



EDITOR'S NOTES

Welcome to the December edition of the SWOA Newsletter, in this edition you will find:-Greetings from the Bavarian Forest, Chichester Rally, A Seawych at Last, Port Solent Rally, Ryde Rally, Report on AGM 2018.

Please don't be shy, keep those articles flowing in. The deadlines are the 14th day of the month before publication i.e.:-

April Issue - deadline is 14th March
August Issue - deadline is 14th July
December Issue - deadline is 14th November

Please use the following e-mail address nigelstabb@yahoo.co.uk to send any stories you may have.

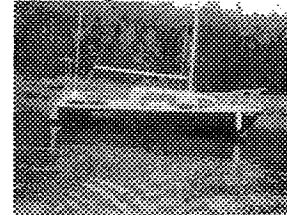
If you have any useful tips, please send them in! If you have any comments on the Website Message board or can offer advice on any topic please send them in. If you want to see the Newsletter in colour log onto the Seawych website and download the Newsletter.

Happy Sailing
Ed.



Letters to the Editor & Articles

Greetings from the Bavarian forest



Susanne and Hermann Drexlers' Seawych

CHICHESTER RALLY



A Seawych at last.

I was cruising single handed through the French canals in 1977 when I first encountered a Seawych. Her young Dutch skipper, Peter, was also on his way to the Mediterranean and we became firm friends. I loved his cosy boat. I was camping in a 30' plywood keelboat at the time, with a boom tent for the nights. The Seawych, called 'Venstar' seemed positively palatial for just one young man. We made it into the



Mediterranean and were eventually Best Men at each other's weddings.

Much time passed. 2018 arrived, I was retired and on the lookout for a small sailing cruiser to share with

Brian, a retired sailing pal. We looked around. In Woodbridge we found a Seawych which could fit the bill. She seemed sound. The elderly outboard engine had been 'regularly serviced' and she had 'all the usual cruising gear.' So a deal was done. We paid £850 for 'Josie.' My experience of 'Venstar' in 1977 was a big influence, for me at any rate. Brian just liked the boat.

We sail on the River Blackwater in Essex, so plans were laid for a cruise homewards.

But. The engine, once we got it running, dripped petrol. The fuel pipes to the carb were split in a number of places 'Serviced regularly...hmmm.?' Also the echo sounder was defunct. Yes we should have done better checks before parting with the dosh. Anyway, we antifouled 'Josie,' bought an echo sounder and in-hull fitting kit, and fixed the fuel pipes. I had a chart plotter from my last boat so we fitted that too. It's 60 miles by road from my house to Woodbridge so it was quite a trek up the A12. One time we slept overnight in the yard so we could push on with getting the boat sorted. We wished we had taken less kit. 'Josie' seemed smaller inside than 'Venstar', but both of us are much older and broader in the beam than the young Dutch Peter, perhaps that was why. And of course there were two of us.

The selling yard lifted 'Josie' onto a little trailer and hauled her round to Everson's yard, who have a crane



on the edge of the water. The Eversons team, with great care and skill put 'Josie' in the water. We checked for leaks, started the engine and gently jogged out to a mooring, where we had a tidy up. Woodbridge at high tide is a lovely place.

The plan was to immediately drop down the Deben from Woodbridge to Felixstowe Ferry and moor there overnight. The Deben is very twisty near Woodbridge and the wind was fickle, so we motored. You need your wits about you at the top of the Deben as you can easily miss a buoy.

As we neared Felixstowe Ferry the tide was running out at high speed. We radioed the harbour master who told us where we could pick up a mooring. Picking up that mooring was our first test. As we turned the boat's head into the tide we realised the water was going much faster than anything we had previously experienced. The engine needed to be on full speed to beat that tide! Getting safely tied on was a relief, as the tide was really sluicing by. We cooked dinner and double checked the plan for the morrow. We could see the Deben exit from the mooring, with huge ships sliding by towards the docks at Felixstowe.

Low tide was about 9 in the morning. We would be southbound for Walton Backwaters or even straight to Bradwell and the tide in this area goes South as it comes in, down the North Sea. We planned to set off about 10 am, going out against the young flood tide. The very helpful harbour master confirmed the rightness of the plan when he collected the mooring fee, next day. He also pointed out the route to take.



We had downloaded the most recent Deben entrance chartlet, and his advice confirmed the route. Goodness the tide comes into the Deben at such a rate. We had the engine on full chat and for a while were only making 1.7 knots over the ground. A mile at two knots takes half an hour and you can walk faster. We were concentrating hard on the course and the buoys and the depth but we made it out over the Deben Bar. The water dropped to just 1 metre but we were over and out without mishap.

Decision time. It was now about 11am. Where to go now depended on weather conditions. There was not a breath of wind. We know because we stopped to hoist sail but we just sat and rolled. We had started the day with a full long range tank and had 10 litres of extra fuel. The sun was shining, the engine seemed happy, so we pointed the bow down the Wallet and settled in for the long haul to Bradwell. High tide in the Blackwater was about 4pm so the tide would be helping us along for 5 hours. It was a little less than 30 miles. At 5 knots that was 6 hours. At 4 knots it was at least 7 hours. Luckily the chart plotter revealed a ground speed of 6 knots when the tide was at its strongest, tailing off to 4 as we came abreast of Jaywick.

We crossed the deep water channel where we had seen so many big ships bound for Felixstowe, but luck was on our side and all was clear while we were in the danger zone.

The Naze Tower eventually slid slowly by, then Walton, then Frinton and then Clacton. There was no wind, except on our nose. It was not helpful when I began to



think of how the Wallet is 30 or so miles of open coast, with no shelter and strong tides. I kept listening to that engine and endlessly checking the cooling water squirting out behind. It was a 1985 engine after all. Our little Seawych plodded on. We saw the piers and lots bright beach huts and even one of those tourist trains driving along the promenade. It was a lovely trip.

As we approached the Colne a breeze sprang up and we saw someone flying a kite on the beach at Jaywick. We happily cut the engine and hoisted sail for the last leg to Bradwell. We still had a bit of the flood under us and a nice beam reach took us almost to Bradwell Power Station, where we dropped sail and motored into Bradwell Creek and then the Marina.

We were pleased with the boat, with the engine, with ourselves, and I rang my wife to pick us up from the sailing club the next day, as it's only a few miles up the river. We pumped up our inflatable dinghy so we could get ashore from our mooring when we got there. We ate in the restaurant at the Marina. Luxury. And then another night on board. We slept very well.

Things went wrong next day. The water in Bradwell Creek was very low, but we were raring to be off. We took the wrong route and went aground. This is no big deal normally and we rocked the boat and pushed with the boathook but she didn't want to come off. We turned the engine to full power forward and then reverse hoping to get her turning towards deeper water. We still weren't worried, we only had to wait for a bit of tide. Then I moved the gear lever again... Thunk. The engine stopped dead, jammed in reverse. It

wouldn't turn over on the starter cord. We really were stuck, just 50 metres from the Marina entrance. Embarrassed, we got on the VHF and asked the Marina for assistance. The Creek is quite crowded with moored boats and we didn't think we could paddle 'Josie' back to the Marina without bumping or scratching somebody's pride and joy. Two guys came out in a launch and with both skill and good humour took us back to the berth we had just left.

Getting to our mooring down the river would take a few more days. Our transport arrived at the Marina instead of the Sailing Club and we went home. Luckily I had another engine in the garage, not so powerful, but it would have to do.

A nice final note. Four days later I went to the Marina Tower and paid for 4 nights berthing. I mentioned they had forgotten to charge me for the 'rescue,' the guys said 'oh you were only just outside the Marina, just put a couple of quid in the RNLI collecting box.' Thanks Bradwell you were great.

Iain Attiwell

PORT SOLENT RALLY

On Friday 10th August, the weather had taken a turn for the worse (wet and windy), Taylor and I collected Georgie from Purbrook, the A32 going into Gosport was flooded. The rain was so heavy I could hardly see where I was going. When we arrived at Hazy Daze the rain stopped after a

while and Taylor and Georgie did some crabbing off the pontoon. Later in the evening we were joined by Scott and my daughter Cathryn. They brought a Chinese Takeaway for dinner.

Saturday morning we set off to Port Solent, the wind was against us as usual so motored up to Port Solent it took more than an hour to get a green light to enter the lock. It was difficult holding off in the narrow channel as I was getting blown all over the place, even tried to get to the holding pontoon but kept getting blown off before we could get a line attached. In the afternoon we were joined by some of Cathryn's friends and we had a Pimms party on board complete with Bluetooth Ghetto Blaster, really lowered the tone of Port Solent!

