

ERITH YACHT CLUB

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Part four

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CSEYC/8/2	Scrapbook	Including, newspaper cuttings, photographs, postcards and other souvenirs, including menus and invitations, relating to the establishment of the Erith Yacht Club.	1900-1904	1 volume	Open

16th May 1902
EIGHTH YACHT CLUB
Races to Margate. 8th May

GRAVESEND S.C.

The annual race from the North T.O. from Hole Haven to Erith took place on Monday under very unfavorable circumstances, a heavy E.N.W. and N.W. and blow, with hail and rain squalls, which were much to deter the general spectators from taking part, and hence only the following started: Virago, 4 tons (Mr. J. Stone), scratch; Knockabout, 7 tons (Mr. P. Hole), 10 minutes; Doris (Mr. H. Winder), sloop, three tons, 55 minutes; Ladax (Mr. P. W. Wheelton), sloop, two tons, 70 minutes; Belle (Mr. Clifford Penney) and Whiff-Waff (Mr. H. M. Sabiston), did not start. All were carrying very strong canvas for there was every promise of heavy squalls. Virago soon struck out a lead with Knockabout close astern, followed by Doris and Ladax. In the Lower Hope a squall of wind and sleet overtook the boats and Doris and Ladax wisely sailed to their moorings on reaching Gravesend. Virago, sailing in grand style, outfooted Mr. Hole's boat and crossed the winning line at 9 h. 38 m. 54 a.m. with Knockabout considerably behind her (the allowance, at 9.53.55. Virago had just received her gun when she was struck by a vicious squall which was too much for the shrouds and caused the mast to go by the board. Mr. Stone is to be greatly consoled with. After having sailed his splendid little ship through so many violent squalls to be thus treated at the last moment was a cruel bit of bad luck. The Knockabout was well sailed and proved herself a capital hard weather boat. The Erith Yacht Club kindly took the time at the finish and the Gravesend Sailing Club feel themselves much indebted for this courtesy.

GRAVESEND SAILING CLUB.

EIGHTH ANNUAL DINNER.

On Saturday evening the above club held its eighth annual dinner at the Clarendon Royal Hotel, Messrs. Cook and Co. serving up a capital meal. The chair was taken by the Mayor (Alderman J. H. Cooper, J.P.), supported by Mr. Gilbert Parker, M.P., Lieut.-Col. Sankley, J.P., Major Newman, J.P., Capt. Marsden, R.N.R., J.P., Messrs. F. Flower (hon. secretary) and H. Winder. There were also present Messrs. P. E. Sankley, T. T. Chawson, P. Mackenzie, W. P. Wheelton, — Borham, H. G. Sabiston, Carley, H. Frost, Haden, C. R. Moss, I. Glover, Lloyd, Hamerton, T. H. Hall, F. Hole, Inghill, H. G. Leach (hon. racing secretary), Lagge, well, A. Mann, Blinn, Bennett, Norton, A. Penney (hon. assistant secretary), W. M. Rowe, H. M. Sabiston, E. Scorgall, J. Stone, Thomas, Wall, H. Collyer, S. James, &c.

Following the report, the Mayor submitted the toast of "The King and the Royal Family," which was loudly drunk.

Mr. GILBERT PARKER proposed "The Army

YACHTING.

The races last Saturday over the Club's circular course took place in a strong wind with squalls from the south-west. In class A, Virago was the first to get away followed by Chelsea, Mongoose and Knockabout. Chelsea eventually won on the time allowance from Virago by 3 minutes, she having to allow Chelsea 11 minutes, thus taking second prize. In class B, Geisha, Nellie, Flossie, Seagull and Gipsy were the starters, Geisha taking the lead followed closely by Seagull, Flossie and Gipsy. Flossie in staying round the Rainham buoy and to avoid a collision, towed the mark and gave up the race, whilst Geisha was struck by a squall and dismasted on her way to Rainham on the second round. The results on a good handicap were as follows: — Gipsy, 1st; Seagull, 2nd; Nellie, 3rd. Gipsy and Seagull were well sailed throughout and fairly won their positions.

On Monday, there was a race from Hole Haven to Erith, in connection with the Gravesend Sailing Club, starting about 7 a.m. Four boats entered but only two reached Erith, viz., Virago and Knockabout, Doris and Ladax being compelled to seek shelter owing to the strong wind blowing. Virago had just crossed the winning line when a squall struck her carrying away her mast. Knockabout arrived 15 minutes later (she also having met with a mishap to her bowsprit on the previous day).

The holidays, as a whole, have been most disappointing to yachtsmen.

ERITH YACHT CLUB.

The circular course between Rainham and Chatham was sailed, in a E.E. wind. Class A: Hercules finished first, but Virago passed him and won. Class B finished in the following order: Sea Gull, Valkyrie, Isabella, Fredith, Nellie, but on handicap Valkyrie was first, Fredith was second. Gipsy did not start.

1902
17. May

1912
19th May



Passage
- 02 -

Evening Call



Cruising Sunday Morn.



Fishing 26. Oct. 02
Medway



Sailman BOBBY James 1902



Hole Haven to Erith
E.Y.C.

VIRAGO - 1901



CAUSEWAY



FROST - 189





FROST off ERITH 190

WATCHING THE YACHT RACE

BY THE JIPSTER.

There is something decidedly refreshing and cooling about the sight of flowing water on a warm summer's day. As it runs along to the ocean it draws your thoughts from the immediate realities of the present to the mysterious past and the unknown future—that is, if you are at all poetically inclined. The babbling brook, the rushing, splashing waterfall, and old mother ocean in her various moods—with her cresting waves, tossed skywards, and, under, smiling "so soft," as bright, so blooming blue"—are pictures dear to every descendant of that good old Noah.

Noah. Wind and water, the noble elements with which yachtsmen juggle, are used to symbolize life itself.

"Into this universe, and why not knowing, Nor whence, like water, with ally flowing, And out of it, in what along the waste, I know not whither, with ally flowing."

To come to the point, however, as the boy said when he impaled a beetle on a pin, my subject is not to philosophize on the attributes of water, pure or adulterated, but to dabble with the imperfect knowledge that glorious imagination of a dry land sailor, a race which took place on Barnaby under the auspices of the East Yacht Club.

Saturday was a beautiful hot day, if I may be allowed the expression, and being, like Hamlet, "the great sea of heaven," I thought the safest way of avoiding asphyxiation and allowing my mid-day meal in comfort was to lie out to the river side.

Drizzling my weary limbs hither, I was rewarded by "a grand and glorious sight." Numbers of yachtsmen, looking as smart in their yachting "hops" as even the great Captain Kettle in the German Emperor could hope to look like, were buzzing around crazy leg ropes and catwags to the yachts lying at anchor near the miniature landing-stage—and right and left to be seen that scene.

I saw one or two gentlemen intrude upon with bottles in their hands—probably for refreshment purposes—I contemplated how Captain Kettle looked after his crew with such consideration that—

"Did they with thirst in summer leave, Lo, salted grapes at every turn, And in all very early days, Cream less handed round on trays."

Looking at so much water is bound to make one thirsty! So far as I could make out the yachts numbered about sixteen, some carried two sails, some had three, and others had four, but to describe the rig is beyond me.

Whether the jib or the spinnaker fluttered in the breeze is after all a trifling and great sailors always note petty details—especially when they are technical. However, I felt all the enthusiasm of a true sailor, for the brilliant beauty of the scene, and, keeping my feet sally open, I could hear from fore and aft and

as port and starboard, such remarks as fell from the lips of those hovering ones who were the chosen-captain cups. "Look at 'Geisha'! 'Maoh' has too big a topsail!" said one.

"For 'Maoh'!" thought I, her head is too big for her body, but, judging from her name, "Geisha" should be a "fat" girl. "What's 'Fredith' and 'Syndie' up to?" asked another

satellite gentleman. They were carrying on a wild flirtation I supposed, judging from the airy and butterfly-like way they flicked their

eyes all over. There were two women's—yes, belonging to Mr. Warren and the other to Mr. Peck—and while I was admiring the scene a whole host of another and finer variety of females were sailing gracefully on to the ground, and each mink in some of the yachts, quite duty being to look after the boys.

"Girls ain't got no business to sail in races!" grumbled one unseeing male. I saw that about the time who entered our sails by singing and then decanted them, but the young ladies who graced the proceedings on Saturday

are anything more beautiful than circumstance and they looked so sweet that—but I must reserve my essay on Nymphs, the nymphs of the river, for a future occasion. A woman may be so difficult to manage as a yacht, but that, as Kipling says, is "another story."

"Nellie," said "Virgo," all came under my observation, and I closely observed their respective positions in the race-line and their sail area and sailing head and as I tried to do a lightning calculation as to making and time allowance. I asked a learned friend, who appeared to know as much about nautical affairs as Tommy Gilchrist knows, whether the white one and the black one—I am afraid I spoke of them as though they had been cats—were going to start.

"Oh, so, the white one carried away her mast last time and the owner won't let her race"—evidently meaning Slank. "Black II. business"—and the big one, "Villado," I'm so sure."

Here's the shadow of a life-time, thought I, but before I could offer my services as captain, first mate, steward, and cabin-boy rolled into one the gun went off for the start. A little boat named "Broxy Bill" did not seem at all anxious to commence operations, but of course a yacht race is a little different from the Derby and takes longer to decide. However, in the gun going off a second time there was a good deal of manoeuvring to get across the line first, and, I expect, to windward.

I may explain for the benefit of those who do not know as much about yachting as I do that a sail sets with the greatest power when the wind is directly astern; but it is not necessary to facilitate the movements of your craft by nullifying the headwinds before. Many people try to "raise the wind" by means of a "cleared sail," but this has nothing to do with yachting.

The yachts, made the best wayward, the "little one" getting away first, and the chance of the various craft were discussed now. Leaving the river bank a good number of spectators entered the club closely, and from the conversation of those around me I could gather that the "Syndie" had run of its sails cut in two by the "hopping-lit" being too tight. What a "hopping-lit" is, I don't know, so cannot say anything on that point myself, while "Broxy Bill" was "out for a holiday," I sympathized with "Broxy Bill."

It was not an afternoon for strenuous sail, and the wind was a strong easterly one, and doubtless the crew of the "Broxy Bill" remembered the old saying that on east wind is "good neither for sail nor boat." I had had two hours' sport free, gratis, and for nothing, and I retraced my footsteps up the hill beyond the church with the first idea of learning the points of the sail and compass and qualifying for a master's ticket before the next yacht race.

Why did Virgo go? Because she saw May 27, N.B.—Had she Syndie?

BOYD PARSON, 11, Pinner-street, Woolwich.



HOLE HAVEN - August 1902.



Sunday Morn. 1902.

WATCHING THE YACHT RACE

DAY, MAY 3, 1901.

HOW THE RAND MINES WERE SAVED.

PRETORIA'S COMPLICITY IN THE PLAN OF DESTRUCTION.

By JOHN A. BUTTERY, Author of "Why
Kragger Made War."

The threat to destroy the mines in certain circumstances was first seriously mooted during the Outlander agitation in the beginning of 1899. It was thought by several leading anti-capitalistic officials and otherwise, that the big mining groups might be deterred from giving up or even took support to the South African League if they could be persuaded or frightened into the belief that the inevitable outcome of an outbreak of hostilities would be the destruction, lock, stock, and barrel, of the mines all along the reef.

A cable, painting the possible scene of desolation in lurid colours, was despatched to London, and through a well-known, established agency disseminated through Europe, causing no little stir. There was, however, just then the possibility of a peaceful settlement of the negotiations between London and Pretoria, and the latter, who were playing just then the "sweet and reasonable" game, gave a severe private winking to the gentleman in Johannesburg who had recd the wire to "rush" and publicly repudiated the "shocking" suggestion. The present writer possesses documentary evidence of what he states.

ACT THE SECOND.

Mr. Klumke, the State Mining Engineer, had been away in Europe during the first six months of the war, his place being taken by young Munnik, a reliable instrument in the hands of the Bothas in Pretoria, and who was captured by the British only a week ago. During his tenure of office it transpired that he had carried out secret instructions from State Secretary P. M. Potgieter, by State Attorney Smuts—to have holes for dynamite charges in those mines belonging to groups which had made themselves specially obnoxious to Pretoria, so that, if ever the conquest of the Rand should take place, it should be the capture of a barren waste.

Munnik, however, got mixed up in some wild "transactions" with a gang of Irish-American desperadoes, and was kidnapped, shot at, and indignantly "littered" of 1899. Patrick Dempsey, one of his associates, was arrested, and Holland, a solicitor-burglar, contrived to be retained for the defence. Munnik made some glaring admissions in cross-examination, and conceded the existence of the secret instructions from Botha to blow up the mines at a given signal. The cat was out of the bag with a vengeance. Hitherto the How officials in Pretoria had denied the existence of such a plot, and only a week before Botha had solemnly assured an official deputation of all the foreign Consuls in Pretoria that the report that the Government ever contemplated such a monstrous outrage as civilisation was the work of the detractors of a brave, simple people.

Exceeding great care, however, was taken that not a single reference to Munnik's damning evidence should appear in the public prints. Smuts's counsel—he had one or two in every newspaper office—religiously excised anything relating to the cross-examination. But the true bearings of the case penetrated the European Chanceries, and shortly afterwards Munnik was superseded by Klumke.

Klumke, however, soon shirked of his task under the Botha-Smuts régime and threw up the sponge, and when the third act opens we find Munnik back in office, with Dr. Krugger, Commandant-in-Chief.

ACT THE THIRD.

The chief figure in this strange South African drama now appeared in the person of Judge "Tony" Kock, an intimate friend of Dr. Krugger's, and a nephew of the General Kock who was killed at Mafeking at the beginning of the war.

About a week before the occupation by the British he turned up in Johannesburg from Pretoria, and descended from Dr. Krugger's car and, armed with gun, pick and shovel, to take out along the reef. Dr. Krugger immediately suspected his design, refused point-blank, and demanded his authority.

"Well, if you will have it, here it is," angrily explained Kock, producing a document, signed by Botha as State Secretary, giving him absolute authority over Dr. Krugger, Munnik, or anybody else, to take such steps on the Rand as he thought necessary for the "country's welfare."

As luck would have it, however, there arrived that very day from Louis Botha to Dr. Krugger a letter posted at Viljoen's Drift on May 23 during the retreat from Kromstad, informing him that he (the Commandant-General) would be in Johannesburg in the course of a few days, and would hold him personally responsible for the safety of all the mines and buildings. The news of Pretoria's desperate resolve had been wired to Botha, and this was his plan to defeat it. Kock's instructions were dated May 23.

That night Kock and the chief of the desperadoes held a secret meeting at the Grand National Hotel, and determined on a course of action. Dr. Krugger, Botha, or any one else. They were over and above—mostly Irish-American and German

no reinforcements were within hail, and the mine force in the town were a few international mine police. They issued type-written appeals—banded of which are in existence—to the women and children to keep away from the following day from the mines and certain "red" buildings, and called on the population to assist in the "patriotic work" of destruction.

Meanwhile Dr. Krugger had acquainted Botha by telegraph of Kock's violent attitude, and announced his intention of shooting him. Botha's reply was, "Don't shoot if you can help it; arrest him."

At the same time Krugger summoned the old President—who was then preparing to halt—to the telephone at Pretoria, and through the medium of Mr. Neesham, the Commissioner of Police, informed him of Kock's contumacy and Botha's resolve, and of his own intention to stop the destruction even at the cost of Kock's life.

Krugger's telephonic answer was, "You mustn't shoot him. Wait a bit."

The Executive—then composed of Krugger, Botha, Smuts, Grobler, and Jacobs—hastily met and sent the following enigmatical reply to Krugger:—"Carry out the Commandant-General's orders, but don't forget the Government's instructions." That message is also in existence.

THE LAST SCENE.

The desperadoes the next morning split into two bodies. One went to the Robinson Mine, where they were cleverly kept at bay by the manager; the other accompanied Kock in a preliminary flourish round the city.

Kock and Krugger met in the large Court-room of the Government buildings.

"Tony," come here, I've a message for you," said Krugger, looking out from a suite of rooms opening into the court.

Kock, strong and unsuspecting in the presence of his motley troop, followed Krugger to his private office, where Van Diggelen, the mine commandant, also joined them.

"I have just received orders from the Commandant-General ordering me to arrest you if you persist in your mad idea of blowing up the mines. I want your word of honour that you will desist," said Krugger.

"And I have a word to say to you, Krugger, which overrides anything you may say or do," defiantly answered Kock.

"The Government have countermanded those instructions an hour ago," started Dr. Krugger, showing Kock the enigmatical message from the Executive.

"Never mind," said Kock, rising to go—he was fully armed, and Krugger and Van Diggelen carried not even a revolver—"I shall do what I consider best for my country."

"Judge Kock," cried Krugger, "you are my prisoner. Commandant Van Diggelen, arrest him," and before "Tony" could properly realise the situation he was deprived of all his weapons with the exception of his tongue, and taken to the fort.

His desperadoes, deprived of their leader, dispersed, and the mines were saved.

JOHN A. BUTTERY.

Shearwater Sailing Club



W. S. FILLIOTT,

HON. SEC.

Hope Street, Shearwater-on-Sea

Club House,
"Britannia" Hotel.

J. Stone Esq.

Dear Sir

Enclosed is your
letter to state that I will
enter sailing boat up to
Monday morning.
I hope you will be able
to send me a good evening
for the Littlestone Race,
as we have more sailing
boats on the water we have
had the misfortune to
pick up a boat where
the Sunday Littlestone race
will be held on
Wednesday 10th October 1904

get mixed up in some gold
thief gang of Irish-American
as kidnapped, when it, and in
of 2500, Patrick Dempsey, one
was arrested, and Hether, a
survived to be retained for the
made some glaring admissions
in, and conceded the existence
ations from Reitz to blow up
an signal. The cat was out
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Pretoria had denied the
plot, and only a week before
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ne or two in every newspaper
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him. But the true hearings
and the European Chancelleries,
also Munnik was superseded by

who slackened of his task under
time and threw up the sponge,
I set upon us and Munnik back
Krause, Commandant-in-Chief.

In this strange South African
used in the person of Judge
intimate friend of Dr. Krause's,
the General Kock who was killed
the beginning of the war,
before the occupation by the
up in Johannesburg from Pre-
toed from Dr. Krause's car and
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will have it, here it is," angrily
producing a document, signed by
Secretary, giving him, absolute
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no encouragement were within hail, and the only
force in the town were a few international mine
police. They issued type-written appeals—copies
of which are in existence—to the women and chil-
dren to keep away from the mines and certain
mines and certain of the buildings, and called
on the population to assist in the "patriotic
work" of destruction.

Meanwhile Dr. Krause had acquainted Botha by
telegram of Kock's violent attitude, and an-
nounced his intention of shooting him. Botha's
reply was, "Don't shoot if you can help it; arrest him."

At the same time Krause summoned the aid
President—who was then preparing to bolt—to the
telephone at Pretoria, and through the medium of
Mr. Broedel, the Commissioner of Police, informed
him of Kock's contumacy and Botha's resolve, and
of his own intention to stop the destruction even
at the cost of Kock's life.

Krause's telephonic answer was, "You mustn't
shoot him. Wait a bit."

The Executive—then composed of Kruger, Reitz,
Bosman, Grobler, and Jacobs—hurriedly sat and
sent the following enigmatis reply to Krause:—
"Carry out the Commandant-General's orders,
but don't forget the Government's instructions."
That message is also in existence.

THE LAST SCENE

The desperadoes the next morning split into two
bodies. One went to the Robinson Mine, where
they were cleverly kept at bay by the manager;
the other accompanied Kock in a preliminary
flourish round the city.

Kock and Krause met in the large Court-room of
the Government buildings.

"Tooy," come here, I've a message for you,"
said Krause, looking out from a suite of rooms
opening into the court.

Kock, strong and unsuspecting in the presence
of his motley troop, followed Krause to his private
office, where Van Diggelen, the mine commandant,
also joined them.

"I have just received orders from the Com-
mandant-General ordering me to arrest you if you
persist in your mad idea of going up the mines.
I want your word of honor that you will desist,"
said Krause.

"And I have no instructions,
which override anything you say or do," de-
fiantly answered Kock.

The Government had countermanded those
instructions an hour ago," started Dr. Krause,
showing Kock the enigmatisal message from the
Executive.

"Never mind," said Kock, rising to go—he was
fully armed, and Krause and Van Diggelen car-
ried not even a revolver—"I shall do what I con-
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His desperadoes, deprived of their leader, dis-
persed, and the mines were saved.

JOHN A. DENTON

saying in my opinion it is
 illegible to enter 5 or under
 for all boats entered I will
 on Sunday send sailing
 directions & diagram of course
 if you will kindly dis-
 miss have owners address
 boats entered for the open
 brand of race should
 be well described
 Entrance Fee of each race

I am
 Yours Truly
 W. B. Collins

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