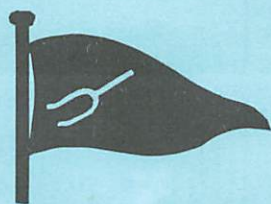


1978/3



Old Gaffers Association Newsletter



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OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION

NEWSLETTER No. 1978/3

COVER PICTURE RICHARD DAVEY

Lloyd's Register of 1970 lists Richard Davey, Reg. No. 164451, as Aux Gaff Ketch, owned by J.H. and C.D. Robinson; port of registry London, Home port, Yarmouth I.W. Length T.M. 37.5; OA 41.5; WL 34.5. Beam 10.5; Draft 6.75; Depth 7.3; SA 700. Designer and builder R.S. Burt, at Falmouth in 1913. Fitted with 4 cylinder, 56 BHP Ford oil engine in 1967.

The above extract from Lloyds gives the bare bones in describing a much loved craft owned at various stages by a handful of enthusiastic owners.

Regretfully nearly all the historic data perished when she burnt out off the Scillies some $4\frac{1}{2}$ years ago. However, from memory, here are some details:-

Richard Davey was presented to the Missions to Seamen by Mrs. Davey in memory of her late husband; she commissioned R.S. Burt of Falmouth to both build and design her, and details of her progress and final launch could be gathered from the Missions to Seamen News. R.S. Burt declined the services of a Lloyds Surveyor, presumably because all materials and scantlings were far in excess of Lloyds requirements.

She was framed in grown oak $4\frac{1}{2}$ " x 3", her timbers were slightly lighter at 4" x $2\frac{1}{2}$ " - a mixture of sawn and grown at 18" centres. She was planked with $1\frac{3}{8}$ " Pitch Pine; her floors were massive, sawn oak again, as were the horn timber, stem, and all other framing details. The keel was a huge piece of elm beautifully fashioned with all frames and timber heels notched in.

The deck beams, half beams and carlings were all of oak, incredibly hard, and all the beams had lodging knees, grown and not sawn.

Hatches, deck entry, skylights, etc. were all of prime teak on the same massive scale.

The Missions to Seamen News of Falmouth Area, late 1913, gave a small appreciation saying that through the generosity of Mrs. Davey they now had a "Motor Yacht" on station at all times; the first 6 months had resulted in a great upsurge of distribution of Religious works and tracts: - 349 given away, 9 purchased! Included was a picture of Richard Davey with all sails set, no wind, and I imagine, her engine, with which she was fitted from new, just ticking over.

She served on the Falmouth Station in all weathers carrying the gospel to seamen of all nationalities, and finally in 1935 she was sold out of service, then began a short but hectic period of her life when she had several owners in quick succession.

One of these managed to get Richard Davey arrested by H.M. Customs on the grounds of diamond smuggling between the Thames and Holland. Lack of evidence allowed her release, but she was sold to defray costs - needless to say, all subsequent owners have searched for those little chamois leather bags, which were probably still there when she perished.

Just before the war she was bought by a Surgeon Commander, and sailed extensively; during hostilities he had her laid-up in the Medway Area, and post-war did a certain amount of work on her before selling her in 1947.

Shortly after this she came into the hands of Laurie and Jo Cross (O.G.A. members) who cruised her extensively, lived aboard, and brought up their daughter for the first few years of her life (galvanised bathtub in front of solid fuel stove - very cosy - much better than a bathroom!).

In March 1962, my wife, brother and I were fortunate enough to find her for sale on the Hamble. We had a survey which considering her age was excellent - she was towed to Yarmouth, Isle of Wight which was to be her home port, and then decisions had to be taken.

Richard Davey had a short solid pole main mast, a good built mizzen, a main boom with roller reefing which must have been original, such was its agricultural operation, all sails were heavy flax, cutch tanned (our admiration for Laurie Cross and his wife was unbounded), and the accommodation was a cross between the ecclesiastical, the orange box, and the practical, circa Cross.

It was decided that we should gut her completely below, and start anew. We retained the teak shelves to port and starboard, and the main prayer book shelves at either end of what was to be the saloon, good teak with something of an air about it.

Work started immediately, and as with all our craft, the first item was a comprehensive galley, purpose built, which made all the rest of our labours possible. A wife who can not only cook, but paint, varnish, and is no mean woodworker is a gem beyond price.

Over the next few years we carried out all the conversion below, and then we had a stroke of pure luck which was the result of a very sad day for our Elder Gaffer, when Maresca stranded and was lost, but her spars, sails, rigging, etc. were salvaged. We were fortunate enough to buy them at a very reasonable price thanks to Captain J.S. Clarke.

This then was the time when we came outside so to speak. We cut out sections of the deck which were suspect - $2\frac{1}{4}$ " thick pine, average width 4" - very difficult to cut out and bend to suit. When the deck was free of all suspect patches, we covered it with 2 or 3 coats of Decolay which we found to be excellent.

All exterior paint and varnish work was brought up to a good standard and then began the exciting business of stepping Maresca's mast; a modified bowsprit with only 10' overhang; Maresca's main boom with civilised roller reefing. The mizzen mast and boom had been varnished and stepped and looked quite in keeping with our new mast.

Finally our "new" Terylene wails were bent on, new synthetic tyoe rope was rove to all the blocks and we were in business.

The last and final snag turned out to be the engine - a superb piece of marine machinery - a petrol/oaraffin Parsons 40 BHP direct drive forward and reverse. We struggled with this for 12 months and then bought a 4D Ford diesel stationary engine - ex Ready Mix Cement lorry. The marinisation was interesting and time consuming, but in some twelve months time we had a ship which was "in all respects ready to put to sea".

Then began the happy years, 4 Old Gaffers Races, culminating in the C.H. Paxton Memorial Trophy; and many happy days of sailing on a craft tailored entirely to our requirements. She sailed very fast under plain sail, and with her long straight keel was a joy to steer.

She was designed for the Atlantic swell, with regard to the shorter seas of the Channel, and she coped admirably with all conditions including the Force 10 finish to one famous Solent Race.

J.H. Robinson.

After the 1972 Solent Area Race, the Robinsons sold Richard Davey to Mr. E.H.M.Kenneil of Ardpatrik, Tarbert, Argyll; and she burnt out off the Scillies in the Spring of 1973. As Mr. Robinson wrote - "Sadly we shall never see her like again".

A SOCIAL CRUISE

The objectives for Wilful's June cruise were twofold; to check out and make final arrangements for her new berth in Guernsey, and then to proceed to the Brittany coast to spread the gospel about the Drake 400 Gaffers Rally and round up some French entries, with the Bucktrout Rally to round it off. Toby Morris, a colleague on the Ekofisk oil field and a regular hand on Wilful, joined ship in Salcombe on Monday 12th. June. We slipped our mooring at 0600 on the Tuesday morning with a forecast of NE 4 and hopes of a smart crossing to Guernsey.

In the event the wind was ESE when it picked up to a steady 3, putting us hard on the wind, and biting cold. Ten miles off Start Point we played ring-a-roses with a monstrous tanker which, having dropped his pilot off Brixham seemed to have no idea where he was going, chasing us all over the ocean for an hour before chugging slowly off in the vague direction of Ushant. Perhaps he wanted to ask the way. After that the only excitement was a Concorde bang, which raised the skipper two feet horizontally off his bunk, where he had been carrying out a deckhead survey. In the evening the breeze died with the sun as we came up to the southern traffic lane, and picked up Les Hanois light. Since I see no future in trying to sail through shipping lanes in no wind, when I can motor across at six knots and get clear, the motor was fired up, and since the breeze stayed dead we motored down the Little Russel to St. Peter Port, where we moored up in the outer harbour at 0400.

Wednesday was spent buying essential stores at Bucktrouts, arranging to take up my new berth at Beaucette at the end of the cruise, and dining with friends on the Island, whose home above Petit Port looks out to the Roches Douvres light beckoning us to Brittany.

We left St. Peter Port the next morning about low water, and a northerly breeze gave us an easy run down to the Roches Douvres. We had decided on Lezardrieux as our first French port, as the entrance to the river is easy at any state of tide, and as we passed Roches Douvres the wind began to increase and back, sending Wilful bowling along on a broad reach with 6-7 knots showing on the Stowe log (a new acquisition which proved very accurate). Reefing was considered and rejected, as the boat did not feel over-pressed and by the look of the sky astern the quicker we were in the better. We roared in past La Horaine and the Ile de Brehat at 8 knots with a Force 6 up our chuff, and some big following seas causing some hard work on the helm. For the hour it lasted it was great sailing, but once inside we were glad to hand the main and amble up the very pretty river at a more leisurely pace. We noticed St.Guenole, a very fast ex-Brest fishing cutter on a mooring, and found ourselves a buoy just upstream from the marina. Although it was pelting down with rain and blowing a hooligan by now, Toby, never one to miss anything, inflated the dinghy and paddled off to the bright lights, while the skipper crashed out.

The morning dawned brighter, and after a foray to town for bread and wine we set off for Paimpol. Although it was still blowing hard outside, the Chenal de Ferlas, south of Brehat, was sheltered, and then it was a downwind run under headsails through

the Chenal de la Trinite into the Anse de Paimpol, with some nifty doglegs round the rocks. Despite the Wykeham-Martin on the jib disintegrating due to corroded ball bearings and split pin, we made Paimpol lock in good time, and decided this would be a good place to stay for a couple of days until the weather settled down. Apart from the filthy water inevitable in a locked in fishing harbour, Paimpol is a delightful spot, with a great history of sending fleets of fishing schooners to the Grand Banks and Iceland. It is now the home port of Erin, the old (1904) Mevagissy lugger, which is the home of the French couple who own her now. They visited us on the Saturday morning, together with Paul Cornille, St. Guenole's owner, and my mission of signing up entries for the Drake 400 started successfully.

By an amazing coincidence I encountered an old friend from two years before, when I had worked on a French pipelaying barge on which he was Chief Mate. As Jean-Yves owns an old Granville pilot cutter, we had found plenty to talk about, and to bump into him on a street corner in Paimpol, where he was sitting his Extra Masters ticket at the nautical college was an unexpected pleasure which occasioned the consumption of several Ricards.

Monday morning was bright and quiet, and after an early start to clear the lock, we set all sail for the run to St. Malo. Being 40 miles across the bay, this should be an easy sail to catch the lock at the other end on the next high water. The wind was very light, affording the first chance to try out the Whispering Winnie, a vast balloon jib made of spinnaker cloth, which was collected only the day before we set out. Boomed out to weather it proved very effective, keeping Wilful trickling along at 2-3 knots in conditions where she would previously have been dead. Unfortunately by the time we reached Grand Lejon, roughly half way, the breeze had died altogether, and we resorted to the iron topsail to catch our tide at St. Malo.

When we entered the basin, we found a good gaggle of gaffers. We secured alongside Gossip, sister ship to Alain Gerbault's famous Firecrest, which William Borel, at the ripe age of 22, is entering in the Coupe de Rhum, St. Malo to Martinique - Singlehanded, in the autumn. And the best of luck! Alongside her were Marguerite T and Citara, having a new mast rigged after a mishap, and further down the quay lay Valdora, a handsome 70 ft. gaff ketch built by Dickie of Bangor in the 30s, refurbished by her new owners to immaculate condition. Cordial relations were soon established, and the usual ship visiting and expeditions to town in company ensued. The weather turned wet and windy, but there are many worse places to be weatherbound than St. Malo, and no mutinous murmurings were heard from the crew. The only minor irritation was spending a wet morning touring chandlers and engineering firms for ball bearings without success and finding that a glass chimney for the cabin oil lamp, which cost 69p. in Guernsey is apparently worth £3 to French yachtsmen. The moral being - don't expect to find what you need, and if you do find it, expect to pay a fortune.

Martial Roulois, St. Malo OGA Secretary and owner of Tocson, a very rapid little cutter, entertained us one evening in the splendid OGA clubhouse in the old city ramparts, and recounted how before the war he remembers trading ketches from the West Country coming up to the little quays up the Rance to load cargoes of potatoes and, believe it or not, mistletoe in season.

Another interesting boat in port was Veng, a 36 ft. clinker built double ended Shetland fisherman, at present Bermudian rigged, but due to be re-rigged traditionally by her new owners. She was weather-bound on passage to her new base on the Clyde, and awaited

her skipper's next leave from the Navy to continue the voyage, while his wife Georgina looked after the boat and got on with maintenance. Georgie accepted an invitation to join us for a day trip up the Rance on the Friday, as the weather had improved. The Rance is very much to be recommended, and the directions in Adlard Coles' North Brittany Pilot are excellent, the only further information needed being the time and height of the tide above the barrage. This can be found in the paper Ouest France under the obscure heading 'Usine Maremotrice', or it can be ascertained at the lock.

We locked through the barrage in company with a Moody 42 ketch, which proved to be based in the river, and whose skipper directed us to a fine spot, an hotel on the west bank about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles above the barrage with a pontoon mooring in deep water to which one may moor free of charge. The Hostellerie des Jouvenelles is a small charming hotel with an English manager, and a good though fairly pricey restaurant. After a drink in the bar and lunch aboard we invited the two men on the Moody to join us on an exploration further up river. We found beautiful scenery, and plenty of water as far as Mordreux, even near low water. The Rance is a beautiful and fascinating stretch of sheltered water, well worth a few days visit. Wilful will certainly return before long.

Having turned back at Mordreux, the skipper went below to brew tea. All of a sudden there was a clattering on deck, and the boat was over on her ear, depositing mugs, kettle, etc. on the galley floor. A black cloud had sneaked up astern and treated us to a short but very sharp hailstorm. In flat water with visibility to the bowsprit end we charged towards the narrows under the bridge at Port St. Jean at over 8 knots. Never have I had the same impression of speed under sail. Luckily the wind stayed on the quarter and we were heading the right way. After five minutes of exhilaration we came under the lee of the bluffs supporting the bridge, the cloud passed, the sun shone, and we drifted under the bridge on the current looking at each other in a bemused fashion like a congregation of bishops at a strip club. The tea was recovered from the galley floor, and we sailed sedately down river casting furtive glances over our shoulders. The Moody lads were considerably impressed by the speed and handling of a 79 year old boat, having no previous experience of gaffers.

After a convivial evening on the Moody we decided to spend the night at the pontoon. Toby had to catch a plane from Jersey the following afternoon, and as the weather was still unsettled we decided to send him to Jersey on the hydrofoil, and I would find my way to Guernsey with whatever crew I could find. In the event Georgie offered to help, and despite the temptation to stay the weekend and race with the St. Malo gaffers for the Illingworth Cup, we made up our minds to take advantage of a NW 4-5 forecast, which was not great but could be worse. We locked through the barrage at 0900 on Saturday 24th, and tied alongside in the outer harbour to get provisions, while Toby departed to his hydrofoil.

Iris, the Colchester smack now owned by a French artist who had completed a voyage to Brazil and back sans engine, lay in the outer harbour also, and gave us a wave as we departed at midday. Once outside, with all working sail set, we set course out of the eastern entrance past La Platte and the Conchee fort, and found we could just lay a course clear of the Minquiers. It was a fair slog, hard on the wind, but the ebb gave us a good lift to weatehr, and we passed the Minquiers in the early evening, heaving to for a rest and brew up once we were clear. On setting off again we started sheets a little and roared past La Corbiere,

which proved rash, since the flood tide between Jersey and Sark proceeded to suck us up too far to the eastward, and we had to come hard on the wind again and then spend two hours round midnight beating back and forth south of Sark to hold position until the tide swung north and enabled us to get into the Little Russel. However, Sod's Law still applied, for having started the motor to enter St. Peter Port and handed the sails, when the gear lever was put ahead precisely nothing happened. Investigation showed that the key in the shaft coupling had dropped out after its retaining grub screw vibrated loose. Expeditions into Wilful's very deep bilges to find and re-assemble it did not appeal, so the main and staysail went up again, and having a good lee we sailed gently into harbour, and picked up a vacant buoy at 0430. All credit to Georgie, who coped with an unfamiliar boat and skipper very well on a lumpy and tiring passage.

After a few hours blissful sleep the harbour staff told us our mooring would soon be needed by its owner, and on learning of our lack of propulsion they made a very creditable job of towing Wilful and berthing her in the Marina with their dory. Georgie returned to St. Malo on the hydrofoil, and the skipper was left to clean up and relax in preparation for the Bucktrout Rally.

The race on the Wednesday coincided with the Queen's visit to Guernsey, and Wilful and Martlet represented the gaffers in the fleet of boats which escorted Brittannia from St. Martins Point up to her anchorage. Despite the cold grey weather it was an enjoyable occasion.

The race round Sark and Herm also turned out well despite the cold and the occasionally poor visibility. Peter Lucas and Trevor Reed from Dartmouth sailed an amazing race in little Ripple, comfortable winners on corrected time, and only beaten across the line by Kelpie, a very fast big boat who did well to come second on corrected time with a rating of 1.3+. It was good to see the big French boats Jeune Ariane, a pilot cutter type, and Fiddlers Green, a replica of an American pilot schooner, which made a fine start but got lost on the final beat down the Russell. Wilful made a poor start and then trundled round in reasonable style, ending up fifth, after a splendid tacking duel down the final leg with Nerak, which we only won on the penultimate tack.

Wilful's crew, skipper, his parents, and Luci finished the day in appropriate style, riding through the town in the back of a 1908 Rolls owned by Luci's father, taking part in a cavalcade of old vehicles as part of the celebrations of the royal visit. The Bucktrout party the following night was most succesful, raising £400 odd for R.N.L.I. funds, and a good time was had by all, culminating in a prayer meeting on Martlet until the small hours.

On Friday after a farewell midday drink at Bucktrouts the fleet began to disperse, and Wilful pottered the few miles up the Russel to her new home at Beaucette. Once through the formidable entrance this is a very snug little harbour, with all facilities on hand, and much quieter than St. Peter Port in season. The use of the Channel Islands Pilot by Robson is advisable for the approach, as is a good engine since there is a vicious cross tide on the approach transit for much of the time. Incidentally, Robson's Pilot book is the best I have used for the whole Channel Islands area, opening up a lot of interesting passages and anchorages which would otherwise be best left alone. He also explains the vagaries of the tides in the area better than most.

So much for another cruise, a mixture of some gentle and some exciting sailing, some nice places and interesting boats seen, and many delightful people encountered. What more can one ask of a cruise ?

J. Ward-Hayne.

EAST COAST OLD GAFFERS RACE 1978.

The previous two official accounts of the Race have been written from the standpoint of a competitor, but this time I was on the bridge, and so had a totally different view.

Most boats came to Stone on Friday, July 28th, the afternoon flood spilling them into the Blackwater from Brancaster, Brightlingsea, Burnham, Harwich, and the Kent coast, while the evening ebb brought them down from Heybridge, Maldon, Goldhanger and Maylandsea.

I don't know the correct collective noun - a gaggle of gaffers - a gathering of gaffers - - but it was a lovely sight with a light Southerly wind and clear skies over green water. Ashore we were very busy sorting out entries, suppers, starting box, arranging a launch for the TV and press cameramen, but there was time also to examine new boats and greet old friends. A truly social occasion with the Race as the background.

On Saturday we awoke to find a flat calm, and light mist. We had arranged for the Committee boat to be at the Bench Head to shorten the course if no boat had arrived there by 1200, so we were happy to indicate the long course on the start board. The TV and Press arrived, and were duly chugged round the fleet, while tan, white, red, yellow, blue, black, green, old, new, dirty and clean sails were hauled, heaved, jerked or tweaked into a fantastic kaleidoscope of colour and shape.

The tide had turned at 0815, and by 0850 was doing its best to set everyone below the line, and all those in danger hung on for ten minutes, sighed with relief at 0900, and afterwards boasted 'Yes, well of course, we planned - - - - etc. etc.'

The TV man was faintly disappointed that someone hadn't turned on a wind machine so that he could get some good action shots. But by 0930 a very faint Easterly air had set in, and most boats were going well. Class 3 now started, the idea of a late start for them being that as their course took them at right angles to the main course for one leg, Classes 1 and 2 would have cleared this leg by the time Class 3 got there. This year the leaders of Class 3, Fortuna and Crescendo, told me they had to dodge and weave to get through but as nobody was moving very fast no dangerous situations arose.

By 1030 the fleet had been lost in the mist off Bradwell, except for the back markers and the 74ft Swedish ketch Stina, - she seemed to hang between sea and sky for a long time before very slow progress could be observed.

Hyacinth, Mayhi, Wendy, A.D.C., Pingle, Sea Pig, Golden Plover and Badger were now well on their way to the Bench Head. We had instructed the Committee boat to shorten if - - -. They had a moment of panic, as Hyacinth and Mayhi bore down on them - and it was not quite 1200. But common sense prevailed, and the short course was indicated.

Hyacinth turned at 11.55 with Mayhi two minutes later. The tide was still ebbing, and the wind a fraction stronger, which meant that a large number of boats collected at the Bench Head, and hung there. While most managed to keep clear, there was one reported collision which resulted in (I believe) our first official protest. The sailing, and right of way, aspects were easily determined, but hard words were said and ill feeling generated. As a result the protest committee were forced to ask one boat to retire. This incident only goes to show how important it is for

everyone to be sure of the Prevention of Collision Rules, and in tight conditions to use their common sense and good seamanship.

The light wind had cleared the mist, and we were treated to the magnificent sight of the whole river by Bradwell covered with gaff sails. The faster boats were on their way home, and leading them was Fortuna, Class 3 Sharpie sailed by Jan Sanderson. Then Sheena was identified, leading Class 1 and 2, with the distinctive rigs of Hyacinth and A.D.C. involved in their private duel for the Tom Bolton Trophy. They crossed the line second and third respectively and as a glance at the finishing times will show, things became hectic from then on on the Bridge, with several boats a minute crossing the line, needing identifying, sorting from those motoring back to their dinghies, and one boat, who had nothing to do with the race as far as we could see, insisting on sailing backwards and forwards over the line, hiding the numbers and the groups coming in. But in spite of this, everyone was identified, checked, and accounted for by the end of the afternoon.

All credit must go to Doug Scurrey for organising the Committee boat, flares, flags, and people, and acting as Race Officer. Thanks also to Peter Butler and Pam for giving up their day to help with the time keeping; Peggy Edmond for her usual work on the Race Results Board, and Michael Millar as Calculator in Chief.

Our Guest of Honour was to have been Old Harry, but he was advising the film company on how to make 'The Riddle of the Sands' so he sent Des Sleightholme instead. The prize distribution can be seen in the results table, and I have an apology to make, as I awarded the East Coast Area Commodore's pennant to Colin Edmond on Golden Plover instead of John Welch on Badger. However, 'phone calls and good sportsmanship sorted out the muddle.

The East Coast Race in its present form is dependant on the generosity of the members of Stone Sailing Club, and we sincerely thank them.

Finally, 150 people sat down to a very pleasant supper, while up in the bar, much beer was consumed - a very satisfactory end to the day.

PRIZE LIST

East Coast Old Gaffers Trophy	Golden Plover	C. Edmond
Tom Bolton Memorial Cup	Hyacinth	B. Kennell
The Sheave Trophy	A.D.C.	R. Harman
The Zetland Trophy	Crescendo	G. Knott
The Dulcibella Trophy	Intrepid	J. Hall, J. Church
The Stone Trophy	Badger	J. Welch
The Neva Trophy	Dorothy	A. Dunnett
The Boat World Rose Bowl	Sheena	I. Lawrence
The Liferaft Hire Co. Seamanship Cup	Witch	B. MacKenzie
The Cup for Trying	Bonita	A. Beckett
The Old Harry Trophy	Glad Times	T. Cheesewright

CLASS 1

- 1 Saskia Van Ryn
- 2 Miranda
- 3 Tammie

CLASS 2

- Sea Robin
- Jade
- Deva

CLASS 3

- Winnie
- Fortuna
- Boy Martin

East Coast Area Commodore, 1978 - 1979

John Welch (Badger)

RESULTS OF THE 1978 EAST COAST OLD GAFFERS RACE 29-7-78

Course - Stone, Bench Head, Stone Wind 0-1 E Start 0900

Final No. Posn.	Name of Boat	Corr. Time h m s	Posn. over Line	Finish Time h m s	Class
1	138 Badger	5 06 21	6	15 06 54	2
2	74 Golden Plover	5 21 56	4	15 01 44	2
3	1171 Sea Robin	5 25 31	30	15 31 38	2
4	747 Jade	5 27 59	8	15 09 47	2
5	268 Deva	5 28 59	11	15 16 51	2
6	Sheena	5 29 00	1	14 48 32	2
7	Deborah	5 29 56	28	15 30 28	2
8	796 Sara of Lawling	5 30 24	35	15 36 39	2
9	557 Mersula	5 34 36	18	15 23 17	2
10	64 Sea Pig	5 36 19	10	15 11 13	2
11	388 Wendy	5 38 45	13	15 18 30	2
12	641 Fleetwing	5 38 56	58	15 57 25	2
13	719 Greenshank	5 40 33	15	15 20 31	2
14	380 Lindy	5 42 19	33	15 32 08	2
15	253 Cygnet II	5 42 51	31	15 31 50	2
16	668 Patricia Ellen	5 43 02	42	15 41 13	2
17	757 Caliph	5 44 34	60	15 58 41	2
18	312 Fanny of Cowes	5 45 17	24	15 29 06	2
19	102 Mayhi	5 47 06	7	15 07 12	2
20	262 Hyacinth	5 49 39	2	14 51 25	1
21	Andrina	5 50 02	17	15 21 18	2
22	689 Young Alert	5 50 12	20	15 24 00	2
23	829 Kismet	5 52 24	40	15 40 28	2
24	384 Lady Ripple	5 53 26	38	15 39 22	2
25	14 Jubilee	5 54 48	29	15 31 37	2
26	Winona	5 57 10	52	15 50 32	2
27	Kristina	5 57 37	57	15 52 29	2
28	Wendy May	6 00 17	39	15 39 26	2
29	268 Eliza Maud	6 01 15	51	15 50 31	2
30	695 East Breeze	6 01 24	44	15 42 29	2
31	520 Saskia Van Ryn	6 02 34	46	15 47 23	1
32	590 Vivette	6 02 45	50	15 50 22	2
33	143 Secret	6 03 16	21	15 27 60	2
34	425 Miranda	6 05 18	12	15 16 56	1
35	866 Dorothy	6 07 18	14	15 18 40	1
36	508 Rose of Paglesham	6 07 20	63	16 08 08	2
37	795 Skua	6 07 26	16	15 20 46	2
38	302 Pameta	6 11 56	37	15 37 48	2
39	775 Tammie	6 15 04	36	15 36 54	1
40	569 Tamarisk of Maldon	6 12 23	55	15 50 35	2
41	390 Lianthe	6 14 19	65	16 13 45	2
42	421 Maud	6 17 53	22	15 27 35	1
43	615 Witch	6 17 54	48	15 48 33	1
44	395 Lizzie Annie	6 18 02	5	15 04 12	1
45	26 Bonita	6 18 15	32	15 31 59	1
46	106 L'Atalanta	6 20 45	47	15 47 40	1
47	Intrepid	6 23 14	40	15 40 28	2
48	862 Nightfall	6 25 54	53	15 50 33	1
49	Hoveller	6 26 44	54	15 50 34	2
50	431 A.D.C.	6 27 48	3	14 51 55	1
51	46 Gracie	6 27 57	27	15 29 53	1
52	850 Olivia Mary	6 30 13	23	15 29 03	1
53	713 Coronation	6 31 23	56	15 50 42	2
54	533 Sea Minx	6 32 57	69	16 31 40	2
55	785 Firefly	6 34 10	45	15 46 57	1

Continued on next page

1978 East Coast Old Gaffers Race Results - continued

56	47	Amity	6	36	54	19	15	23	29	1
57	319	Gauntlet	6	39	38	61	16	05	09	1
58	760	Water Lily	6	38	42	70	16	42	37	2
59	794	Madeleine	6	45	44	62	16	05	45	1
60	976	Priscilla	6	47	50	26	15	29	08	1
61	721	Charlotte Ellen	6	49	04	9	15	10	12	1
62	662	Enterprise	6	50	23	59	15	58	20	1
63	71	Stormy Petrel	6	50	31	25	15	29	07	1
64	774	Cormorant	6	53	42	56	15	50	42	2
65	171	Peace	6	53	43	34	15	34	07	1
66	741	Anna Crane	6	56	57	49	15	50	05	1
67	82	Katie	7	08	07	66	16	15	52	1
68	212	William and Emily	7	21	19	64	16	09	18	1
69	714	Maria	7	23	00	43	15	41	34	1
70	325	Glad Times	7	53	06	71	17	47	26	2
71	547	Speedwell	7	57	44	68	16	20	43	1

Retired;- Meridian; 836 Pingle; 132 Privateer; 840 Stadats
571 Tarka

Non Starters;- 157 Anjak; 225 Carina; 430 Mowi; 838 Salus
854 Stina; Walrus; Amikeco; 12 Gipsy

CLASS 3 Start 09 30

1	Crescendo	4	23	43	2	15	08	06
2	Winnie	4	31	24	6	15	22	29
3	913 Fortuna	4	32	52	1	14	33	12
4	70 Boy Martin	4	33	19	3	15	12	57
5	159 Annie Laurie	4	34	56	4	15	18	47
6	Mystery	4	46	58	5	15	22	07
7	Rapunzel	4	58	55	8	15	48	23
8	Little Jim	5	15	40	13	16	16	45
9	Native	5	21	22	9	15	52	35
10	Black Pig	5	22	44	7	15	41	55
11	97 Prudence	5	29	25	11	15	55	25
12	288 Elver	5	41	22	10	15	54	48
13	Ford Prefect	5	46	31	12	16	13	09
14	Puffin	5	49	11	14	16	41	06

Retired;- The Fairy Non Starter;- Tomaat

East Coast SEAMANSHIP TRIAL

Once again, this event had to be cancelled due to thunderstorms, torrential rain, and no wind. Our thanks to Graham Balmford for the effort put into organising a boat, food and equipment. Also our thanks to the people who said they would take part.

NEXT YEAR'S RACE This will be either 14th July 1979, or 28th July, with early start. The tides through that part of the year are just not co-operative

EAST COAST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING This will be either 11th or 18th November, depending which evening the Maldon Little Ship Club can fit us in.

At this meeting it will be necessary to elect a new Area Treasurer and Secretary, as both Mary and I have completed our three years and will be resigning. I feel very strongly that these offices should be spread around so that more people are involved with the running of the East Coast Area. I have enjoyed my three years, and will be only too willing to help the new Secretary in an advisory capacity

Rob Williamson.

Association Secretary's comments on E.C.Race - Rob Williamson was right in his excellent report of the race to be less than positive that this year saw our first official protest - it was in fact our second, as in 1966 Fanny's mainsail and Pembeth's bowsprit came into contact, somewhat damaging both, and to sort out legal liability (and ensure that the right insurers paid up) we had to hold a protest committee meeting. But this year was our first protest for 12 years - let us all hope it will be at least another twelve years before the next ! (Incidentally, the Solent Race has managed to keep the number of protests down to one).

It is a pity for those members who did not enter the race that Rob could not include in his account a description of the excellent programme he and his committee produced this year. Also, modesty held Rob back from mentioning that he had managed to achieve what, until I moved up to Scotland, had been my target on the East Coast - A HUNDRED BOAT ENTRY. In 1971 and 1972, we nearly got there, but never made it. This year, Rob managed it. Congratulations, Rob. And how does one thank an Area Secretary who having set up the race with a record entry, starts in the race, and then retires to help the workers ashore. We can all be quite sure that Rob would far, far sooner have carried on racing. 'Thank You' seems hardly adequate.

This year, the race was without the only person to have entered the same boat in every East Coast Race. Unfortunately Tom Titheridge died in March, and Wendy sailed Sea Pig - the only boat with an unbroken record of entries. Our Vice President, Robert Simper is now the only owner to have entered all 16 races, but in that time he has owned two boats - Sea Fever, and L'Atalanta.

I noted in the results that Maria is racing again. I wish I could have seen her. She was one of the most interesting (and oldest) entries in our first race in 1963, when Tom Bolton owned her. Unfortunately, Tom died very shortly after we formed the O.G.A., and we did not see Maria race again. In those days she had a most interesting rig, which was somewhere between a schooner and a ketch. Now I gather she is fully restored to much nearer her original cutter rig.

J.A.S.

EAST COAST AREA A.G.M. Since the preceding page was printed, the date for the Area A.G.M. has been fixed as the 11th November 1978, at the Maldon Little Ship Club, The Quay, Maldon, Essex, at 8 p.m.

So far this issue, only one limerick has arrived -

At the Drake 400, Ripple
Won a gallon of Bell's lovely tipple.
Black Pete was heard
To exclaim through his beard
" Hic " "

J.W-H.

Which leads very nicely into Jon. Ward-Hayne's Impressions of Drake 400.

As the weather continued its dismal progress from June through July and into August, visions of an expensive non-event were beginning to haunt my mind, as we had some 40 entries and had expended a lot of our time and Bell's money to prepare a memorable week. When the time came to sail Wilful across from her new home in Guernsey, however, the N.W. wind had magically flown round to S.E., the sun shone, and we had a pleasant passage to Plymouth, experimenting with the big new balloon jib/spinnaker.

On reaching Millbay we were delighted to find Iris and Erin already arrived from France. Mike Shaw and Sam Poole soon arrived in Martlet and Wender, and last minute arrangements ensued. The caravan we had been loaned as an office was parked on the quay and filled with paper, which was collated into information packages for each arriving boat containing everything from Race Instructions to a souvenir brass plaque and a list of shore accommodation for those with family or friends wishing to spend a day or two observing from the shore. Peggy Edmond arrived from the East Coast, and threw herself into the organisation with great enthusiasm and efficiency. Cdr. Lloyd Foster, W.W.Y.C. Secretary, roared around the Sound directing arrivals to their berths, and the weather continued fine.

By Monday evening everything looked good, and a skipper's briefing started the proceedings, ably conducted by Sam Poole who had worked out all the courses and race instructions. This was followed by a civic reception at the Council House, where the Lord Mayor made us welcome and displayed the Golden Hind Trophy which we would be racing for the next day.

Tuesday morning was damp and misty, with very light airs. We were treated to a fine display of ship handling by Iris, the engineless smack, which was sculled and sailed out of her very tight berth. As always, Fiddlers Green looked magnificent with her big fisherman staysail set between the masts, but the beat out of the eastern entrance was not to her liking, and it was very much a small boat race. The weather brightened up around midday and another few knots of breeze would have given us a perfect race.

An entanglement between Armorel, Nepenthe and a buoy fortunately yielded neither damage nor protests, and the only reported casualty was Plover's mizzen boom, which got involved with Curlew's bowsprit. Race results will appear elsewhere so I will content myself with recording that no one was surprised when Ripple was found to have won the Golden Hind Trophy.

Having berthed again in Millbay we trooped aboard Bell's sprightly barge Cabby to sample their hospitality. A very convivial evening ensued, finishing off at the R.W.Y.C. bar, with our Breton visitors demonstrating some tribal dancing. Santez Anna, belonging to Jean le Faucher, the French Gaffers President, had a cast of thousands aboard, including the redoubtable Popoff from Granville, who seemed to prefer walking on his hands to more usual methods, and while under way was usually to be seen in some inaccessible part of the rigging.

Unfortunately some of the French boats who had hoped to come were prevented by circumstances ranging from lack of crew to the tragic gas explosion which sank Gossip on her qualifying trip for the Course de Rhum. Fortunately William Borel escaped, but it is very sad to think of all the work put in to preparing for the solo Atlantic crossing for nothing, and Firecrest's elegant sister ship lost. However, Santez Anna, Fiddlers Green, Erin (with the youngest gaffer, the owners one month old baby aboard), Iris (winner of the Greatest Roamer trophy for her voyage to Brazil), Legranbois and Solweig were very welcome entries from the other side. Some smaller entries were refused permission to make the crossing by the French authorities, but the very rapid Ar Sturier sneaked across to arrive for the latter part of the week.

Wednesday dawned clear and windless for the Drakes Drum, a navigation and seamanship test devised by Sam, involving sailing to Cawsand where the crew had to go ashore to count names on the war memorial, then sailing across to Wembury Bay where anchoring under sail on a line was awarded points for precision, style and panache.

From there we had to proceed up the Tamar to Cargreen and hand declarations in by 1830. Engines could be used, the time under power being multiplied by 6, but with the light airs and spring tides, Wilful was the only boat to arrive in time. Mooring and anchoring 35 gaffers in the narrow river at Cargreen could have been a problem but for the superb organisation of Sam Oliver, landlord of the Spaniards Inn and the Cargreen Y.C., who laid extra buoys and directed the operation most efficiently. This and the jazz band playing at the pub compensated for the disappointment some people expressed in the food laid on at the Spaniards that evening, and our thanks are due to Mr. Oliver for a lot of hard work. Cargreen is a very pretty little village in unspoilt surroundings a couple of miles above the Tamar suspension bridge, and the fleet made a glorious sight on the quiet reach of the river.

Thursday was a free day for the participants while the organisers sorted out results and set out prizes in the Royal Western Yacht Club clubhouse. Bells laid on the whisky for the prizegiving, with Tony Derry, their Sales Manager, presenting the prizes which consisted of many decanters of Bells with engraved glasses for small prizes, and a gallon of Bells for the best performance in the two races so far, which was won by Peter Lucas in Ripple. The Drake's Drum was awarded to Santez Anna for singing all the way round the course, since no one fully completed the event within the time limit. All in all a pleasant evening, most effeciently catered for by the R.W.Y.C..

The Passage Race to Dartmouth on the Friday was again bedevilled by light airs. The start line was moved out to the western end of the breakwater to take maximum advantage of the flood tide, but the wind never came and much of the fleet was stuck between Bolt Tail and Bolt Head either kedged or just inching over the tide. The two Class Three boats went into Hope Cove for a night in the pub, and one or two others retired to Salcombe, but a good number of boats persevered as it was a lovely mild night and reached Dartmouth at odd times between 2300 and 0500.

Despite clearly worded instructions, one or two boats were observed sauling without lights, but due to difficulties of identification the committee felt unable to take action. If we are to maintain our reputation for seamanship and responsibility, this must stop, and the only method that occurs to me is to include a specific question on declaration forms - "Were correct lights shown during hours of darkness ?".

On Saturday the ships companies found their way around Dartmouth, and in the evening a barbecue on the beach was arranged by Velsia's crew, which burnt out very well, culminating in a sing song till around midnight.

With a turnout augmented by local boats unable to make it to Plymouth, the Sunday race had another light start, but around 1300 the breeze filled in and gave us probably the best sail of the week.

The prizegiving at the R.D.Y.C. rounded off the week, culminating in an excellent supper provided by the Dartmouth Ladies Committee.

Generally I believe the week was a success. I believe we struck the right balance between "serious" round the buoys races, a passage race, and a semi-serious seamanship/navigation test, with a couple of free days thrown in. Light airs didn't suit the big boats, but that can't be helped, and while in future I would be

in favour of splitting Class 1 into A and B divisions with a dividing line of somewhere between 35 - 40 ft L.W.L. so the big boys can race between themselves, I feel they have the answer in their own hands by organising a good long race, (how about Solent to St. Malo, then St. Malo to Plymouth after a pause for refreshment and a final leg back to the Solent: Total for all legs to count for main prizes, small prizes for each leg ?).

We were very lucky to have the first dry sunny week since the Spring Bank Holiday, and after all hard racing is very much secondary to the main purpose of the Rally, which is to meet other boats and people, make friends, exchange ideas and information, and enjoy sailing in pleasant surroundings.

Our thanks are due to many people who contributed to the Rally, principally our sponsors, Bells Scotch Whisky, who were most generous in their support, both financial and liquid. The Alliance Building Society donated prizes for the Dartmouth Regatta Race; Guinness presented prizes for the Passage Race and cans of the magic fluid for thirsty crews; the R.W.Y.C. looked after us well and tolerantly in Plymouth, despite being accustomed to housing more high powered events like Fastnets, OSTARS, and Round Britain Races; the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Plymouth gave us much assistance and a fine trophy and a nice reception; the Docks Manager at Millbay allowed us to take over one of his quays; Brittannia Royal Naval College allowed us to use their moorings at Dartmouth; The Royal Dart Yacht Club allowed us to use their premises for the prizegiving after a hard regatta week; Peggy Edmond and Michael Millar gave invaluable assistance ashore during the racing, and Bob Reed acted as Race Officer at short notice with great aplomb; finally thanks to all those owners who had faith in us and came to support the Rally. It was great to see you all.

Footnote - Anyone contemplating organising a similar event may be interested to know that records of the administration and financial side are being kept by R. Ward-Hayne, Donhead, St. Dunstons Road, Salcombe, Devon, which may give a useful guide to the costs involved and the amount of paperwork necessary.

J. W-H.

Sam Poole has also contributed his version of the proceedings:-

We had slipped before breakfast and had edged our way out of the Yealm to anchor in Wembury Bay on what looked like the start of a perfect day. The chain rattled out and as that nose-twitching smell of bacon percolated forward I glanced up to see Wilful sliding through the water beyond the Mewstone.

Jonathan must have had a slow but pleasant sail from Guernsey, it was certainly reassuring to see Wilful with all plain sail. After a good breakfast and a quick scrub round the decks, we set sail to 'case the joint'. I was anxious to check out all the marks we had set on the courses; nothing more embarrassing than finding the windward mark does not exist or that a nuclear submarine is swinging on it !

On rounding up and heading into Millbay docks we saw that Iris and Wilful were alongside. Iris was, as far as I could tell, a totally unspoiled East Coast Smack, and on meeting M. Corre and discovering he had recently sailed to Brasil and back, I somehow knew we were going to have a good rally. Promptly at 1800, Martlet hove to under full power and we all drove into the inner basin for a final council of war. How much nicer to be installed in Martlet's spacious saloon rather than in the pubs between Exmouth and Torpoint where we had met over the last nine months.

'Le Docteur' arrived loaded with sacks of very important dope (most of it the sponsor would have approved of) and the children finally turned in about midnight as happy and excited as the grown-ups who followed shortly afterwards.

Sunday dawned with sunshine and a high barometer. Jonathan's bicycle was unfolded and off I pedalled to make contact with the Royal Western Yacht Club of England and Commander Lloyd Foster. All seemed to be in hand and I realised that we had come to the best yacht club in Britain. Lloyd Foster offered us the use of the Club launch, and after a hectic morning in the caraven which Mike's good friend Mr. S. Brewer had lent us, collating all the bumpf into the plastic wallets, I puttered out into the Sound to meet some of the yachts.

Solveig came creaming past the R.W.Y.C. finish line with all sail, and she looked magnificent. Her sleek lines and fine sail plan made her, for me, the most powerful boat in the rally, and I could see at a glance her piratical skipper and crew were going to prove mian stays in the social gatherings.

Skipjack was coming in so fast that the launch could not intercept her. When we did catch up John seemed surprised that we had his name and number as he had not yet entered the rally. Somehow we had guessed that Skipjack would be down to do battle with Ripple and I was very pleased to think that the Commodore of the Solent had joined us, although she did look very, very fast indeed.

Peggy Edmunds had been working non-stop with Mike and the others abd they were getting on top of the bumpf war. Boats continued to arrive thick and fast. Risor, a Colin Archer lifeboat with a fascinating war and peace record came in, and with Erin now out of the inner basin and joined by the youngest old Gaffer - one month old - the scene was set - a host of fascinating boats crewed by many generations of sea-loving folk.

On Monday evening we held a skippers briefing. Having introduced ourselves and Bob Need (a gallant Royal Marine officer who had 'volunteered' to be Race Officer), Peggy Edmond, and Commander Lloyd Foster to the assembled crowd, we explained that in order to avoid picking up too many 'Silhouettes' on our bowsprits next day a change of courses wou;d be necessary. Technicalities over, it was time to climb up the Hoe and enter the very impressive Mayor's Parlour for an excellent Lord Mayor's reception. The way in which citizens in general and the Lord Mayor in particular welcomed us was very moving. The Drake 400 took on a new tenor: Plymouth was the place to hold a rally like this, and Drake was probably a man most of us would have cheerfully served under.

Tuesday morning dawned; dull, overcast, humid, and with little wind. It seemed that whenever I was involved in organising a race it was always flat calm - somebody must know that I can't race a boat in these conditions !

Nevertheless the BBC and Westward TV boys were out in force as we made our way out into the Sound for the start of the round the buoys race called 'The Golden Hind'. Class C were first away and in these conditions it looked as if the East Coast 'winkle brig' Mary Agnes, who at 15'5" was the smallest boat in the race, would do very well. Avel Mor and she soon slithered off in a strengthening zephyr towards the East end of the breakwater.

Class B began to do some pretty fancy passes at the line, and at the gun Ripple and Skipjack were on the line, piled up at the distance mark with Wender going through fast just to their lee and

taking the lead until Ripple picked up and went into the lead at the Melapus. Skipjack was looking relaxed but dangerous not far behind. The double gun had confused us but later we found out that Charlotte had started on the five minute gun and was only now on her way back. The Class B boats were well strung out across the Sound on a reach in a falling wind when Ripple, Wender and Skipjack came on the wind at the eastern end of the breakwater.

The Class A boys got away with no problems but it was not to be until the closing stages of the race we saw anything of them. From our end of things it was a three horse race with Ripple going to windward with devastating effect. My combination of headsails was disastrous and it was not long before Skipjack was through us. The wind was falling completely away and by the time we rounded Knap it was a calm with moments. Skipjack once again got through us and I confess the beer and wine began to take precedence to sail trimming. We squeezed our way against the tide on a dead run through the western entrance and were able to watch the fleet closing on us from astern.

As we approached the West Mallard and thence the turn for what we assumed would be the gun we were still only a few boats lengths from John and Wendy in Skipjack; Ripple was, we imagined, over the line. The tide was foul, the wind, when it existed at all, very fickle indeed, and I was getting extremely agitated trying to claw our way up the shore (great for the grockles, I am sure.). Eventually we crossed the finish line. Nothing. Velsia, Solveig and Melmore had come up on the wind too. Nothing for them! Then Lloyd Foster told us from the launch that the Race Officer insisted that a full round was around the North Drake and back through the line! Blast him, I designed the courses! So on we were to go; only yards, but damn near hours! Still the final stages of the race did become very interesting indeed. Most of Class A were up now with Class B and with cross tacking boats going against the tide and the lucky few coming down through the fleet to the line, I do not think such a fine sight has been seen with Drakes Island as a backdrop for many a long year.

Cabby, Bell's Barge, was waiting for us on our return - we would be having a real party tonight, methinks.

Peggy, Rose and Bob were progressing well with the results - the boat that had suffered most over the 'new' finish line was - you guessed it - Wender, so nobody should moan. Very few position changes were apparent and the Class A yachts did considerably better as a result of the longer race. The spectacle from the shore was reported as magnificent.

The barge was dressed overall for us. Twelve year old malt was the favourite. The party afterwards in the R.W.Y.C. was won game-love by the French, and the R.W.Y.C. were presented with an O.G.A. burgee by Jean le Faucheur - sans shorts at times!

The Drakes Drum had the accent on fun all the way. People had calculated that 1100 was a good time to cross the starting line - mainly because it took that time to cast off the springs. Wender elected to start East to West and out through the gap between Drakes Island and Cornwall. Ripple started the other way to go East about Drakes Island - and ended up in front of us. It was Ladies Day on Wender and any suggestions I made from the foredeck (before I was sacked from there too) were ignored. However I was allowed to row ashore with an ex member of the Eton VIII and a very hairy (and heavy) Royal Marine for ballast. As hard as we tried to find the War Memorial or bribe others to tell us the number of names on it we always ended up at the pub. Still, we made up for it on the row back.

A slow but alcoholic drift across the bay to Wembury brought us up to Uncle's boat and the line. We anchored to wrong way round but we left the new topsail up which left us just about there and did all the other things you normally do not do, like black balls and buoyed anchor. Flag B was run up the yard and then a quick liquid R.A.S. was offered to no avail - I don't think we scored many points. As we drifted away the heavy brigade were coming up - Velsia looked very pretty, dangerous and happy and I think the decibel factor grew to new thresholds when Santez Anna arrived. Legranbois carried the day for the best seamanship - I think it was she who swam the biggest amount of stores over to Bob Need, the luckless and thirsty Race Officer on Laura.

As we entered the Sound again it went completely calm so it had to be the iron jib for a while. I had hoped for an onshore breeze to set in but it was completely flat; however, we did not suffer for long as a little breeze piped up off the R.W.Y.C. finish line and we then enjoyed a superb late afternoon sail through the narrows and up the Tamar. According to the instructions we had to have the declaration form in at Cargreen by 1830, but as we passed under the bridges and on up the river it didn't seem to matter too much. The fleet behind us seemed to feel the same.

We passed Armorel very stationary indeed (they were watching the Old Gaffers Race on Tele when they struck apparently!) and a little later saw Risor (a local boat) aground with Martlet tied up to her. Only Wilful made it in time with the R.M. Gig and ourselves adrift by 32 seconds.

Mr. Oliviers organisation at the Spaniards Inn was really excellent - no chance to practice our mooring and anchoring techniques as we were marshalled into various moorings. A launch picked us up and the party (No - not again!) was in full force. Jean and his crew came dressed for the occasion - I still think we make better bra's in this country! The jazz band played out on the patio and the picture was perfect. I suppose we went home at some stage. Our thanks to everybody at Cargreen who welcomed us with open arms, and the neighbours were really very good in the small hours.

Thursday again dawned perfect - perfect that is without wind. As the ebb tide began the village was treated to a rare sight of 40 odd proper boats sailing anchors out and drifting on the tide. The afternoon was spent in rather necessary but tedious organisation for the prize giving. Selecting prize winners for the Drakes Drm event proved very easy (and nobody outside we four will ever know the formula) and without doubt the biggest cheer of the evening went up when Santez Anna won the Drum. Thank goodness it was solid glass and Jean and his merry men could not play it!

The prizegiving was held on the patio of the R.W.Y.C., and for those of you who do not know Plymouth all I can say is come and see it. A more perfect setting to celebrate the quatercentenary of Drake's circumnavigation of the world I can not envisage.

Mr. Derry of Bells Scotch Whisky gave away the prizes, and the Lord Mayor gave away the Lord Mayor and Corporation's main prize for the Golden Hind Race. Just about everybody got something. Ripple carried off the top honours with a gallon of Bells to slow him down on the passage race. The youngest gaffer - one month old - was safely asleep (I think) on Erin. Solveig's skipper found time to put down his pint to receive a prize for the first arrival from Fance in their passage race. Velsia collected far too many prizes including the Most Ingenious Protest Ignored - something about names and initials on the War Memorial. I tried the legal linguistics out on a class of Sergeants and I only wish I could print the reply!

The greatest roamer was of course Iris, and the most meritorious Effort went to the John Young; Mr. Hughes had worked flat out all summer to have her ready for the rally and a very fine ship she is. The Royal Marines won a firing glass for being ahead of the Royal Navy, General Sir Stewart Pringe having launched his Gig while Admiral Sir John Forbes was still on the bowling green! All in all it was a great party. The closed circuit television and photographs were particularly well received - our thanks to David Thorpe and Ron Legge.

Friday - ouch - 0630. The forecast was promising - the reality far from it. It would have to be a breakwater start and it looked as if it would be a very long day. I managed to step on and off every boat and with what I hoped passed for a cheerful shake informed the sleeping beauties that it would be an 0915 start from the Western Entrance. One should receive the Duke of Edinburgh's Golden Award for such exercise!

Imagine our surprise when we found we were in the lead. There was one glorious moment when Ripple was heading back to Plymouth (must have forgotten the gallon!) but alas we were soon again chasing after her and heading towards the Bolt Tail after tacking out into wind and tide.

The rest of the fleet were still becalmed and I thought we were home and dry. He who laughs At the Tail we fell into a hole - no, not a hole - the biggest pit I have ever been in. We struggled out of it and decided to head out; close tacking was something we were not up to yet, then the plan was to clear Bolt Head before the tide turned. Nine hours later we had gone up and down about 50 yards and had watched the whole fleet sail past us under the cliffs. Solveig and ourselves were just left in the tide. A pretty sight it may have been, but one I could have done without. It was very interesting though to see the changing fortunes of the fleet inshore. Ripple was way out ahead and at one time I thought she may have made the tide. Velsia did well, then seemed to lose. The same went for Melmore and Skipjack - Melmore eventually falling back whilst Skipjack clawed her way around the rocks and passed Bolt Head into less tide. The little chaps like Black Lady and Patsy who risked all and kept the lead swinging did best of all. Wilful's Jubilee Jib seemed to be doing great things for her but like most others she seemed to be going through good and bad patches.

At last the tide slackened, a breeze sprang up, and we closed the shore, for company more than anything else, and overtook Melmore, much to Frank's disgust and then we had a pleasant sail with Solveig, Melmore and one or two very naughty darkened ships in the loom of Start Light. Once into Start Bay it was absolutely flatters again. To be honest, I stopped trying. We could hear the Skerries Bell Buoy in the very dark night and tacked or at least drifted on the tide in the general direction of Dartmouth.

Once in the sector light we picked up a respectable breeze, judged the tide well and we fetched up five yards off Castle Ledge Buoy on the Starboard side - before I saw it - and I thought I knew the river! By dawn we were really ready to turn in. I think our sponsor improved his sales as the fleet struggled in throughout the night.

Next day was always going to be hectic. Suzanne was going to drive Don (Melmore) and John (Skipjack) back to Plymouth, then down to Cornwall to pick up the boys, the crew for Sunday's race. I pottered about with Mike Shaw collecting declarations and stories of woe but was soon able to discover that everybody was safe and sound, Mary Agnes and Avel Mor had spent a very comfortable night in Hopes Cove and were on their way - still racing - and other retirals including Vigilance were in Salcombe.

Bangers and cider were purchased in large quantities and Velsia very kindly took over the BBQ arrangements on the beach. Michael Millar and I then worked out the results on boards Wender. Our thanks to Britannia Royal Naval College for providing the moorings, heads and bathrooms (even though in true Midshipman tradition the water was ice cold!). The day wore out very quickly and it was time to join the BBQ. By now everybody was getting to know each other and it was a terrific party. I had the feeling that all this could go on for another week or two and our various offices would just have to wait. It was that sort of Rally.

On Sunday - yes, you guessed it - No wind! We were very late getting out to the start and consequently made an appalling start at the wrong end. I wondered why everybody was tacking out until I had another look at the sailing directions - Homestone to Starboard - that would account for it!

Skipjack and Wender must have become firm friends when we were alongside whilst the crews were ashore, and they decided to stick together on the races. Wendy was busy fixing up a sun awning and the children were swapping bird songs (the Mynah Bird being favourite from our youngest) with their neighbours. Both skippers were looking for a suitable beach for lunch! Consequently we stayed out of the tide and in our long search actually found a wind. We both held on out of the tide with Wilful slightly to windward of us until we nearly sailed into Beesands before tacking out to Starboard in what by now felt like a gale (Force 2). Wender laid the Skerries Buoy by a foot (actually three inches) and then we followed Skipjack home on a dead run to the finishing line. Next year, John - I have already bought the book 'Make your own sails'!

Alas the 1730 time limit meant the field was reduced but we all gathered at the Royal Dart Yacht Club for the farewell Prize Giving and supper party. Admiral Sir Frank Hopkins said some pleasant things about real sailors and kindly presented the prizes. Supper was super and as we chatted away our crew slept that sleep that only the truly contented (and boozed) young can - under the table.

Phillip Cox said some very nice things; but really I know I speak for all the organisers when I say thank YOU for turning up and making it such a good week. A week in the best tradition and one in which we came to know so many pleasant people. I look forward to Drake Four Hundred and Something, and meanwhile look forward to meeting you all again next year in Brittany - all right Jean.

A.J.Poole.

RESULTS Tuesday, August 22nd.

Prize List -

Overall winner on handicap - The Golden Hind Trophy - Ripple

Class A on Handicap

First	Decanter of Bell's Scotch Whisky	Velsia
Second	$\frac{1}{2}$ Decanter of Bells	Luke's Minnie
Third	Drake 400 Tankard	Boan
Fourth	Drake 400 Tankard	Dreva
Fifth	Drake 400 Firing Glass	Iseult

Class B on handicap

First	Decanter of Bells Scotch Whisky	Ripple
Second	$\frac{1}{2}$ Decanter of Bells	Skipjack
Third	Drake 400 Tankard	Wender
Fourth	Drake 400 Tankard	Sea Widgeon
Fifth	Drake 400 Firing Glass	Charlotte

Class C on handicap

First	Decanter of Bells Scotch Whisky	Mary Agnes.
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THE GOLDEN HIND RESULTS Tuesday 22nd August 1978

1	Ripple	2 14 50	2 19 40	2
2	Skipjack	2 44 53	2 58 15	2
3	Wender	2 52 05	3 05 50	2
4	Velsia	2 52 37	2 56 00	1
5	Mary Agnes	2 56 03	3 25 40	3
6	Luke's Minnie	2 58 55	3 13 02	1
7	Sea Widgeon	2 59 49	3 30 17	2
8	Boan	3 02 49	3 03 45	1
9	Drèva	3 03 58	3 06 10	1
10	Charlotte	3 04 12	3 36 58	2
11	Iseult	3 05 31	3 03 09	1
12	Curlew	3 07 01	3 04 06	1
13	Iris	3 07 26	3 58 52	1
14	Gweneth	3 09 18	3 21 49	2
15	Wilful	3 09 22	3 20 54	1
16	Black Lady	3 11 53	3 30 58	2
17	Nepenthe	3 12 32	3 21 37	1
18	Patsy	3 13 23	3 32 57	2
19	Melmore	3 19 05	3 12 19	1
20	Martlet	3 30 43	3 41 21	2
21	Nerak	3 37 30	3 46 23	1
22	R.M. Gig	3 37 38	3 45 18	1
23	Armored	3 39 11	3 19 14	1
24	Plover	3 55 18	4 01 05	2

Finished, but without handicaps - Avel Mor, Erin, Legranbois, Santez Anna, Solveig

Retired - Fiddlers Green, Olive Mary, Risor, White Moth

Wednesday, August 25th The Drakes Drum - Prize List

Overall Winner - The Drakes Drum Santez Anna

Class C 1 Mary Agnes 2 Avel Mor

Class B 1 Black Lady 2 Plover 3 Gweneth 4 Patsy 5 Olive Mary

Class A 1 Nerak 2 Curlew 3 Nepenthe 4 Melmore 5 Wilful

PASSAGE RACE RESULTS Friday/Saturday 25/26th August 1978

1	Ripple	13 25 40	14 31	2
2	Skipjack	15 02 51	16 15	2
3	Patsy	15 21 37	16 55	2
4	Wender	15 48 13	17 04	2
5	Velsia	15 48 38	16 08	1
6	Nepenthe	15 52 08	16 37	1
7	White Moth	16 25 03	16 30	1
8	Wilful	16 48 11	17 48	1
9	Black Lady	16 49 11	18 29	2
10	Curlew	16 50 50	16 35	1
11	Melmore	17 20 10	16 45	1
12	Iseult	17 58 50	17 45	1
13	Solveig	18 39 32	16 55	1
14	Legranbois		20 15	1

Retired - Armored Avel Mor Boan Charlotte Fiddlers Green
 Gweneth Iris Martlet Mary Agnes Nerak Olive Mary
 Plover Risor Santez Anna Sea Widgeon Vigilance.

Prize List Overall Winner of the Guinness Prize - Ripple

Class A 1 Velsia 2 Nepenthe 3 White Moth 4 Wilful 5 Curlew

Class B 1 Ripple 2 Skipjack 3 Patsy 4 Wender

Class C No Finishers

SPECIAL PRIZES

Youngest Old Gaffer Present at Rally	Erin (1 month old boy)
Best Seamanship at Wembury Bay	Legranbois
First Arrival from France	Solveig
Oldest boat at the Rally	Velsia
Race between R.M. & R.N. Gigs	Royal Marines
Greatest Roamer	Iris (Brazil & back)
Golden Rivet (greatest number of engine hours in course of duty)	Martlet
Meritorious Effort	John Young (Launched 2 days before Rally)
Great Friends	Peggy Edmond Time Keeper & Organiser
	Michael Millar Our President
	John McQuire Who accompanied the passage Race in MFV Guiding Star
	Richard Ward-Hayne.

DARTMOUTH REGATTA RACE Sunday August 27th

Overall Winner The Alliance Building Society Trophy Agnes

Class A	1	Velsia	2	Wilful	3	Nepenthe
Class B	1	Ripple	2	Skipjack	3	Wender
Class C	1	Agnes				

Mike Shaw offers the following comments on Drake 400 -

WARNING Don't get drunk in St. Malo ! Last year we had a wonderful time in St. Malo and our French friends hospitality was tremendous. In the early hours of one morning Jonathan Ward-Hayne and I agreed that we must do something to reciprocate. I think that was the word we used at the time. And that was the start of the Drake 400 International Old Gaffers Rally. Little did we realise the amount of work (and headaches) we had let ourselves in for. We roped in Sam Poole at an early stage, and later on when Jonathan was in the North Sea earning his living, his father - Richard - gave us most valuable help. It was an ambitious programme, but all in all it worked well and I think everyone enjoyed it all. We could never have done it without the sponsorship of Bells Whisky, and even so we have ended up in the RED by some £80. We don't want to be a drag on the O.G.A., so I want to ask any of you who took part in the Rally and enjoyed it to send a modest contribution to our Treasurer, Len Warren, at 590, Barking Rd., Plaistow, London E13 9JY, marked Drake 400, so that we can wipe out the deficit. Thank You E.M. Shaw.

Sam Poole would be grateful if any entrant who has spare prints of pictures of the boats at Millbay or at the start could let him have copies for his log.

Mr. W (Richard) Ward-Hayne has sent me a copy of the accounts, and many comments which will be of immense value to any others thinking of organising a similar event. Space will not permit me to publish them in full here, but the accounts do show that there were a number (too many !) 'free loaders' at the main parties. Perhaps any member who can identify any of these gate-crashers can bring to their notice Mike Shaw's letter above ! J.A.S.

SOLENT OLD GAFFERS RALLY SATURDAY 29th JULY

The Solent Area Committee included in their programme of events for this year a Rally or Summer Meet to be held in Studland Bay or the Beaulieu River if the weather was poor.

Ron Francis and Chris Waddington made all the arrangements. A couple of days before Ron telephoned round to confirm the bad weather plan, as, at that time it seemed likely that we would have strong westerly winds and rain.

On Saturday morning we left Yarmouth behind Moya and Iseult. There was no wind, and the day was forecast warm and sunny. As we passed through the Needles Channel on the early ebb we gathered other familiar boats until quite a fleet were motoring in company across the bay. The sun shone, and we drank coffee, slept, and fished without success.

We arrived in Studland by midday. Already it was crowded and the beaches beyond were full of holiday makers and sun worshippers. I estimated that about twenty boats were anchored in the bay. By evening, eighteen gaffers had gathered, some rafted together for company. Moya, Iseult and Gaivota were together in the middle with Nerak, Plover, Skipjack, Black Lady, Nepenthe, Rogue, Kirsty, Gweneth, Citara, Pintail, Dorothea, Dilkusha, Paguera, Corserine and Bramble close by.

Bob and Maggy (usually off Venture) were camping ashore and joined in the fun and games in their very pretty little gaffer Mary Agnes.

We were invited aboard the three large boats at 1900. By 1930 all three were well down on their marks with the weight of 70 to 80 people. Large quantities of excellent cheese and wine were consumed. Ron and Chris organised games for the children - chasing balloons in rubber dinghies, and racing round the anchorage. It was good to see so many children taking part as on race days it seems that most are banished and left ashore. A social gathering such as this is a great opportunity to involve the family.

As the evening was still warm and many people had brought barbeques and food, a party was landed at one end of the beach and a fire lit. Soon there was a good smell of sausages and beefburgers frying and many people came ashore with left over wine and other rations.

At about 11 o'clock there were rumblings and a few spots of rain. Most people took this as a sign to return to their boats. I imagine there were many small parties going on in the cosy comfort of saloons when it started raining in earnest at about midnight.

On Sunday morning we were informed by a very cheerful Ron Francis that a passage sail in company back to the Solent was proposed. Handicaps and hangovers hampered the arrangements however and most boats retiring to the East had weighed anchor by 1100 hours.

There was virtually no wind and we lost sight of all other boats and Old Harry very quickly. The fog was very persistent. We heard engines running and felt rather than saw others passing us as we made our way home. The Needles Lighthouse came into view after we had passed the South Shingles Buoy at about 1600 hours. The little wind and tide helped us back onto our mooring in the Hamble by 2000. We were tired and sunburnt, and a little deafened by the engine which had run all day.

Thank you Chris and Ron for your organisation. I am sure that a good time was had by all. Many of us will meet again in Plymouth for the Drake 400 and again for the Solent Race on the 9th Sept. which I am sure will be another Waddington/Francis Field Day M.Hiley.

1978 SOLENT AREA RACE

For the third year running the Solent Area Old Gaffers Race was characterised by a fine wind, strong enough to keep the larger boats on the move. Happily the race was almost incident free with three exceptions. One was a broken topmast on Three Brothers; a second was the pre-race sinking in Cowes of clinker-built Pierce Eye (she had not long been back in the water) while her owner Les Bowen and his crew who had sailed over the day before the race were working like trenchermen. As Les put it, when they got back to the boat all that was showing was eight feet of mast. That convinced him that racing was out, but he did lift the boat the next day, temporarily fill the seams with builders mastic and sailed her back to her Hayling Island base in time to travel round by road to the Prize giving in Southampton. The third incident was the saddest with some damage to Melmore's toe rail following a tacking encounter was made all the more poignant by Frank Esson having just got back from taking the Milne designed Melmore unscathed through all five stages of the Round Britain Race. Paradoxically although Frank finished 12 hours outside the time limit, he would have come 2nd on corrected time if there had been no time limit.

With a fresh South Wester and an East going tide, the 20th Solent Race started from a line in Osborne Bay at 0930. It immediately became clear that making the first mark of the course, East Gurnard just off Egypt Point, was going to be a long hard struggle, with the advantage immediately going to those boats that could make effective short tacks and point well. First round the mark were Moya and Gaivota (taking $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours). Other boats looked on with envy as these two ran fast downwind to the easterly mark off Gilkicker Point to be followed in quick time by Velsia, Kelpie, Paguera, Curlew and Iseult. In the event although the first three boats home were all Class 1A (Moya taking line honours with an elapsed time of 4h 45m 47s, then Gaivota and Velsia) the first 3 places on corrected time went to the Class IIB boats Ardelle, Matoba and Simba. It might be worth noting that in spite of the fresh breeze the fastest elapsed time was actually nearly five hours.

The rest of the 63 strong fleet was well spread out as different skippers tried different approaches to pull back past East Gurnard. Of the larger boats - and the race was graced by three Brixham trawlers the 70ft Vigilance and Provident and the smaller Regard - and the older only a few made the first mark in time to complete the course before the 1700 time limit. In fact of the 63 starters just 34 finished in time, the bulk of the remainder either being too late or retiring in the certain knowledge that they couldn't make it anyway.

One boat that actually just finished within the time limit could not be placed because she was not timed through the start. This was Baroque, the last Bristol Channel Pilot cutter owned by Major Bill Tillman, and now owned by J. Sunderland who keeps her in St. Katherine's Dock, London. It is not clear exactly when she started, but Race Officer^{OD} David Cade says that it must have been after 11 o'clock as he was on the line in the committee boat until past that time. Apparently the reason for her late start was not that she had come from London (if so she would have qualified for the Pitchfork) but because she went aground leaving Cowes and took some time to get off.

But with those wind conditions, it got up to about 5 gusting 6 later, it was a day for fine sailing. Other than the close tacking the wind suited many of the heavier boats as my experience in the Ark of Connemara bore out (we were out for the first time for three years during which 'major refit' were the key words); putting it another way, we had a cracking sail. In all the race was great fun

and will be a source of reminiscence, arguments and discussion for the next twelve months.

But it was undoubtedly the "apres sail" that was this years notable feature. For the first time the boats were all moored together within the temporary marina that houses the Southampton Boat Show the following week. This Mayflower Park spot is conveniently close to the Post House Hotel which has a room large enough, and a management tolerant enough to take nearly 400 people associated with the event. The Mayor of Southampton, J.A.Minto, reviewed the massed fleet, the majority dressed overall and presenting as pretty a sight as a real sailorperson could wish to see. He also chose the winner of the litre of Scotch offered to the best dressed boat (not skipper) which this year was Olive Mary. Not only was the sight one for sore eyes, but the chances of goofing the opportunities for goofing, chatting, sipping and gulping were plentiful and all the more welcome because this was a novelty to Solent racers. It is worth pointing out that not all the goofing (looking in naval parlance) was at boats; since we were on the mainland again (some said - at last!) there were plenty of girls on hand - if that is the right expression.

The prizegiving was masterminded by Chris Waddington with the energetic assistance of his father, John Clarke, Kate Rangabe (sadly there on her own as Alec was in hospital at the time), Ron Francis and of course Race Officer David Cade. Naturally the success of the party owes a lot to more than just those named here. The Mayor was good enough to spend part of the evening with the gaffers after presenting the prizes. Judging by the hoisting of many pairs of dark glasses and the groaning of hung-over sailors most people went after the formal part of the evening to push the boat out. But the Solent must have seen us all coming as we left on the Sunday to home. For she presented us with an increasingly fresh westerly wind that was touching 7 by 1300 and 8 by mid afternoon.

J Stansell. J.S

RESULTS OF THE 1978 SOLENT AREA OLD GAFFERS RACE

1	Adelle	293.26	13	5	55	41	IIB
2	Matoba	294.29	8	5	51	12	IIB
3	Simba	296.19	10	5	52	13	IIB
4	Gaivota	298.43	2	4	47	23	IA
5	Velsia	305.04	3	5	11	27	IA
6	Paguera	306.21	4	5	32	04	IIB
7	Moya	307.39	1	4	45	57	IA
8	Karekiet	321.85	25	6	50	00	III
9	Marishka	325.31	11	5	52	40	IIA
10	804 Dorathea	327.24	12	5	54	54	IIA
11	Little Apple	330.02	14	5	55	58	IIA
12	Nerak	336.47	7	5	50	13	IA
13	Black Duck	340.38	18	6	09	14	IIA
14	Wild Goose	340.59	9	5	51	12	IIB
15	Curlew	344.48	5	5	39	06	IA
16	Nepenthe	348.11	16	5	59	20	IB
17	Iseult	352.28	6	5	47	36	IA
18	Dilkusha	353.20	31	7	16	09	IIA
19	Patsy	354.57	21	6	30	50	IIA
20	Teal	355.40	30	7	01	11	IIB
21	White Moth	357.14	17	6	06	30	IIA
22	Growler	362.16	15	5	56	41	IB
23	Onward of Ito	371.10	26	6	50	05	IIA
24	Olive Mary	376.27	24	6	44	59	IIB
25	Nellie	382.11	32	7	16	24	IIA
26	Hopeful	383.88	27	6	50	13	IA
27	Freya II	395.06	28	6	52	38	IA
28	Reprieve	399.39	29	6	53	46	IA

29	Gweneth	404.40	33	7 19 13	IIA
30	Kirsty	409.01	23	6 44 16	IA
31	Catriona	425.17	34	7 24 32	IA
32	Provident	469.33	19	6 16 37	I+A
33	Hoshi	472.10	20	6 28 24	I+A
34	Vigilance	484.34	22	6 34 09	I+A

Retired, non starters, finishers outside time limit -

Ark of Connemara - Bramble - Black Bess - Brunette - Brigante - Citara - Demelza - Flaine Too - Ione - Lora - Manana - Mary Agnes - Jane - Kelpie - Melmore - Plover - Petrel - Pierce Eye - Regard - Robber - Speedwell - Sturdy - Snippet - Storm - Tir an Og - Three Brothers - Thought - Zephyr - Baroque - Black Peter - Dorothea.

PRIZES Channel Cup - Gaivota Le Havre Plate - Velsia
The Gaffers Eye - Provident Emsworth Cleat - Marishka
Channel Plate - Adelle Quiver Trophy - Karekiet
Dead Eye Trophy - Moya Anchor Trophy - Black Duck
Edgar March Memorial Trophy - Doratheia Laggards Ladle - Catriona
C.H.Paxton Memorial Trophy - Nellie The Pitchfork - Curlew

ADVERTISEMENTS

WANTED For a Kelvin A4 sleeve valve engine, built 1938, to buy or copy an illustrated parts list or workshop manual. I would also be prepared to purchase at a reasonable price any spares ex owners may have. K. Critoph, 7, Fairlawn Drive, Woodford Green, Essex.

FOR SALE Margaret Alison 46'9" x 15'6" x 6' ex Scottish herring ring netter. Built Weatherhead 1946, Larch on oak double frames. Canoe stern and curved, raked stem, good sheer. Ten berths, galley, stowage in uncluttered, unfussy layout, therefore plenty of room below decks. Engine - 108HP C2Power Ford, 3:1 reduction through Selfchange hydraulic box. Bunker 300 gals. Wheelhouse, varnished teak, set aft Foreland 15 Chan. VHF, Sailor MF. Dresently rigged with steadying sails only. Would rig well as a powerful aux, gaff ketch. A neat, pretty vessel with lots of character and excellent seakeeping ability, in continuous cammission on light work and charter. Last survey report dated April 1977; Register Part 1 M.S.A. Will deliver up to 600 miles if required. Price tag is £15,000 Jay Creswell, Quay House, Tarbert, Argyll Tel Tarbert 667

For Sale - Martlet, 692, 27' Aux gaff cutter. Built Uphams 1936. Engine - Thorneycroft Handy Billy Pet/par. Very full inventory and maintained to very high standard. Price £6,700 (Inc. Commission) E.M.Shaw, Blue Haze, DOWDERRY, Torpoint, Cornwall PL11 3JA Tel DOWDERRY (05035) 280

For Sale - 35 foot teak gaff cutter yacht hull, in need of total rebuild. Basically very sound, 2 ton lead keel. Brooke, 16, The Park Close, Eastbourne, Sussex, or 01 703 8864

For Sale - Lady Ripple, 384. Grand old Lady (boomed Bawley) wants good home. Born Dan Webb, Maldon, 1933. L.O.A. 22' + 8' bowsprit. Much loved and renovated during the past 5 years. Factory reconditioned 8hp Stuart late 1976. Two terylene flying jibs, terylene staysail, cotton light weather staysail, storm staysail, new terylene main 1978 (old main still serviceable). Also white cotton topsail. Major refit below completed 1978. Following inventory - Baby Blake, cooker, compass, echo sounder, 20ftm chain and anchor, water tank. Accommodation - 3 berths. Lying Gt. Wakering, Essex. £3,200 C.L.Ball, 191 Raphael Drive, Shoeburyness, Essex Shoeb. 5438.

MISSING MEMBER Will anybody who knows the present address of J. Speirs, formerly of Moor House, Butleigh-Wootton, Glastonbury, please advise the Association Secretary so we can send him his Newsletters ?

NOTICE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING Please note that the Annual General Meeting of the Association will be held on Saturday, March 3rd 1979, at the Cruising Association Rooms, St. Katherine's Dock, London. Times have not yet been settled, but the meeting will probably be at 7 p.m., and will be preceded by a Committee Meeting.

A NEW GAFFER. Mike Brooke, of 16, The Park Close, Eastbourne, is building a number of gaff cutters to a design by Percy G. Dalton (drawings opposite). Overall hull length is 25'; waterline 23'11"; Beam 8'6" and draught 4'0". Sail Areas are Main 288; staysail 121, jibs 113 and 60, and topsail 64. Displacement is 5.4 tons, and Thames tonnage 6.3. The hulls are laid up in GRP to 20% in excess of Lloyds, and hull, deck, and cabin top are built separately. Members interested in further details should contact Mike Brooke direct.

Lack of space has meant that some contributions are held over to the next issue, leaving me just room (I hope) to welcome the following new members:-

A.R.Dunnett, 7, Wendy Close, Chelmondiston, Ipswich, Suffolk
Dorothy 866

A.T.Addis, 98, North End House, Fitzjames Ave., London W14
Dorothea 652

R. Aish,	32, Chilbolton Avenue,	Winchester, Hants.	Karekiet	873
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Hans-Peter Baum, 2000 Hamburg 52, Kreetkamp 11, Germany
Good Intent II 329

H.J.K.Butterworth, Tamar View, Fore St., Cargreen, Saltash,
Cornwall PL12 6PA Ritual 875

B.A.C.Chapple, 20, Woodlands Drive, Thetford, Norfolk

R.E.Clayton, The Barn, Ewyas Harold, Herefordshire.

D. Cooper, Witheys, Dede Lane, Ardleigh Heath, Colchester,
Essex
Cormorant 774

D.C.Cornish, Littlecroft, The Street, Stratfield Mortimer,
Nr. Reading, Berks Cornich Galathea 874

M. Crossman, 67, Bridge Street, Witham, Essex
Habibi 867

G.W.Flashman, 59, Old Turnpike, Fareham, Hants. Thought 871

K. Hudson, 119, Upper Brook St., Winchester, Hants
Freya 647

R.B.Kenyon, 8, St. Vincents Market, South Weald, Brentwood,
Essex Eliza Maude 286

A.M.Light, Springfield, Trampers Lane, North Boarhunt, Nr.
Fareham, Hants. Tir-an-Og 870.

J. Lynn, 2, Abbotts Way, St. Bees, Cumbria Ilowa 869

D.J.McKay, Pennyroyal, Buckingham Rd., Ryde, Isle of Wight
Adinda 862

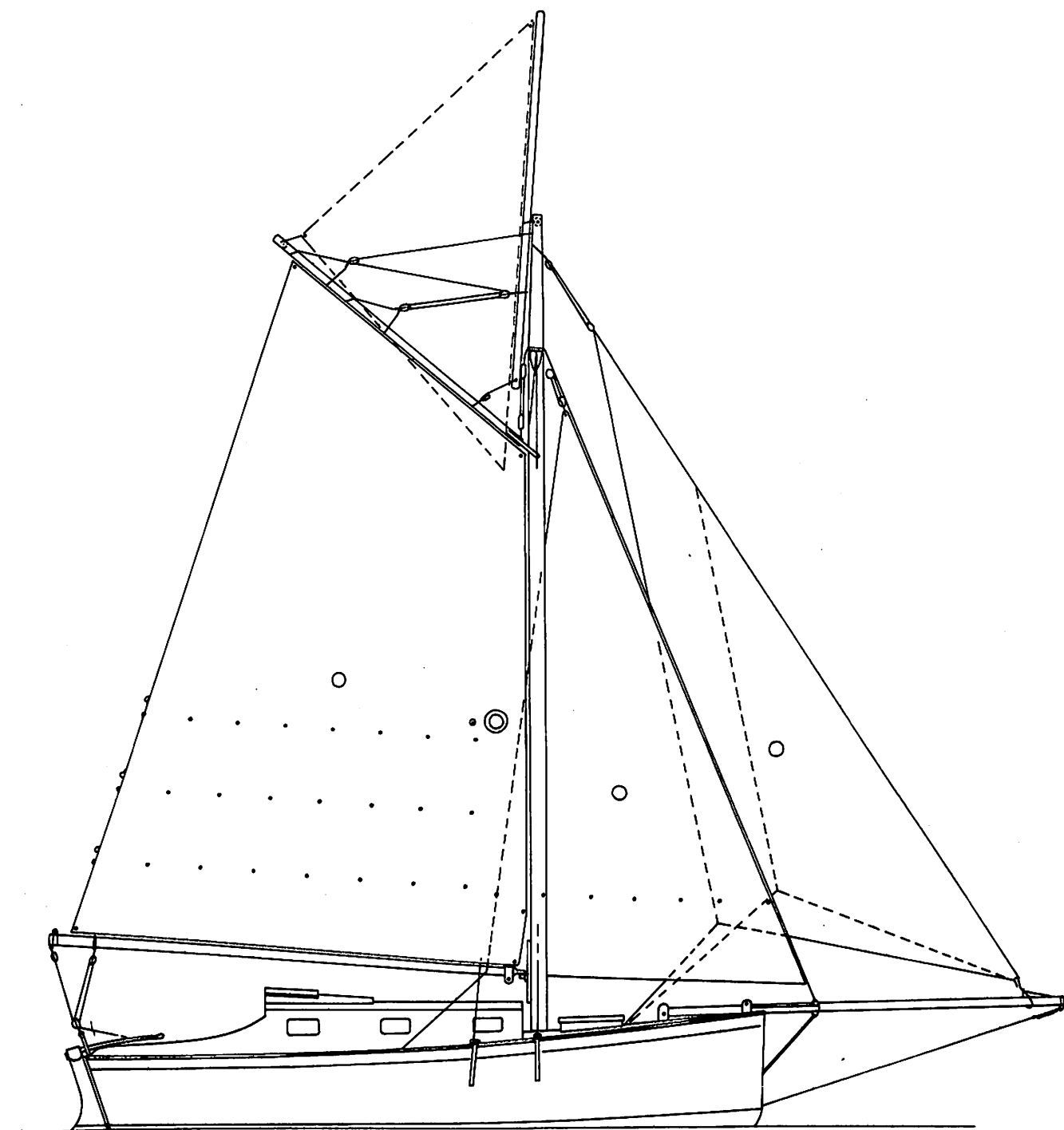
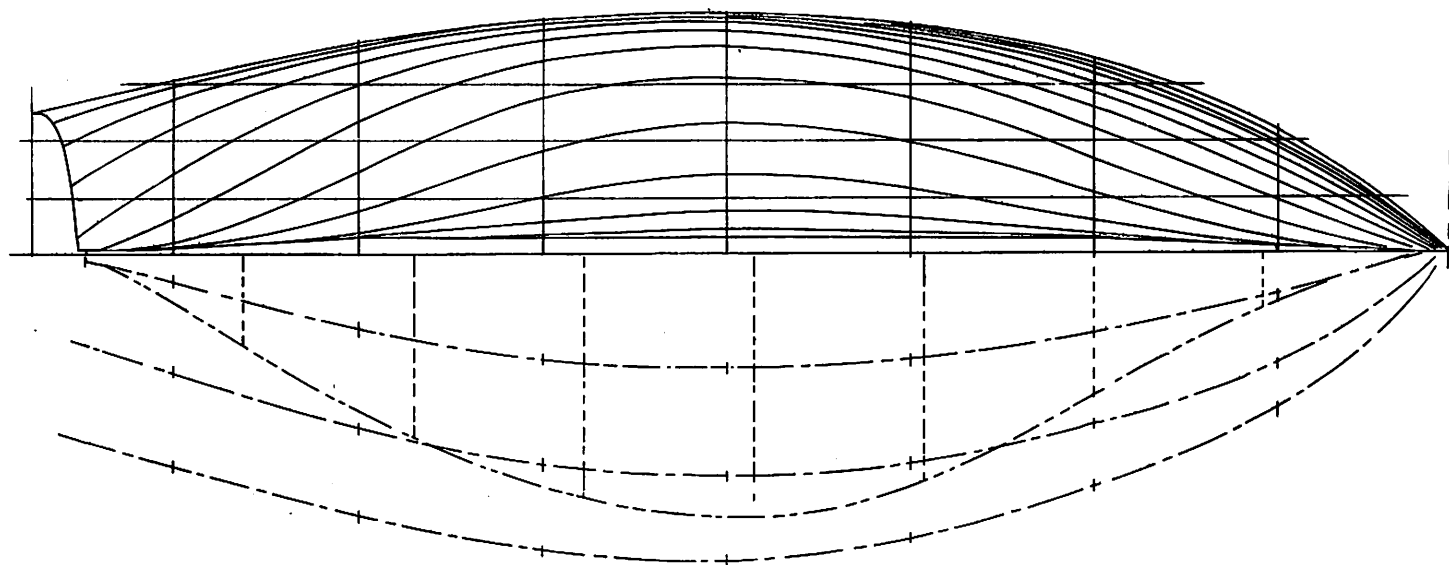
K.G. Van Neijenhoff, Jacob van Campenstraat 26, 4383 BP Vlissingen,
Holland

Janet Sanderson, Fishes' Cottage Eastgate, North Elmham, Norfolk
Fortuna 9.3

J.F.Shaw, Déveron House, Strathlever Place, Dumbarton Ferryman 297

J. Wilkins, 31, Basin Rd., Heybridge Basin, Maldon, Essex
Pameta 302

The next Newsletter is due out early to mid December. Please get contributions in by October 31st.



RICHARD DAVEY

