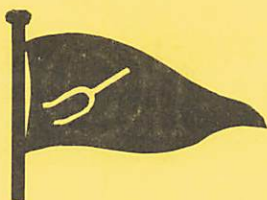


1979/4



Old Gaffers Association Newsletter



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OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION

NEWSLETTER No. 1979/4

COVER PICTURE UNDINE, O.G.A. No. 581.

Undine was built at Menai Bridge, Anglesey, in 1889 by G. Edwards to the designs of J.H. Cousins. She was a classic 'plank-on-edge' gaff cutter of that era, having a clipper bow, narrow beam, 850 square feet of sail area, and presumably a very heavy lead keel to keep her upright. The original L.O.A. was 33 feet, but this was increased to 35 feet in 1893 by adding two feet to the counter.

The construction is larch planking on alternate grown and steam bent oak frames. The fastenings in the grown frames are bronze spikes, and in the steamed timbers copper boat nails, which are turned on the inside rather than clenched.

She was kept in the Mersey area until 1905, when she changed ownership and moved to Burnham-on-Crouch. The following year she was bought by two Army captains stationed at Fort Albert in Alderney, and they kept her in Braye harbour for three years. She then spent a further three years in Portsmouth until 1912, when she was sold to two new owners who kept her at Burnham. In 1914 she was sold to John A. Denny, and during the First World War her lead keel was removed to make bullets.

Between the wars 'Undine' lay on the shore at West Mersea as a houseboat, with windows cut in her topsides and a henhouse on her deck. It was in this sorry state that two young engineers from Ipswich, A.M. Hood and H.F. Tricker, found her in the late thirties, and decided to get her sailing again. They had her towed round to the Orwell Yacht Club at Ipswich, where they spent several years rebuilding her, interrupted for a while by the Second World War.

They replaced the lost keel with a cast iron one, rebuilt the decks, coachroof and interior, and did some major repairs on the hull.

Such was the fashion in those days, that they decided to give her the new-fangled Marconi rig. (It will never catch on.) They therefore equipped her with a very tall, heavy mast that had already seen a fair number of years' service in a fishing smack. The new sail plan retained the bowsprit and cutter foretriangle, and had a total area of 580 square feet.

In 1946 Undine was sailing once again, after about twenty years out of commission. She made a fine sight in the local club races out of the Orwell, and was well known for her habit of 'laying over' in a breeze.

In 1956 she was sold to A.W.F. Hunt and K. Cocksedge, who continued to keep her at Ipswich and used her for family cruising. They sold her in 1962 to the rather improbably sounding Polish Yacht Club of Great Britain, and she was kept in Gravesend and Walton.

In 1967 she was lying in a mud berth opposite the Walton and Frinton Yacht Club in a fairly derelict state, when my brother and I decided to take her over and put her back in commission. We had often seen her sailing on the Stour when she was owned by Ken Cockseage, and had always thought her a beautiful boat.

We took her round to Wratness on the Stour early that summer, and had her on the beach for several weeks before getting her sailing later in the season. We moored her at Wratness and greatly enjoyed the attention she received around the local rivers. Long-shoremen in dinghies would drop their oars in amazement and gaze in disbelief, muttering, 'Well, if it isn't the old 'Un-dine'. I never knew she was still afloat.'

In 1971 she was given a major refit, which involved building a cradle and slipway on the beach at Wratness to haul her above the high water mark. The Bermudian mast had to be condemned because of extensive rot, so we decided to change back to gaff rig while we were making a new mast. A reasonably straight larch tree was found at a local timber yard, and rescued in the nick of time from being turned into a larch-lap fence. It was shaped up into a quite presentable pole mast in a few days. The boom was lengthened by two feet, and a larch pole that had once served as the mainmast of our Admiralty Whaler was made into a gaff. The spreaders and lower standing rigging of the Bermudian rig were used again to save making up a new set. An almost unused cotton gaff mainsail from a pre-war Broads boat was conveniently to hand, and was re-cut by my brother to fit the new rig. It was given a good coat of tan dressing to keep the weather out.

The new rig was delightfully simple, and very much lighter than the complicated Bermudian mast with diamond stays, jumper struts, and a standing backstay. The mast was now about ten feet shorter, with much less weight aloft despite the fifteen foot gaff. The total sail area was kept about the same at 580 square feet, with 60 square feet of this in the form of a jib headed topsail.

Undine performed better under her proper rig, heeling less, and pointing just as well, with added speed off the wind. Admittedly the long boom could touch the water when reaching in brisk weather with a sea running, but generally the boat became more easily manageable, and was very snug with a couple of reefs tied down and the jib taken off.

A further advantage of the new rig was that we were now eligible to enter the East Coast Old Gaffers races, and we took part in the 1971 and 1972 events. I am afraid we offended some of the more sober competitors by showing off our windward performance in luffing matches, which, I later learned, are quite unheard of in such company.

Undine cruised to the Solent in 1971, and I spent that winter living aboard moored on the Itchen in Southampton. The Tortoise stove in the saloon was very highly valued during those months.

In the autumn of 1972 we very reluctantly decided to sell Undine because of other commitments, and she went to Bristol, where she lay at Pill, the home of the Bristol Channel Pilot Cutters. I was sorry to see the new owner remedy a certain looseness of the counter planking with amputation. He put a saw through it about two feet from the stern, and this has given her a rather 'sawn-off' appearance.

Chris Temple.

In 1974 she was bought by Dr. P.G. Meakins, who has raced her both on the East Coast and in the 1977 Bucktrout Race from Jersey to Guernsey. Undine is one of the few survivors of a once fairly numerous type of racing cutter.

J.A.S.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 1980 Annual General Meeting of the Association will be held at the Cruising Association Rooms, St. Katherines Dock, London, at 5.00 p.m. PROMPT on Saturday, January 12th 1980.

AGENDA:

President's Address

Secretary's Report

Treasurer's Report

Change to the Rules. The proposal that Rule 10, Finance, be changed to read 'The Association Treasurer shall publish to all members an annual balance sheet made up to October 31st and audited' will be put to the meeting. The only change is from December 31st to October 31st. It was agreed at the last Annual General Meeting that this should be done, and this year our books were closed on October 31st and no financial business is being transacted until January 1st 1980. This change enables us to present the audited accounts at a meeting on the last day of the London Boat Show.

Presentation of awards for Newsletter Articles.

The meeting will be followed by a short talk by one of our oldest members, and then by what we hope will be a very full social evening with ample opportunity to meet other members. Please come along and make this social evening a success.

Would all Committee Members please note that the A.G.M. will be preceded by a Committee Meeting in the Cruising Association Rooms at 2.30 p.m. sharp, at which the prizes for Newsletter articles will be decided, and future sailing programmes will be discussed.

WHY DOES IT ALWAYS HAPPEN TO ME?

(Being an Examination into the Workings of Sod's Law with Particular Reference to Old Gaffers)

While all seamen are aware of the basic tenet of Sod's Law, 'that whatever can go wrong inevitably will, and at the most inconvenient time', the Law's most arcane and subtle manifestations are vouchsafed to those with the temerity to brave the elements at sea in Old Gaffers. Newcomers to this strange pastime, blissfully unaware of this when all hell is suddenly let loose around their ears, tend to feel it must be their fault and develop inferiority complexes, leading to such excesses as kicking the cat, beating the wife, or even in extreme cases buying a plastic boat with a pointed mainsail. The purpose of these jottings is to reassure such people that, while you can't expect to win, you can at least enjoy trying to keep level with events.

Before you even get to sea the Law will be operating to frustrate your efforts. No chandler within seven days camel ride of your home port keeps that vital part for your rigging, motor, heads or what have you, without which you feel you cannot complete your fitting out. Helpful friends' advice like 'Wait a minute, I saw just that very thing in Old Bloggs' Junk Yard last month', sends you thundering up the motorway across five counties to be told, 'Ah, them things. Sold the lot last week. Some gypsy wanted 'em to fix up his caravan. You should try one of them boating shops'. The experienced gaffer owner knows

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better than to try buying a particular replacement part, but either rebuilds the boat around whatever he can lay his hands upon by fair means or foul, or discovers that he can do very well, or at any rate fairly well, without it after all. While on the subject of fitting out it should be noted that trying to fit out an old timber boat in the spring in order to sail it in the summer and lay it up in the autumn is about as futile as trying to climb Mount Everest on stilts. English spring weather provides plenty of opportunities for sailing in good breezes, and since every old gaffer should be equipped with a coal stove, the skipper can attend to navigation and other vital tasks below, while the crew make inane comments about the bracing weather from beneath their oilskin hoods as an icy easterly howls greetings from Siberia across the deck. (Once in the pub they soon thaw out, and actually claim to have enjoyed it.) The time for painting and varnishing, and pottering around the rigging renewing whippings and servings, is round about July, when the whole world and his brother is cluttering up the ocean trying to sail in a flat calm. The Law then provides swarms of flies which are irresistably drawn to fresh paint, but the result is no worse than rain speckles, and since you can't win you might as well do it in comfort. By the time November comes you might be lucky enough to have sufficient paint on her to keep the frost out till next year.

Once you have actually got to sea you might be tempted to relax and enjoy it. That is an open invitation for the Law to exact retribution for your rashness. Despite all the arguments in favour of the robust simplicity of gaff rig, all perfectly true but irrelevant, it is undeniable that the number of bits of string involved, (known to the initiated as halyards, downhauls, outhauls, leaders, sheets, preventers or runners to mention a few,) offer the Law unparalleled opportunities for merry pranks. While in the cockpit, crew members' eyes are constantly aloft, criticising the cut of the new mainsail you mortgaged the house for last winter, or noting the flutter on the topsail luff as you lecture them sternly on not pinching the boat too close to the wind, but once on the foredeck to do something useful they become afflicted with paralysis of the neck, so that they cannot see above horizontal. Having cast off the topping lift to ease it, they are usually most surprised when it turns out to be the peak halyard, resulting in a simultaneously scandalised mainsail and skipper, simply because their affliction prevents them looking up the mast to see where the rope they are grasping actually ends up. The headsail you clearly remember bagging with the tack left on top is always the one that gets hoisted upside down, and if there is any chance of the slack lee running backstay getting round the end of the crosstree you can be sure it won't happen until there is enough wind to put you in danger of losing the mast if it is not set up smartly after tacking.

As far as tacking is concerned, many old gaffers are roundly cursed because they won't, without backed headsails and two knots of sternway. This is usually not the fault of the boat, but of the genius who chopped four feet off the bowsprit and two feet off the boom, 'to make the rig handier, old boy!'. At least if it always happens you can act accordingly, and the ones to be suspicious of are those that come cleanly through the wind until the day you are doing some smart short tacking up the one fathom line to cheat the ebb in front of the yacht club on a Saturday evening. If there weren't fifty verandah vikings sipping gin and tonics to be amused, she'd have come about perfectly and you would have lost that chance to scrub the bottom while waiting for the tide to come back, which fools nobody but makes you feel better than just sitting there with a red face.

You should not make the mistake of expecting your engine to get you out of this sort of fix. Once installed in an old boat, the most modern and reliable of engines will develop more symptoms than a hypochondriac given a week's free stay in the London Clinic. Drawing up a graph relating the amount of time, money and sweat involved in servicing, maintaining and coaxing the beast into life, the the hours spent running it for any more serious purpose than charging batteries would encourage many owners to make use of their engines' main attributes of weight and bulk on the end of their mooring chains, and employ the liberated space for some useful purpose like bottle stowage.

On the occasions the engine does deign to perform, manoeuvring a boat with a low power to weight ratio, a long keel and a long pointed instrument at the sharp end, provides much entertainment for bystanders, and plentiful opportunities for the Law to show its teeth. The sharp instrument, by the way, is known as a bowsprit to its proud owner, who may subconsciously regard it as an expression of his virility, but others who may come into involuntary contact with it usually find more colourful terms for it. When you have just lined up for that tight turn into the last vacant marina berth, and a sudden gust blows your head off, driving the bowsprit neatly through the windscreen of the Bentley on the quay, a philosophical shrug, a large whisky and a quick check on your insurance policy are the appropriate responses, not necessarily in that order.

Once you have hardened yourself to ignoring weather forecasts in the knowledge that whenever you have a passage to make the wind will fly round on the nose at exactly one force higher than that which allows you to make comfortable if modest progress to windward, you will really enjoy the surprise of the occasional broad reach in sparkling sunshine with the miles ticking up regularly on the log and nothing carrying away. But don't be fooled; it is all part of the plan. Sod is clever enough to know that if he didn't give us a break once in a while we would all pack it in and take up golf, and then where would he be?

J. Ward-Hayne.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

As a lady grows older it becomes increasingly more difficult to know how to celebrate her anniversaries. She had a new engine only a few years ago and the mainsail has many years of life, ropes come and go so frequently that there would be nothing distinctive in that. Nevertheless seventy years is an important anniversary for a small timber ship and some celebration was necessary - eventually it was decided that the thing that old ladies really like is a good sentimental journey - what better than a visit to childhood memories.

Veryan's birth place, Falmouth, happens to be a fair journey from the Clyde, but given some organisation it could be fitted into a summer cruise. In fact, the family liked the idea of further south, equating this firmly with sunshine and blue flat seas.

As 'O' level French was looming over the horizon for my redoubtable leading seaperson, it was agreed that the family cruise would be in Brittany and to make full use of the journey we would lay up in Cornwall.

There are part of the Old Gaffers net that are most impressive. A letter to our excellent secretary produced a string of useful names, in the end we decided that the laying up would be with Fiona Beale in the Helford River. This gave a fixed point to work back from.

Saturday 8th July - W to NW, 4-5, gusting 6, rain. They had it dead right. Adrian and I ferried the usual last minute heap aboard, stowed the dinghy - Rhu marina to fill up with fuel and take yet more aboard including the last crew member, Dick, who was nattily dressed in four metres of plastic piping required to finish the new twentieth century loo.

5 gusting 6 just off the beam in the relatively protected waters of the Clyde really lets a ship go. Veryan stormed off at 7 knots plus. Under five hours to clear Arran confirmed the speed estimate and exercised our mental arithmetic on how long to Lands End. A fatal mistake. Within a quarter of an hour we were motoring through a horrid lumpy calm. No wonder sailors are superstitious. Another quarter of an hour saw us setting small jib and tucking in two reefs, but it was not to last. That calm had been an omen of things to come - the most miserable of conditions - force 0-1, steady hard rain making for very poor visibility so Ireland remained a hidden mystery somewhere off to starboard. Everything is possible at the start of a voyage so we set watches. I find three hours by oneself the maximum, and sailed very slowly through the night. A peaceful night.

Charts are an expensive item bought in large numbers. I had been extremely lucky to borrow a set taking us from the Clyde to Falmouth corrected up to 1958! These and a 1978 Reeds showed that amazingly little has changed, on the larger scale at least, and joyfully the L.V. on Ireland's easternmost point showed up where it should be in spite of having changed its light. It also showed that we were going so slowly at times that the log was under-reading. Actually seeing our slowness, the grey smudge to starboard denoting land hardly visible at less than three miles off, a coaster lolloping past about half a mile away, diesel tanks full - well we succumbed and started the engine after a peaceful breakfast. Quick calculation gives Dublin for supper.

Bucketing down only one mile left to run on the log to Kish Light exactly in front by R.D.F. but no sign of light. By luck we saw the Bennet Bank buoy confirming our position exactly, altered course to pass half a mile from Kish, which eventually showed as a white cloud above us, complete with the mass of lights from an ocean liner. The grey pawl was worrying but all these very uncertain lights were worse - 'Sorry boys, no Dublin' - plug on through the rain. It was my watch from then until three a.m. Standing alone wrapped up in a complete ball of grey nothingness, one could not even see the rain splashing on the water now, only the faint glow of the side lights the steady beat of the engine accompanied my float through a fine grey emulsion of air and water. The less there is to see the more one strains - must keep a look out all round! - 'GET OFF YOU!!!'. I slammed the helm down as a fiery red diamond tried to climb over the starboard bow - sheer panic as we swerve - it's gone - everything the same grey, grey - except there is no denying that my heart is beating faster and my mouth is dry. Rattled, all I could think of doing was to throttle down slightly - at least it changed the engine note. All was not over, a wall right across my bow, we drift in neutral round in a circle to find the wall continuous. Ah, you are not fooling me this time, the horizon,

yes, it's back, in fact it's positively comforting, now I know! In gear, on course, last half hour of watch uneventful but very very long, thankful to give over to Adrian, who seemed so magnificently calm in contrast to my inward jitters.

Lying in my warm bunk as I unwound all became clear - I blessed Slocum for confessing to the 'Pilot of Pinta', but my own mind was now working on a more modern scientific explanation. Yes, sensory deprivation can produce hallucinations, lighting - noise - even numb touch, but it's even easier than that - got it. The staysails bright white terylene lay in a crumpled heap at the bow, illuminated by the sharp green light of the starboard lamp. Looking around at the enveloping grey had relaxed my eyes and the phenomenon known as retinal reversal had caused the green to look red and therefore fiery - imagination had done the rest. The red diamond had tried to climb aboard exactly where the staysail lay - it all fitted. I slept. The staysail looked very innocent next morning, just a pathetic soggy heap.

In fact, apart from a lot of very hot food everything was soggy as we alternately sailed an hour in a light puff then motored a bit in flat calm towards the Tuskar Rock lighthouse which loomed up in late afternoon again proving the visibility to be less than one mile. It was at least day light and thirty odd hours containing a lot of diesel engine thump had vastly lessened the resistance, besides Ireland was worth a visit anyway and the banks off Rosslare are not difficult for a small boat even if the cross tide is. Exceedingly cautious navigation (don't be foolish at the last hurdle adage remembered) crabbed us successfully across the spring tide to the pleasant sandy bay of the harbour.

Guinness before supper - beautiful - and what decorative pound notes we received for change - it seemed a pity to spend them again - but after all a kitty is not for looking at. That partaking of a sacrificial 'wine of the country' definitely appeased the Irish weather Lord - it was only spitting when we came out, which spared us from the clammy plastic heap that was impolitely draining itself into the lobby carpet.

Next morning it was obvious that one must go ashore for a ritual Guinness immediately on sighting Ireland. The sun shone from a blue sky even the tide was right, firmly against us, ensuring a clear conscience for a late start. Ireland left nothing but pleasant memories finishing off with nice solid inch-thick timber, flat bottomed beach boats painted with whatever the owners had of left-over bright colours, the folk traditions are not dead; just swamped.

Large lunch before departing with the tide mid-afternoon, by then the mist had returned but not the rain. Visibility was up to a full mile and a half as the Tuskar light disappeared astern - the weather boys had got that right, but their nice force 3 wind was only being dished out in mean handfulls, the great Atlantic swells must have been all of three inches high and about half a mile apart! We motored until after dark when a merciful soft breeze spared us from another night of noise and vibration. During the night everything was so delightfully gentle, one eased a sheet slowly so as to preserve the silence. Found it difficult to believe the log saying we were exceeding 3 knots, but the log proved to be correct.

Wednesday was superb. The sun rose to burn away the mist and allowed us to amuse ourselves by seeing how much cloth we could hang on Veryan's apars to get the last inch of movement from the wind. The most successful was the dinghy's sail set as a mizzen staysail. The game was finally up as the sun and wind fell and we simply stared in silent awe as the entire Atlantic ocean chameleoned itself through blues, greens, yellows and reds to bronze, the grey of evening finally absorbing all.

The quick damp cool of the ocean's night changed the mood. After a giant sail stow complemented by thickly dressing ourselves and the smell of hot soup it did not seem so wicked to destroy the peace by engining over the calm sea. 'A pint for the first to see land' from myself was promptly followed by Adrian's polite 'might that be Pendine light?'. It was, still a landfall is worth a pint any day.

This night there was no escaping the engine and it really made itself most antisocial by starting a leak in the high pressure fuel feed just as we rounded the longships - I imagine running out of fuel half way round Piccadilly Circus feels similar. The only repair possible was a tin judiciously tied to catch the drips and an entire bottle of washing up fluid in the bilges reduced the fumes to a tolerable level. We anchored off Penzance just before dawn.

I don't think of Guinness as a foreign drink, but the Penzance customs man was very cross that Adrian had left for home on the first train without declaring his consumed pints. It only amused Dick to find that he had inadvertently 'gone foreign' on his first cruise.

Last leg round the Lizard was not to be so simple, just clear of the harbour heads the engine crashed to a halt with the noise of murdered metal. A nifty re-entry under mizzen only left the problem of a very major engine repair. Agent in Plymouth agrees to work on it on arrival - diverted family arrives with car for transport - dock yard lend crane - Securicor get spares to Plymouth in eight hours (useful service this) - engine rebuilt and replaced ready for sea in three days. (Mechanical interlude - incredibly the four year old engine had simply vibrated out its big end bolts, allowing them and the now loose con. rod to smash up the contents of the crank case. After our holiday I wrote to Saab, the makers who were honourable enough to replace the part free even though the engine was three years out of guarantee. They were as amazed as I at the occurrence.)

Having made such good time down the Irish Sea, we sailed into Porth Navas to meet Fiona Beale on schedule in spite of the engine.

The family holiday (another story) in Brittany followed according to plan and we returned from St. Peter Port to Falmouth three weeks later. Rounding the long commercial mole, the town roads was just full of 'Veryans'. A reception committee of dozens of gaffers, all straight stems and long bowsprits coming hell for leather to meet their long lost sister. The effect was slightly spoilt when they all foamed past and disappeared up the Fal. It was only a frenzied crew that brought the skipper back to the present pointing out that with all sail set we were rapidly running out of harbour. It turned out to be Flushing regatta and the fleet were river boats so actually they were only first cousins, but it must be said that they are the finest surviving fleet in the world.

At anchor I watched fascinated as they returned tacking through the crowded roads. Professionals sail with a beautiful certainty. All recognised the local boat - most asked the name and builder - one asked her working name - 'Melville up to '28' - 'My uncle sailed in her', came the reply followed by 'I'll meet you at six this evening in the bar of ...' and the wind whipped away the vital last words. To my dying day I shall regret not being able to keep that meeting.

A reward is offered to anyone giving information leading to my finding that river-boat sailor.

POSTSCRIPT: Veryan enjoyed a very comfortable winter with Fiona Beale. We publicly thank her. This summer Veryan has been to Holland (anyone want a load of Dutch charts cheap?) and is now in a mud berth on the Deben River while we ponder where next?

A.G. Vogt.

ISEULT IN THE 1979 ROUND THE ISLAND RACE

The dawn was cold and grey as Iseult slipped down the Medina at 0415, but showed no threat of bad weather. At the moorings just below the Island Sailing Club pontoon, we picked up the last two members of our crew, one of whom contrived to soak himself up to the waist in a badly-judged transfer. With a full complement of eight aboard we ranged along the start line with the other gaffers.

Waiting for the 0500 start signal, which never came. It had been decided not to use a gun so early, when all sensible people were tucked up in bed, but the promised flags were never seen. Thus we all started by guesswork in a good NW breeze and were soon tramping along on a fine reach towards the Needles with Moya and Gaivota (as usual) slowly passing and beginning to creep away. Dick the helmsman, having made his usual impeccable start, demanded a stiff scotch. He deserved it, but at 0515 nobody else had the stomach to join him. Joe the skipper decided to cook breakfast rather than shout orders for a change and off Yarmouth, as the sun cleared the cloud hugging the eastern horizon we consumed several rounds of bacon and egg sandwiches, washed down with hot coffee.

By Yarmouth the breeze had decreased a little, so our glorious seven-knot romp with every stitch of canvas set slowed to a more dignified five. Experimentation with the set of the topsail enabled it to fill rather better than usual on a fine reach, 'drawing', as Dick observed, 'like a hot poultice'.

Off the Needles, Palm Buoy was conspicuous by its absence, but its place was taken by David and his fishing boat Ligger Bay. David often sails on Iseult and I think that agreeing to become a mark of the course was pretty courageous, particularly as he knew from his own experience in 1978 what conditions are like when the bulk of the 790-boat fleet try to round Palm Buoy together.

With Moya and Gaivota leading, we gybed round Ligger Bay and prepared for the expected long run down to St. Catherines. However, after a soggy patch off Scratchell's Bay, which was later to hold up many other boats, we found that the wind had

veered a couple of points and we reached down the back of the Wight at a good six to seven knots. This was a good thing for Iseult as she is not very fast on a dead run and the two leading boats could not increase the gap.

At about 0830, we had visits first from David, who had been relieved of his course-marking duties and was, I think, himself relieved; then from a boat full of people fairly bristling with cameras. As a result of this second encounter, a short clip of Iseult appeared on the BBC TV series Top Sailing.

The first boat to overtake us was Mistress Quickly, a large sloop, who passed us just beyond St. Catherines at about 0915. She had started at 0600 and was scorching along. In the end she established a new record for the 60-mile race of a little under 5 hours 50 minutes!

Off Ventnor, at about 0930, the other large IOR yachts, who also started at 0600, began to come past, led by Blizzard and from that time onward we were never more than half a mile from any other boat. The wind had gone NE by now and had started to slack off, so we were unable to show the gaggle of medium sized modern racing and cruising boats how an old gaffer can lift up her skirts and really go, as we did in the 1978 race.

Gaivota, with Iseult trailing, tacked up towards Bembridge Ledge, but Moya, well in the lead, made a long board out towards the Nab, perhaps hoping for a little more wind. In the event, I think Chris may have found a little more foul tide, as Gaivota, about three miles ahead of Iseult, seemed to us to round Bembridge Ledge Buoy first.

It had been unseasonably cool, but as the breeze lightened and the sun cleared our rather low yardarm, we were able to remove some layers of clothing and make a determined effort to reduce the deadweight of beer in the grog locker.

By the time Bembridge Ledge Buoy was passed, there was no foredeck work to do and as always in such circumstances I fell asleep in the sun on deck. After about half an hour I was woken by the Chief's mighty grunts as he heaved the kedge over the bows and I took stock of our position. Much to my surprise I found that we had made up all but half a mile on Moya and Gaivota, who had been swept inside No Man's Land Fort and in the prevailing conditions were going to have a lot of trouble getting out.

The kedge had only been down a minute or two when we picked up a tiny catspaw and got very slowly under way. We eventually rounded the Fort after Moya and Gaivota and crept at snail's pace up Spithead until off Ryde Pier we found our two arch-rivals mixed up with a gaggle of about fifty other boats. They were all pointing in different directions and through the binoculars it was just possible to make out what appeared to be a species of war dance on Gaivota's after deck. Fortunately we were out of earshot.

We managed to stay clear of other boats and were thus able to pick up such stray puffs as there were as it slowly dawned on us that it was just possible that we might beat Moya and Gaivota for the very first time. Nobody said very much but suddenly the whole crew was tiptoeing round the deck, easing a sheet here, eyeing a luff there and looking very serious indeed. Dennis, a great spinnaker enthusiast on modern boats, replaced the sheets of the big ballon jib with a piece of cod line and played it like ... Well, he wooed it really, a faraway look in his eyes

and sweet nothings on his lips, punctuated by the occasional snarl as another crew member made the mistake of movement or speech.

Now I am a dedicated cruising man and have never been able to see why people get worked up about racing. Until this race I have just gone along for the fun and the beer; but now I understand. We had a private duel with a Contessa 32 and even in such light airs, we left her. At last, just before Osborne, we saw real evidence of wind and soon after picked up a wonderful breeze although, sure enough, Moya picked it up not long after us. With our best reaching canvas up, Chris never caught us as we duelled, tack for tack, down to the line and crossed - first home in the Old Gaffers Class. Of course, we were beaten on handicap, and worthily too, by Dorothea and Patsy and were eventually placed third, but next year ... ?

I find the Round the Island race one of the highlights of the year. As the old gaffers always start first, there is the splendid sight of the big boys coming through and it is grand to show some of the other boats just what an old gaffer can do in a fresh breeze. In 1978 we roared up Spithead in a stiff breeze on a broad reach and we must have overtaken fifty boats, most of them reefed down and looking a good deal wetter than us.

I think many old gaffers may be put off by the length of the race, but it is usually timed so that good use can be made of the tide if the wind is right and in three races now we have never taken more than 14 hours to complete the course. As for worries about gear failure in boisterous weather, we have all seen plenty of examples of that on modern boats just when an old gaffer is beginning to get into her stride.

Let's see if we can improve our turnout from 7 to mor. like 25 and show the ISC what real boats can do!

Dick Dawson.

QUIET TWENTY-FIRST FOR SOLENT GAFFERS

In conditions that would have brought frustrated frowns to the brows of even the most sophisticated ocean racers the twenty-first Old Gaffers race in the Solent passed off peacefully. Only one record was anywhere near broken - the number of Dutchmen's logs with the name Heineken on them must have bemused even the most tolerant Solent mackerel. The race, which started at 10.30 over the now conventional Osborne Bay line, attracted over sixty starters but somewhat less than half that number crossed the finishing line - despite a shortened course.

For the first time this race was won by a fibreglass boat. Verity, built in 1976, capitalised on a good start to just beat the traditional Iseult over the line and to take the Anchor Trophy (for the first boat on corrected time, irrespective of size and under 50 years old) and the Dead Eye Trophy (line honours). But to mollify those die-hards who were muttering 'tupperware' into their beer, Verity is based on a Falmouth oyster dredger, and with well cut tanned sails is a very pretty sight.

The greatest excitement in the race was undoubtedly the start. For an early morning north-east wind, the committee had chosen a line across the tide and undoubtedly, and too late to change, the lower buoy was very close to the committee boat.

That coupled with a change in direction of the now zephyr-like wind created a confusion that only those at the very top or bottom of the line escaped.

Imagine forty or so boats, keen to make a good start, ranging in size from 18 ft. to 78 ft., all simultaneously converging (slowly but inexorably) on the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile long east-west facing line - some on port tack in the now northerly wind. Those boats on port tack had no steerageway to respond to the crescendo of 'Starboards' and so the close-quarters work began. There were many utterances of 'if you can't control your boat don't race', and anguished looks from the minnow's skippers at the whales.

I shall always remember Ken Harris's Brixham Trawler Vigilance, despite her 78 ft. a witch in light airs, carrying her way into a gap between two Class I boats towards an 18 ft. tiddler who would have been in wind shadow had there been any wind - and compared the calm, assessing look on Ken's face with the justifiable anxiety of the other man.

The leading three or four boats took an hour to round the first mark off Cowes, Gurnard Buoy off Egypt Point, followed over half-an-hour later by the next batch. Surprisingly in view of her performance in recent years' races, the Island Cruising Club's beautiful schooner Hoshi was up in the second batch. Rounding the second mark would have been a picture for any well placed photographer. On the outside was Hoshi, 70 ft. long, then Baroque (Bill Tillman's last Pilot Cutter) at 55 ft., inside her was Gaivota at 43 ft. and, closest to the buoy was Brunette, a 25 ft. Itchen ferry cutter. Chris Waddington chose Brunette this year instead of the sleek Moya, in which he usually does well, (perhaps he controlled the weather as well as organising the race). The reach to the second mark was timeless. The sun shone. The wind revived. Silence fell, recalling Coleridge's words about painted ships and painted oceans. Boats not a few cables apart sailed on opposite tacks in the same direction. Some of the leaders underestimated the east-going tide and overstood the mark (East Bramble) providing an object lesson in slow motion for the followers.

The race ended at the third mark - Peel Bank just off the Island. The race officer and his helpers put the finishing touches to their sun tans as they timed boats over the line right up to the 5 o'clock time limit for the race.

John Stansell.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE SALTY SHORE, by JOHN LEATHER. Published by Terence Dalton Ltd., £7.95. Illustrated. 189 pp. plus comprehensive glossary & index.

The Salty Shore is a description of the Blackwater Estuary, which as is known to all who have had the dubious pleasure of immersion in its somewhat murky depths is a very salty estuary, especially in its upper reaches.

The book follows the course of the estuary from its mouth to the head of navigation at Fullbridge, describing places, people and the range of waterside activities such as fishing, wild fowling, boat building, yachting, and trading. If the book can be said to have a fault, it lies in the amount of space devoted to each area of the river. This varies roughly inversely as the

sailing distance from the author's native Colneside rather than in the actual level of activity or size of the town or village. Thus, Maldon, with its 800 plus years of history as a Charter Borough, its industries which relied on the river and a goodly number of noteworthy characters, is given a page less than Tollesbury and less than half the space devoted to Mersea. It must be noted, however, that this is comment written by a person who enjoyed living in Maldon as his adopted home for some twenty years! It is probably fairer to note that the space devoted to places and their activities also varies more or less as the width and depth of the Estuary - which is probably a very fair way to treat one of our greatest sailing areas.

The choice of illustrations is excellent, and it is nice to see some reproductions of paintings. Unfortunately these have to be half tones, so the colour must be imagined, but nevertheless these copies of paintings add a great deal to the character and atmosphere of the book. The range of boats pictured is wide; from winkle brigs to J Class yachts, or from Duck Punts to Spritsail Barges.

This book gives a fine description of a truly fascinating area, and is also important as a social and industrial history of the waterside. The fairly detailed biographies in the chapter 'Three men of Mersea' are particularly valuable, both as a record of a way of life now gone, and as an illustration of how the men of the area have modified their old life to suit more modern times.

Those who already know the Blackwater will be delighted with this book, and I suspect there will be few who will not find they did not know quite as much about the river as they thought they did. For those who have never visited Essex, this book is a lovely introduction to the area and its people. There are also what can be called the secondary themes, such as wildfowling or sailing on the big racing cutters, so this is a book which should appeal to a very wide range of readers. The glossary and index add to its value as a reference book, but mainly this is a book to be enjoyed, not a text book.

SCHOONER INTEGRITY, by FRANK MULVILLE. Seafarer Books, Merlin Press Ltd., 3 Manchester Road, London E.14. Special offer to O.G.A. members £3, inc. post & packing. 169pp. 8 photographs.

My first reaction to this book was 'What an intriguing title! What can it be about?' The answer was something of a surprise, for this is most certainly a book with a difference. Part straight narrative about a most unusual voyage under sail, and part historical research (albeit fairly recent history) about another man's dream ship, the Yankee schooner named Integrity.

For anybody who loves boats this is a really gripping story, excellently told. The chain of odd events and coincidences which gave Frank Mulville all the information to write this book is explained in a tantalising way which should make most readers loth to put the book down. Warning - don't try and skip a bit to 'get the plot'. Frank's construction of the book is first class. Let him lead you step by step to the end of the story.

But the book is far more than the gripping telling of a most fascinating tale. It contains some very solid, sound and seaman-like advice to those who sail offshore. To say too much about what is in this book would detract from the pleasure one can get in reading it and admiring the way the Author has built up this story, so I will merely quote the start of a paragraph from Chapter Six:

'Nothing is easier than to relax in the comfort of an armchair and judge another man for decisions taken on the windswept, heaving deck of a damaged yacht in a gale.'

This chapter, which might be headed 'On gales, shipwrecks and disasters' (equally, it might not, and is not!) is written by a man who has had first hand experience of 'big waters and small ships', who has heard of the experiences of others, and then who has obviously thought long and deeply about the subject. This is a chapter all sailors should read and ponder over.

In some ways this book is an adventure story in the great tradition of authors like G.A. Henty; in other ways it is a book which can be somewhat disturbing as it does not show all the characters mentioned on their best behaviour, and it rather amplifies the old sailing men's ideas that business men ashore are always out to 'do down' the sailor. It is educational, it is a really good story, very well told, and all in all it is a book which should not be missed.

If having read this far you are not really much wiser about what the book is about, then jolly good! It is Frank's story - read it as he wrote it. Just take my word that it's well worth reading (and re-reading).

MARGARET

Here in Mevagissey there were up to one hundred and fifty luggers up to the 1920s, when a combination of factors such as overfishing by motor trawlers from the North and the desertion of the pilchard - however, you may read the sad tale elsewhere.

Some of these old luggers were motorised and carried on fishing up to the 1950s. The last to leave here was the Erin, which I believe is a member of the Old Gaffers - Brittany I think. Names like Britannia, somewhere on the Kent coast now, Pride of the West, Cristabel, Snowdrop - at Penryn, both sadly unused and possibly 'lost'. The Westward, the Red Ace (named after a weekly serial back in village picture show days), I could go on forever. One of these luggers was the Margaret, FY150 (40' x 12'6" x 6').

In the 1950s, Edgar Husband gave up fishing because of ill health, and sold the boat his father had built in 1903 by Henry Roberts here in Mevagissey. The buyer was a Mr. Healey from Perranporth (the designer of the Austin Healey engine) who 'yachtified' it and kept it at Malpas on the River Fal.

In the 1960s she went to Falmouth and then towed to Plymouth.

Having been working on the Veracity (Page 317 Edgar March - Sailing Drifters) with a friend at St. Mawes, I decided 'Partnerships are Hardships' and having had my eye on the Margaret, I went up to Hooe Lake at Plymouth and gave her a good look over, being a little short on seaworthiness, I travelled up and back over a period of the winter of 1977 and having bought the old girl I proceeded to get her seaworthy enough to take down to her home.

Having replanked her in places and renewed a couple of frames, caulked every seam in her carvel planking, put in an old Turner diesel (which was a standby at one time in an electric plant) made a new stern gland and fitting her original old prop she was ready.

Catching the highest tide of the year, prized her off the beach, out of her grave and watching the weather (don't forget I lived nearly 50 miles away) I picked my chance, slung my hammock on board, left my car in the pub car park, woke early morning, pressed the starter and the 25-year-old diesel took the 75 year-old boat down the creek and out into Plymouth Sound; the first time the old girl had been to sea under her own power for nearly twenty years. Ironical really that a diesel saved the life of a boat to enable her to be converted back to sail, which was removed in 1912 to make way for an engine!

On passage through the Sound, with only half her deck in place, a ramshackle wheel house like a workman's shed, no silencer on engine beneath my feet, which straddled two planks, and a tree trunk wedged in the stem, resting on the wheel house roof, overhanging the transom by two feet with a red duster on the end, I was approached by the dockyard police with a loud hailer to ask 'Where are you going?' I replied that I was going to Mevagissey, to which he gave a gesture of desperation and shouted that I was putting to sea in a wreck! I replied that possibly when he's seventy-five he'll be a wreck too, and they left me alone. Having previously rung Rame Head coastguards to keep an eye on me (I was a little apprehensive as you may imagine).

After a 3½ hour trip I arrived at Charlestown in St. Austell Bay, where I had been offered a berth in their dock, the diesel not even giving a cough all the way (they stopped making the Turner in 1955). A 40 horse 2 stroke marinised, it did me proud!

I anchored off Charlestown, awaited the tide and went in with a German coaster. She's there now, a little work now and again, can't put her to original lug rig, need too many crew, putting her gaff rig mains and mizzen, two jibs on bowsprit. Any help with rigging and sails would be helpful, because I'm doing it all myself. If anyone is interested, I have built a 1 inch to 1 foot model and will be selling the plans shortly. My business is at: Morley's Art Gallery, Church Street, Mevagissey, Tel: Mevagissey 2634, where I paint and sell my own pictures. I also have many photos of Mevagissey luggers and harbour scenes.

Looking forward to sailing with Old Gaffers one day.

Morley Wescomb.

LIMERICKS

There was an Old Gaffer called Miller,
Who spent the whole night on the tiller.

When they called 'Go below!'

He said 'Definitely NO,
If I do I shall only get iller!'

M.E.

An Old Gaffer who sailed out of Bude,
Frequently raced in the nude,
If competitors harassed

They soon were embarrassed,
'Cause his 'all standing' gybe was quite rude! R.C.

In strong winds in our old working punt,
 Handing the topsl's a stunt,
 'Cause we leave it too late,
 Then it flaps like a skate,
 And beats our poor heads with the bunt.

If we're racing our boat (without dredges)
 We should ply Mrs. Thatcher with pledges,
 As we've heard 'sponsor' rumours
 And a pair of her bloomers
 Would support the name 'Benson and Hedges'.

Whilst going on board in the Avon,
 One crew got a bit of a crave-on,
 He stood up for a ---
 Came a splash after this,
 But he clung to a buoy called 'The Haven'.

Whilst handing a heavy old spanker,
 In the fog we came up with a tanker.
 Said a voice from 'up there',
 'I smell fish in the air,
 It must be a Newfoundland-banker'.

There is an old gaffer who vows,
 Tidal difference he never allows,
 On his annual hooley
 When he should go to Beaulieu,
 He runs smack on 'the Shrape' at East Cowes.

Says a gaffer I know with a stutter,
 'C-can you help sail my gaff cutter,
 B-b-but you must know,
 When I say 'L-lee-oh',
 I'm not singing an advert for butter'.

There once was a clapped-out old Prawner,
 Fitted out with a modern type sauna.
 But the heat of the stone
 Shrank her up like a bone,
 Now the prawner and sauna's a gorner!

R.V.C.

An old gaffer who sailed out of Leigh,
 Decided to peigh in the seigh,
 But so urgent his neighed
 Up to weather he peighed,
 Now his trousers fly with the burgheigh.
 - Teigh-heigh!

M.C.

LETTERS.

From Tony Vbgt:

I have been completely unable to get anyone to take on the battered remains of Sunbeam (the 19/24 like Shireen). A naval architect friend who is an old gaffer enthusiast pronounced her a rebuild job and reckoned the yard estimate of £5,000 to be cheap. This type of light, accurate racing yacht represents a different set of problems from the heavy over dimensional work boat.

Sunbeam was parked in one of the Clyde Port docks and therefore costing money all the time her future was in balance, so I could not continue my efforts indefinitely. The last thing that I heard was that the last owner was arranging for the last act of destroying her. I have not managed to bring myself to phone and ask if she has gone - but we must assume this to be the case.

It raises in my mind the possibility of forming some sort of trust that would hold such vessels from final destruction until one found an enthusiast capable of the necessary restoration. It also raises the tricky problem as to which boats are worth doing and how exact the restoration would have to be. Sunbeam to the best of my knowledge is one of four survivors in this class. Two still sail under reduced rig, the other has been under restoration for many years. They were originally like miniature 'J' Class yachts in both hull form and sail plan - this size of vessel is probably the largest type that could be restored to represent the last fling of sail under King Edward. So there were many good reasons for considering this as a good opportunity.

Now it's gone - but how many go each year? And how many have we left? In Holland this year the number of reproduction boats was amazing and the effort put into restoration of originals prodigious. They have even clubbed together to buy up all the stocks of original sail cloth available and only original boats are allowed such a luxury as genuine non-man-made-fibre. We are obviously way behind.

Sunbeam was destroyed because of the cost of storing her for some future date. I would have dumped her in my garden, but the cartage and a cover would have been a little over £100 and that money should be spent on the gaffer I have. I just can't afford two of them, especially as they are both heavy and deep drafted.

But £100 is not much to preserve, as my naval architect friend put it, 'the most beautiful object to come out of the Clyde Valley in the last 100 years'.

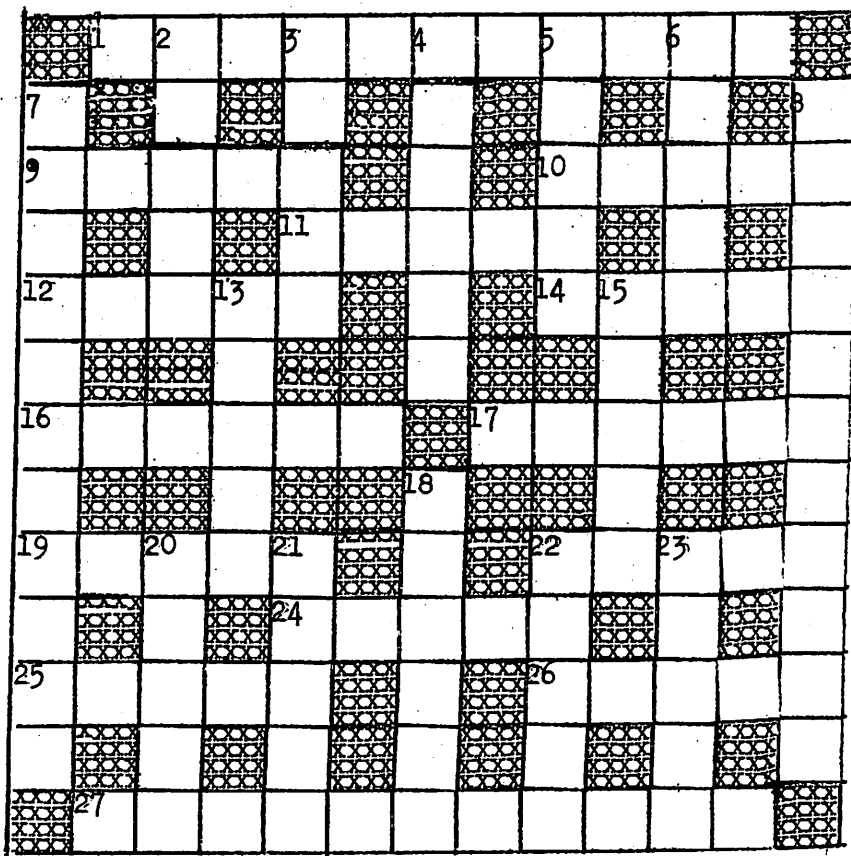
** Shortly after receiving this letter from Tony Vogt, we received
** this one from Camper & Nicholsons (Mr. P.E. Wilson):
**

Yacht Germaine You will probably have heard that our Southampton Yard is closing down in the near future. The above yacht, details of which are enclosed, is lying in our yard in extremely bad condition. We had hoped to renovate her for the bi-centenary of the company with our own apprenticed labour. However this has been overtaken by events.

I would be very grateful if you would like to circulate details to your members in case anyone would like to make an offer for the boat, however time is of the essence and we must make a decision at the end of November at the latest. We feel that it would be very sad if this old yacht should have to be broken up and it may well be that one of your members could take her on. We look forward to hearing from you in the near future.

Description: Wood yawl, 11.07 tonnes; 42' x 34' x 9'4" x 6'8".
Built Camper & Nicholson, Gosport, 1882.
Apply: Camper & Nicholsons Ltd., William Street, Southampton, Hants.

Although the closing date will probably have passed by the time this Newsletter is published, prompt action may be able to save the boat.



CLUES FOR CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 Not in it for free kicks (11)
 9 The pick of the bunch (5)
 10 This aspect of your boat needs to be good if you're wanting to get to windward fast (5)
 11 Don't get caught by this one in a rough sea (5)
 12 Most estuaries are (5)
 14 Two sailed rig (5)
 16 Transverse strengthening members of frame of ship (6)
 17 Lump of iron on the stem head which holds the bowsprit (6)
 19 It may not be quite clear where the halliards are made fast (5)
 22 Coral circle (5)
 24 You'll have to be very good to glean much from this one! (5)
 25 Usually the most effective way of collecting fish (5)
 26 This description of most female crew's shorts ought to be handed to counsel (5)
 27 & 7 down You should have one of these before you cross the start line (11-11)

DOWN

- 2 Sea Nymph - not an aid to navigation (5)
 3 Lead me back to perfection (5)
 4 A scene has lots of water associated with it (6)
 5 Dry rot does this in unventilated corners of your boat (5)
 6 Not the best gen for survival (5)
 7 See 27 across
 8 Hitch hikers dream of heaven afloat (7-4)
 13 Does your galley emit an appetising one? (5)
 15 You must not pass the wrong side of this mark (5)
 18 Measure of spirits present at the after end of large sailing vessel (6)
 20 Don't attempt to do this to your duties. You might lose your ship (5)
 21 Fishermen are reputed to produce the best of these (5)
 22 Useful for keeping your snaps in order (5)
 23 Hunter of the southern sky (5)

CROSSWORD We apologise that the duplicator has played up on some copies. Clue 4 down should read: A scone has lots of water associated with it.

A NEW AREA OF THE O.G.A.

The CORNWALL Area of the O.G.A. was formed at a well attended meeting held at the Mylor Yacht Club on Friday 26th October. Area officers and committee were duly elected. Approximately twenty members of the O.G.A. were present and a further twenty or so people indicated a desire to join. The Commodore and committee of Mylor Yacht Club offered the club premises as a 'home' for the area.

Area officers are as follows:

Vice President Harry F. Aitken, 21 St. Peters Way, Porthleven,
Helston (3728)
Secretary Mrs. Lesley Wilkes, 'Trenant', 11 Truro Hill,
Penryn (73994)
Treasurer Steve Gore, 'Trenoweth', Bells Hill, Mylor Bridge.

The Committee has drawn up a provisional programme as follows:

Saturday 14th June, 1980. Rally at Fowey, bonfire on beach at
Pont Pill. Bring own food and drink.
Saturday 12th July, 1980. Cornwall Area Race. Carrick Roads
start 1100 hrs. Details later.
Sunday 13th July, 1980. Seamanship trial.
Saturday 6th September, 1980. Rally at St. Mawes.

Mylor Yacht Club is to run a series of monthly races on Friday evenings and Flushing Sailing Club will have a Gaffers Class in their Tuesday evening series. I hope that local regattas will have a Gaffer Class as well.

The directors of North Cornwall Marine have agreed to give one year's subscription to the O.G.A. with each vessel sold. They produce the Tamarisk 24' and 29' gaff cutters, other fibre-glass gaffers made locally are Terry Heards 19', 23' and 29', hull based on local working boats, Westerly Boats Cornish Crabber and Cornish Trader and the 16' Bar Creek Oysterman.

We hope to augment the centrally produced Newsletter with an area letter occasionally and anyone who sails in the area but lives elsewhere who would like a copy should send a stamped addressed envelope to the Area Secretary.

H.F. Aitken.

OTHER SOUTH WEST NEWS: DRAKE 400 RIDES AGAIN.

There will be another event, this time to celebrate the return of Drake's circumnavigation, from 18th - 23rd August, 1980.

Following the outstanding success of the Drake 400 Race, the Plymouth Corporation and the sponsors are showing great interest.

Details in the next Newsletter.

FRENCH SECTION: RALLY AT BREST, 30th July - 3rd August, 1980. Three meeting points: Brest, Logona-Daoulas, and Morgat. Anyone who would like further information, please contact: Daniel Brédoux, 3 av de Crimée, Apt 194, 35100 RENNES, or: Julian Burn, Elizabeth Mary, 8 Belmont Terrace, Totnes, Devon. (Totnes 863878)

FOR SALE

MARTLET (692) Auxiliary gaff cutter. Built Uphams 1936. Engine - Thorneycroft Handy Billy Pet/par. Very full inventory & maintained to very high standard. £6,700.

E.M. Shaw, Blue Haze, Donderry, Torpoint, Cornwall PL11 3JA.
Tel: Donderry (05035) 280.

DOLPHIN (654) Aux. gaff sloop. 20' + 3' bowsprit, 7' beam, 3' draft. Built 1930s. Mahogany on oak. Inboard 8 h.p. Stuart Turner. 2 berths. Toilet. Small galley. Terylene sails. New rigging 1979. Lying Dartmouth, ashore from November. £3,150.
T.A. Collins, 2 Oxford Street, Dartmouth, Devon. Tel: 3481.

ROSA AND ADA (105) Whitstable Oyster Smack. 47'6" x 13' x 5'. Built 1908. Pitch pine on oak. All spars, rigging and sails overhauled 1978/79. No engine. Vessel re-rigged 1972 and returned to original appearance. £13,000.
A.R. Winter, Little Fisher Street House, Sheldwich, Faversham, Kent.
Tel: Chilham 280.

CAMPION Smack yacht. Rare opportunity to acquire this well known gaff cutter. 30' x 9½' x 4½'. 5 berths. Volvo MD2, very full inventory. £12,500 o.n.o.

J.M. Crossman, 195 Vicarage Hill, South Benfleet, Essex.
Tel: (03745) 56403.

MER-WULA (575) Tamarisk 22 gaff cutter. Built 1974. GRP hull with timber deck and superstructure. 4 berths. Diesel engine. Extensive inventory including inflatable and Autohelm 2000. 6 tan sails, inc. topsail. Ideal East Coast cruising, requires minimum maintenance. Mooring and winter storage available. Ashore W. Mersea. £7,000 o.n.o.
J.H. Mottershaw, 70 East Road, West Mersea, Colchester, Essex.
Tel: (0206 38) 3456.

LISTER CE 16 h.p. watercooled twin marine engine. 2 - 1 reduction gearbox, new bearings, injectors and injector pump. Dismantled. Ideal for spares. In store in Dartmouth. £60.
Tony James, 13 The Beacon, Exmouth, Devon. Tel: Exmouth 77939.

NEW 25' x 8½' x 3¾' SAILING HULLS. New technique ferro cement. Very strong and light. Based on Falmouth working boat, but a new design by Percy Dalton for offshore cruising. £1,350.
Gaffersail, 6 Trevisson Court, Flushing, Falmouth, Cornwall.

PUT YOUR GAFFER TO WORK. 2/4/6 berth boats required for 1980 hire fleet. Fully insured.
Gaffersail, 6 Trevisson Court, Flushing, Falmouth, Cornwall.

WANTED Capable and congenial lady shipmate wanted by owner of comfortable, dry, warm 38 ft. ferro cement gaff cutter; to help (but not pay for) refit at present under way, and to come on voyage to Mediterranean and/or Caribbean, leaving in the spring. Lack of experience no bar, but would prefer non-smoker, 30 - 35, with happy disposition. Please write fully to: Griff Tedd, ASV 'Men-a-Vaur', c/o 4 St. John's Road, Turnchapel, Plymouth, Devon.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS since the last issue:

R. Adnams, 1 Chamberhouse Mill Cottages, Thatcham, Newbury, Berks
D. Blackmore, Ferry Farm, Calstock, Cornwall.
E.M. Brooke, 6 Trevisson Court, Trevisson, Flushing, Falmouth, Cornwall.
R.L. Cundall, 11 Forest Road, Newport, Isle of Wight.
D.W. Murray, West House, Wych Hill Lane, Woking, Surrey.
I.J. Page, 23 High Street, Godstone, Surrey.

Now, our usual welcome to the new members:

Albert Strange Association (Hon. Secretary W.H. James)
'Maes-y-Coed', Harewood, Molescroft, Beverley, Nth. Humberside.
P.R. Bowden, 6 Saltbox Close, Mylor Bridge, Falmouth, Cornwall.
Cornish Crabber 1199
A.D. Copley, 12 Harcourt Close, Henley on Thames, Oxon.
A.J. Copley, 4 Penmorvan, Salt Box Road, Mylor Bridge, Falmouth,
Cornwall. Rwinana 953
D. Erasmus, Lee's Cottage, Flushing, Falmouth, Cornwall.
Nell 188
D.W. Fuller, c/o 6b Ingleside Road, Kingswood, Bristol.
Sirius Star 947
S.E. Gore, 'Trenoweth', Bells Hill, Mylor Bridge, Falmouth.
Buccabu 948
P.J.E. Gunnett, Chesil Cottage, Drinkstone Green, Bury St. Edmunds,
Suffolk. Crumbs 950
D.A. Hill, 'Endsleigh', West Trewirgie, Redruth, Cornwall.
Ella Speed 952
Mrs. J.M. Killingbeck, Okelea Cottage, 3 Lower Widslade, Lamerton,
Tavistock, W. Devon. Ripple 711
P. Mason, 14 Homewell, Havant, Hants.
I.C.M. Minchin, The Mill House, Alma Farm, Highertown, Truro,
Cornwall. Cornish Tamarisk 954
T.B.M. Rabelink, Saffron Meadow, Durgan Lane, Penryn, Cornwall.
Magnolia 964
G.E. Reed, 42 Thorold Road, Chatham, Kent.
Dawn 946
R. Retting, 3976 Bixby Drive, La Verne, California, U.S.A.
Zeus
P.C. Schuller (& K.C. Köllen) Sinnigvelderstraat 345,
1382 EZ Weesp, Holland. Sea Nymph 33
C.M. Spickett, St. Richard's, 3 Norman Street, Dover, Kent.
Kate 139
R.G. Humphreys, 5 Townsend Terrace, East Allington, Devon.
Betty 3
J. Stubbings, Shaw Farm Guest House, Shaw, Melksham, Wilts.
Scipio 949
G.F. White, Tregoose Old Mill, Colan, Newquay, Cornwall.
Tamarisk of Mylor 1001
B. Williamson, 15 Stratfield Road, Summertown, Oxford.
Sparrow 682

Now it just remains to wish you a very happy Christmas from the Secretary and family, and good sailing in 1980.

Can you be at Committee
Meeting - see p.3.