there is space for everyone who wishes to join us.

On Monday it is time to head home, richer in experience, and fun!

The whole programme is obviously subject to the weather, but from past experience I know that whatever the weather, the organising committee rise to the occasion and people still enjoy themselves. Racing is not compulsory; watching the racers struggle to sail the course in light winds while you glide past under motor is also fun! If you can't attend the whole week, or only wish to join in for one of the meals, then still download the form and send it to Clare Thomas.

The Maldon Regatta

The final sailing event of the year is on Saturday, September 27, 2014. The Maldon Town Quay is still being repaired after its collapse earlier in the year, so there are some changes to the programme, but the event will go ahead as close to normal as possible. The pontoon is unlikely to be available, so please make your berthing arrangements in advance with the boatyards.

The stalls will be next to the prom by the ornamental lake, which gives a very good view of the duck race and down river for the Parade of Sail. Meanwhile the crew

party (with beer e.t.c) will be on the Sail Loft lawn as normal. The prize giving will also be there, so will be easier to get to for stragglers from the party!

The OGA dinner will be at the Maldon Little Ships Club as usual, while the band and dancing for those who fancy it will happen behind the Queen's Head.

Please send your forms to book the dinner to Clare Thomas as usual, while the race entry forms should be sent via the Maldon Regatta web-site.

Backstay

It is with sadness that I pass on the news that Ian Smith, skipper of *Bona* died in May after an illness. He was a stalwart of the OGA and attended many events, racing very competitively. The spectacle of *Bona* charging towards the finish while *Robinetta* was still fighting to get to the turning mark gave me many good photo opportunities, and Ian was



Bona

always welcoming back in the marina! Your committee have decided to send a donation to the Ellen MacArthur trust in his memory.

After the Dutch Cross Country Tour I will be heading back north to *Robinetta*, so would love to receive your reports on the August Cruise, and any news about your boats, interesting sailing experiences e.t.c for inclusion in the next issue, which will be published in November. With your help and input Eastcoaster will still be around for another 100 issues!

Please send all copy and pictures for inclusion to me at alison.cable@virgin.net, or write to 146 Stortford Hall Park, Bishops Stortford. CM23 5AP.

For Sale

Katie



Katie' is a Baltic One Design - one of only two. She is a 34' (incl. bowsprit) Gaff cutter, built 1990. Hull and Deck are G.R.P . She has two forward berths and sea toilet (with holding tank).

The large cockpit contains cooker/sink/cool compartment and storage, which is all enclosed with a sprayhood/cockpit tent -with standing headroom- for when in harbour or at anchor.

She is equipped with a Yanmar 1GM 10 diesel engine; stainless steel fuel, water and holding tanks, and a suit of 7 sails.

Location - Walton Backwaters.

Contact Nick Dance

Tel: 01255 813191 or mobile 07710 486 550 £22,950

[e-mail:seabirdtorrox@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:seabirdtorrox@yahoo.co.uk)