

1977/3

# Old Gaffers Association Newsletter



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**THE OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION**

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THE OLD CRAFTERS ASSOCIATION  
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## OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION

NEWSLETTER No. 1977/3

**COVER PICTURE** This issue's cover picture shows Elizabeth Mary, No. 107, one of our South Western Area fleet. Her previous owner, Trevor Vincett, has written of her;—

Elizabeth Mary was built at Looe by Pearce in 1908, allegedly as a Plymouth Hooker, but I haven't seen any other Hooker that looked at all like her and I suspect she was really built as a Polperro Gaffer, examples of which can be seen in Edgar March's 'Inshore Craft' book. She would have been used as a long liner fishing between the Start and the Lizard mostly. Nothing is really known of her until she was bought by a Marines Capt. William O'Hara Phibbs in 1931. He converted her to a yacht complete with cabin and eventually a small engine.

She next changed hands in 1962 when she was bought by Mrs. Doreen Johnson of Penryn near Falmouth. She was transferred to her son Michael in 1970. He did a terrific amount of work on her which included taking the cabin off again and opening her up ready for use dredging oysters in the Fal estuary. She was re-decked, had new mast partners, beam shelves, frames where necessary, re-planked in part, new spars and rigging and a new rudder. With the help of a White Fish grant he also put in a Saab diesel engine. Mike Johnson worked her under sail for 2 or 3 seasons, and he took part in the local races, unfortunately without too much success, apart that is from the Fowey passage races which he won on more than one occasion.

Although dredging is only allowed under sail between 9 a.m. and 3 p.m., it is permitted to motor to the grounds before or after dredging. The thin end of the wedge for working sailing craft in Britain perhaps. Eventually however, Mike removed this engine which was how I bought her in partnership with Mike Birch, who has recently won the Jester Class trophy and first multihull trophy in the 1976 Single Handed Transatlantic Race. One day he will turn up at one of our Gaffers races with a gaff rigged Trimaran!

She has only been used for pleasure, with the odd charter thrown in, since we've had her here in Dartmouth, and of course we've taken part in the local races when possible. Our first success was in a passage race during a regatta when with Mike's wife Jo helming, we sailed from Torquay to Dartmouth and finished second in front of 16 modern Bermudian craft. On corrected time we won by 15 minutes and so our rating was amended accordingly to leave us with a two minute victory. In 1976 we repeated the performance and won by eleven minutes after having led all the way to the last mark, some 200 yards from home, at which point a Bowman 46 managed to pass us - just.

Mike Birch's delivery work and involvement in Round Britain and single handed racing didn't give him much time to use Elizabeth Mary and so he sold me his share early in 1976. We have taken part in the three South Western Old Gaffers Races with fair success, winning Class 2 in 1976, and taking the S.W. Commodore's Pennant as first S.W. boat. We made a hair raising passage up to Cowes in 1975, to finish second in the class, and to collect the Edgar J. March Memorial Trophy for the first work boat to finish. During the gale following that race, Elizabeth Mary was damaged and her gaff broken.

By the time repairs were effected and the weather looked anything like decent, it was November and we were not altogether happy about the prospect of a Channel passage under sail in an open boat in what was really winter. It turned out to be better than we had feared, and apart from a bumpy ride off Anvil, we made the passage to Dartmouth in about 16 hours, including a few zig-zags through the Russian fishing fleet resident in Lyme Bay at that time of year.

T.V.

Since Trevor wrote the above, he has sold Elizabeth Mary to Mr. J.D.A. Burn of Totnes.

From our records, Elizabeth Mary's main dimensions are LOA 26'6"; LWL 26'0"; Beam 9'0"; Draft 5'6"; sail area 500 sq.ft.

## PAINTING PLEASURES

It was a pleasure to mix up that drop of deck paint - it had some body in it.

The label on the rusty old can said it was good for rising damp, and inside there was a solid block of brown plasticine covered with a thin layer of sump oil.

Vigorous poking with a screw-driver gradually changed it into a thick, lumpy Irish stew, which was thinned down with some dregs of red lead, a soupcon of aluminium paint, and a dash of off-white gloss.

It spread well, drying quickly to an iridescent blush pink, to give the old hooker a festive air - a change from last season's dull brown concoction.

The topsides will be a distinctive black again - a gift of a gallon of spraying enamel is lasting well, suitably thickened and fortified.

The mast and spars will be a lighter shade of pale cream because we will finish off the off-white.

There is a tin of mysterious 'Mistletoe' waiting to be used on the doghouse, provided it does not provoke oscular orgies therein, and the present battleship grey does not show through.

I often wonder if the average fibre-glass yachtsman, with a rag dipped in teak oil in one hand and a quart of hard racing copper in the other, senses that he is missing some of the excitement and enjoyment of fitting out that we old gaffers share - probably not.

Painting up a rain-lashed hulk in a mud berth on the saltings is fast becoming a dying art.

L.J.W.

CACHALOT 222 In the earlier 1960's a good looking 30' cutter's hull sat up at the top of Dixon Kerly's yard at Maldon, quietly drying out and deteriorating. Occasionally there was evidence that some work had been done on her, and in 1965 her then owner, David Garber was persuaded to join the O.G.A., and we looked forward to seeing her sailing. But it was not to be. In 1969 she was bought by David Robertson Hiner of Maldon, and things happened. David got her into sailing trim, and in 1970 he entered her for our East Coast Race, but she did not start. On the 16th September that year, David sold her to Thomas Alexander Corbett, who owned her until the 9th February 1975, when she was sold to Andrew Ross Wheatley.



On November 25th 1975, Ian Frederick Kiloh bought her from Mr. Wheatley, who wrote to me when he joined the O.G.A.:-

Yes, my Cachalot is indeed the same as owned by David Hiner, and yes, we've had a major task ! - involving new carlins, doubling up the main beam (which was broken), new covering boards, several new half beams, new bulwarks, hatches, cabin trunking, interior - the list goes on - - - and on - - -.

However, the end is at least in sight and although we do not expect her to be really A1 until next year we anticipate having our first sail in her in May this year, all going to plan. She is a really lovely little yacht and has been well worth all the effort.

My wife and I purchased her in November 1975 in Wivenhoe after her having been sunk - and run over by a coaster !

One interesting thing we have found is the original advertisement as placed in the Yachtsman of October 1897 by her builder offering her up for sale. Interestingly she was "almost completed" then, yet registered in 1904 as being built in 1900. (She appears in Lloyd's Register in 1902).

Her first sails were by English, and purchased in 1902. We think that probably the Boer War accounts for the anomalies. The builder/designer did in fact own a timber yard - I think his claim of "built of best materials" is the reason she is still around today as her last ten years or so seem to have treated her very unkindly.

I would be most grateful for any information as to her earlier history; and I would be delighted if any O.G.A. members have information on the efficiency of either Cascover sheathing or Admiralty "Impetite".

I.F.K.

## HOME PORT

Whenever I read in the yachting magazines, articles on coastwise cruising, I find the lucky voyager, after quitting the sunny south and bound round the land makes a beeline for Milford Haven or Cork. They seem to pass the Bristol Channel like a tom cat passing a furriers shop. Mind you, I'm not surprised when I read "The West Coast of England Pilot". I read it before beginning this article. It frightened me into a very large Scotch. I'd no idea we sailed such dangerous waters.

However, it is not as bad as all that, provided you work your tides and observe the rules of pilotage. Stick to the main channel and always keep your plot going. There is coast on both sides of you with easily identified heights and lights, buoys are numerous, they almost constitute a navigational hazard - in avoiding one you could ram another. Why not try it sometime ? Visiting the Bristol Channel, I mean.

My own club is situated in the top right-hand corner of the channel - strictly the Severn Estuary. The Portishead Cruising Club members are a very friendly bunch, regular "Do it Yourself" experts. Our headquarters is a recent acquisition, the old ferry terminal building at Pill. At this point amateur historians should sit almost upright for Pill was, a hundred and more years ago, one of the places that made the Bristol Channel Pilot Cutters - and the men to sail them. The last cutter was built, I believe, around 1910 or 1912. Regrettably nothing remains except a broken slipway and a flight of steps buried in mud, leading into the River Avon.

The Club administers the moorings on behalf of the Port of Bristol Authority, and in years past have built a jetty that copes with the very large tidal range, and also a concrete grid. Between us, we maintain the trots - large chains that span the creek. Each Autumn they are raised and inspected, suspect parts cut out, and made good. The anchorages are checked and the stream cleared of rubbish. The creek is a favourite dumping ground for the villagers rubbish. Old bicycles, perambulators, bedsteads, gas stoves, anything the dustman will not collect. In 1975 we filled a whole skip with old iron and the profit helped the Club funds considerably.

The creek dries out completely, and at low water springs the yachts lie some fifteen feet above the water level. Mud is dominant at low tide and causes us considerable manual dexterity in keeping our boats and ourselves clean. Access to the yachts from the jetty is only possible two hours before to two hours after high water. So our sailing is limited to a "high water sail" or else we are out all day. Lack of adequate shelter in the Channel makes us listen to the weather forecast VERY carefully. None of this "come and go as you please" sailing.

The club jetty is a daunting experience to the newcomer. It is about twenty feet from the mud to deck level. The iron rungs are spaced around fourteen inches apart and the ladder angled back about fifteen degrees. Two thick timbers are provided, one each side of the ladder, which is about two feet wide, for the boats to lie against. We usually take a halliard to a rail post to prevent any chance of falling outwards. Ascending the ladder from a dinghy near low water is an athletic feat, especially if one hand is encumbered with gear. Dinghies and inflatables are usually hauled up by the painter, which for that reason are generally long and strong.

Of the twenty four or so boats resident in the creek, four are glassfibre, six are plywood and the remainder are solid timber mostly carvel built. There are four gaff rigged and two gunter. One catamaran, three motor cruisers, and the remainder Bermudian sloops. Sizes range from eighteen to thirtytwo feet.

Polly is the oldest gaffer - a centenarian. She was built on the beach at Ilfracombe as an open fishing boat. Her owner carried out a major rebuild a few years ago, fitting a new cabin and deck, the cabin sides being carried out to the gunwales. New mast and bowsprit etc., with new sails a year or two later. An uncommonly good seaboat built in the old tradition of eye and half model.

Flying Pheonix by contrast is of a design much modified by her owners individual ideas. Shoal draft with inside and outside ballast, her rigging set with deadeyes and lanyards. When you consider that the owner is chief shipwright to Charles Hill of Bristol, an idea of the quality of workmanship may be imagined. The fourth gaffer is an Itchen Ferry, a newcomer to the creek, being masted and re-rigged by her owner with the help of local experts.

Tide time in the creek is usually a time of busy activity, but if I pause and look across the creek I see a sight that saddens me. It is Eider Duck, a venerable Old Gaffer. She lies on her bilge high upon a grassy bank, dreaming of past years, feeling the salt water only at the highest of springs. She reminds me of a stranded whale, weary of effort, waiting for the end. She had an owner who, years ago, began to restore her. He worked hard. Lying in the mud he replaced garboards and some bottom planking, and a new stem was fitted. But now she just lies on her side and dreams - her sides daubed with the left-over paint of the village boy's dinghies.

STEVE CLIVE SHAUN is spread in vari-coloured paints along her yellow sides. Her mast and rudder are gone, her deck planking going piece by piece. True, she has a cabin - plywood - angular and ugly - a playroom for little children.

Around thirty feet long and broad beamed she sat well in these turbid waters and cruised the Bristol Channel for many years. But now she needs the sympathy of a ship-lover; the skill and care of a shipwright, and I am sure she would cruise again. I would that my pocket were deep enough, for it grieves us all that this creek should be her graveyard.

M.E.White.

Since this article was written, a telephone conversation with Martin White has confirmed that the Eider Duck he mentions is the boat formerly owned by Charles Rayner of Bristol. She was designed by John Howard, and built by Cook & Woodward of Maldon as a sloop in 1900, and was originally named Freya III. In 1906 she was converted to cutter rig.

Her special interest to O.G.A. members is that Charles Rayner took off her hull lines and had some aluminium full hull models made, and one of these models was mounted to form our East Coast Old Gaffers Trophy.

Martin White also told me that Eider Duck is now not totally neglected, and there are signs that her owner is able to find the time to continue the task of restoration.

J.A.S.

#### BOOK REVIEW

BRITISH SAIL by Robert Simper. Published by David & Charles, £7.95

The opening words of this book set the tone for what is to come. "Sailing ships are some of the most beautiful forms of transport ever devised". In the same opening paragraph Robert Simper states "In this book I am attempting to recapture the atmosphere of the final age of working sail - - - ." For me at least, he has succeeded in doing just this. The 160 pages of this excellent book are packed with a truly wonderful variety of photographs, which cover a very wide range from the world-girdling four masted barques down to the West Mersea winkle brigs.

The ages of the photographs cover a comparably wide range - from the first picture of a brig lying at Wisbech in 1856 to the penultimate picture of Anthea Balmford's 1973 built Prudence; with between a fascinating range of old photographs; pictures of old boats as they are today, and a fine picture of the replica of the Golden Hind entering San Francisco harbor in the company of an assortment of modern small craft.

Photographs of G.R.P. boats working on the West Country oyster fisheries help to ensure that this book gives a very full record of working sail. Nor is the book limited to salt water vessels - the Norfolk wherries have their place. Humber keels, Mersey Flats, Cobles, Suffolk beach boats all have their place in this collection.

This book is far from being a collection of 'chocolate box pictures'. The harsher aspects of earning a living under sail are given fair treatment, with some rather depressing pictures of wrecks, and an undated shot of a skipper and his wife plodding along to haul a loaded keel through a calm.

But the book is very far indeed from being just a collection of photographs (although even if it was just the photographs it would still be an outstanding book !). The pictures are



complemented by a very fine text, in which factual accounts of the work done by British sailing craft are seasoned with small incidents from the author's extensive experiences under sail - such as an account of a passage on the 'Charlotte Rhodes';-

"Rapidly the wind increased to north east, force 10. - - - - -  
- - - "The crew of four began a long stint of pumping and bailing; I did relief spells on the wheel while the captain tried to make radio contact with any ship in the area. For about four hours the Charlotte Rhodes had to battle alone against the fury of the Irish Sea,".

Robert's final chapter is titled "The sail revival", and covers the work which has been done by enthusiasts over the past fifteen years to preserve and restore old sailing craft.

Personally, I find that British Sail is an amazing book. The field to be covered is wide - but it is well covered, and it is covered in such a way as to be equally acceptable to the novice and to the expert. I found that it is not a book for a single 'read-through'. It deserves much more consideration. Once familiar with the book, one can keep it very handy, either to enjoy the fine pictures or to re-read a chapter of the text and to appreciate to the full the enormous amount of painstaking research which has gone into its writing.

The publishers publicity material calls this book "a rare visual record of the ships that sailed the oceans and traded and fished off the coasts of Britain". Rare it may be, but I would expect to find a copy of it on every sail lover's shelves !

And when buying this book, don't forget that Robert Simper has also written 'East Coast Sail'; 'North East Sail' and 'Scottish Sail' (all published by David & Charles at £4.50). Do not be misled into thinking that having bought 'British Sail', one can dispense with the more local volumes - you can't ! I'm looking forward to hearing about Robert's next book.

David & Charles also offer South Eastern Sail by Michael Bouquet and West Country Sail, also by Michael Bouquet, both at £4.50.

SALTWATER VILLAGE By Margaret Leather, Published by Terence Dalton at £4.80.

The name of Leather on a book has become almost a total guarantee of quality and of an authoritative account of traditional boats or the men who sailed them, so I must confess that when I first saw this book I did wonder whether another member of the family could keep up the very high standard John has set. One does not have to read it for long to see from whom John inherited his ability to write such good books, for Margaret Leather was his mother, and this book is her account of the Colneside village of Rowhedge where she was born in 1896, and where she was brought up amongst the truly great sailing families.

Very broadly, the book could be described as a personally conducted tour of Rowhedge, street by street, with introductions to many of the residents and the more regular visitors. There are many memories of the simple pleasures of a childhood spent in a village from which the would-be traveller who did not own (or hire) a horse could leave by boat, on foot, or by taking the ferry across to Wivenhoe and catching the train; a village in which the Regatta Day at the end of the yachting season played a great part.

Since the village of Rowhedge fronts on to the Colne, the smacks, the big racing cutters, and the large cruising yachts are all covered in this book, and there are some very fine pictures of 'the great days of sail' - Sunbeam, Shamrock, Satanita, Valkyrie, Britannia, and, of course, the local smacks in their heyday. More unusual are the pictures of Mr. Jack Humphrey's aerohydroplane of 1909.

The changing seasons, and their effect on the community are discussed, with the Sunday School Treat as one of the high spots of the year. Mainly the boats at Rowhedge were for hard, serious and often dangerous work, but as Mrs Leather writes -

"Sometimes a number of families would go down river on the same day and, returning on the flood in the almost calm of a September evening, each family would sing, the voices carrying across the water as the big harvest moon peeped up in the south east. People seemed to sing much more, and more naturally then, perhaps they were more contented?"

The book is not only about the waterside - Heath and Wood are covered, and the Flower Show as well as the Regatta. The chapter Family, Food and Fashion describes the days before piped water was supplied, when few of the houses had a mangle, and there were no electric irons - but the children went to school in crisp, clean clothes.

My favourite anecdote from the book concerns Uncle Turner Barnard, skipper of the 100 ft. yacht Bridesmaid, whose owner wagered £1,000 on a race to Madeira against the yacht Atlantis. "The mate went on board with a letter of instructions from the owner to get the yacht ready for an ocean race and enclosing the course details. - - - 'Start off Hythe, leaving Calshot light to starboard and going out of the Solent by the Needles channel' read the mate. 'Proceed to Madeira and finish off the fort. Distance approximately 1,300 miles.' 'Hmmm,' said Uncle Turner, staring thoughtfully at the deck. 'Do that say anything about luffin?'"

This book must be regarded as a very valuable contribution to the records of a way of life now almost totally vanished, but it is far more than just a record. I think I can best summarise my reaction in the one word - charming.

#### ADDITIONS TO THE REGISTER OF O.G.A. RACE NUMBERS

|     |       |                 |        |     |            |
|-----|-------|-----------------|--------|-----|------------|
| 777 |       | Blackwater Girl | Sloop  | 18' | Dan Webb   |
| 778 |       | Ate             | MFV    | 44' | Reekie     |
| 779 |       | Boomerang       | Cutter | 32' | Watty      |
| 781 | 1     | Styx            | Cutter | 24' | Crossfield |
| 782 |       | Petrel I        | Cutter | 29' | ex lugger  |
| 783 |       | Eileen Muriel   | Cutter | 19' | Simmonds   |
| 784 |       | Boy Willie      | Ketch  | 42' |            |
| 786 |       | Matoba          | Cutter | 25' | Freeward   |
| 787 |       | Otter           | Cutter | 29' | Westerley  |
| 790 |       | Oread           | Cutter | 28' | Dickie     |
| 789 |       | Adelle          | Sloop  | 18' | Dan Webb   |
| 791 |       | Fritillary      | Yawl   | 24' | Sea King   |
| 792 |       | Camellia        | Cutter | 36' | Prawner    |
| 793 |       | Blue Jay        | Sloop  | 25' |            |
| 794 |       | Madeline        | Cutter | 28' | I.W. James |
| 795 |       | Skua            | Cutter | 33' | M. Wilkins |
| 796 |       | Sara of Lawling | Cutter | 19' |            |
| 876 | MN 76 | Priscilla       | Cutter | 43' | Stone      |
| 901 |       | Misty           | Cutter | 15' | Lavers     |
| 951 |       | Morvoren        | Yawl   | 32' | Burt       |

## 1977 EAST COAST OLD GAFFERS RACE      Saturday, July 23rd.

As was usual, we watched the weather during the week to see if we could determine the wind for Saturday. The previous three races had been dogged by light winds, but this year, steady S to SW winds over a long period had given us hope. On Friday the wind had fallen light, but many gaffers were at Stone, either having come up the river under engine or down the river under sail. Eighty-eight boats had so far entered, but it would remain to be seen how many came to the line.

Friday evening ashore at the Stone Clubhouse was a hectic affair with another 7 or 8 entries to process, including a genuine Dutchman who had just collected a set of leeboards from Cooks. His boat was a beautifully finished 33ft Schokker called Albatross. The only snag was that he had completed his entry form in metres, so at 10.30, he posed an additional problem. But by 11.30 all had been completed, and we settled down to await THE DAY. - - - - -

THE DAY was beautiful ! ! !

89 boats came to their respective lines with a South wind of force 1 - 2. The usual fierce tide was less of a worry than usual, but many boats stayed well above the line until the five minute flag, when the whole river became alive with boats thrusting seawards. And when they had gone, twelve little Class Three boats were left, for they were to sail a different course, and were to start at 0800. There should have been thirteen, but Native, Tern II and Charles had not read the racing instructions sufficiently, or maybe they had been caught up in the general excitement and, as horses will, had followed their bigger sisters willy nilly.

It was not possible to see who was first over the line - but as the Race Officer remarked afterwards, "about twenty were".

The light wind did not favour the big boats at first, but the smacks Hyacinth, A.D.C., and Lizzie Annie passed the Bench Head by 0855, closely followed by Deva, Pingle, Golden Plover and Nepenthe, so small and large were still mixing it. By the Knoll, Hyacinth, A.D.C. and Lizzie Annie had stretched their lead slightly.

Deva and Pingle had a very close tussle right round the course, with Pingle ahead until the Power Station outfall, where Deva managed to slip ahead and come in by one minute.

By 0900 to 0930 the wind at the mouth of the river had holes in it, but by 1000 it had picked up again and steadied to SSW 3 - 4. The sky cleared, and it was VERY good to be out sailing.

Knoll to N. Buxey was a beat, and with the tide still ebbing, "tactics" came into play. Some stood on to the Buxey Sand, and crept along the edge. Some tacked at once, chancing the Bachelor Spit, some short tacked, but all got to the N. Buxey more or less in the same order as they left the Knoll, with Hyacinth round at 10.10, followed by A.D.C. and Lizzie Annie. The position of Jade at this point is uncertain as no declaration form was handed in from her. Pingle and Deva rounded together at 11.00, with Mersula, Stormy Petrel, Fly and Mayhi. After the beat the fleet was really stretched out, with a time gap of over two hours between the flyers and the steadies.

N. Buxey To Wallet Spit was a broad reach, and then, with the tide slack, began the long beat home. The wind had gone WSW and most boats favoured a steady port tack into the Bench. There the fleet again split, some to make use of the tide eddy over by St. Peters, others to try the steady stream of Mersea Flats.

Hyacinth passed the Bench Head at 11.50; A.D.C. was "too busy to make an entry" at this point. By the time the flyers had reached the Power Station outfall, 1300, the fleet was spread out over about four hours. Stadats, an ex R.N.L.I. sailing and pulling boat by Watson, passed the outfall at 16.50.

At 13.50, Hyacinth crossed the line, followed by A.D.C., Lizzie Annie, Jade, Kate, Peace, Iskra, Maud, Gracie and Greenshank. Seven smacks in the first ten boats. It must be something to do with their hull shape.

By 18.05 the last Class One or Two boat had finished. Capri had had trouble with her mast and retired; Emmy found the wind too light and had motored home. Coronation and Kirmew of Colne also retired. And four boats who had entered did not come to the line. Seventy finishers out of 78 entries.

Meanwhile, back at the start line for Class Three.

This year an experimental course had been set for the class. From the start to a buoy off Sales Point, W st Mersea Yacht Club No. 2; across the river to WMYC No. 1; up river to the Doctor off Osea Island, and back across the line. The last leg to the Doctor was not sailed as most small boats were afraid of having to beat back over the very fast tidal conditions through the Narrows off Stansgate.

It proved to be a perfect day for the Class, but the course was just not long enough for the faster boats. 16 boats entered, which proves how popular the idea of an inside river course was, BUT - and here the importance of reading the sailing instructions showed up - Native, Charles and Tern II went early! A great pity this because Charles had been brought from Denmark for the race. However, twelve boats raced down in the class, with Boy Martin taking an early lead and maintaining it throughout the race. Pelican Gee and Crescendo had a private battle, as did Lady Sarah and Tilly.

Next year the Committee will review the Class Three course, but will maintain it inside the river, and thus hope to encourage the many open gaffers on the river to enter.

The prize giving was performed by Mr. Frank Carr, ex Director of the Maritime Museum, who spoke of the need to form an International Trust Fund similar to the World Wild Life Trust for the rescue of old boats. He seemed to think that we of the Old Gaffers were well on the way to helping to foster the spirit of this Trust.

Finally, thanks are due to Doug Scurry as Race Officer, Peggy Edmond for working the results board, Michael Millar, O.G.A. President for helping with the spotting, and Mr. F. Belsham as mathematician. And, of course, Stone Sailing Club for acting as hosts and time keeping.

C.R.W.

East Coast Area Secretary Rob Williamson asks - If you have any comments on any part of the day, please let me know so that any mistakes can be rectified, or helpful suggestions be incorporated in future events.

If you think you would like to enter next year's event, please do so EARLY. When you are SURE of your entry, then you can send your entry fee. If you know of any Old Gaffer who is not a member, get the owner to fill in an entry form, just in case he wants to enter. In this way you will reduce the last minute work load considerably. During the week before this last race, 37 boats, many of them non members, entered, so the call is - enter early, send entry fees later.

C.R.W.



## 1977 EAST COAST OLD GAFFERS RACE - RESULTS

Start  
07.30  
Class

| Final No.<br>Posn. | Name of Boat       | Corr.<br>Time | Posn.<br>over<br>Line | Finish<br>Time | Class |
|--------------------|--------------------|---------------|-----------------------|----------------|-------|
| 1                  | Jade               | 5.793         | 4                     | 6.458          | 2     |
| 2                  | Pingle             | 5.991         | 19                    | 7.107          | 2     |
| 3 12               | Gipsy              | 5.999         | 16                    | 7.057          | 2     |
| 4 268              | Deva               | 6.058         | 18                    | 7.093          | 2     |
| 5 74               | Golden Plover      | 6.172         | 23                    | 7.236          | 2     |
| 6 719              | Green Shank        | 6.201         | 10                    | 6.929          | 2     |
| 7 256              | Hyacinth           | 6.288         | 1                     | 6.319          | 1     |
| 8 557              | Mersula            | 6.295         | 22                    | 7.235          | 2     |
| 9 183              | Badger             | 6.337         | 34                    | 7.589          | 2     |
| 10 139             | Kate               | 6.441         | 5                     | 6.566          | 1     |
| 11                 | Deborah            | 6.448         | 44                    | 7.822          | 2     |
| 12 380             | Lindy              | 6.544         | 31                    | 7.496          | 2     |
| 13 164             | Iskra              | 6.618         | 7                     | 6.774          | 1     |
| 14                 | Wendy May          | 6.629         | 28                    | 7.350          | 2     |
| 15 421             | Maud               | 6.663         | 8                     | 6.833          | 1     |
| 16 395             | Lizzie Annie       | 6.683         | 3                     | 6.440          | 1     |
| 17 581             | Undine             | 6.718         | 14                    | 6.998          | 2     |
| 18 122             | Tarka              | 6.722         | 48                    | 7.910          | 2     |
| 19 491             | Rainbow            | 6.749         | 36                    | 7.630          | 2     |
| 20 425             | Miranda            | 6.757         | 12                    | 6.966          | 1     |
| 21                 | Kismet             | 6.772         | 40                    | 7.700          | 2     |
| 22                 | Marsh Mallow       | 6.791         | 55                    | 8.163          | 2     |
| 23 482             | Romona             | 6.809         | 47                    | 7.906          | 2     |
| 24 46              | Gracie             | 6.861         | 9                     | 6.895          | 1     |
| 25                 | Young Alert        | 6.867         | 32                    | 7.530          | 2     |
| 26 102             | Mayhi              | 6.893         | 25                    | 7.294          | 2     |
| 27 64              | Sea Pig            | 6.895         | 35                    | 7.610          | 2     |
| 28 217             | Fly                | 6.916         | 24                    | 7.293          | 1     |
| 29 345             | Iolanthe           | 6.923         | 61                    | 8.463          | 2     |
| 30 569             | Tamarisk of Maldon | 6.957         | 45                    | 7.853          | 2     |
| 31                 | Albatross          | 6.962         | 20                    | 7.134          | 2     |
| 32 668             | Patricia Ellen     | 6.991         | 56                    | 8.177          | 2     |
| 33 757             | Caliph             | 7.001         | 62                    | 8.507          | 2     |
| 34 171             | Peace              | 7.029         | 6                     | 6.694          | 1     |
| 35 522             | Casse Noisette     | 7.048         | 26                    | 7.296          | 1     |
| 36 650             | Norma              | 7.054         | 17                    | 7.371          | 1     |
| 37 390             | Lianthe            | 7.056         | 39                    | 7.689          | 2     |
| 38 143             | Secret             | 7.059         | 33                    | 7.550          | 2     |
| 39 431             | A.D.C.             | 7.063         | 2                     | 6.401          | 1     |
| 40 340             | Hypatia            | 7.078         | 29                    | 7.396          | 1     |
| 41 695             | East Breeze        | 7.110         | 46                    | 7.900          | 2     |
| 42 253             | Cygnets II         | 7.116         | 53                    | 8.065          | 2     |
| 43 780             | Providence         | 7.201         | 15                    | 6.957          | 1     |
| 44                 | Salus              | 7.226         | 51                    | 7.994          | 2     |
| 45 694             | Nepenthe           | 7.234         | 30                    | 7.473          | 1     |
| 46 132             | Privateer          | 7.242         | 38                    | 7.671          | 1     |
| 47 106             | L'Atalanta         | 7.245         | 42                    | 7.757          | 1     |
| 48 876             | Priscilla          | 7.247         | 13                    | 6.966          | 1     |
| 49 286             | Eliza Maud         | 7.298         | 59                    | 8.293          | 2     |
| 50 590             | Vivette            | 7.373         | 60                    | 8.341          | 2     |
| 51 862             | Nightfall          | 7.454         | 49                    | 7.930          | 1     |
| 52 14              | Jubilee            | 7.512         | 57                    | 8.291          | 2     |
| 53 4               | Amity              | 7.571         | 27                    | 7.315          | 1     |
| 54 176             | George & Alice     | 7.679         | 21                    | 7.150          | 1     |
| 55                 | Sara of Lawling    | 7.699         | 64                    | 9.242          | 2     |
| 56                 | Charlotte Ellen    | 7.749         | 11                    | 7.058          | 1     |
| 57 84              | Madelene           | 7.768         | 58                    | 8.293          | 2     |
| 58 508             | Rose of Paglesham  | 7.781         | 63                    | 9.072          | 2     |

|    |     |                 |        |    |        |     |
|----|-----|-----------------|--------|----|--------|-----|
| 59 | 157 | Anjak           | 7.804  | 52 | 8.045  | 11. |
| 60 |     | Martha Kathleen | 7.902  | 41 | 7.708  | 2   |
| 61 | 122 | Band of Hope    | 8.092  | 43 | 7.796  | 1   |
| 62 | 89  | Pagan           | 8.147  | 67 | 9.734  | 2   |
| 63 |     | Water Lily      | 8.223  | 65 | 9.419  | 2   |
| 64 | 731 | Coriander       | 8.267  | 68 | 9.924  | 2   |
| 65 |     | Anna Crane      | 8.319  | 54 | 8.132  | 1   |
| 66 | 71  | Stormy Petrel   | 8.389  | 50 | 7.952  | 1   |
| 67 | 325 | Glad Times      | 8.468  | 66 | 9.440  | 2   |
| 68 | 410 | Maria           | 8.567  | 37 | 7.662  | 1   |
| 69 | 265 | de Dobber       | 9.767  | 69 | 10.390 | 1   |
| 70 |     | Stadads         | 10.834 | 70 | 10.599 | 1   |

Retired

Capri  
Emmy  
Coronation  
Kirmew of Colne

Non-Starters

Mowi  
Marguerite T  
Vivida  
Bonita

CLASS 3 RESULTS

Start 08.00

| Final<br>Posn. | Name of Boat | Corr.<br>Time | Posn.<br>over<br>line | Finish<br>Time |
|----------------|--------------|---------------|-----------------------|----------------|
| 1              | Boy Martin   | 2.324         | 1                     | 2.916          |
| 2              | Pelican Gee  | 2.808         | 3                     | 3.240          |
| 3              | Crescendo    | 2.817         | 2                     | 3.210          |
| 4              | Tilly        | 3.072         | 4                     | 3.676          |
| 5              | Lady Sarah   | 3.166         | 5                     | 3.677          |
| 6              | Rose Ellen   | 3.385         | 8                     | 4.155          |
| 7              | Nellie       | 3.389         | 6                     | 4.070          |
| 8              | Buttercup    | 3.602         | 9                     | 4.675          |
| 9              | Nova         | 3.641         | 7                     | 4.125          |
| 10             | No Name      | 3.658         | 11                    | 4.725          |
| 11             | Lutra        | 3.954         | 10                    | 4.720          |
| 12             | Elva         | 4.264         | 12                    | 5.155          |

Non-Starters

Tern II  
Charles  
Native  
Rapunzel

PRIZE LIST

East Coast Old Gaffers Trophy  
Stone Trophy  
Tom Bolton Memorial Trophy  
Sheave Trophy  
Neva Trophy  
Boat World Rose Bowl  
Dulcibella Trophy  
Zetland Trophy  
Dutch Barge Trophy  
Cup for Trying  
Old Harry Trophy

Jade  
Mersula  
Hyacinth  
A.D.C.  
Kate  
Pingle  
Nellie  
Boy Martin  
Albatross  
L'Atalanta  
Stadats

## East Coast Prize List continued:

| CLASS 1          | CLASS 2           | CLASS 3         |
|------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1st Iskra        | 1st Gipsy         | 1st Pelican Gee |
| 2nd Maud         | 2nd Deva          | 2nd Crescendo   |
| 3rd Lizzie Annie | 3rd Golden Plover | 3rd Tilly       |

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The following comments were received from John Wainwright:

Once again I give you my comments on the East Coast Race. Please could you forward my thanks to the race committee, who handled the event with great zest and efficiency, making sure that virtually all the entrants had an excellent day's sailing.

The results were interesting too, with steady winds giving most boats the ability to sail well, and also a useful comparison on handicaps. A topsail rigged boat did not win again (remember last year's correspondence!) but full marks must go to Jade for the way in which she was sailed. With her new rig and light hull she was bound to be fast, but all those who saw her sail past would not have seen one stitch setting less than 100%. The only complaint I have about her victory is that Hamish still owes me the 100% surcharge on the towage up from Tollesbury,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  pints by my calculation (double rates for trophy winners). Tollesbury, incidentally, now sports quite a useful contingent of gaffers. Charlotte Ellen, Greenshanks and Miranda being boats which not only are sailed well, but are in beautiful condition.

The race from Deva's point of view was very satisfactory, although there was room for improvement. I cannot see her winning, unless there is an on-shore wind. Offshore winds give the crew the chance to drink too much, and concentration fails on the beat back!

We had quite a good start for once, principally due to the skipper's call of nature after the five minute gun, a tactic which impressed the crew!

The run out gave us a chance to try out the spinnaker, which is the old triangular flat type, nicknamed the 'Jubilee' to celebrate the date of birth and its colours. For all its old fashioned design, it pulled Deva past the speedy Plover for the first time (hopefully not the last) ever, and seeing Mayhi dropping back we did think the Old Gaffers trophy was looking our way! Then Jade swooped past as if we were standing still, not offering to return the tow, although the young lady aboard did show us a rope's end!

Of course there was one other boat, even smaller than Deva, the Pingle, whom we thought we would pass, but she became Deva's shadow for the race. Rounding the Knoll brought forth comments about seeing off Jade (about a mile ahead) on the beat - just to keep morale high! The Tollesbury Sailing Club contingent were with us now, and followed Deva's advantageous turn on to the port tack. With wind and tide against and clear of those on starboard, the old girl started motoring against the elements, and Jade did start getting closer. However, we overstood the Buxey (having to home in on a broad reach) and rounded with Pingle again, who immediately sat on us, and gradually overtook us on the run down to the Wallet (we should have set the Jubilee, but being hounded so badly I did not want to risk damaging the sail).

We rounded the Wallet, in company again with Miranda and Green-shank - it might have been a club race - and as we came on the beat, we looked for revenge on Pingle. It came as she had to change foresails, and hoots of derision were bantered.

Regrettably the topsail lacing worked loose at this stage, a great dilemma for Deva in windward work. The choice was between handing the topsail and pointing better, or keeping it drawing with a lowered peak. As the evils of early morning drinking took their toll, we decided on the latter. The old Deva also reckoned that with a weather going tide, there was no need to try too hard at beating. The seas were an awkward length too.

By the time we had Bradwell abeam Jade was coming up to the finish, and Pingle was still close enough to take us on handicap. Looking toward a win of Class 2, we did not worry as Gipsy sliced past, since the programme showed her handicap worse than ours. But this was bad tactically, since there was an error in the programme, and we should have shadowed her, as her rating was in fact the same as ours.

Our actual finish was the best ever - where else but a gaffers race do you find yourself encircled by a photographer's boat, who lobs three cans of ale in the cockpit?

So to end it all, a very good race, with just a few 'if onlys' and a nice little mug as a souvenir. We also awarded ourselves a prize for the first gaff rigged submarine across the line, which we have won every year. However, we were lucky that Severn, with a six feet higher mast, did not race. When she does, I think Deva's days of being the nippiest Crossfield prawner yacht on this coast will be numbered. But still, there is always next year... and the year after!

J.M. Wainwright

#### EAST COAST AREA ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the East Coast Area will be held at the Maldon Little Ship Club, on 12th November at 7.30 p.m. It is hoped to arrange a guest speaker from Trinity House, and there will be the usual cheese and pickle buffet supper.

There will also be facilities for showing slides if you have any that would be of general interest.

It is with regret that I announce the resignation of our Vice President Charlie Stock. Charlie has now left the Association, and feels that he can no longer give the time to the O.G.A. that his office demands. Our thanks and best wishes go with him.

Part of the business of the A.G.M. will be the election of a new Vice President. If you wish to make a nomination, would you please forward it to:

C.R. Williamson,  
Brick Kiln Cottage,  
Coggeshall Road,  
Great Tey,  
Colchester, Essex.

by 31st October, with the name of the seconder, plus the nominee's written acceptance of the nomination.

#### WALTON BACKWATERS

We reached the mouth of the River Deben at low water and had to anchor for the flood to give us enough water to creep out over the bar. At sea there was a south west breeze of about force four. Although it meant tacking to the Old Gaffers Barbecue, at least it was just the kind of conditions L'Atalanta liked. Just enough to have water on the lee deck, but never too much wind to have to reef.

is a relief

It also meant we would cross the main Harwich shipping channel quickly, which is always a relief now, since the increase in size, number and speed of the merchant shipping using the Haven Ports has greatly accelerated over the last few years.

It took around three and a half hours to complete the nine miles to Stone Point, and it was one of those rewarding moments when we could come right up to anchor under sail; not skulk in under motor like a marina yachtsman. The first boat we noticed was of course Providence. Jon and Jackie Morrison were looking very pleased with themselves, as well they might, for two weeks earlier they had won the Gaffers Class in the Swale Race. The Providence with her deep powerful hull had sailed the course carrying full sail in nearly gale force winds.

Also at anchor were two GRP hull Tamarisk class gaff cutters, Sulu, sailed single handed from West Mersea by her owner Jon Mottershaw, and the Tamarisk of Maldon, which Vivian Eden and his crew Max Issarten had brought from the same moorings. The Sulu is one of only two 22ft. Tamarisks constructed, the rest of about ten are all 24ft hulls. It is a pity that no more were made since apart from being a little heavy on the helm, their owners speak well of them. The trouble is that they are more expensive than a bermudian (just to write that word hurts - Ah!) yacht of the same size. Still, the run-away success of the Cornush Crabbers has shown that gaff still has a place in modern boating, provided it is presented in an appealing way.

The Cedran took a long time to arrive. This 17ft cutter is the home of Gray and Mo, a young couple who had brought her round from Kings Lynn to Woodbridge in the spring. The tiny Cedran started life as a trawlers boat, but had two planks and one foot keel added on conversion to a gaffer. The Cedran also does not have an engine, and her passage from Lowestoft to the River Deben, a distance of about 40 miles, took five days. Most of this time was taken trying to get round Orfordness. As they beat backwards and forwards they got on friendly terms with the Aldeburgh fishermen who came out every day. The minute cabin of the Cedran is not only the home of her owners, but also Sam, their labrador dog. Since there are no trees off Orfordness, how, you may be asking, did Sam cope with his bodily functions - well, he bravely held out for three days, and then soaked a duffel coat.

We had all got ashore and started a decent fire which was being fed with beer cans when the last gaffer arrived. In the fading light the 24ft sloop Rainbow, built as a day racer in 1903 and now based at Shotley came tearing in with a fresh breeze. Round the fire we swapped boating yarns, all based on fact, and generally a mood of friendship spread from our mutual interest in traditional boats. This type of meeting has a place in the O.G.A. dallender because we do not have much other opportunity to go ship visiting except on occasions like this. The Gaffers Races are real fun, but they are sailed in a mood of competition and they are over quite quickly so that there is not much time to meet people on a friendly basis.

R.N.Simper.

#### THE THOMAS BUCKTROUT OLD GAFFERS RALLY.

The message was that a Mr. Linn wished to speak to me on the telephone. Would the O.G.A. be interested, in a sponsored event, possibly in the Channel Islands? - Early negotiations led to this Mr. Linn meeting our President, Michael Millar, and then the plans for a Truly Great Event were hatched.



The sponsors turned out to be Bucktrout and Company Ltd., purveyors of fine tobacco products, wines and Spirits, of Guernsey, and the co-organisers with the O.G.A. were to be their publicity agents, Wells, O'Brien and Company of London.

After due and careful consideration of such various matters as the suitability of the tides at the chosen time for the event, problems of berthing a considerable number of vessels, most with longish bowsprits, and a host of other details, the final form for the event was settled as a gathering in Jersey on Thursday, August 4th., with a pre-race briefing and party at the Royal Channel Islands Yacht Club at St. Aubin; a race across to St. Peter Port in Guernsey on the Friday, and a grand buffet supper /party / prizegiving ashore in St. Peter Port on the Saturday evening.

Roger Linn and Clive Cosby of Wells O'Brien did a wonderful job for their sponsors, and for us. The tone of the whole event was well set by the fine Programme, which opened with a welcoming message from Nick Wheadon, the Chairman of Bucktrout and Company, in which he said

"We are sponsoring this unusual event in honour of Thomas Bucktrout, after whom the company was named. He was a splendid example of the early Victorian entrepreneur who built up a thriving business supplying ship's provisions; which is why we thought this event so suitable for our company to sponsor."

By the fourth, 34 boats had entered; a pretty good representative selection including a Bristol Channel Pilot cutter, a couple of Essex smacks; a bawley; a Falmouth Quay punt; a couple of Nobbies; a nice variety of West Country craft, a Colin Archer, and a nice mix of 'gentlemen's yachts'.

As always seems to happen, there were messages that one or two entrants could not get to the Channel Islands after all. Maurice Bailey had reported that he was stuck without adequate crew for his bawley Band of Hope; C.J. Greenslade, the owner of a pretty little Guernsey fishing boat called Hirondeille had been taken ill and would not be able to race; Gwanili, Speedwell and Tee-Jay had also scratched from the event. But we were expecting some of our French friends from St. Malo to be with us, so it should still be a fine race --.

Unfortunately, the new marina at St. Helier was not ready for use, so boats either anchored off the harbour as they arrived, or berthed alongside at the southern end of the outer harbour. On the Thursday afternoon, it was most interesting to stroll along the edge of the quay, looking down on the mastheads of all but the larger boats moored alongside, and admiring the masthead rigging of the larger boats such as the Aldous smack Shamrock. Through the later afternoon and evening, the number of ticks on the list of boats increased as the various entrants were identified as having arrived safely. Coaches had been arranged to run the crews from the harbour at St. Helier to the R.C.I.Y.C. at St. Aubin, but a snag had arisen in that the 4th was St. Aubin's fete day, and the roads into the place were to be closed for the afternoon and evening. Various members of the Committee had some long and interesting drives into the heart of Jersey getting from the Clubhouse to the harbour and back, but arrangements could be made for the coaches, to let them come fairly near to the clubhouse.

In the evening, two coaches full of keen, happy crews were despatched from the harbour more or less on time, but the third suffered a few delays. A contingent of French gaffers had duly arrived, and were advised that if they hurried, there was a coach waiting to run them over to St. Aubin. But alas, possibly because

of undue haste, their dinghy overturned, decanting its occupants into the harbour, with a consequent delay whilst they donned dry clothes and made a more careful multi-trip landing. But before they were all ashore, P.G.Meakins veteran racing cutter Undine, with her lovely clipper bow, was towed into the harbour, and moored up. It would have been most unkind to leave them, so there was yet a further delay.

But the coach moved off eventually, and the crews were able to join the packed throng in the Royal Channel Island Yacht Club for what was turning into a very lively evening indeed. The local Club members proved to be a most friendly crowd, and their hospitality had even extended to their Commodore providing overnight accommodation for Michael Millar and myself, whilst Peggy Edmond stayed with the Sailing Secretary (I think it was the sailing Sec. !)

The forecast for Race Day was promising, and sure enough, when we got up, there was a nice breeze, and as we made our way over to the Castle from which the race was to be started, there was a very good wind which gave promise of a splendid days racing. As the committee on the castle prepared for the start, the gaffers congregated in the bay, making a splendid and unforgettable sight. There was one unfortunate incident shortly before the start, which resulted in Armorel carrying away Morvoren's bowsprit. However, John Dennis was able to clear his foredeck and sail Morvoren as a sloop, crossing the starting line within about four minutes of the gun - by no means the last away.

Ron Francis made the best start in his lovely yawl Gaivota, closely followed by Agnes, Skipjack and Undine. The big Aldous smack Shamrock hid another boat from the Committee's view as she started, followed by Providence, Wilful and Armorel, with what we suspected was Ripple outside them. Then came Moya, Golden Plover, Little Apple, Golden Plover, Velsia, and a French boat, believed to have been Manureva. Citara led Nepenthe, Patsy and Germaine over the starting line, followed by Morvoren. It was a sad sight to see her starting minus bowsprit, as John Dennis had clearly gone to considerable effort to help the committee identify his boat - she carried her O.G.A. number in large figures on each bow - easily read without binoculars from any angle other than stern-on, and not liable to be masked by the sails !

Mr Dennis later revealed his method for putting such fine numbers on his boat - they were simply sut out from 'Fablon' and stuck in place. He also reported that they were resisting the inevitable attacks from the waves very well indeed, so it is to be hoped that more owners will follow this splendid example.

Morvoren was followed by Nerak, Dorothea, and Martlet, at about five minutes after the gun, and Venture and a pair of French ketches brought up the tail of the fleet.

With the start over, and the fleet spreading out round the corner of the bay, the committee boarded the motor yacht White Whisper as Committee Boat. White Whisper, very kindly provided and skippered by Bernard Lovell of the R.C.I.Y.C. was a fine craft, but once clear of the shelter of the castle, it was clear that in the sea running we would not be able to act very effectively as an escort vessel, or as

a stable base from which to photograph the entrants as we passed them, so we settled for a fairly high speed dash to St. Peter Port.

As we sped past the fleet, we could see that some of them were not finding the wave shape and lengths exactly to their liking, and one or two of the boats appeared to be oscillating in the same place, with their masts sweeping through wide arcs, but making little progress forward. After the race, several owners reported that they had found areas along the Jersey coast where their boat did not seem to go at all well, and others overtook them, only to be overtaken later as they moved into a slightly different wave pattern.

Even at that early stage in the race, it was evident that it would be yet another small boats event, as they were already well up in the fleet, and clearly making better going than most of the bigger boats.

Approaching La Corbierre, we passed the leaders, who at that stage were Skipjack, Gaivota and Ripple. Gaivota was pitching violently, and on one occasion managed to expose her forefoot and keel as far back as her mast, crashing down over the wave with a considerable amount of what looked to be heavy spray flying over her. But she was making excellent progress towards Guernsey.

The Committee arrived in Guernsey well ahead of the fleet, but not as far ahead as they imagined, with the result that by the time they arrived at the castle which marked the finishing line, various gaffers were entering the harbour having finished and stowed their sails. Luckily for us, the Vice Commodore of the R.C.I.Y.C. and his wife had been on duty there in good time, and were able to present us with a comprehensive list of finishers which left only a few 'doubtful identifications', and the various French craft to sort out.

Chris Waddington's 42' pruner type yacht Moya had finished first, just over a quarter of an hour ahead of the very much smaller Skipjack, who had beaten Gaivota into third place by two and a half minutes. We saw in the second half of the fleet, and having assured ourselves that there were no more gaffers in sight, adjourned to the R.C.I.Y.C. to collect declarations, sort out the few problems in identification, and to collect the measurements for the French entrants. This operation went off smoothly, and somewhat to our surprise, all was resolved before it was time for us to go off duty for dinner, leaving only the results on corrected time to be calculated, together with the T(H)CFs for the French boats - an item rendered slightly more complex than normal since all their dimensions had been listed in metric units. However, that was no problem, as we were well armed with those little miracles of modern technology - electronic calculators.

Saturday morning saw the Committee settling down to work out results - only to discover that their miracles of modern technology were either somewhat lacking in battery power, or had picked up some other gremlins somehow, and what had not looked much of a task grew in magnitude, and the available time shrank rapidly, as the Press, and the Publicity agents clamoured for the results!

For the owners and crews, Saturday was a day of ship visiting and exploring St. Peter Port; also for enjoying the delights of the splendid cartons of 'goodies' which had been personally delivered to the boats by Nick Wheadon.

A goodly area of the marina had been cleared of its normal occupants to leave berthing space for our fleet, and with most of the boats lying alongside the jetties, there were some lively parties aboard some of the boats.

Saturday evening was the party and prizegiving at the Royal Hotel. This was a splendid function, and proved to be one of the best post-race parties experienced within the O.G.A. (and we've had some jolly good ones !). Mrs. Wheadon presented the prizes - third prize to Gubby Williams of Agnes; second prize to Peter Lucas of Ripple, and the first prize to J.B. Richardson of Skipjack. First prize was the superb Thomas Bucktrout Trophy, which had been specially created by Guernsey silversmith Bruce Russell to a design which owed much to the inspiration of Nick Wheadon.

'Speechifying' at the prizegiving had most sensibly been minimised, and Michael Millar thanked all involved in laying on such an outstanding event for us, and Nick Wheadon welcomed all gaffers, and presented a cheque to the local branch of the R.N.L.I..

As part of the festivities, Nick 'auctioned' off some bottles and a spare carton of 'goodies', with the proceeds to go to the R.N.L.I.. During the latter part of the evening, the dancing was enlivened by the skipper and mate of Morvoren who had purchased a couple of carnival masks. Opinions varied as to whether the wearers were improved or not !

After the evening at the Royal Hotel, various parties developed on the boats in the harbour. One especially joyfull party received a tactfull suggestion from a patrolling policeman that as it was well on into the small hours, perhaps the singing could be toned down slightly ?

As well as the loss of Morvoren's bowsprit, some other boats suffered slightly, and during the Saturday, Golden Plover, Undine, and Nepenthe were all beached at the end of the harbour for leak-stopping operations. Tools, materials and help were cheerfully given by other owners and some of the local sailing people.

One of the Saturday high-spots was the invitation from Nick Wheadon to the crews to join him for a drink in the Bucktrout premises overlooking the harbour. As one of the Committee remarked - "I wonder if he realises what he has let himself in for ?". The session extended somewhat more than had been envisaged, but reports were that it had been a very jolly party.

A most noticeable feature of the entire event was the great lengths all the local residents encountered went to to help the members of the O.G.A. to enjoy their visit. It is impossible to name all the individuals, but they included the harbour masters at both St. Helier and St. Peter Port and their staffs, who did everything possible to help our fleet, whilst continuing to run their busy commercial harbours; all the officers and members of the R.C.I.Y.C., and all the staff of Bucktrout and Company, who really went out of their way to act as superb hosts to us.

It was a great pleasure to meet the jovial Mr. Paris again, and to have Germaine, Anatiffe, Gros Paul, Surcouf and Manureva from St. Malo racing with us. Another unexpected pleasure was to see Maurice Bailey at the Saturday evening party. He had managed to press-gang a crew for Band of Hope, and although not in time for the race, he did manage to join in some of the fun.

For me, it was a great pleasure to meet some of our South West Area members for the first time. and to look over boats which until then had been just names. What a surprise it was to find that Little Apple's great long bowsprit, which almost blocked access along one of the gangways, was in fact reefed back with its heel against the cockpit coaming ! And how little living accommodation some of those boats have ! Altogether, it was a truly great event.

J.A.S.

## THOMAS BUCKTROUT OLD GAFFERS RACE

## JERSEY - GUERNSEY RESULTS

Start  
10.00

| Final<br>Posn. | No.  | Name of Boat  | Corr.<br>Time | Posn.<br>Over<br>Line | Finish<br>Time |
|----------------|------|---------------|---------------|-----------------------|----------------|
| 1              | 541  | Skipjack      | 3 38 09       | 2                     | 13 55 50       |
| 2              | 9    | Ripple        | 3 41 46       | 4                     | 13 59 45       |
| 3              | 140  | Agnes         | 3 45 41       | 9                     | 14 20 54       |
| 4              | 2334 | Moya          | 3 56 56       | 1                     | 13 38 47       |
| 5              | 530  | Wilful        | 3 57 53       | 6                     | 14 12 00       |
| 6              | 581  | Undine        | 4 00 19       | 8                     | 14 15 39       |
| 7              | 74   | Golden Plover | 4 04 58       | 19                    | 14 48 12       |
| 8              | 314  | Gaivota       | 4 07 45       | 3                     | 13 58 30       |
| 9              | 780  | Providence    | 4 13 32       | 5                     | 14 04 58       |
| 10             | 459  | Patsy         | 4 13 35       | 14                    | 14 39 17       |
| 11             | 445  | Velsia        | 4 15 44       | 7                     | 14 15 29       |
| 12             | 694  | Nepenthe      | 4 18 57       | 12                    | 14 27 31       |
| 13             | Fr.  | Germaine      | 4 24 11       | 13                    | 14 35 46       |
| 14             | 373  | Little Apple  | 4 25 21       | 17                    | 14 46 15       |
| 15             | Fr.  | Manureva      | 4 30 33       | 20                    | 14 49 22       |
| 16             | 397  | Loon          | 4 30 40       | 16                    | 14 44 55       |
| 17             | Fr.  | Anatiffe      | 4 34 14       | 18                    | 14 46 15       |
| 18             | 474  | Shamrock      | 4 41 03       | 11                    | 14 21 56       |
| 19             | 727  | Nerak         | 4 42 13       | 22                    | 14 53 40       |
| 20             | 951  | Morvoren      | 4 44 10       | 23                    | 14 56 38       |
| 21             | 692  | Martlet       | 4 48 49       | 24                    | 15 03 23       |
| 22             | 488  | Marguerite T  | 4 52 46       | 10                    | 14 21 24       |
| 23             | 220  | Venture       | 4 34 31       | 21                    | 14 51 36       |
| 24             | 941  | Armored       | 5 11 06       | 15                    | 14 42 49       |
| 25             | Fr.  | Surcouf       | 5 35 59       | 26                    | 15 31 02       |
| 26             | 595  | Citara        | 5 37 11       | 25                    | 15 22 40       |
| 27             | Fr.  | Gros Paul     | 6 10 08       | ?27                   | ?16 00 00      |
| 28             | 756  | Dorothea      | 6 19 00       | ?28                   | 16 15 00       |

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#### COMMENTS ON THE THOMAS BUCKTROUT RACE.

First, from Jonathan Ward-Hayne, Ekofisk Field, North Sea:

Herewith my blurred impressions of the Channel Islands and St. Malo from Wilful's point of view. Blurred of necessity, because in the rush to pack I left the log on board.

On Monday 1st August we left Salcombe after a scrub, and motored round to Dartmouth in a flat calm to rendezvous with Pete Lucas and Ripple, whom we had arranged to escort across, being small and engineless. Tuesday was also calm, and when we left the Dart we found Gubby Williams in Agnes, also small and engineless, floating about outside, so tow lines were rigged and the old Velette chuffed away manfully until midnight, when a little breeze sprang up and, as the motor was getting very warm, we cast off our followers. To our chagrin they sailed smartly over the horizon, and we plodded on to pass Les Hanois at dawn. La Corbiere was rounded at 1100 and we entered St. Helier to start the rally at 1400 on Wednesday.

While it was no fault of the organisers, and all credit is due to the harbour staff, berthing in St. Helier was a problem. The chance to renew old acquaintances and make new ones made up for it, and a good atmosphere was established even before the briefing party. Having been let down by my usual No. 1 deckape in Salcombe, I was

fortunate to be able to pressgang Roger Linn and Clive Cosby, two of the organisers, into joining Wilful for the race to Guernsey.

The Friday of the race dawned with a smart breeze, Wilful's weather, since some beating was involved. The start was surprisingly untraumatic, and we found ourselves bowling over the line in close company with Little Apple within seconds of the gun. We held a moderately good position out of the bay, until we came hard on the wind along the South coast of Jersey, when Wilful got into her stride. Little Apple was giving us a good fight at the beginning until he had to stop and pump the sea back where it belonged, and we then had a hard tussle to get past Undine, who seemed a little short of weight to carry her way through the steep chop. Ripple and Agnes infuriated us by their ability to keep bounding on in conditions I thought would have kept the little boats well to the rear. Once round La Corbiere we squared off on a reach, hoisted the tops'l, and our big mistake was to delay changing the working stays'l for the big one. Only when that was accomplished could we forge past Agnes, and hold off the threat of Velsia and others astern, while Clive and John called for Hughie over the lee rail. We finished seventh over the line, I believe, 5th on corrected time, and Moya was the only Class 1 boat to beat us, by 57 seconds. (Rage and gnashing of teeth!). Full marks to Wilful and her hastily assembled crew, only half marks to the skipper.

After a good meal ashore, a session of the Sibbick Society was held aboard Armorel, as a result of which I had three tee shirts printed with 'Sibbick Rules OK' followed by Wilful, Ripple and Armorel. Indignation and jeers from crews of boats from lesser yards.

After a very social weekend in St. Pater Port - the excellent Bucktrout party followed by a prayer meeting aboard Wilful until 0445 - and visiting friends on the island, we motored over to Sark on Monday evening, having shipped Luci as cook, and replaced John Lambert with my father - 'oldest Gaffer' - as mate. Luci's brother and sister in law had slipped over to Sark to celebrate their wedding anniversary, so having anchored in Havre Gosselin we climbed the cliff path and located the party.

The following day there was very little wind, and hoping to catch the lock in St. Malo we motor sailed down, catching a couple of mackerel on the way. We might as well have saved the petrol, since we missed the lock anyhow.

We eventually got ashore and found most of the other boats in the basin, and most of the crews in the splendid OGA clubhouse, and the scene was set for the rest of the week. Unfortunately, Wilful's racing record was undistinguished, sustaining a broken bowsprit in an incident with Iseult on the Wednesday, which put us out of action till Saturday and Sunday, which were drifting matches for which we are undercanvassed. All thanks are due to the Breton OGA members who organized a chippy to make me a very smart new bowsprit very quickly.

The hospitality, organisation and atmosphere in St. Malo were beyond praise. My only criticism, shared by the locals, was that there was too much racing. Two races, and the rest of the time pottering in company up the Rance or round to Binic, would have suited everyone better, but they thought we were all racing fanatics. Nevertheless, it was a fantastic week, and a lot of good friendships were made. Luci my cook, was hotly pursued by half the fleet (the male half) of all ages. The less said about the parties the better, my liver still quivers at the thought of Calvados. Les Windley led the singing, in his usual fine fashion.



Amid general discussions one fairly serious idea came forth. Michael Shaw of Martlet and I feel it would be a fine idea after the next Bucktrout rally, if there is one, to race from Guernsey to Plymouth and run a week for the French there. Several of them that we spoke to were very keen. Plymouth would be an excellent base, as there is lots of sheltered water in case of heavy weather, we can all raft up in Millbay Dock when needed, there are little places like Newton Ferrers, Cawsand and Cargreen to potter to, and racing inside or outside the sound. Also it's a more attractive part of the world than the Solent and more congenial to the Bretons we reckon.

Between us we'll explore possibilities, and try to have some plans to propose during the winter. Mike has some ideas of possible sponsors, although I think people will turn up even without lavish inducements. Information on whether the Channel Islands 'do' will be repeated and when would be much appreciated.

It looks as though my plan to keep Wilful in Norway next summer will be frustrated by the Norwegian government's recently declared intention to hit everyone they can get hold of for 72% tax, so I shall steer clear. On the other hand I'm negotiating to move to Guernsey, where I'll happily set up an OGA section.

A final thought: I feel it's time the rule on spinnakers was clarified if possible. I need something to hang up forward off the wind in light airs, and while I'm not after a star-cut or anything daff, I have in mind an ultra light genoa type of thing that I can boom out to weather, but I fear it might upset people.

That's enough for now. It only remains to record my thanks to Michael Millar and everyone who made such a splendid fortnight possible.

Jonathan Ward-Hayne.

## THE THOMAS BUCKTROUT RALLY

or

## THE OLD GAFFERS OBSERVED, by Roger Linn.

The first impression given by a collection of Old Gaffers to someone unfamiliar with their little ways is one of infectious optimism. I suppose anybody who chooses to sail a boat built a hundred years ago needs to be an optimist, but it is nonetheless a most engaging trait. It was forcibly impressed upon me during the St. Aubin - St. Peter Port race by John Ward-Hayne, for whom I had the good fortune to crew. Somewhere off La Corbiere, with Wilful burying her bowsprit into every second wave, two of the crew being most unwell to leeward and the third crew member, myself, apparently trying to strangle himself with his safety harness, John announced, apparently seriously, 'I think we could get the jib topsail on her'.

The observation had no visible effect, but we were all filled with admiration - as indeed one should be for a man who can produce, for his crew, tins of orange juice which undoubtedly sailed with Shackleton. However, I digress.

My first contact with the Old Gaffers was in December last year when I outlined the idea of a Bucktrout-sponsored race in the Channel Islands to Michael Millar. He was very enthusiastic, and indeed remained so throughout the planning and running of the event. It quite simply would not have happened without him, and it was not until we were totally committed to the race that he

started to warn me about the hazards involved. Like hitting pieces of France that do not officially exist or the problems raised by having thirty bowsprits frightening other yachtsmen in a crowded marina, or hangover-affected race starts. In fact the only people who appeared to be less than enthusiastic about the idea were the harbourmasters, who visibly paled at the thought, but who subsequently performed prodigious feats of organisation in berthing everybody.

In the end, the problems when they arose were of a quite different nature to those we had envisaged. Neither of us were concerned about weather conditions, as we both have relatives in the church who had been charged with looking after that side of things, but there was a moment when we wondered whether everybody would complete the alcoholic assault course we had devised. The fact that everybody did so says much for the stamina of the OG's. Another minor problem was the St. Aubin Carnival, which effectively blocked the route between St. Helier Harbour and the Yacht Club, where the race briefing was to take place. I felt at one stage that all the crews would be swept up in the carnival gaiety, leaving Michael and myself to eat all the food and then brief each other. In the end everybody staggered through and the race went very smoothly, although Peggy Edmond may disagree with the latter statement, as I believe the twenty knot ride from St. Aubin to St. Peter Port caused her a little unease, however manfully (womanfully?) borne.

After a most enjoyable three days, I am left with a pastiche of impressions which will remain with me for some time. 'Morvoren' with her new 'nose job' before the start - an enormous bouncer at the dance, whose aim in life was to prevent anyone getting in, especially people with beards, all Frenchmen and famous novelists - Wilful's skipper trying politely to attract the interest of the conventional yachtsmen who were rafted up to him at St. Helier when he wanted to leave, failing to do so and casting them adrift in their pyjamas - a navigator who could not bend over the chart table because it made him ill - the managing director of Bucktrout & Co. paddling round the harbour dispensing largesse - Moya under full sail and going like a train - the expression on the face of the man who was fishing from his tupperware dinghy a hundred yards to windward of the start line as the fleet thundered down on him.

It was a very rewarding experience, during which I made many friends. I sincerely hope we can repeat it next year.

The only remaining problem now is will my wife let me buy a Gaffer? I did say it was infectious didn't I?

Roger Linn (Wells, O'Brien & Company).

## RALLY TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS AND ST. MALO

by Julia and Tom Richards.

Nerak is a 30' cutter, somewhat like an overgrown Itchen Ferry, reputedly built in 1905. We have owned the boat some three and a half years during which time we have worked steadily at renovation, most evenings and weekends, and at times despaired of ever sailing again. However, the major work was nearly completed and we impulsively entered for the Bucktrout Rally.

Having paid the entry fee we now had a powerful incentive to get Nerak sailing. Mast, engine and deck fittings were put in during the week before and some primitive accommodation. (Three berths, camping stove and bucket.)

The afternoon of Monday, 1st August saw us motoring down the Medina attempting to stow and lash down the mass of gear brought aboard that morning. Main and staysail were set off Cowes and we set off westward on an apparently erratic course down the Solent whilst attempting to obtain as many transit bearings as possible and produce a deviation card. Nothing had broken by the time Yarmouth was abeam so it was agreed that the 'shake down cruise' having been satisfactorily completed we would proceed! The jib was set and immediately tore out at the tack; a rusted luff wire had been hidden by plastic coating and not noticed when the sails were overhauled. An ancient flax storm jib was set instead.

Leaving the Needles fairway, Marguerite T was seen drawing ahead and crossing on her way to Cherbourg. A slow but uneventful passage made to Alderney enlivened only by the language of the skipper as he attempted to start the engine. This performance was repeated throughout the trip and generally lasted between 20 and 40 minutes. The slow passage gave us an opportunity to paint the cabin sides and generally sort things out below.

Tuesday night was spent in Braye harbour and name boards were fitted.

At 0530 on Wednesday Nerak was starting down the Swinge and the abundance of rocks and islets provided further transits for the deviation check. Another day of light winds and the strong tide made for another slow passage, so cabin lamps and bunk boards were fitted up.

As we neared Jersey topsails appeared over the horizon and soon three gaffers were in view coming from the south west and Marguerite T was again closing and then passing us. We followed Marguerite T into St. Helier and received a warm welcome from the other gaffers already berthed there. Thanks folks!

Early on Thursday morning the Harbour authorities asked that the gaffers move to make space for an incoming freighter and we were glad of a tow from Marguerite as our engine just would not start at such short notice! The afternoon was spent ashore looking around St. Helier and walking across the causeway to Elizabeth Castle. In the evening a race briefing and reception was arranged at St. Aubins Yacht Club. (Those moored outside the harbour waited vainly for the launch which was to pick us up and then rowed madly ashore, thankfully to find the coaches still waiting for us.) The yacht club made us most welcome and provided us with a marvellous buffet supper, free of charge.

Friday - the Race! The best day's wind of the whole fortnight! All the boats went well up the Jersey coast to Corbierre where the wave pattern seemed to change and the bigger boats went up and down in the same hole while the smaller boats left us for dead and romped on to Guernsey. Although Nerak was placed in the lower half of the fleet we were pleased with the way she handled in the fresh wind and short steep seas. We were also glad to find that the recaulking done the previous summer had been effective as several boats were leaking badly on arrival at St. Peter Port.

On arrival in Guernsey we were met by the Bucktrout launch and greeted by her people bearing gifts of goodie hampers. Didn't they do us well! The port authorities were most helpful and by evening we were in the marina having had a very enjoyable day.

Saturday we took the opportunity of seeing some of St. Peter Port and in the evening the Bucktrout buffet/dance in aid of the R.N.L.I. Again a delightful buffet and a most enjoyable evening.

After the dance finished we invited a few friends back to Nerak for a nightcap and it just seemed to grow when Les brought out his guitar. We counted 28 people below and more on deck! Bucktrout's hamper was put to good use! The last three years work seemed long forgotten and we considered Nerak truly rechristened.

In order to get an early start for St. Malo on Monday, we left the comfort of the marina on Sunday afternoon, sailed across to Sark, and spent an uncomfortable night rolling at anchor in Havre Gosselin.

A leisurely day's sailing and mackerel fishing brought Nerak in sight of the Grand Jardin light at dusk and we motored into the outer harbour to wait for the lock opening. As we entered the lock more gaffers appeared which we had not seen lurking in the dark extremities of the harbour as we came in.

Tuesday - a day of rest or wandering around the walled St. Malo. The Vieux Greements Francais made us welcome in their club which was in one of the turrets in the battlements. What a super little club room. For the rest of the week racing was the order of the day - all around the rock and lights of St. Malo. Thank goodness we had a large scale chart of the area! Winds were generally light or non existent, but nevertheless we greatly enjoyed the racing, particularly some close finishes with one of the French boats, Anetiffe, whose rating was very similar to Nerak's.

Friday we decided to have a day off racing as they were having a 'fun' race. Start with sails and anchor down, launching the dinghy to row and get a flag and bottle of wine! As there were only three of us on Nerak we decided to have a break and see some of the countryside, intending to get to Dinard by 1700 for the prizegiving and reception. We missed a bus connection so started walking and hitching. We ended up by walking about 20 kilometres arriving at Dinard at 1715. We were very glad to get a lift back to St. Malo aboard Martlet.

The British boats gave a party for the French aboard Marguerite T, Velsia and Gaivota and with the local wine and remains of Bucktrout hampers this was a great success. Marguerite had a tide mark a full foot above her waterline next day!

The prizegiving and reception on Saturday was held in a local museum, a fascinating place which we must visit if we get to St. Malo again. There were prizes and mementos for all competitors. If a return visit to a British port is arranged we shall find it hard to match the hospitality received from our French hosts in St. Malo.

One crew member returned from St. Malo on the ferry to ensure his arrival by Monday morning, leaving the two of us to return with Nerak to Cowes. We locked out at 0630 on Sunday and made a leisurely passage with light variable winds, got sunburnt in some most unusual places crossing the Channel, and arrived at Cowes 2100 on Monday.

Many thanks to all those who worked so hard to organise this rally. We now look forward to the Solent race and ahead to maybe a similar rally next year. May we also thank those who helped so much in preparing Nerak and enabling her to take part in this event.

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JOINER/CARPENTER (24) in building trade, with sound practical knowledge of woodworking but no experience of boat-building wishes exchange skills for experience, advice & maybe some sailing. Based in London, own transport to east/south coast. Some weekends avail., maybe lot more time, depending on state of building trade!

Tel: Tim: 01-624-7933.

## NEWS FROM THE UPPER CROUCH

With Summer a wash-out, we are banking on a good crisp Autumn. Preparations for an Autumn cruise are underway, with bags of coal ordered, beach-combing for kindling, and the stock of soups growing.

The longer nights aboard can pass very pleasantly if the beer bunker is full, and the autumnal nip makes the extra tot that much more palatable.

.. . . .

The Crouch Harbour Authority has started to flex its statutory muscles by prosecuting resentful yachtsmen for non-payment of harbour dues for sailing on their tidal waters. Administration costs are high compared with the dues collected so far, which in turn are rather low compared to the potential total if everyone paid their share.

What has happened in Chichester Harbour and on the Crouch could well be applied to other sailing centres around the coast, so enjoy your 'free' sailing while you may.

.. . . .

As you may know, anyone in the O.G.A. who has a good idea is always told to 'get on with it', so my idea of a Limerick competition has lumbered me with the job of judging the best and awarding the prize.

I feel it should have Irish nautical overtones, so first prize will be a gaff-rigged bottle of Irish whiskey. Consolation prizes suggested so far include a shackle key made from non-corrosive rubber and a fluke-less anchor.

So keep the limericks and suggestions for consolation prizes coming in.

Len Warren.

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## FOR SALE

TEE JAY Gaff Cutter. 8 TM. 28.6' x 9' x 5'. Built by Luke Bros. of Hamble, 1933. 2 berths, 2 pipe cots. Pitchpine planking on oak frames. New standing rigging 1976, new sails 1977. Petter 12 h.p. air cooled diesel. Survey report Oct. 1975. Lying Gosport. £6,500. K. Plumridge, 1 Heatherway, Edgcumbe Park, Crowthorne, Berks. Tel. Crowthorne 71990.

SEAGULL Century Plus outboard engine, long shaft without clutch. As new. £100.  
6' beam trawl, complete with net. Good condition. £15.  
Mrs. A. Balmford, 35 Winstree Road, Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex. Tel. Maldon 783089.

DREVA Aux. Cutter. 13 tons TM. 34.1' x 30' x 10' x 6'. Designed N. Warrington-Smyth, built W. Frazier, Mevagissey 1936. Sleeps 5, & pipecot. Enfield '85' air-cooled engine. Sailor T.D. D.F. Loop 26F. Ferrograph 'Inshore' echosounder & much other cruising equip. Present owner bought 1968 from 1st owner. Consistent race winner. Can be viewed at Gosport Boat Yard. £10,000 o.n.o.  
J.B. Pot, 16 Albany Park Road, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey. Tel. 01-546-1641.

LILLIBULLERO Gaff Cutter. 32'. Built Gostelow, Boston. Certain amount work necessary to covering boards, topsides & engine, but basically v. sound & excellent sea boat. Complete inventory. 'Building a Little Ship' by Johnston is about her. Offers c.£4,000. Campbell, Brookfield House, Colyton, Devon. Tel. 52038.

GAFF SLOOP 18' x 5'6" x 2'8". Clinker planked. Built 1938, refit 1976/77. Iron ballast keel. Terylene main & foresail, w. sailbag. Nylon & terylene running rigging, Galv. steel wire rope standing rigging. Sm. removable cabin top leaves cockpit for 2/3, if removed, room 4 adults day sailing. Good sea boat. Forerunner of Nova Espero. Lying Cowes. £700.

David Leather, Stanswood, 118 Baring Road, Cowes, I.O.W. Tel. 3484.

POLLY 26'3" x 25' x 8' x 3'9". 6 tons TM. 8 H.P. Stuart Turner. New mast and spars 1971, Terylene sails 1976, Plywood pram dinghy. 'Old lady of the Bristol Channel' - built 1883. £2,900.

R.P. James, 39 Marine Parade, Pill, Bristol. Tel. Pill 3314.

GIPSY Gaff cutter 25' x 20' x 8.1' x 3.8'. Lloyds Reg. Built 1895. Teak on oak. Clipper bow, counter stern, flush decks. 2 berths, chart table, galley unit. Echo sounder, 2 anchors, compass, sweeps, etc. 7 good terylene & flax sails w. stainless steel rigging. 1st in Class 2 E.C. Race. £2,900 O.n.O.

R. Barnard, Wivenhoe (020622) 4871.

MOLLIHAWK IV No. 136684. 44'16 tons. Linton Hope's 1914 gaff ketch design of gentleman's single-handed cruiser. At present Bmu rigged, but ripe for re-conversion. Original panelled cabin - 6'8" headroom. For details ring Cambridge (0223) 55108.

STYX Gaff Cutter. 24' x 7' x 4'. Built Crossfields of Arnside 1912. Ex R. Mersey Rivers Class, sister ship to Deva. 5 terylene sails, sleeps 3. 6 H.P. Johnson outboard. 8' Avon dinghy, w. Seagull 40. Exc. cond. - May 1977 survey. £2,600.

J. Pearson, 5 Alwyn Close, Mold, N. Wales. Tel. Mold 4793.

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Now our usual welcome to new members:

M.D. Wilkins, 56 Hockley Road, Rayleigh, Essex.

Skua 795

B.H. Darby, 'Hylands', 145 Lower Road, Hullbridge, Maldon, Essex.

Sara of Lawling 796

J.R. Bissell, 'Medeswell', Goathouse Lane, Hazeleigh, Maldon, Essex.

Capri 744

T.C. Smith, Whitegates, Otterbourne, Winchester, Hants.

Sombria 859

W.B.C. Campbell, Brookfield House, Colyton, Devon EX13 6NH.

Lillibullero 269

C. Cooper, 191A Battersea Bridge Road, Battersea, London S.W.11.

Sheldrake 797

C.J. Greenslade, Flat 15, The Arsenal, Alderney, Channel Islands.

Hirondelle 800

J. Welham, 11 St. Peters Road, West Mersea, Essex.

Lady Sarah 808

N. Gaches, 136 High Street, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Black Bess 832

W.K.M. Wood, 23 Breval Cres., Hardgate, Clydebank. G81 6PA.

Gertrude 725

Wendy Laycock, c/o Woolverstone Marina, Woolverstone, Ipswich, Suffolk.

Wendy 388

E.A. Winter, B.E.M., 44 Chillington Court, Patchway, Bristol.

Demerara 807

C.L. Ball, 191 Raphael Drive, Shoeburyness, Essex.

Lady Ripple 384

D. Baggett, 47 High Street, Wootton Bridge, Isle of Wight.

Dorothea 804

T. Baster, 72 Princess Road, London N.W.6.



D.J. Kent, 15 Flemings Road, Woodstock, Oxford. OX7 1ND.  
Walkabout 809  
J.F. Robertson, 53 San Jose Avenue, Victoria, British Columbia.  
U8U ZC1. Albatross III  
D. Sumpter, 1 Devonia Road, London N.1.  
Gauntlet 319  
A. Cox, The Blackbirds, Bridewell Lane, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.  
Island Cruising Club, Island Street, Salcombe, S. Devon. TQ8 8DR  
Provident  
Hoshi  
Curlew

Since the last full list of members was issued, the following have moved:-

A.L.Brooks, Railway Station, Whippingham, Isle of Wight  
Rosabel 683  
B.K.D.Buckle The Staithe, 74, Coast Rd., West Mersea, Essex  
Martha 690  
D.G.Davies, Penlan, Llangeitho, Tregaron Dyfed, Wales  
Mersey 420  
V. Eden, Lindisfarne, Private Rd., Galleywood, Chelmsford, Essex  
Tamarisk of Maldon 569  
B.B.Gibson, 16, Crowthers Hill, Dartmouth, Devon  
Sea Wigeon 536  
J.P.Harvest, 17, Coombe Rd., Dartmouth, Devon  
Prawle 485  
K.F.Plumridge, 1, Heatherway, Edgecombe Rd., Crowthorne Berks.  
Tee Jay 987  
R.S.Saville, c/o Thursfield, Moor Hall Lane, Danbury, Essex  
Nightfall 862  
D.J.Smith, Mistley House, Mistley, Essex  
M.L.Taplin, Stepping Stones, Whitenap Lane, Romsey, Hants.  
Catriona 228  
J.D.C.Valentine, Mylor Yacht Harbour Penryn, Cornwall  
G.L.Ventris, 10 Broadclyst Gardens, Thorpe Bay, Essex  
Myrrhine 435  
M. Walker, 6, Cross St., Padstow, Cornwall  
Canto 681  
A.H.G.Wilson, Blackchub, Kier, By Thornhill, Dumfriesshire  
Ferryman 297  
R. Wyatt, Whitstable Squash Rackets Club, West Beach, Whitstable,  
Kent  
R.H.P.Young, 47, North Street, Maldon, Essex  
Four Sisters 309

Can any member please let me have the new addresses for the following members who appear to have moved and not notified us ?

J.N.Denner, formerly of Harby, Melton Mowbray  
D. Dyson, formerly of Cranleigh Rd., Portchester  
J.F.Wollaston, formerly of Lee on Solent  
B.J.Woolley, formerly of Longford, Gloucester.

J.A.S.

Yet another letter from M.E.White tells of further progress on Eider Duck, which, with the aid of a motor pump, has been floated up to nearer her owners home in Gloucestershire.

## SECRETARY'S NOTES

Various accounts of events have had to be held over for the next issue of the Newsletter as this issue has reached the maximum size we can cope with in one lot !

A somewhat hectic period at work has reduced the time I've had available to deal with O.G.A. affairs, so if any of you have written to me and not received a reply yet, please accept my apologies.

A sincere 'Thank You' to those of you who have kept me supplied with details of boats, completed Boat Register forms etc., and an appeal to those of you who have not - please do help to keep our records up to date, and as complete as possible.

In the South West, Trevor Vincett has handed over the S.W. Area race organisation to Peter Lucas, c/o Dartmouth Yacht Services, Mayors Avenue, Dartmouth, S. Devon.

J.A.S.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** The inside of the back cover, upper picture, shows Providence, 780, leading Shamrock, 474, Wilful, 530, Little Apple, 373, Moya, 2334, and an unidentified boat just after the start of the Thomas Bucktrout Race, whilst the lower picture was taken shortly before the start. 'The author' referred to in the caption is Roger Linn, who, in addition to his fine article, has sent me some splendid pictures.

The back cover shows the picture of Thomas Bucktrout gazing benignly at the gleaming silver and polished wood of the Thomas Bucktrout Trophy at the prizegiving; and the lower picture shows a corner of the harbour, with Bramble, Ripple, Agnes and Little Apple in the foreground; Patsy, Manureva, Gros Paul and Surcouf in the second row; and on the far side of the harbour entrance, Moya stern on, and Velsia lying outside Citara. Note Little Apple's immense bowsprit resting back on the cockpit coaming, and Surcouf's interesting standing gaff with the sail furled by the mast.

Which just leaves space for a few Limericks - PLEASE keep them coming !

There was an Old Gaffer from Ryde  
Who motored to stem the tide  
He told the Committee  
He hadn't. A pity !  
So he went to Hell when he died.

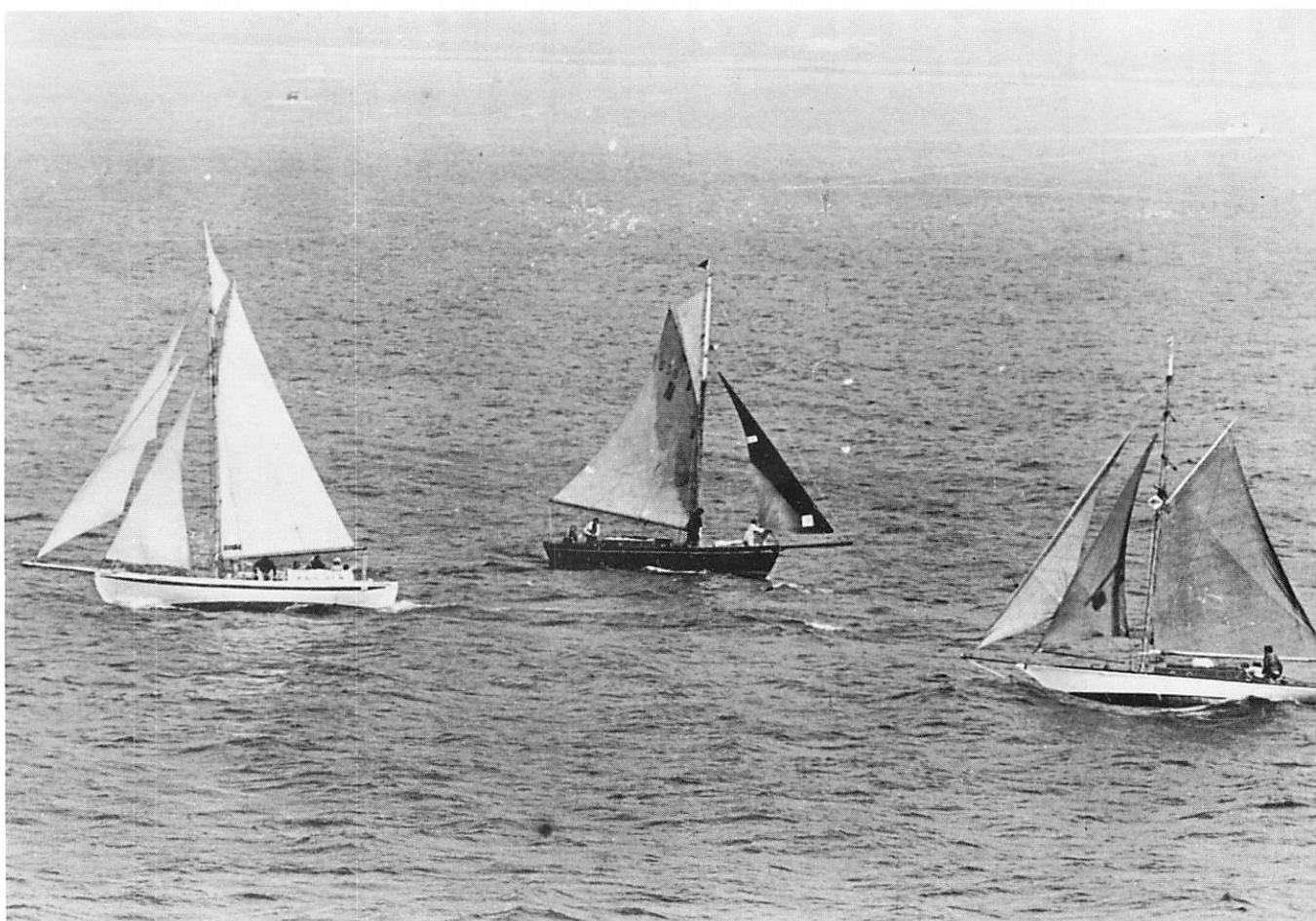
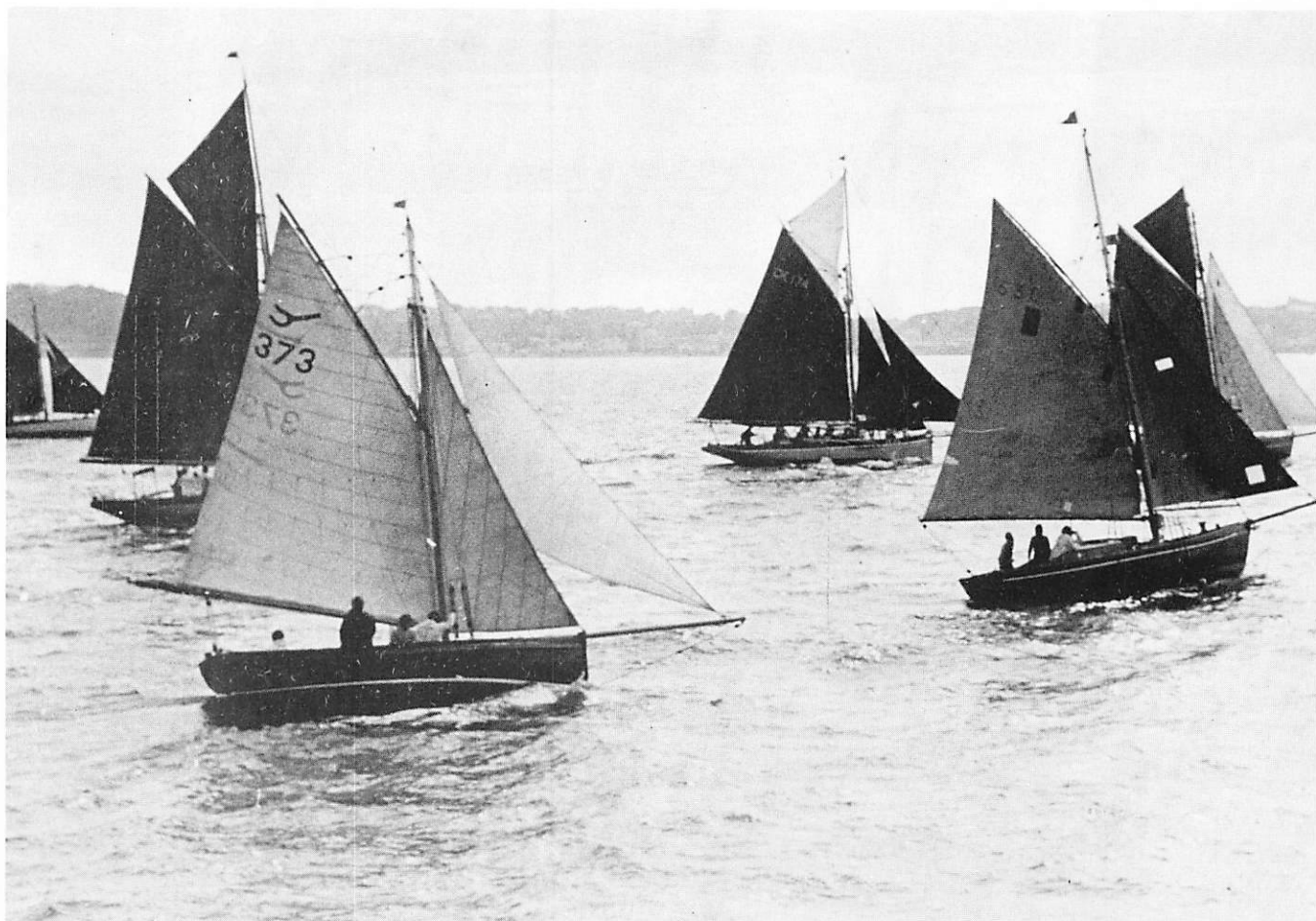
An Indian Gaffer from Ealing  
Succumbed to a homesick feeling  
As he drifted past Cowes  
He stood in the bows  
And shouted "Which way for Darjeeling?".

J.D.

A nice chap in the Ass-o-ci-ation  
Eyed his boat needing much restoration  
Then he left with a flurry  
And took all the worry  
To his office near Baker Street Station  
(With apologies to you-know-who and his recent moving from those parts)

R.V.C.

The sails of a gaffer from Chester  
Blew out in a strong Sou-Wester  
The owner did moan.  
Bought flax - hand sewn  
And said "Stuff your blank polyester."  
Terence Lien.



'Wilful' apparently disagreeing with 'Velsia' and 'Undine' about the direction of travel. The author is praying on the foredeck.

