



1977/4

Old Gaffers Association Newsletter



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THE OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION

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OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION

NEWSLETTER No. 1977/4

COVER PICTURE

WILFUL 530 - The first picture we have been able to publish of a gaffer carrying her O.G.A. Race number on her sail !

Wilful was designed and built by C. Sibbick of Cowes in 1899, and was formerly named Norken, then Melody. In 1911 she moved to the East Coast, where she stayed until 1975. In 1928, she was owned by Maurice Griffiths, who described her in some of his books. Mike Willett brought her into the O.G.A. fleet when he bought her in 1971. Mike added the present coachroof, and replaced the small steering well described by Maurice Griffiths with the larger cockpit. In 1975, Mike sold Wilful to Jonathan Ward-Hayne, who took her round to join the South Western fleet, and who has sent the following description.

Dimensions LOA 30' LWL 28' Beam 8'6" Draft 5'9"

Construction - Planking $1\frac{1}{4}$ " pitch pine

Sawn Frames - Oak, $2\frac{1}{2}$ " square on 2'6" centres, with 2 pairs 3" square in way of the mast. All tied to the keelson by iron floors.

Bent Frames - Rock Elm, $1\frac{1}{2}$ " x 1" on 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ " centres.

Fastenings - Copper rivetted through bent frames, Bronze dumps at hood ends.

Beam Shelf - Pine $4\frac{3}{4}$ " x $1\frac{1}{2}$ "

Deck Beams 2" x $2\frac{1}{2}$ " on 18" centres.

Deck Planking - Teak $2\frac{1}{2}$ " x 1".

The original ceiling has been removed at some time.

Spars - Mast - 33' from deck to truck, $5\frac{1}{2}$ " dia. at deck

Boom 20'10" x 4" fitted with worm roller reefing gear.

Gaff 15'6" x 3"

Bowsprit 9' overhang, $4\frac{1}{2}$ " dia.

Ballast $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons on the keel (lead) and $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons of lead in 56lb pigs.

Engine - currently BMC Vedette, 4 cylinder 14/20 H.P. swinging a 3 blade prop via a reduction box. In 1919 she had a single cylinder 15H.P. engine made by Bergens Launch and Engine Co. of Glasgow. Jon is contemplating converting the BMC engine to run on paraffin.

Hull Shape The stem is slightly rounded above the water, and fairly well cut away below. While she is pretty lean bowed, there is sufficient flare to prevent her digging in until conditions get really severe, but she has a very lively pitching motion which I am trying to smooth out by spreading the ballast more. As can be imagined from the amount of ballast she is as stiff as a church, for an 8 tonner, that is.

Accommodation The saloon contains two settee berths and most important, the coal stove. The galley is just abaft the mast, sink to port and gas cooker to starboard. There is a well placed skylight giving headroom there. Forward of the mast is the head and two pipe cots. The saloon is all varnished, and with all the frames visible is pleasantly old fashioned, while the foc'sle is white painted for light, and to encourage cleanliness.

Plans for the future include replacing the wire main halliards which run on very inefficient winches with rope pulley-hauley ones, and having a squaresail made for downwind cruising, as I hate spinnakers.

J. W-H.

WILFUL IN BRITTANY

1976 being the 25th anniversary of the Island Cruising Club in Salcombe, Wilful's new home port, it was decided to time my Brittany cruise to co-incide with the festivities and the Club rally in Morlaix.

Toby Morris joined the ship on Saturday 14th August, and that night there was a big party aboard the Egremont, the old Mersey Ferry that is being converted as the I.C.C.'s new headquarters ship. With her big lounge and observation decks she makes an ideal venue for a large thrash afloat, and with Hoshi and Provident and others of the Club fleet rafted alongside all lit up, as were their crews, she made a fine sight.

On Sunday the whole Club fleet from Provident down to the dinghies was organised to sail past and salute the Commodore stationed in a launch just outside the Bar, before the cruising boats set off for Brittany. Boats privately owned by members were invited to join in, and when John Fearn arrived aboard in the morning after a strenuous night supervising the bar, we sailed down the harbour and out onto the Range

The weather was perfect for the occasion. A force 4 Easterly and bright sun enlivened the proceedings, and we roared about joyfully for a while before joining the line astern of Provident and reaching past the Commodore's launch with ensigns dipped. Wilful seemed reluctant to keep her station astern of Ian Lyon's 12 ton Hilliard Akua (of which more anon), and had to be restrained with her staysail backed till the last moment, before scorching past the launch with Toby at the ensign halliards. We forged on past Akua and a couple of other boats with those funny triangular mainsails, and set course for Roscoff.

After a couple of hours exhilarating sailing on a broad reach, logging a shade over 5½ knots, the wind began to fade, and the topsail was hoisted to try to keep up our speed, but by 1600 hours we were rolling and slatting our gear about and getting nowhere, so in order to give the battery a charge before the navigation lights went on for the night we fired up the motor, as did all the other boats in sight. Curlew in particular thundering off like a bus. By 2100 hours the breeze started to pick up again, and we thankfully substituted the cotton topsail for the iron one and wafted our way through a beautiful starlit night.

I had hoped to pick up at least the loom of the Ile de Bas Light by dawn, but an early mist obscured it, and we finally made a landfall on the Plateau des Melouines at 0900, having lost the log rotator sometime during the early hours. The breeze came up with the sun, and we had a fine sail through the channel south of Roche Duon, anchoring in the new ferry port of Bloscon, just round the corner from Roscoff, at 1100 hours. Although it is about a mile walk from the town, Bloscon has the advantage of deep water at all times, allowing one to come and go at will. On the other hand it is unattractive and a bit exposed to easterlies.

We found Akua there, and after seeking out the customs at the ferry terminal, who informed us that the Green Card system for foreign yachts had just been scrapped and that they weren't really interested in us, we made a combined assault on Roscoff in search of bonded stores, which fortunately had not been scrapped. After getting the bond aboard and sampled, we went ashore for an excellent seafood meal at Le Blockhaus, a converted fort at the eastern point of Roscoff harbour. Good food, average price, and folk singers occasionally.

Tuesday morning was flat calm, so after a good lie in we ambled in to Roscoff for bread, fruit and wine, and after lunch aboard the breeze arrived and we decided to find a new spot for the night. Since we had to rendezvous with the I.C.C. fleet at Morlaix the following day, Primel looked like a good bet.

Because it was low water when we arrived off Point de Primel, and there does not appear to be much room inside the harbour, the main was stowed outside and we ran in through the narrow but straightforward entrance under headsails. In fact the harbour was not unduly crowded, and we rounded up to anchor in 2 fathoms about 50 yards east of the beacon in the middle between two fishing boats. Nancy Bet, I.C.C.'s big Hillyard ketch, arrived soon after, and over a glass of wine we heard from Bill Purser, her skipper, that plans for the rally had been changed. Because of the combination of neap tides and the drought there would be insufficient water in the Morlaix lock for the bigger boats, so the new plan was to anchor off Penn Lann at the mouth of the river and hold a party aboard Provident instead of taking over a restaurant ashore.

Primel's main feature is the big shellfish factory, acres of ponds filled with crayfish from Morocco, lobster from where-ever they can find them, crab from the Channel, and every conceivable smaller form of shellfish. Probably a million pounds worth of delicious seafood, waiting to be eaten. Many English boats come over to sell their catches. Toby was dispatched in the dinghy to buy langoustines for lunch, while John and I cleaned ship.

With a mid day high water it seemed worthwhile taking a look at Carantec, so we tacked slowly out of Primel against a light north-easterly, and once past Les Zamegues bore away past Roches Jaunes to the Chenal de Treguier. After rounding up past the Chateau de Taureau, an old fort now housing a sailing school, we made our way past Le Corbeau and through a maze of rocks to anchor off the beach at Carantec. Although the entrance to the Morlaix river looks terrifying at first glance on the chart, it is extremely well marked, and with a large scale chart and Adlard Coles' North Brittany Pilot to help, presents no real problems providing visibility is clear. Tidal streams and heights are best worked out in advance and noted for every hour for quick reference, as these need serious consideration, especially at springs.

A quick run ashore to change money after lunch showed Carantec to be a pleasant little town with all facilities a visitor might require. The only snag is that for an overnight stay it would be necessary to dry out on legs or anchor a long way off with a long row in. Since the tide was dropping and the breeze freshening to a steady force 4, we made a rapid departure and retraced our steps to the mouth of the river. We sailed up as far as seemed prudent on a falling tide, and since we were tearing along at maximum speed in calm water, we cast Toby adrift in the dinghy with his camera to take photos. while we tore past on different points of sailing.

One by one the Club boats came in to anchor, and after retrieving Toby we whizzed around them for a while, showing off shamelessly. Nemesis came inevitably when, after we had picked up a spare mooring, both the throat halliard and the jib furling gear chose the same moment to foul, causing us to sail three times round the buoy in a most undignified fashion before getting all that flapping canvas down.

After making Wilful and ourselves shipshape we rowed over to join the party on Provident, where the cooks, after ransacking Roscoff in the morning, had prepared a magnificent spread.

The wine flowed freely, and after supper a good sing-song developed, led and compered by our Commodore, Hubert Monroe. Chris Spencer-Chapman and Bru Pearce, two Club skippers, performed their unique versions of MacDonald's Farm and the Wild West Show, and each boat had composed its own song for the occasion. The lyrics had better remain unrecorded.

Having killed our hangovers the next morning with a glass of Muscadet chilled in the bilge, (a sovereign remedy) I found that one of my crew had kept the Old Gaffers tradition alive and liberated both Hoshi's and Provident's very beautiful bell ropes. A kind gesture, but wasted as Wilful does not yet possess a bell, so these were returned and the fleet dispersed to its various destinations. Most of the Club boats had to be back in Salcombe to change crews the following evening, but we were in no hurry and decided to take a look at the Lannion River. Akua got under way at the same time, and we beat up the Chenal de Treguier together in a perfect breeze. I was gratified to find Wilful both footing faster and pointing higher than Akua since gaffers aren't supposed to go to windward.

After another superb afternoon's sailing we crept cautiously into Lannion river with a smell of water under our keel until we reached the pool off Le Yaudet. We found bad holding ground on the Le Yaudet side of the river and dragged a couple of times, but after shifting to the north side had no trouble.

Half a mile upstream a stretch of woodland was ablaze, and firemen were busily pumping the river uphill. Fortunately they got things under control, as there was a chance of a windshift sending sparks our way. Le Yaudet proved to be a quiet little village with a couple of restaurants, but not much else. A word of warning; take a torch ashore, as the steps from the slip up to the village are shaded by trees and pitch dark even on a moonlit night.

On Friday morning, after a bath at the hotel where we had dined the previous night, we motored up the river to Lannion. It is an exceptionally pretty river, winding between wooded banks rather like the Dart, but with hardly a trace of habitation for about four miles. We reached Lannion an hour before high water, and the plan was to top up with petrol and water and buy some stores before having a quick look round and returning down river on the first of the ebb. Things turned out rather differently, as the supermarket we were directed to was twenty minutes walk in the sun, necessitating a couple of cool beers when we found it, and by the time we were back aboard the tide had started to ebb as if someone had pulled the chain. We cast off, got into mid channel, and ran hard aground on a mud bank caused by the scour from a sewer outlet. Both wind and tide were pushing us on, and no amount of hauling, heeling, or motoring astern helped, so we saw her down comfortably, for her not us, on her starboard side, and went off to explore the town. Lannion is in fact a delightful town, and well worth the visit. Busy, but not too crowded with holiday makers, the streets are full of all manner of good shops and cafes, and there are many very attractive old buildings.

Our next tide was at 0300 hours, and after gazing at the mud for an interminable time, we eventually had water to float the inflatable alongside, and after running a kedge to the far bank we transferred 3 hundredweight of ballast to the dinghy. She finally came upright, and with a heave on the kedge warp and a hefty kick astern on the motor came free. Unfortunately while recovering the kedge the skipper received the torch beam full in the eyes, lost his carefully observed marks for the deep channel, and went hard aground on the other side.

The warp was hurriedly run out to a lamp post, and John and I cranked the capstan till the rope sang, but Lannion mud is very sticky, and had no intention of letting us go, so when the ebb started we resigned ourselves to an uncomfortable night on our port side. The next day's tide had an extra foot of rise, so we popped off easily enough and blew down river under the jib, keeping a very wary eye on the echo-sounder. We picked up a buoy off Le Yaudet to restow the ballast and tidy up.

The conclusion I draw from our agricultural interlude is that I would urge anyone to go up to Lannion, but for a boat of more than about $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft. draft (Wilful draws 5.9') it should be timed for a day or two before springs, when one can go up on an evening tide, dry out alongside the quay for the night and go down either the following morning early or the evening with plenty of water.

Having scrubbed the mud off ourselves and the boat, we decided to sail round to Trebeurden for the night. With the usual and invaluable help of Adlard Coles we enjoyed a brisk couple of hours sail round the rocks and anchored in the spot recommended. After supper we were all tired enough after the previous night's mudlarking to forgo the pleasures of the shore, and turned in early.

We were awakened on Sunday morning by the incessant barking and howling of a dog on a neighbouring yacht whose considerate owners had left it aboard while they went off to sit on the beach, where dogs are banned. We went ashore for fresh bread, and found Trebeurden to be a thriving holiday resort with all shops open, despite it being Sunday. When we returned aboard the unfortunate dog was still expressing displeasure at its situation, so we decided a gentle drift across to Ile Grande was in order.

With topsail and jib topsail set we must have made a fine sight, as everyone waved and shouted compliments. Two Frenchmen in racing dinghies spent so much time circling and watching us that they collided amidst many Gallic oaths.

We anchored close to the outer beacon at Ile Grande, just South of Ile Fougere, a quiet and sheltered spot at neaps, though at springs one would need to be a little further out and perhaps exposed to winds from N - NW. We explored Ile Fougere, deserted now, but formerly used as a quarry, and gathered half a bucket of winkles off the rocks. After supper aboard we embarked on the long dinghy ride in to the landing at Ile Grande. The Seagull was as reliable as ever, and we were soon at the slip, where we found a fresh water tap not mentioned in Adlard Coles. There is a huge camping site on the island, but the village is attractive, and we found an excellent restaurant, Chez Georges, where we consumed a few coffees with a few Calvados to help them down, and chatted to the patron.

The trip back aboard degenerated into uncontrollable mirth, since someone had pulled the chain on us again, and instead of motoring serenely out, Toby had to be volunteered into dragging the dinghy through six inches of water while John and I encouraged him with tales of crabs and conger eels. Still, even Toby agreed that Ile Grande sand was preferable to Lannion mud.

It was now getting time to head for home, and since the Sunday night and Monday morning forecasts gave SE -S 3-4 we expected a good passage. We decided to potter up to Les Sept Iles for lunch and set off across from there, but when we slipped out through the narrow passage past Ile Losquet, we found the wind still in the NE. Since this gave us a dead beat to Les Sept Iles, we scrubbed round that idea, and as we could just lay Les Triagoz on starboard tack

it was decided to make our departure from there. Half way there the fog dropped on us like a wet blanket, and that was the last we saw of France. Fortunately the wind veered a point and with a weather-going tide we had no difficulty keeping clear of Les Triagoz, but without the log distance measurement was a bit haphazard. After running our estimated time plus a bit for safety we set course for Start Point and settled down to watches.

The fog lifted in the late afternoon well before we crossed the Ushant - Casquets shipping lane, which was a relief, and that lane gave us a handy distance check, as it is about as well defined as the M1, and nearly as busy. The wind died with the sun and we motored out of the shipping for an hour before the engine overheated, having picked up the inevitable plastic bag some kindly soul had thrown over for us. This was soon cleared, and the faithful Vedette regained its normal cool, then since the battery was in good heart for the night we switched off and drifted through a lovely clear night, stars above and phosphorescence below us. The BBC was still burbling about SE winds, so we hoped for a good sail in the morning.

When the morning breeze finally arrived, it did so from NW force 1. I sometimes wonder why I bother waking up at inconvenient times to listen to forecasts. Still, we could lay our course, so we set the jib topsail and the big light staysail, and slipping along peacefully at 1-2 knots, we set about competing with the Russians in denuding the Channel of mackerel.

At 1500 hours just as we were into the shipping south of Start Point, Sod's Law asserted itself as the fog clamped down again, reducing visibility to less than 100 yards at times. An hour earlier and I would have hove to south of the shipping lane and waited for it to clear, but there were more hooters blowing astern than ahead, so we crept on, all eyes and ears, blowing twice every minute, after substituting the radar reflector for the jib topsail. Only one ship, Singapore registered, gave us a bad fright, coming out of nowhere at a good clip, without a sound, and passing fifty yards ahead of us. Whether or not he had seen us on his radar, I wouldn't know; he didn't stop to say.

When all the hooting had receded astern and Start Point fog signal was blowing fine on the starboard bow we saw the first of the crab pots and turned N.W. for Bolt Head. Since this was dead to windward and we were punching a sping flood, we motored in bursts, shutting down every few minutes for a good listen. Having run our estimated time our final ear flapping exercise produced the sound of surf, so we bore away to the North and sailed slowly in listening hard and watching the echo-sounder. Fifteen minutes later we sailed out of the fog and found ourselves just off Starhole Bay, just off the leading marks over Salcombe Bar. The relief after five hours intense concentration was fantastic, and three hands reached simultaneously for the duty free locker to celebrate our arrival.

We motored up the harbour against the ebb, stowing sails as we went, and having made Wilful fast to her mooring collapsed on our bunks like corpses till H.M. Customs tapped on the topsides in the morning to clear us in.

J. W-H.

OF PILL

The wall just outside the "Duke" is nicely adjusted for leaning the elbows upon. A favourite occupation when work is done - and is done for the best of reasons - to look at the boats. At high tide the creek is so sheltered that the water is rarely disturbed by the wind. Possibly a North or Northwest gale is most to be feared, but boats very rarely break loose. The wash of a ship passing in the river will set each yacht moving in its own style, dependant upon its size and build, though checked by the heavy trots that span the creek.

At low tide the mud below the wall slopes easily for some one hundred and fifty feet then drops away into a small stream, which rumbles or tinkles according to the season. From the bed of the little brook the Eastern bank rises almost vertically in mud covered rock to be crowned by reedy grass. The mud varies in depth, most of it some three feet deep, in places four feet. It lies over a sloping bed of rock which is ridged and broken in places. These elements, the range of tide, the rocks, - give to the mud a life cycle of its own. Some years it is hummocky and ridged, another flat. Sometimes plentiful, another sparse. It is agglutinous and to a degree preservative. The trots well covered in mud remain good, only those parts 'between wind and water' suffer real corrosion.

A deep keel boat takes a while to settle onto its place, leaning first one way then another as it pushes away broken rock and rubbish to make its hole in the mud. Once settled it will sit almost upright, leaning a few degrees towards the stream. Whether bow up or bow down stream is a matter of argument. Most sit bow downstream to guard the rudder against slipping. I had my rudder blade broken through being careless in this matter. Now I do as others do and leave the tiller free to take up its most natural position.

I like Pill for being itself. It has been modernised and developed, but the development has gone inland, away from the creek that gave it birth. The old cottages along the side of the pill have gone. Now there are flats, big windowed and blocklike, but they seem to fit, perhaps because of their very familiarity. Crockerne House is the name of one of these, and it is favoured by a gateway of ornamental iron in which is set a bronze plaque. It reads -

FROM NEAR THIS PLACE IN 1497 SAILED JAMES RAY AS PILOT.
HE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE ASSISTED IN THE OUTWARD PASSAGE
OF JOHN CABOT WHO VOYAGED AND DISCOVERED THE NEW WORLD
SAILING FROM BRISTOL IN THAT YEAR. SINCE THAT TIME
PILL HAS REMAINED HOME TO MANY OF THE BRISTOL CHANNEL
PILOTS.

TABLET ERECTED BY THE PORT OF BRISTOL AUTHORITY, THE
SOCIETY OF MERCHANT VENTURERS AND THE PILOTAGE AUTHORITY
1963.

But Pill is older - far older than that. Before the days of land drainage the whole area from the river mouth inland was low lying and marshy. The creek set in a small cleft in the first piece of high land would be welcomed and made use of by any traveller, whether from inland or the sea. Archeological evidence of a settlement at Pill in Roman or pre-Roman times is lacking, but it would surprise me if use were not made of the creek. There was an established ferry here in the ninth century and a small settlement in St. Katherine's Pill (now known as Chapel Pill) a quarter mile or so further up the river.

Robert FitzHarding established the family of de-Berkeley at Berkeley castle in Gloucestershire and, with an eye to the main chance and backing the right people, became the most powerful landowner in the West. His son Thomas de Berkeley would live at each of his halls of residence in turn, Berkeley, Bedminster, and Portbury. The journey from Berkeley to Portbury involved the crossing of the river at Pill. With his retinue of squires, ladies, attendants and servants, add in baggage carts and pack horses, it must have been quite an undertaking. My impression of these days is of a lower marshy bank on the Gloucester shore making the crossing longer and more difficult than it is today. A rope may have spanned the river and the barge or raft hauled across. No doubt there were a number of 'accidents' as the men of Pill were an independant lot and had no liking for their lordly masters.

The fifteenth century was characterised by quarrels and internecine wars within the Nerkeley family. William (William Waste-all), son of James, was a vindictive and miserly fellow, and was in the habit of crossing the ferry without paying. The ferry owner complained to Richard, Duke of Yorke (Lord of the Manor of Easton, in which Pill is situated). Eventually Lord de Lisle challenged William to a duel - over the ferry and other matters. William accepted and appointed Nibley Green for the meeting. William and his men set an ambush at the approaches to the green, and Lord de Lisle was shot by an arrow through the brain.

In sixteenth century England the manor of Easton was owned by Thomas Morgan and the ferry was under his patronage. Bristol in Elizabethan times was a powerful city and anxious to extend its influence. On the strength of a charter of Edward III it assumed control of the channel as far as the Holmes, and made much of their manorial courts. But they bit off more than they could chew when they clashed with the Morgans over the ferry rights. In 1630 Richard, son of Thomas Mrgan, was considered "more intolerable than his father" by "interfering with the navigation of the Avon". Bristol petitioned the Privy Council, saying that Morgan had built a house upon the river bank directly in front of an ancient tree used from time immemorial as a mooring post. Two "impartial" observers were sent down from London. The Archbishop of York and the Chief Justice of Common Pleas. They were lavishly entertained and surfigeted with roast beef, wine and seeetmeats, then rowed down river to see the ferry.

The Archbishop's "impartial" report denounced Morgan in vigorous terms, saying that Morgan had set up a "Sconce" which impeded commerce and destroyed the morals of seafaring men. For it was fortified by eleven strong pothouses, discharging not powder and shot, but tobacco smoke and strong beers, defiling the people with drunkenness, filthiness, and robbery. This report cost Bristol merchants £20 - 16 - 2d plus a fine Buck as well as the 'gratifications' to the Gentlemen of the Kings Bedchamber, the Clerks, the clerks' men, the Doorkeepers, the doorkeepers' men, the Porters, the Archbishop's secretary, and many other underlings. All this had no effect on Morgan, for in 1634 witnesses stated "that he had built another house so close to the river that men towing ships had to struggle through deep mud along the shore." Morgan apparently went to jail, but nothing was done about the "Sconce".

The eighteenth century brought the enclosures of common land and the drainage of the marshes beside the river. In Pill, a village of a few hundreds, there were eighteen alehouses. Life for the people was poverty, smallpox endemic. Parish officials were uninterested in administering the poor law. No wonder people drank.

Pill of the eighteen alehouses was an active part of the sea. At high water it filled the whole creek to the foot of the hill. There was a watermill, and a drydockyard. Alongside the pill there were small houses each with a boathouse beneath it. On the opposite side of the creek were the Excise Commissioners post, an office, and a watchhouse. By the ferry lived the P lots and tidewaiters. Many of the ships bound for Bristol anchored in Hung Road waiting for a tow. Towing was generally done from the bank by teams of horses, and occasionally men. Ships were also towed by rowing barges. A ship of one hundred tons towed from the Avon mouth to Bristol paid £9.

1836 saw the first steam tug in the Avon - the Fury. The towers of Pill resented it and attempted to scuttle it. They finally set it adrift in the channel. The men of Pill are an independent lot !

The origin of the phrase "Pill Shark" comes from the latter days of sail. Ships becalmed in the tropics would sometimes hang as bait for sharks a piece of salt pork. Sometimes they were lucky, often not, and forgot the meat. The Hobbler before tying his boat astern would detach the meat for his own use. Hence Pill Shark.

1867 saw the opening of the railway to Portishead and the gradual decline of the harbour. A brick built viaduct crosses the creek, effectively splitting much of the villages riparian origins. Many of the older houses are of red brick, and round the foot of the hill the shops are raised upon high pavements needing three or four steps to mount them. A reminder of the big spring tides that still flood the roadways.

The present anchorage is tiny compared with its eighteenth century port, but it is as snug a refuge as you will find anywhere, and it serves our needs and pleasures well.

M.E.White

1977 SOUTH WEST OLD GAFFERS RACE

The South West Area held its fifth annual race on July 9th at Bournemouth.

The day dawned fine with a good N.E. breeze to speed the boats from the anchorage to the start line and from the Homestone to our committee boat which was again Mr. Law's converted RNLI lifeboat "Jymphary".

The forty five boats got off to a good start on the starboard tack and headed off to the Skerries buoy on a broad reach. The fleet spread out with Moya and Kelpie taking the lead and Elizabeth Mary coming up fast from leeward. Rounding the buoy the course down to the Slapton Sands mark boat was a close fetch with a freshening wind.

The next leg saw some boats reefing as the wind touched force five for a short while - Boan and Little Apple were two casualties of this sudden increase, Boan with a broken boom and Little Apple with a parted jib halliard.

The fleet split for the beat with some boats favouring an inshore course while others stood offshore. The inshore course in calmer water paid off for those who took it and in most cases they found themselves in front of boats they had been trailing off at the Slapton mark, who had stood offshore.

10.

Rounding the committee boat with the breeze dying back to a NNE2. it was a gentle run down to the Skerries again and most boats managed to sail close hauled back to the finish in one tack. The wind went very light and some of the larger boats failed to finish within the time limit of 18.30 and the committee boat steamed home.

Prizegiving was at the Royal Dart Yacht Club at 19.30 and the prizes were presented by Major David Goddard, director of the Exeter Maritime Museum, who had spent a long day aboard the committee boat. Afterwards a very good supper was served by the ladies committee and everyone settled down to down a few pints and go round the buoys again!

The results were as follows:

Class 1	1.	Charlotte Rhodes Bell	Moya
	2.	Solent Block	Dyarchy
	3.	Tyrone Trophy	Gaivota
	4.	Bottle of Wine	Kelpie
Class 2	1.	Whelker Trophy	Ripple
	2.	Dartmouth Deadeye	Reynardine
	3.	Pinrail Trophy	Katrina
	4.	Bottle of Wine	Elizabeth Mary
Class 3	1.	Scrimshaw Trophy	Agnes
	2.	Sheave Trophy	La Toulannaise
	3.	Bottle of Wine	Acietuna

First Local Boat - Kingswear Trophy - Ripple

Last on Corrected Time - Plodders Pin - Stormalong

OVERALL WINNER - AGNES.

SOUTH WEST REGATTA RACE

The South West Committee was approached by the Dartmouth Regatta Committee earlier this year and asked to stage a Regatta Gaffers Race.

The day chosen - August Bank Holiday - turned out to be an excellent choice as the previous week had been wet and windy. A gentle drift out to the start line with a freshening wind in the estuary was most of the 17 boats off to a good start. Vigilance and Nylund were away to seaward of the line and Elizabeth Mary was late out of the river.

The wind was SW4 which made the first leg to the Skerries a beat. Boan was first round, followed by Ripple and the rest of the fleet. It was a rip roaring run down to the Eastern Blackstone and a hard beat up to the Homestone and then back to the finish line. First home was Ripple, followed by Boan, Vigilance, Morwenna and Elizabeth Mary all in a bunch.

Prizegiving was in the bandstand at 18.30, with prizes given by the Alliance Building Society in the form of shields and champagne for the overall winner.

Results were as follows:

Class 1	1.	Boan	Class 3	1.	La Toulannaise
	2.	Morwenna		2.	Agnes
	3.	Shamrock		3.	Acietuna
Class 2	1.	Ripple	OVERALL WINNER - RIPPLE		
	2.	Elizabeth Mary			
	3.	Wild Swan			
P. Lucas					

1977 SOLENT OLD GAFFERS RACE

by John Stansell.

Well, it had to come, even if most Solent members didn't believe that it ever would. A decent wind I mean; one that drove the heavier working boats fast enough to allow their crews to feel, during the prizegiving, that they had been part of the race. The boat that won actually, Les Windley's Marguerite T, is well known for her turn of speed under the right conditions and in fact won the Class 1 over 40 ft. prize in the moderate breezes last year. In the force 6 southwesterly that graced the course this year, Les not only repeated this performance but also crossed the line first to take the Dead Eye Trophy.

The strength of the wind even allowed Provident, crewed as always by 1,001 Island Cruising Club members, to win the Edgar March Memorial Trophy for the first working or ex-working boat to complete the course.

Some also had to lose out in such fresh conditions however, and several of the smaller boats skippers decided that other boats, or even the foreshore at Egypt Point were more desirable places to spend the day. Predictably, and unfortunately, conditions were also bound to cause some damage. Three boats, including White Moth, lost all or part of their masts, one lost a bowsprit and several blew out sails. Nearly half the 65 starters decided to retire before the end of the 15 mile, two round course.

This was the second year in which the start line was between two boats in Osborne Bay and if anything it was more successful than in 1976. With an east going wind and a west going tide, it was clear to the more thoughtful that the sea off Cowes Roads was going to be bumpy, even if the area around the start appeared dead calm. Such thinking, plus a little observation persuaded Les Bowen to leave Pierce Eye on her anchor and to sail the course with Gaivota. And when the boats got there, it was clear that the short steep sea would make the going exciting and wet, for the mile and a half from Old Castle Point, out to the Prince Consort buoy and onto the first mark, East Gurnard. Several boats tacked well into Cowes, some sailing through Dragon moorings, either to take advantage of the smoother water to change sails or purely for the faster sailing. It appeared to be a ploy that paid off.

Once round that mark, the next leg was a hairy near-run down to Hill Head, after which was a fast reach across the tide down to Peel Bank buoy just off King's Quay Creek. Back in the lee of the Island now, the course then passed through the line and we started all over again.

It was a day for caution in what sails were hoisted and most stuck to working sail. Some boats had secret weapons in their sail lockers, but they carried, as it turned out, unnecessary weight. Perhaps the best example of what can be done with plain sail was Melmore, astonishingly driven by only her owner Frank Esson and his wife Joanna (otherwise known as The Boss) who live aboard. In addition to blowing out his staysail early on in the race, whe didn't have the muscle on board to make fancy changes, other than to drop the mizzen for some of the legs. The result - second over the line, first in Class 1 under 40 ft., therefore winner of the Le Havre Plate. Frank completed the course in 3 hours 31 minutes, 17 minutes slower than Marguerite T. Corrected time for both boats was 3 hours 38 minutes and some seconds, Marguerite T just taking the prize.

12.

Next in Class 1 came Gaivota, as usual taking second prize. Following her just about a minute later came Venus, one of the few glass fibre boats in the race - designed and built by her owner, Paul Johnson, in Bermuda. She is not only a home but an ocean wanderer. Fourth in this class was Nerak, taking 4 hours 15 minutes elapsed, 3 hours 46 minutes corrected.

There is no doubt that this year's event was mainly a big-boat race, but that is not to say that the smaller ones couldn't hold their heads high. To prove it the Richardson's Skipjack took the top prize of all, the Channel Cup for first on corrected time. The figures were, elapsed 3 hours 42 minutes, corrected 3 hours 26 minutes. Next in line in Class 2a were Marishka, Chough and Dorothea. In Class 2b the order went Matoba, Paguera, Ardelle. It is informative to note that Ardelle's corrected time was 3 hours 47 minutes on a t.c.f. of 0.824!

Other prizes went as follows: Anchor Trophy and Emsworth Cleat - Snippet; Pitchfork - Provident; The C.H. Paxton Memorial Trophy - Scamp; The Channel Plate - Simba.

This year saw two other firsts, use of the National Sailing Centre's premises for the prizegiving and supper (not to mention the booze-up) and a prize of a litre of whisky for the boat that did the best job of dressing overall - with a glint in his eye Ron Francis of Gaivota browbeat his crew into picking out the shape of a gaff main in bunting and took that one. In general the new venue was a success in that the atmosphere was freer than in the Royal Corinthian and the premises were bigger so that there didn't seem to be the crush of earlier years. At £1.75 per head the four course meal was cheaper, but probably about the same value for money as at the RCYC.

Two other points should be raised. One is to remind members of the massive workload that annual events such as this race throw onto the area secretary and other committee members. In the Solent thanks must go to Chris Waddington for the main organisation and to assistants such as David Cade - Race Officer for the day - and Bob Munden. The other is to applaud Chris Lawrence for joining in the race while accepting that he and La Goleta will win no prizes; the reason of course is that he has a Leg-o-mutton main, and that could also be why he crossed the line even before Marguerite T.

SOUTH WEST PASSAGE RACE

After our disappointment in June I am happy to report that the Jubilee Passage Race from Newton Ferrers to Salcombe was a considerable success.

Having changed the course to cope with the inevitable westerlies in September, Sod's Law asserted itself and it was blowing a brisk NE4 for the start, so a direct course was set to give maximum shelter under the land for the small boats. Fifteen boats turned up at the start, which was most efficiently run by Yealm Yacht Club, and after a rapid reach round Yealm Head, the fleet came on the wind for a stiff plug across Bigbury Bay. Hoshi roared off ahead with Provident down to leeward of her under full sail, while nearly all the rest had a reef or two in. The leading bunch resolved itself into Wilful, Ripple, Elizabeth Mary and Boan, with Wenderkeeping well up.

The wind moderated a little in Bigbury Bay, and reefs were shaken out and topsails hoisted, on all but the smallest. The usual lumpy sea off Bolt Tail made a few decks wet, and keeping inshore in smoother water paid off, since one didn't lose the breeze much. Despite her small size and large cockpit, Ripple kept storming on, and all Wilful's and Elizabeth Mary's efforts to catch her were in vain.

Hoshi thundered across the finish at 1328, despite heading north instead of south when the start gun went at 1015. About that time the tide started running hard against us, and the slower boats had a very stiff fight from Bolt Tail up round Bolt Head to the finish outside Salcombe Bar. Being an afternoon low water a finish up the harbour was impractical unfortunately. Ripple, Elizabeth Mary and Wilful finished within ten minutes just after 1400, then came Boan, who had not enjoyed leaping to windward and demanded regular pumping. The small boats came in later with Sea Widgeon just making it before the 1830 time limit to win the Potterers Paddle. Andrew Roberts in the diminutive La Toulonnaise, deserves a mention for not only completing the course, but arriving before two other boats. Fortunately no damage was reported suffered by anyone.

In the evening we gathered in the Island Cruising Club, where ale was consumed, and prizes presented by John McKillop, ex-owner of Tern, cruising rear commodore of the Island Cruising Club, and prominent local sailmaker. Thanks to generous donations of prizes and sponsorship of postal expenses, etc., we were able to give £20 to RNLI.

Alt together a very enjoyable weekend, and the general feeling seemed to be that it should be repeated.

Prizes and Results:

Winner on Corrected Time	Ripple
Second on Corrected Time	Elizabeth Mary, Wilful (tied)
Class 1: 1st	Wilful
2nd	Hoshi
3rd	Boan
Class 2: 1st	Ripple
2nd	Elizabeth Mary
3rd	Wender
First to finish	Hoshi
Last to finish	Sea Widgeon
Oldest Yacht	Sea Widgeon
Oldest Working Boat	Certa

Jonathan Ward-Hayne.

ELIZABETH MARY

May I add one or two comments re Elizabeth Mary just for your records. She most certainly was a Polperro boat and fished out of that port by the same family until Col. Phibbs bought her. The engine a 7 h.p. Kelvin was fitted, in the fo'csl, whilst fishing. I removed same when I bought her. The rig was that of Polperro with a loose footed boomless mainsail until I altered her rig for dredging. I have several photos of her taken before the war under that rig. Her Plymouth fishing registration came about because Phibbs had registered her as a British vessel in that port and when I came to re-register as a fishing vessel the port could only be changed at

expense. Her original number was, I believe, FY28. I hope this is of interest - I am very aware of how information gets lost over the years and she may be the only Polperro boat left.

Secondly can I draw your attention to a new organisation 'Falmouth Friends of the Maritime Trust', a local committee set up by the Maritime Trust to restore and run two boats. Barnabas, a St. Ives pilchard driver (lugger) 36 ft long, and Softwing, a Falmouth working boat. We hope that both boats will be completed sufficiently to sail next season and we may be able to offer the opportunity to sail in the boats to anyone interested. I would be grateful if anyone has any information about the St. Ives boat and could get in touch.

Mike Johnson.

NOTES FROM THE UPPER CROUCH

I am beginning to believe that launching a new boat is some sort of fertility rite in the Old Gaffer tribe. For instance, after launching the winkle brig Prudence, our Anthea started walking 'round' looking pleased with herself, and in due course young Samuel appeared.

Now, with Mick the Brick's Skua barely trimmed to her waterline, our Sandra has a self-satisfied look. Knowing the parents, I am quietly confident that the offspring will be a worthy member of the tribe.

Right from the start, Samuel showed the makings of a good Old Gaffer. First, a reluctance to leave a warm cabin; but then he finally came on deck, with an insatiable appetite (when last seen, he was swearing because his pillow would not give any refreshment). Finally, the ability to sleep anywhere anytime (right through the East Coast A.G.M.).

. . .

Ken Critoph's Southend beach boat Coronation made a disastrous start to her autumn cruise, A bronze shroud plate parted and the lot went over the side, breaking the mast and tearing the tabernacle out of the deck. Luckily it happened in the calm waters of the river, so everything was salvaged without further damage.

Despite reports to the contrary, the fact that your correspondent was at the helm at the time is merely incidental.

The 14 h.p. sleeve-valve Kelvin did yeoman service for the rest of the week, taking us beach-combing for firewood, although we were reduced to rowing when it would not start one dank morning.

With no sailing to interfere with the eating, sleeping and drinking it took a month to work off the added fat.

L.J.W.

BOOK REVIEW

A PANORAMA OF GAFF RIG, by John Leather and Roger M. Smith, pub. Barrie & Jenkins, £7.95.

This splendid book is a collection of one hundred and thirty fine pictures of gaff rigged boats, with full explanatory captions. Roger Smith's work is well known to all regular entrants in our Solent Area race - many of the older pictures in this book will not be so familiar.

Not surprisingly, most of the older 'classic' big gaffers appear: Britannia, Satanita, Meteor II, Shamrock I and II, Amaryllis, Dolly Varden, Westward, Jolie Brise, etc., but the panorama is not restricted to the big boats. Solent Sea Birds, X.O.D., and small Cowes fishing cutters also have their place. In addition to the widely known boats, there are fine pictures of less well known cruising yachts from the earlier part of the century. And to delight all OGA members, there is a picture of the start of one of our Solent races, and splendid portraits of our own classics, like Moya, Dreva, Pierce Eye, Little Apple, Fanny of Cowes, and others.

John Leather's extended captions manage to compress into the space available an incredible amount of technical detail about the boats, and appropriate notes about owners and crews. In some of the pictures of masthead details, about the only detail not fully explained is the exact diameter of the wire used! Every other point appears to be covered lucidly and concisely.

Unusually for a John Leather book, a (very) few minor errors are discernable. Les Windley is not going to be pleased with the spelling of the name of his pride and joy (which features in colour on the dust jacket), and there would appear to have been a bit of confusion over the history of our OGA races. But the rest of this splendid book is pure joy to the enthusiast.

Many of the pictures may cause modern thinkers on yacht design and fittings to pause and reflect that perhaps their bright ideas might not be quite so new after all. One most interesting picture of the yawl Japonica (yes - it is the Japonica which used to lie in the canal at Heybridge just above the old steam launch) on the slipway in 1901 could be the inspiration for a number of very recent racing hull designs!

As well as a wide variety of boats; a wide variety of weather conditions off Cowes are covered, from White Heather in a flat calm, up to Fanny of Cowes in what would have been force 8 to 9 when the picture was taken, but which shortly after rose to a screaming force 10.

All in all, this book is certainly a 'must' for all who love gaff rig, and when one thinks of the cost of photographs today, it is a remarkably cheap book.

J.A.S.

SECRETARY'S NOTES

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Association will be held at the Cruising Association Rooms, Ivory House, St. Katherine's Dock, London, on Saturday, March 4th, 1978. There will be a Committee Meeting at 5 p.m., the bar will be open at 6 p.m., and the A.G.M. will start at 7.30p.m.

. . .

Whether it was the books won for Newsletter contributions last year, or whether it was that we have been blessed with some particularly good events this year, or whether people just felt an urge to write will probably never be known, but this year's Newsletters have certainly set a record for contributions. It doesn't seem all that long ago since I worried whether we would fill four sheets for an issue! I know from my mail how much the Newsletters are appreciated. I hope all members will continue

16.

to provide copy, so that we can keep up the size of the issues - and PLEASE - can we have some more technical information on boats, how they are built, rigged, etc.

The increased size of the Newsletters has resulted in one casualty. Our duplicator finally 'gave up the ghost' under the strain, and since the only response to our appeal for a second hand machine in good condition was a request from a member who runs a Squash Club to let him know of any going cheap which we didn't buy, we have had to buy a new one.

Perhaps we shouldn't be too surprised that its price was over five times what we paid for the old machine.

That old machine has given us good service. We bought it in 1966. In 1967 and each year up to 1972 it saved us more than its cost in printing charges, and for the past three years it has coped, although capable of running only at its slowest speed. So over its life, it has paid for itself at least eight times over, and we traded it in for more than we paid for it!

If the Newsletters keep up their present size, we can have little doubt that the new machine will soon pay for itself.

. . .

I must offer apologies to many of you for delays in replying to correspondence. Problems at work have necessitated some excessive overtime, and I have been unable to follow the excellent principle followed by our ex-Treasurer Tom Cook that the proper time to answer a letter is the day it is received.

Finally, thanks from all the family for the many letters, cards and expressions of good wishes. We wish all members a happy Christmas, a more prosperous New Year, and the best of sailing in 1978.

J.A.S.

The following will exhaust our present stock of LIMERICKS - so keep them rolling in please.

There was an old Gaffer from Dover,
Whose boat drew an inch (or just over)
He could plane across Spain
On the rain in the plain,
And back through the dew on the clover.

J.D.

There was an old Gaffer from Poole,
Who thought that by playing the fool
With 'chutes' from one-tonners
Plus a stout set of runners,
Was the best way of cheating the Rule.

After reading the race-results list,
Twenty Gaffers got thoroughly ----,
Then they hoisted their sails,
Set a course for North Wales,
Till their rantings got lost in the mist.

A Gaffer whose boat was quite grotty,
Resented all those a bit 'yachty'.
He disliked their smart hats,
And he thought hard cow-pats
Might look better on those a bit spotty.

R.C.

An old Gaffer whose knowledge was vast,
 Concerning the rigs of the past,
 Thought it all a bit queer
 To win year after year,
 With a gaff that went straight up the mast. R.C.

There was an old Gaffer from Fareham,
 Who took home his sails to repair 'em,
 Said his wife, who was large
 As a working barge,
 'Buy new ones. Don't tear 'em, I'll wear 'em.

There was an old Gaffer from Rye,
 Whose tops'l was ninety feet high,
 One day in a gust
 The bloody thing bust
 And blew out of sight in the sky.

When less than a month had gone by,
 A new star was seen in the sky,
 Of irregular flight
 It was shaped like a kite,
 And Patrick Moore couldn't think why.

Where it went, we old Gaffers knew well,
 Now the answer's as clear as a bell,
 There's a dhow off Bengal
 Timanoggies and all,
 That goes like a bat out of hell.

A Gaffer called Jeremy Wood,
 Was completely misunderstood,
 It was plain to see
 She was g.r.p.,
 But he christened her 'Maid of Wood'. J.D.

There was an old gaffer from Cork,
 Who was drinking more than he ought.
 One night when on deck
 He cried: 'Ahoy! A wreck!'
 But it was only the ship in the bottle, from which he
 was drawing the caulk!

There was an old gaffer from Rowhedge,
 Who never would sail close to a shoal edge,
 During a day of storms,
 With the wind off the Ormes,
 He foundered, swearing he was within a cable of Harwich.

An old gaffer was dredging for oysters,
 But his crew were not very good hoisters.
 So when he set sail,
 He said: 'I'll have girls - not male,'
 And scandalised all by tricing the loiterers.

There was an old gaffer of Brit'l'sea,
 Who lay in a mud berth when not at sea.
 One day in a rage
 This veritable sage,
 With thumbs in his cheek,
 Chased hounds up the peak,
 For, I regret, he was mad, you see! C.M.

There was an Old Gaffer from the Clyde,
 Who insisted he had nothing to hide,
 But when they looked in his welly
 By God it was smelly!
 There was last week's fish and chips inside.

T.V.

A Prawner from Morecambe Bay
 Got lost in the Channel one day,
 He tossed and he pranced
 Till he bumped into France,
 And said 'Am I right for Torquay?'

A dashing young Bristol Channel Pilot
 Cutter caper with sails of bright violet,
 Said a choleric ketch,
 'Insufferable wretch -
 Let's creep up behind and annihilate'.

M.S. 101
 up box
 1900

A gaffer was built at Devizes,
 With garboards of different sizes,
 Her hull had a twist
 And she sailed with a list,
 She never did win any prizes.

There was once an old gaffer called Tim,
 Who sailed boats with a great deal of vim.
 He sailed through a gale
 Without taking in sail,
 Till the mast broke and fell down on him.
 Poor Tim.

J.S.

FOR SALE

GAFF CUTTER. Y.M. SENIOR. 16' LOA, with bowsprit. Bilge keel. 3 berths, Stuart 1.5 (needs attention), electrics, marine toilet, alcohol cooker, sink, larder, mainsail, staysail, jib, storm jib, 2 anchors, full inventory. Built 1970. Road trailer. Mooring available at Maldon. £840 o.n.o.

John Newton, 74 Kettlebury Way, Marden Ash, Ongar, Essex.
 Tel: Ongar 4265.

REYNARDINE. Gaff Yawl, 32' x 22' x 9' x 4'6". One off Buchanan design. Built 1974 by M. Johnson. Pitch Pine on oak, teak decks, bronze & copper fastened. Ratsey sails, 8 h.p. Sabb Engine. Full cruising equipment, inc. Life Raft, self steering gear. 2nd in class 2 years running at Dartmouth. Selling w. regret to build larger vessel. £15,000.

M. Johnson, Parton Vrane, Basset Place, Falmouth, Cornwall.

AYESHA. Gaff Cutter. R. Mersey Restricted Class, 27' x 8'4" x 4'. Designed Mylne, built Birkenhead 1923. Pitch pine on oak. Major refit 1974. Fast, many racing successes. Equipped for extensive cruising. Accom. 3/4 - convertible settee/double berth, single berth & pipe cot. Seagull aux. & inflatable tender. Pres. owners cruised Mediterranean 2 years before returning to Australia due to expansion of crew. Presently lying Malta. £3,600 o.n.o.
 Dartmouth Yacht Services, Mayors Ave., Dartmouth, Devon, OR write direct to David Tanner, 43 Esplanade, Kingston Beach, Tasmania 7151, Australia.

FOR SALE - contd.

COLCHESTER SMACK hull. Partly replanked, in need of rebuild.
Lying in Kent. £300.

H.B. Parry, Inchalloch, Snow Hill, Bath, BA1 6DN Phone 312047.

GAFF CUTTER. Falmouth Quay Punt type. 23', 4½ TM. Built 1910.
Completely refitted and surveyed 1972. 2 berths, comprehensive
fitments, new mainsail. £2,750 o.n.o.

B. Wordsworth, 17 Midland Road, Bristol, 2. Phone 552711.

SOLENT AREA ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING & WINTER MEETING

The Solent Area's A.G.M. will be combined with its winter meeting this year and will be held at the Bugle Inn, Twyford, Hants, on Thursday January 19th, 1978, at 7 p.m. for 7.30.

The Bugle can provide hot food with notice. The charge is £2 for a three course meal of soup, a main dish with chips and mixed veg. and a sweet; main dishes are chicken pieces, gammon and pineapple, or an omelette. Orders, please, to:

John Stansell,
4 School Road,
Twyford (712671) by 12th January.

There is also a cold table from 70p. - no orders necessary.

Twyford is on the Winchester-Portsmouth Road about 1 mile from the Winchester by-pass. The Bugle is the second pub on the left (going south) or the first on the right going north.

Now, our usual welcome to new members:

J.N.A. Bennett, 2 Gainsborough Court, Lower Pennington Lane,
Lymington, Hants. April 161

M.J. Ellis, c/o 167 Everton Road, Hordle, Lymington, Hants.
Blue Gansey 2325

P.M. Goodhand, 35 Lower Swanwick Road, Lower Swanwick,
Southampton, Hants. Gweneth 690

C.R. Mansfield, c/o Ocean Youth Club, Old Customs House,
Sydney St., Brightlingsea, Essex.

P.G.C. Rush, The Coach House, London Road, Dunton Green, Kent.

D.L. Shaw, 1 Langholme Flats, West Buckland, Barnstaple, Devon.
Tarka 810

W.T. Woolrych, West Knole House, Knole, Long Sutton, Langport,
Somerset. Avalon 811

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

M.T. Ambrose, 73 Avondale Road, Gorleston, Gt. Yarmouth, Norfolk.

J. Bird, 4 Lesbury Road, Heaton, Newcastle on Tyne, 6.
Gigha 90

A.E. James, 13 The Beacon, Exmouth, Devon.
Shamrock 474

D.A. Tanner, 43 Esplanade, Kingston Beach, Tasmania 7157,
Australia.

C. Wherry, Ward Cottage, Bere Alston, Devon.
Sophie 718

20. ADDITIONS TO THE REGISTER OF O.G.A. RACE NUMBERS:

797	Sheldrake	Cutter	26'	Clements
798	Twilight	Yawl	28'	Thomas
800	Hirondelle II	Sloop	16'	
804	Dorothea	Cutter	26'	Prawner
807	Demerara	Ketch	36'	Osbourne
808	Lady Sarah	Sloop	17'	Belper Bts
809	Walkabout	Sloop	18'	Luke
810	Tarka	Cutter	25'	Holcombe
811	Avalon	Cutter	42'	Gunning