



103rd Entry Association

Issue 43

Newsletter

Editor's comments & Editorial

2016 was an interesting year with the vote in favour of leaving the EU and all that entails Glad I am not a politician it is proving a beggars mess to unravel.

Our "friends" across the Atlantic have also voted for a change and the world awaits what the new President will do Interesting times ...

Your committee strides on trying to keep Entry matters on an even keel, but sometimes a little more support is needed from Association members. Mick Woodhouse does a sterling job with the finances, but is having a problem with getting new mandates from a few members. We would not wish to embarrass anyone so the following are just the initials of those members Mick needs a reply from. Some initials apply to more than one member so if yours appears and you haven't changed your Bank Mandate this most probably mean **YOU**.

PB, PC, JD, JG, AN, AW, TS, and MS.

A quick call to Mick would be appreciated to get things back on track He can be contacted on **07811 401040**

This edition contains two articles about what our members get up to in their spare time. The first is from Jeremy (Dinga) Bell about a break he took on the canals of Britain. This is the first of 3 episodes so something to look forward to there.

The second adventure comes from our Treasurer Mick Woodhouse and shows what can be achieved by everyone in society if they really want to.

A big thank you to you both, looks like Riggers Rule this time. Now what about the other 4 trades any chance of a look at what you do now most of us have spare time!!! Or do we??

Look forward to hearing from you.

BGL

Tenterden



Monday 4th April 2016

Martock to Wooten Wawen is a journey that should have taken 2½ hours but it took rather longer because we decided to go cross-country. TomTom does not like us very much. It was a wrong decision as when we got to the marina time was a little tight. We could have the boat at 1400 but we didn't get there until 1425. But as the time tells you it was bevvv o'clock (or two) and lunch at the Navigation Inn. Another reason for deciding to have a bite was that there were a party of people who were taking out a boat and when they open the back of their very large van it was stacked from floor to ceiling with carrier bags. Hundreds of them! We decided that it would be better for us if we allowed them to get out of the way first. They were also very loud and noisy. The dog

was allowed in so we seated ourselves and partook of 'the vittles' we had ordered. Being suitably filled we then sought out the boat and started to put our things on board. The engineer briefed us on the various workings of the vessel and at 1550 we set off on our trip. 40 minutes up the canal and we moored for the night. We had not unpacked and felt that we should present some order to our home, for thus it was to be, for the fortnight.

Tuesday 5th April

After all the bits that needed to be done, walking the dog and breakfast which had to include that special cup of tea, we set off at about 0830 for the 18 locks in 6 hours and shared both lock duty and tiller-work. This was because I wanted Manda to steer. She was a little afraid of the width as the boat was 6ft 10 inches wide and the bridges and locks were 7 feet wide. The poor lass was a wee bit worried about scarring the boat. But she did it with great Italian parking flair, "touchy feely and stop!" It took us the 6 hours but we did stop at the Fleur de Lys pub for pie and chips as recommended by a fellow boater going in opposite direction. The pie (chicken & mushroom) was extremely good but required a couple of pints of Abbots Ale to aid the digestion. Manda's pie,

beef and chorizo, was helped down with a couple of gins. We then resumed our journey on the Stratford Canal and turned right at Kingswood Junction onto the Grand Union Canal (GUC), and then right again towards Warwick. Kingswood Junction is a turning point and caters for very long boats. You are not allowed to moor here. The passageway from it to the GUC looks to be only 5 feet wide from the rear end of our boat but we go for it. We only scraped off the first two layers of paint. Anyway, half an hour into this leg of the journey and the donk started to labour and my speed started to drop. Panic set in...I am a rigger and know very little about engines, but the memory kicked in and I remembered what the guy back at the marina had said. My brain (?) immediately went into overdrive, this doesn't happen very often, and I knew that we had something in the propeller and/or prop shaft. Emergency mooring at the first available bank we shut down and I lifted the weed inspection hatch. What I saw was water. What I wanted to see was whatever it was that was causing the problem. I removed the key from the ignition, just as I was instructed (aren't I good), and put my hand down into the water. It was cold! I actually swore about how cold it was but I will attempt

to tell this story in a civilised manner. It was very cold! I pushed my hand ever deeper until I felt the blades and then went another five or 6 inches; difficult to judge when the whole of your brain is telling you to withdraw your hand in case of frost-bite. The next hour was spent, after clearing the icebergs, with one hand pulling at the obstruction and the other hand hacking away at it with a very blunt kitchen knife. This is all done through a hole that I cannot fit my shoulders into. I did manage to finish the job of hacking what turned out to be the netting (that logs come in) away from the drive and...

Both knackered – a gin and a couple of pints of my beer we fall into bed.

Let me explain here what the bed was about. It started off, I suppose, as a sprung mattress of some eight inches deep. That could have been about 65 years ago. What it was now was a three inches deep torturous bit of equipment. Every time you turned over or moved it tried to stab you. We did manage to get some sleep but it was extremely uncomfortable.

Wednesday 6th April

Off we set towards Warwick via the Shrewley Tunnel which was fun. The tunnel is about 14 foot wide and does not allow overtaking, and when we went through there was another boat coming towards us. As it gets closer, and gets bigger

and bigger you try and hug the wall but it makes no difference the boats are just too big for this tunnel. So there we were almost gouging a furrow into the brickwork; a plank of wood at the right height, and the length of the tunnel, stopped that, but even so it was a close run thing with both steersmen breathing in a lot when the boats passed one another.

And then onto the Hatton Flight of locks.

These are a bit scary when you survey them from the top which is when we stopped to fill our water tank. They seem to go on forever. There are 21 locks and they are all 14 foot wide with double gates. A Waterways wide-beam went first and we followed paired with the Waterways narrow boat. After six locks we parted company and he parked up at the canal workshop. Manda took the boat and I started with the next lock. Manda chugged in and with the gates and sluices set chugged out. Closing the downhill gate was when I tried to defy gravity. I climbed over the balance beam and went for the steps leading down except that I took a step into 8ft of nothingness; landing quite heavily on the path that ran alongside the buttress. "Bugger it" didn't quite work this time either. It hurt but I managed to get to the boat and help moor it. 'Twas then, in goodly pain, that I rubbed my shoulder and found a lump. Ouch! Actually not quite the words

that I used but I will leave that to your imagination. Manda took one look at it and decided that, with bone almost escaping from my shoulder that we should do summat about it!

Taking stock we decided to ask the waterway peeps what the number was for a local taxi to get me to Warwick A&E and tell them we were temporarily leaving the boat moored in the wrong place (in mid-flight). Their offices were only five minutes' walk back up the flight. The whole office came to a standstill as about 16 lasses took a look at this dozy old git in pain muttering suitable words of sympathy. I have to admit that I sort of revelled in the attention...well what bloke wouldn't? The outcome was that two of these lovely ladies offered to drive us to the A&E and the rest of the congregation scooped up my hound telling us not to worry about him and they would sort it. The two dumped us outside A&E and sped off back to work. I was seen very quickly by a very competent sister who with a great sense of humour helped me off with my combat jacket. Underneath I wore a shirt and she was not too happy when I told her to cut it off, as I was not moving my arm for anybody. She diagnosed a broken collar bone and left to get the boss man. I am sure that they have the same warped sense of humour as the "Services" because as they

were coming into the cubicle they were betting with each other as to whether I would get away with a strap or would I need an operation to put it right. Boss man took one look and reckoned that he had won the bet, but to make sure he sent me for an X-ray! Two minutes later and the Sister was told to pay up as the picture showed that I had indeed done a proper job. After being put into a sling over which my DP was fastened by the zip up to the neck, an appointment was made for the next morning's Fracture Clinic so we made our way back to the boat where we spent a very sleepless night. This was due to the wind banging the boat up against the concrete of the lock very loudly due to there being no fenders on this ship? And due to my damage I had not moored it

very well. Manda is blaming me anyway!

Thursday 7th April

We had arranged with the taxi who had brought us home (boat) that he would pick us up the next morning, but he failed to show. Whilst we were waiting a lady came out from one of the nearby houses and walked her hairy rats along the towpath. On her return she jokily said that the buses didn't come down here to which we told her of our plight. She told us that if we didn't get contact in 30 minutes she would drive us to the hospital. It must be the water in the area because it was amazing the amount of extremely kind help that was on offer from totally perfect strangers. Through my eldest, in London, Manda managed to get a number

and duly booked a taxi that got us to the hospital. Did the fracture clinic at 08.30 and was told that I was to have the operation on Tuesday. So the plan was to return to the marina to be with the car on Monday night ready for trip to hospital. The boat was turned to retrace steps and first three locks were easy with peeps coming down doing all the graft. The other four we were helped by a lovely girl, Emily, from the waterway's office. She finished her day at work and then came and helped us. We obviously made a hit with whole office so we said thanks with a large bag full of chocolates and biscuits for them all to share. Having cleared the offending lock we moored up about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile above them.

Part 2 will continue in the next Edition

Log in to Ton Threes on Facebook

Committee Meeting - 4th December 2016

The meeting was chaired by Ken Bannister as I couldn't make it. All the matters arising from our previous meeting were completed with the exception of a remaining active subscription for one of our deceased members; this will be followed up. Our account balance stands at £1166.56 and the accounts were verified on the day as is usual. The action to take on those who had not increased their DD to £10 was debated at length. Mick Woodhouse has made great efforts to contact all those involved and had resolved some of the outstanding payments. We will look at the matter again at our next meeting. Our 2018 Reunion was discussed and the outline plans are shown elsewhere in this newsletter. The draft newsletter was also discussed and would be finalised and published in January. The next meeting will be on the 3rd June 2017.

Barry Neal, Chairman

Mick's Lord Nelson Adventure



In the middle of August I took my 18 year old grandson Nathan on the Jubilee Sailing Trusts tall ship "Lord Nelson" on a 9 day voyage from La Cornna in N.E. Spain to London.

Shortly Nathan goes to university in Northampton to study to be a policeman. I thought the experience would be good for him in that it entails working in watches throughout the day and night with people of all ages and backgrounds, some able bodied and some disabled. Also it would show him how a small community and teamwork can achieve so much, often in quite uncomfortable conditions and out of synch with your body clock.

The schedule was tight for the eight hundred mile trip, meaning we had to average around 6 knots without any stops. The wind was too light and not really in the right direction to achieve

this, so we had the main engines running for all but about 6 hours. The westerly wind predicted would have been ideal but it never materialised until the last day when that unseasonable gale arrived as we were heading west up the Thames Estuary!!

However, much was achieved, Nathan learnt how sails work and how to hoist and trim them, how to steer the boat on a given course, how to keep a look out for other ships and fish pot markers as well as the domestic side such as helping the cook to prepare meals and cleaning the boat inside and out each day. He also experienced sea sickness and learnt that thankfully it goes away after a day or so. We saw lots of dolphins playing around the ship and whilst crossing the bay of Biscay we saw several large whales which was a first for me.

The Jubilee Sailing Trust operates two similar tall ships. Tenacious is the other. They are designed and built to enable able bodied and disabled people to sail together on equal terms. They each weigh roughly 500 tons and have three masts carrying lots of square and fore and aft sails each with several ropes to control them. Sometimes there are fifteen people heaving on the same rope to get a sail up. Great coordination is required and achieved by everyone shouting "Two Six Heave", a shout that originated so we were told, by the gun crews on old naval vessels when numbers two and six of the crew would heave the gun back into position for the next shot.

Each ship carries a permanent crew of ten and a voyage crew of ideally, and a maximum of forty, divided into four watches each with an experienced Watch Leader. On our voyage there were three people in wheelchairs, others with learning difficulties and others with reduced vision. On our watch we had Patrick, I guess about forty years old and paralysed from the waist down. He had flown over from Austin Texas especially for this trip. The positive attitude of such people inspire me, he travels around America independently for his work and to visit his parents and brothers. At the end of the trip he was going sightseeing in London for a couple of days before flying home. Amongst the voyage crew were lots of youngsters, I think five were only 16, the minimum age allowed, several were doing a leadership at sea course which meant that they had to simulate disablement for a while by wearing masks or

staying in a wheelchair as well as leading their watch for the day.

I have been on both Lord Nelson and Tenacious several times and am always amazed at how the disabled cope. You can be introduced to a blind person on the first day and the next time they will reply with your name when you say good morning. Peeling spuds with them requires patience and tact, but it is great fun. Those in wheelchairs show great faith in their new friends when they allow them to hoisted them up the mast.

I would recommend all of you to try a trip on one of these ships, it is wonderful to be part of such a diverse team. The permanent crew are always willing to explain. I've spent days with the engineers helping with maintenance, hours with the cook making bread and the deck officers practising navigation. On one of the longer trips some of the voyage crew spoke on their pet subjects, I learnt how a sat nav works and basic aerodynamics!! I wanted to follow up with similarities between high lift devices found on aircraft and the trimming of sails, but luckily for everyone there wasn't an opportunity.

Have a look at J.S.T's website (www.jst.org.uk/) and see what this wonderful organisation does and go on a trip. Tenacious is at the moment on the other side of the world spreading the word. Cost is about £70 per day, which I think is good considering the quality and quantity of food alone.

A good adventure for us fossils

Mick

Advertisements

We are now letting our front-line apartment at Las Fuentes on our own and not through the agent we have been using in the past. This means it's now available throughout the year and in the season at much lower rates than the agents charge.

We would like to offer all our relatives (and their friends) and friends (and their friends) 10% off the prices on our website:

<http://www.spanish-apartment-alcossebre.com/>

Where you can see a video of the place.

As a further incentive we will pay you 5% of the 90% that's left if you recommend your family and friends to us and they make and complete a booking and stay.

We are just setting out this new venture so bear with us while we get our act together. The website, which, our son Ben has started for us is really worth a look at and Las Fuentes is a beautiful place - as some of you already know!!!

Cheers and Love
Jen & Pete Slawson

Mick Woodhouse is still organising trips aboard yachts in the Mediterranean and Greek Islands and has vacancies for "Crew", if you fancy a break with a difference with good company, food and drink why not give him a call on 07811 401040 for more details.

Reunion 2018

At the moment we are looking at holding the reunion in Lincoln sometime in June 2018. Discussions are taking place with the White Hart Hotel to see what can offered for an all-in room price, a Friday/Saturday rate, a Saturday-only rate, and a buffet cost for those preferring not to stay at the hotel. Mick Bath has offered to carry out an Upper City and Castle tour on the Sunday which will probably last about 2 hours. Ken Bannister will arrange for 2 pipers to pipe us into the buffet on the Saturday evening; he will also provide "percussion support" (!) There will be our usual raffle, and donations of prizes will be gratefully received. Our funds will provide a contribution of some sort to the overall costs. We will finalise the details in the June committee meeting and publicise them as soon after that as possible.

Fifty-three years will have passed when we next meet!!!

Barry Neal, Chairman

Committee Members:

*Les Shardlow, Les Garden, Chris Wales, Barry Neal, Dave Post
Ken Bannister, Malcolm Watts, Mick Woodhouse, Brian Lee.*

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