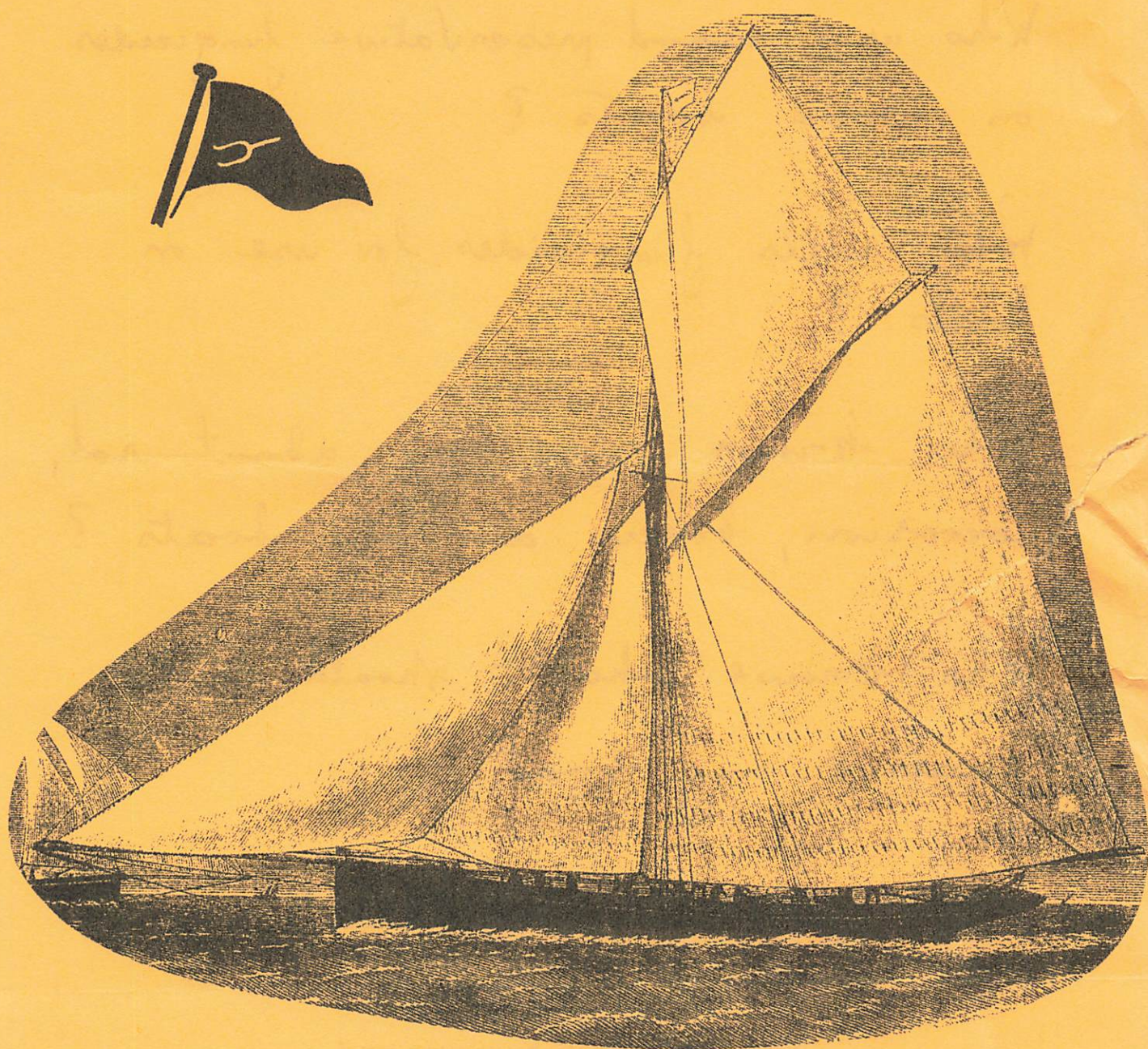
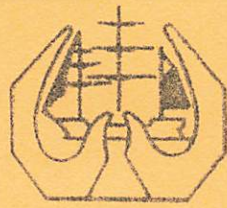


the journal of the

71/3



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..... does !

NEWSLETTER 1971/3

First, a welcome to the following record crop of new members:

M.R. Acketts, 33 Alexandra Road, Ashingdon, Rochford, Essex.
Quetzal

H.R. Andrews, 128 Priests Lane, Brentwood, Essex.
Ethelinda

N. Bason, 4 Clarence Close, Benfleet, Essex.
Velma

M. de Boltz, 20 Hill Road, Benfleet, Essex.
Growler

C. Brookes, 87 Sanderstead Road, South Croydon, Surrey. CR2 0PF.
Wanda

Cmdr. J.B. Burfield, Forge House, Sutton, Pulborough, Sussex.
Madcap

P.R. Costard, Chant du Pre, Rue du Craslin, St. Peter, Jersey,
Channel Islands. Onyx

R.F. Darke, 102 Cleveland Road, Midanbury, Southampton.
Snow Goose

D.T. Davies, 72 Stafford Road, Petersfield, Hants.
Dancing Wave

J. Ferguson, 80b Havant Road, Emsworth, Hants.

I.P. Foster, The Beeches, 30 Colchester Road, Great Totham,
Maldon, Essex. Vivida

H. French, 24 Weysprings, Haslemere, Surrey.
Peace

P. Gartside, Bar Creek Yacht Station, Malpas, Truro, Cornwall.
(owner built schooner)

Col. R.L.S. Green, Brewers House, Vicarage Lane, Highworth,
Wilts. Eliza-Maude

Dr. Thomas Harvey, The Gables, Elm Walk, Bearsden, Dumbartonshire.
Curlew

J. Healy, 27 Lady Margaret Road, London, N.W.5.
Dawn Priscilla

L.C. Hill, 4 Thurstable Close, Tollesbury, Maldon, Essex.
CM9 8SH Inez

D.S. Holland, 3 Little Anglesey Road, Alverstoke, Gosport,
Hants. Mistral

T. Hornor, Eel River Road, Osterville, Massachusetts 02655,
U.S.A. Frances

W.T. James, 72 Exford Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.
Bird of Dawning

J.L. Leroy, Morghew Park, Tenterden, Kent.
Clausenshinde

G. Morton, 46 Polworth Street, Glasgow W2.
Nighean Donn

K.S. Munnion, Port Beam, 1 Chelmer Terrace, Maldon, Essex.
Lianthe

T.W. Pawley, Chamadaska, Woodbury Common, Woodbury, Exeter,
Devon. Lona

R.C. Philbrick, 80 Adams Point Road, Barrington, Rhode Island
02806, U.S.A. Little Nell

J.F. Swetenham, Pound Farmhouse, Rayne, Braintree, Essex.
CM7 5DJ. Mary of Maldon

M.L. Taplin, 67 Rownhams Lane, North Baddesley, Hants. SO5 9HR.
Brown Owl

C.R.H. Temple, Dorset House, Mistley, Manningtree, Essex.
Undine

R. Terry, 54 Lyndhurst Drive, Leyton, London E.10.
Faith

B.K. Thomas, 97 Lexden Road, Colchester, Essex.
Shamrock

2.

R.M. Wallace, The Roman Landing, West Wittering, Sussex.

Iseult

Edward B. Watson, Mystic Seaport M.H.A., Mystic, Connecticut 06355,
U.S.A. Dolphin

L.W. Windley, 6 Southleigh Road, Havant, Hants.

Marguerite T

Let's see how soon we can break this record increase!

DIARY DATES

Sat. 14th August. Rally at GIN's FARM, Beaulieu, already announced. Suppers will be £1 each, including gratuities, payable to Michael Millar on the night. NO tickets will be issued but it is ESSENTIAL that Michael should know the numbers required by FRIDAY 6th AUGUST. Telephone bookings will be accepted, but please use the booking form if possible. Harbour Dues will NOT be collected by the O.G.A., and members will be individually liable to the Harbourmaster just as for a casual visit.

Sat. 4th September. SOLENT RACE - details from Michael Millar, 107 Baker Street, London W1M 1FE if you've lost the last Newsletter.

Sat. 25th September. Rally at BRADWELL QUAY YACHT CLUB. 7 p.m. onwards. Refreshments (liquid and solid) available. Reply to: Miss A. Phelps, Timbercot, Waterside, Bradwell on Sea, Essex. Booking form on page 15.

Sat. 9th October. Instead of Rallying at the Folly Inn, we have been invited to the COWES CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB (NOT the Royal Corinthian). This is situated immediately inshore of the pile trots, between Lallow's Yard and Beken's shop. They are offering a hot meal of braised Ham (with veg), biscuits and cheese, etc. in a private room, with an extended licence, and we can make as much noise as we like. The cost will be £1 per head. Please book on the form on page 15, which MUST be returned to Michael Millar by Friday 1st October.

Sat. 13th November. Usual open evening at Maldon Little Ship Club. Buffet price not yet settled, but probably 30p. No need to book - just roll up and enjoy yourself!

Sat. 15th January. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING at Cruising Association Rooms, Baker Street, W.1. 6 p.m. onwards - more social than business - light snacks and BAR.

Sat. 22nd July. East Coast Race. Early notice is given, as this will be Fanny's 100th birthday year, and we would like to see every boat in the Association she has raced against turn out to wish her well in her second century. How about a mass cruise in company of Solent based boats to include the race? Please do make a special effort to enter this race.

GENERAL COMMENTS

Thanks to all members who sent good wishes for my trip to the U.S.A. I thoroughly enjoyed myself. Time and space will not permit any details here, but I hope to let you know how I got on later.

Especial thanks to our American members who gave me such unforgettable VIP treatment. Now the question is how long it will take to save enough to get the family over!

And thanks to those who so ably kept the O.G.A. and the East Coast Race going in my absence.

TIES - BADGES - BURGEES

If any members have ordered goods and not yet received them, please advise me - I suspect we have slipped on sending some out (we know who has paid, but are not sure whether all orders have been met).

/continued on next page.

Please note the following new prices for all future orders. Burgees should be ordered direct from M.D. Millar, 107 Baker St., London W1M 1FE. Cash or cheque to O.G.A. with order please.

Burgees 18" x 12" £1.40 (all prices include
24" x 16" £1.60 postage & packing)

Square flags 16" x 12" £1.75
20" x 16" £2.00

No stock of 36" burgees, as demand too small, but can get to order, probably at about £2.50.

Now we have one of those sad tales which we have to publish every so often:

QUIVER's END, 4th JUNE 1971

Richard and I set sail from Chichester on Saturday 29th May with every intention of attending the Old Gaffers Rally at Braye Harbour, Alderney during the Spring Bank Holiday weekend. Quiver was in good fettle, despite a somewhat hurried finale to the fitting out; her topsides gleamed and looked fine from a range of twenty feet; the engine pushed her down the harbour at a satisfactory rate; and a new no. 2 jib meant that we had no worries about fresh winds. We were stored up for a fortnight's cruise with the Rally as a first stop, and all was right with the world.

However, emerging from Chichester Harbour, the wind appeared to be blowing directly from Alderney, so it was going to be a long haul to get there. We were just able to fetch into the Solent, and, in fact, got right through to Yarmouth without a tack, intending to pause there for the first night. However, finding that we had some tide and several hours of daylight in hand, we decided to push on to Poole, making as much Westing as we could in the day, and hoping for a more favourable wind next day.

Sunday morning offered much the same, and as the tide would not serve till afternoon, we went up to the Town Quay to top up petrol and water. This accomplished, we emerged from Poole Harbour to find that the wind was rather more Southerly than on Saturday, making it still a dead beat to Alderney, so we took a tack out to clear St. Albans Head, with the intention of putting in to Portland or Weymouth for the night; from here, surely, we would get a clear fetch for Braye. However, as we closed St. Albans, we ran out of wind (as I always do just there), and we bumped rather untidily through the Race just as Richard was serving supper. Not fancying motoring all the way to Weymouth, we decided to put into Lulworth Cove for the night; it was our first visit there, and conditions were ideal for this somewhat eerie anchorage.

Monday morning produced a very light breeze from the South, still on the nose for Braye, so we decided to abandon crossing the Channel and head West; a long tack out to clear Portland Race would leave us free for crossing Lyme Bay, and we might look in at Exmouth or some other Devon port not previously visited. However (and this proves the danger of telling your friends and/or Coastguard where you are heading for) the wind gradually veered so that we found that we were, after all, heading for Alderney! So we pressed on.

Soon after dark the wind died altogether; I noticed that the log-line was hanging vertically, and you can't go slower than that. A careful look round the horizon revealed that there were no less than five ships, in widely different directions, all showing us both red and green. I reckon that that is the moment to push the button; I did, and got out of that bit of water a bit sharpish.

We anchored in Braye Harbour soon after sunrise on Tuesday morning, and after a leisurely breakfast went ashore to discover what had happened to the Rally. I was unable to find anyone who knew of any Old Gaffers visiting during the weekend, but as there had been a huge influx of English boats of all kinds, and the natives were still recovering from the impact, it was hardly surprising that they had not noticed our little lot (if any).

The lunchtime shipping forecast indicated that it would blow up from the north-east during the afternoon, and already there were signs of this happening. As Braye harbour is no place to remain in a north-easter if you want to stay in your bunk all night, we decided to take the evening tide and nip down to Guernsey. This we did, starting with a light wind as we felt our way through the Swinge, which became moderate as we cleared the land, and gave us a good run down to St. Peter Port which we entered just after dark.

The next two days, Wednesday and Thursday were only noteworthy on account of the frustration they afforded. We wanted to go and look at Sark. On Wednesday the forecast offered light winds and poor vis.; we got fresh and poor vis. Thursday they offered a gale and poor vis.; we got flat calm and no vis.! By Friday morning we were fed up with hanging around. The forecast was offering 4 to 6 ENE, and appeared to be right for once. The vis. was not very clever, but sounded to be better the further south and west one went. We decided to head for Lannion Bay in the eastern end of Morlaix Bay; it appeared to be easy of access by day or night (we should probably arrive in the dark, and those French leading lights are terrific), was reputed to be good holding in firm sand, and should provide a cosy anchorage on a weather shore. Furthermore, it was downhill all the way. We did not then realise how steep that hill was to be.

The direct route from St. Martin's Point (S.E. corner of Guernsey) took us between Les Sept Iles and Les Triagoz, two of the reefs lying off the Brittany coast, then between Les Triagoz and Ile Grande, the latter being on the 'corner' of Morlaix Bay, there being a safe gap of over three miles between the two. However, this course (so far as I can remember it was 240° Mag) was dead downwind, and as the wind was a bit fresh for spinnaker work for a crew of two, it would have meant a very tiring day at the tiller. So we decided to make a dog-leg of it, and steer due West until the DR put us north of Les Sept Iles, then due South until we found them. This worked very well, enabling us to keep the headsails drawing all the time, especially when the wind fell light during the afternoon, at which time we shook out the reefs with which we had started, and changed up from no. 2 to no. 1 jib.

During the afternoon we saw a French fishing boat executing some alarming manoeuvres, and stood by to take evasive action in view of the stories one has heard of yachts being attacked by such vessels; however it seemed that she was only locating and picking up her pots on the banc des langoustiers, and we were able to exchange cheery greetings as we passed them, kedged by their gear.

Soon after dark, we picked up the Les Sept Iles light where expected, and crossing this with a radio bearing on Les Roches Douvres, got a satisfactory fix which showed that we were back on our rhumb line. Incidentally, Roches Douvres was the only radio beacon of any use in this area, as all the more distant ones (Casquets, Start Point, Ushant, etc.) had so much interference on them that it was impossible to get anything like an accurate nul. Being quite happy with the fix, we altered back to the original course of 240° M, and in due course picked up the light on Les Triagoz where expected, fine on the starboard bow. We were now sailing on a dead run, boom to port and stay-sail goose-winged to starboard. The log was giving us 5 knots, the fixes indicated that we were making good $3\frac{1}{2}$, which confirmed the rather meagre information gleaned from the charts and tidal stream atlas that there was a $1\frac{1}{2}$ knot head tide. This tide was

supposed to run till about 0400, dropping to about one knot in the last hour.

Until about 0130 the sky was clear though the visibility was still apparently poor, and a brilliant moon, $\frac{3}{4}$ full, moved steadily round until it was right in our track. If only it had stayed there . . . but it was not to be. Some heavy cloud came up from the south, across the wind, and blotted out all light, leaving us with nothing but the two lighthouses.

By 0200 we had drawn abreast of Les Sept Iles, and I had a feeling that we were being set somewhat to the S.E., towards the outlying dangers at the western end of that reef. I therefore altered course more westerly, until the Les Triagoz light was just open to port, for about half an hour, and until I was satisfied that we were well clear of Les Sept Iles. I then altered back about double the amount until Les Triagoz was well open in the Starboard rigging; a quick check on the chart confirmed that at $3\frac{1}{2}$ knots made good (and nothing had changed to alter this), we would clear the eastern tip of the Les Triagoz reef by about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, a comfortable margin. At about 0300, I was just contemplating resuming the compass course, when Quiver, with a resounding crash, stopped dead.

There is, of course, no excuse for wrecking one's ship on a well-charted reef, especially when one can see two lighthouses and has a commanding wind. There are, perhaps, reasons. I will suggest three. The first is that during that last hour we had done the full 5 miles over the ground; in other words we had lost the $1\frac{1}{2}$ knots head tide which we had been experiencing, and which we should have had for another hour at least. One can only assume that it was masked by the reef into whose shadow we had sailed; there may even have been a counter-eddy: at any rate we were undoubtedly $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles further on than I thought we were. The second reason may have been that I made my detour by eye on the lighthouse, rather than on compass courses - not very seaman-like. The third reason was undoubtedly because it was 3 o'clock in the morning. We both felt wide awake, and were thoroughly enjoying the ride. I was (thank God) at the helm myself, while Richard was below planning the next move. But at that hour one is not at one's brightest, we may have been taking careless bearings, plotting carelessly, or simply doing our sums wrong; we shall never know, as the deck log and chart went down with everything else

After the initial impact, which probably broke the stem and certainly opened up the hood ends, Quiver shook herself free of the half-tide rock she had struck, luffed a bit, and went charging off again into the dark. She took a great tombstone square on the bowsprit end, and again stopped dead; in the dim light from the cabin one had the feeling of being in a flooded graveyard, with great slabs of granite sticking up all round, and the water boiling on unseen tombs beneath. She swung round, hinging on the bowsprit, until the port bilges found some of these on which she then pounded for several minutes. We let go all sheets to try to take some of the weight out of it, but the swell kept her pounding until she finally slid clear in a northerly direction. To keep her quiet (and reduce the frightful din of flogging sails), we furled the jib and backed the staysail leaving the main sheet free; thus hove to, she fore reached at about a knot in water which within a few yards gave a depth of 35 fathoms. We had hit the top of a 200 foot cliff!

A quick look below revealed a hopeless situation; Richard was already on the pump, but the water in the cabin was rising at an alarming speed. Water was gushing in both sides of the stem forward, under the port bunk, and again under the cockpit. It would not have been easy to try to deal with one puncture in force five on a pitch black night in a fair old seaway; four or more holes were out of the question - we had to abandon.

While Richard set about releasing the dinghy (9 ft. Nautisport, fully inflated, upside down on the coachroof), I started in on the flares. My main armament was some seven or eight of the 'Roman Candle' type; they burn a steady red flare in your hand, while throwing up a succession of red balls to a very satisfactory height. They all went off beautifully, and the display must have lasted at least four minutes, possible longer; the only snag was that there was no audience. The mainland coast was a good three miles off, but the visibility was much less than that; I felt sure that the lighthouse should be keeping a watch, but at 0300. . . ?

We started loading up the dinghy: oars, rowlocks, pump, bailer; food? a big plastic gash-bag, shove in cakes, biscuits, tarts, tie a knot in it; water? all in the tank, tiny galley pump, no container to hand! At that moment, six long-life milk cartons conveniently floated out of their locker, in they went; what next? I grabbed my wallet and travellers cheques; personal kit - one large travel bag each; next? my second bag, with all the ships and personal papers - in it went (it wasn't until two hours later that I realised that it was the wrong second bag; all I saved was a lot of useless hardware). By this time the water was over the cabin bunks, slowing down a bit as it had more room to spread out, and the relative buoyancy increased, but still rising visibly. We grabbed a few more bits and pieces, but then decided we had better get out in case she took a wave into the cockpit and plunged suddenly. We had been something over ten minutes, probably about quarter of an hour from the first impact. After we let go, Quiver went on fore reaching in a northerly direction, while we started drifting rapidly WSW. The direct cabin light disappeared quite quickly over our limited horizon, but the glow from it on the sails could be seen for another five minutes or so as she sailed sluggishly into the darkness. Then she just disappeared

I won't go into all the sordid details of the next ten hours. It was a hell of a long time. Every quarter of an hour or so a wave would sweep right over us, to make sure that we were kept as cold and wet as possible. We bailed it all out again, though there was not really much point. We never saw a suspicion of land or vessel the whole time. Cramp was rather trying.

I found that I had in my pocket my plastic 'Offshore' hand bearing compass. It was comforting to confirm, by sighting up wind, that we were being blown WSW, and that therefore France lay somewhere to leeward. I tried rowing, but found that I could not do anything very effective except in short bursts which were very tiring. I felt however that I had to try to do something useful, so kept gently paddling across the wind in a generally southerly direction, thereby reducing the possibility of missing France altogether. We decided that we really did not know what the tide might be doing to us. Even if we had managed to grab any charts or pilot books which were floating around in the cabin, they would have dissolved before we could have made any use of them.

Sometime about midday, Richard declared that he had been watching for a timed quarter of an hour the same two slag heaps directly to leeward. Unlike all the other land we had been imagining, they were still there. They could only be Ile de Batz. Soon they joined up and became a proper island, with the cliffs above Roscoff appearing opposite. Then a buoy went past, obviously the landfall for the Roscoff channel. Things were looking up . . . or were they? As the actual coast became visible, it was increasingly apparent that it was very knobbly; the lighthouse in the channel had spray bursting 20 to 30 feet up it; what would happen when we got in amongst that lot? I decided to try to row across our track sufficiently to guide the dinghy into the Roscoff channel, in the hope that we might be able to pop into the harbour as we went past, or at least find a lee behind it.

Just as I started the lighthouse dodging operation, I saw the bows of a vessel pointing at me from windward. Digging in my bag, I found a large yellow towel which we hastily lashed to an oar, and which Richard waved vigorously aloft, while I resumed rowing, trying to dodge being flogged in the face by the wet towel. The langoustier, for such it was, altered course away from us to keep to his channel, and we quite decided that he had not seen us. Then figures appeared on deck; the ship stopped, turned, and slowly took up station to windward of us; a rope was thrown, we were hauled alongside. The rolling of the ship made getting aboard relatively easy; you step on the rubbing strake as it rolls down, then you are catapulted over the bulwarks as she goes back. They gaffed our gear with an outsize boathook, then hauled up the dinghy as well.

After that life became somewhat more civilised. The crew took us down to the aft cabin, stripped us off, and delving into their own bags, found enough spare clothing to kit us out warm and dry. They brewed coffee and laced it with rum; they found some hard tack and butter, chocolate and fags; they did it all with great good humour; one can ask no more of any man.

We were not, as we thought, bound for Roscoff, but for Mogueriec, some five miles further west. Le Rayon de Soleil (she was the only sunshine we saw that day) was heading for home and Sunday dinner, and the tide being right, was taking the short cut inside Ile de Batz; otherwise

On arrival at Mogueriec, we met our host for the first time; he had been at the helm hitherto. M. Jean Baptiste Le Bihan is a great powerful jolly man, patron-pecheur, a man of substance, and with a great heart. Initial difficulties over language soon became easier, as he has some English acquired from frequently marketing his catches in Cornish ports.

Our first visitor was the Douanier who took one look and decided he was not interested in us. Then came a gentleman who introduced himself as of the French Navy. He was subsequently described in the local newspapers as 'syndic des gens de mer a Roscoff' and 'L'administrateur de l'inscription maritime de Morlaix'. We never did discover which hat this M. Balcon was wearing that day, but he made the civilised suggestion that it would be more comfortable if he were to interview us with a glass in our hands, so we adjourned to the local cafe. Having satisfied him that Quiver was not a danger to shipping (he must have been Receiver of Wrecks as well), he undertook after making his report to his own authorities to notify the British Embassy in Paris; they in turn reported to the Foreign Office, who telephoned Richard's parents with the true story of what had happened, thus forestalling the inevitable inaccurate press reports.

In fact, the local press were incredibly good. One reporter followed hot on M. Balcon's heels, and we went to a great deal of trouble making sure that he got the facts right - not easy explaining nautical matters to a layman in a foreign language. The langoustier's crew were very helpful in this. The reporter from Ouest France appeared next day and we had to go through it all again. However, it was worth the trouble, as both the subsequent articles were absolutely accurate in all matters of fact, even to the detail that Richard was my godson. Then the B.B.C. had to go and spoil it all by saying that we were wrecked off Finisterre (only 450 miles further on), and, amongst other things, turning Richard into my nephew. It seems there are some things the French can do better than us

Meanwhile, Mme. Le Bihan had gathered up all our wet garments, plus our saturated baggage, shoved them into the boot of her car, and taken all home. There she rounded up some neighbours, and they spent the whole of Saturday afternoon and evening feeding it all through the washing machine, hosing out our bags, spreading out all our other bits and pieces to dry. Sunday she spent drying and ironing, so that by Sunday afternoon we had the whole lot back, ready to pack.

Now came the embarrassing bit. We had no passports, therefore my travellers cheques were useless. We were rapidly eating our way through the few Francs I had fore-armed myself with at the local hotel. I could not get any more money till I had a passport; I could only get a passport in Paris; how to get the fare? I offered Baptiste (as our host is known to his friends, amongst whom I now count myself lucky to be numbered) some English money, knowing that he frequently visits British ports, but he would have none of it; we might well need that before we got home. He would buy our rail tickets; and he did just that at 6 o'clock on the Monday morning, after driving us 20 miles into Morlaix to save a taxi fare.

After sorting ourselves out in Paris, we duly obtained temporary passports, then, liberty at last, some money! An evening in Montmartre was indicated, and enjoyed.

We caught the night ferry back from Dunkerque to Dover, where, just to rub things in, the ship went aground while turning to back into her berth. We were rather glad to get home.

M.D.M. 13/7/71.

Such incidents can happen so abruptly to the best of us - suddenly a boat is gone. Is there a good record left of her, because she is probably irreplaceable? If you haven't completed one of our technical boat register forms, please do so, so that when your boat is but a memory, we can still know how she was built and rigged.

NEWS FROM THE BALTIC

The following letter has been received from Nina MacKenzie Main:

"As you might remember, we left Maldon last summer to sail up to the Baltic Sea. At the end of September we arrived at the island of Bornholm, where we decided to stay for the winter. We found a very beautiful little harbour, Listed, on its East coast.

"We lived on board the whole time and faced a cold and rough winter. My husband Keith went fishing with a Danish trawler, with four men on board they fished salmon until the end of January, sometimes staying away for three to four weeks, as they went right up to the Bothnic Bay or to the Polish and Russian coasts. At the beginning of February the season for salmon was over. Afterwards they fished cod, going away for only four days at a time. It was a hard but wonderful experience.

"We intended to leave Bornholm at the beginning of May, but unfortunately I broke my foot whilst we were setting our foresails to check them. This will now retard us for another six weeks, which we let pass with patience, enjoying a most beautiful spring and fixing up Ituna. We would like to go to Greece to stay there for a while, and we plan to go through the Rhein-Main-Donau-Kanal in Germany, which brings us into the Danube. This gives us an unique opportunity to pass through Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Rumania, where we will come out into the Black Sea.

"We send our best regards to you and to mutual friends in Maldon."

1971 EAST COAST RACE

Well, I asked for a record entry and a memorable race, and I got it! 93 entrants, 91 starters, 85 finishers - 89 boats (including retirements) timed in in less than an hour! My three main memories of the race are the consternation on the Bridge at Stone as boats came in only seconds apart, giving apparently little hope of identifying them before the next dozen were over the line; the magnificent spectacle of two large smacks tearing along neck and neck, finishing the race still overlapping; and the wonderful finish on most of the entrants. It is hard to credit that so many immaculate looking craft have well over 50 years hard service behind them. Nobody dare accuse us of racing 'old tore-outs' - many of our boats looked more fit for the Boat Show than a lot of the CENSORED one sees at Earls Court!

The weather was kind - a nice following breeze for the start, warm enough to be pleasant but not too hot. As usual, some boats were still fighting their way up from the down river harbours when the gun went, and we had the usual few who got too close to the line before the gun and were carried over by the tide. Only one boat made what could be called a perfect start, and that was Charles Stock in Shoal Waters - before Percy Douglas had let go of the gun lanyard, Shoal Waters was over, travelling fast. A pair of unidentified smacks followed a length or two astern, then came a small group of boats of which only Snowdrop could be identified, then a large group with Solvig in the middle, crossing the line 2 minutes after the gun.

Four minutes after the gun there remained only a few stragglers, mainly late on their way down from Maldon, and those over the line at the start.

Once the starting line was clear, the sight down river could be appreciated - and what a sight it was! 90 gaffers spread out over the width of the river off Bradwell.

The day looked all set for a typical East Coast day out - run down and beat back, but the weather held a real surprise for us. Sometime after the fleet had rounded the offshore triangle of the Knoll, North Buxey, Wallet Spitway and Knoll buoys, the wind shifted right round to the East and blew the tail enders up to catch up with the leaders. This gave us what will probably be the closest ever elapsed time finish to any Old Gaffers Race.

The two Aldous built smacks Hyacinth and Peace led the way up from Bradwell, and from the bridge they appeared to be keeping station less than a boat's length apart the whole way home. What a sight they made - glistening paintwork, and two beautifully cut suits of sails both straining to get every possible ounce of drive from the wind, and both boats travelling at what looked like nearly their maximum hull speed. What the skippers must have felt - a really keen, close, boat for boat match under almost ideal conditions, and the knowledge that they were leading a fleet of about 90 other boats! A truly memorable occasion!

Iris followed Hyacinth and Peace after a 4 minute interval then whilst the next 70 boats came in the longest interval was only 2 minutes! Two minutes after Iris, Bird of Dawning led a block of five boats who finished within 40 seconds of one another, then four more within another 57 seconds. In the next 50 minutes there were ten separate minutes during which four or more boats finished, including two separate minutes in which six boats finished!

As if this rate of finishing was not enough for the hard pressed race officers, at least five other gaffers were out for the day to see the race, and came sailing up over the line and turned in to lower sails and anchor after they had crossed. Three of these were successfully identified (and roundly cursed for their thoughtless stupidity), but one caused the most embarrassing mistake we have ever made in a race result.

RESULTS OF THE 1971 EAST COAST OLD GAFFERS RACE

Classes 1 and 2			(Start 10 00 00)		
FINAL POSN.	CORR. TIME	POSN. OVER LINE	FIN. TIME	CLASS	
1	Four Sisters	4 48 42	35	16 01 20	2
2	Emma Jane	4 54 42	26	15 57 12	2
3	Deva	5 03 06	22	15 55 02	2o
4	Moonshine	5 03 21	52	16 07 42	2
5	Badger	5 03 24	40	16 03 11	2
6	Eve	5 03 54	15	15 49 18	2o
7	Golden Plover	5 04 44	9	15 46 17	2o
8	Candide	5 07 20	41	16 03 15	2
9	Tidebird	5 08 16	57	16 09 10	2
10	Fanny of Cowes	5 09 17	14	15 48 41	2o
11	Irene	5 10 00	17	15 50 24	2
12	Bold Hamster	5 10 00	55	16 09 01	2
13	Tarka	5 11 04	47	16 06 26	2
14	Dawn Priscilla	5 12 00	61	16 10 45	2
15	Wind Lady	5 12 48	53	16 08 08	2
16	Bandera	5 13 32	69	16 15 27	2
17	Vivida	5 15 23	25	15 55 37	2o
18	Dormouse	5 15 30	60	16 10 17	2
19	Roama	5 16 17	48	16 06 55	2o
20	Ethelinda	5 16 20	50	16 06 58	2
21	Faith	5 17 11	42	16 03 22	2
22	Sara	5 17 30	77	16 31 02	2o
23	Myrrhine	5 17 35	37	16 02 34	2
24	Eliza Maude	5 17 42	34	16 01 20	2
25	Dawn Wind	5 17 45	49	16 06 56	2o
26	Shoal Waters	5 18 07	63	16 13 11	2
27	Dilkusha	5 20 00	75	16 30 18	2o
28	Rose of Paglesham	5 21 09	68	16 15 14	2
29	Aaron	5 21 09	78	16 32 29	2
30	Inanda	5 22 00	59	16 10 15	2
31	Sea Pig	5 22 05	24	15 55 34	2
32	Greenshank	5 22 27	33	16 00 18	2o
33	Iolanthe	5 22 40	80	16 34 26	2
34	Agility	5 23 02	67	16 14 31	2
35	Calumet	5 24 20	73	16 28 28	2
36	Sea Minx	5 24 56	64	16 13 33	2o
37	Storm	5 25 28	79	16 32 38	2
38	Kelpie II	5 26 50	12	15 46 14	2o
39	Theme	5 26 55	65	16 14 28	2o
40	Dorcis	5 27 00	54	16 08 10	2o
41	John Dory	5 27 53	46	16 06 21	2
42	Bird of Dawning	5 32 30	4	15 44 55	2
43	Undine	5 32 54	11	15 46 42	2o
44	Velma	5 33 38	28	15 58 42	2o
45	Firefly	5 36 43	13	15 47 30	2
46	Hyacinth	5 36 56	1	15 38 37	1o
47	Maud	5 36 58	10	15 46 19	1o
48	Iskra	5 37 05	5	15 44 59	1
49	Katie	5 39 42	8	15 45 35	2o
50	Joseph-T	5 39 54	43	16 03 55	1
51	Mary	5 41 00	18	15 51 26	2o
52	Nightfall	5 41 02	38	16 02 48	2o
53	Privateer	5 43 36	44	16 04 02	1
54	Gracie	5 43 38	7	15 45 22	1o
55	Foxtrot	5 43 48	58	16 09 20	2
56	Peggy	5 46 01	70	16 23 05	2
57	Vivette	5 48 00	29	15 58 59	1
58	Jubilee	5 48 20	71	16 24 27	2
59	Le Voyageur	5 50 30	45	16 06 08	1
60	L'Atalanta	5 51 57	39	16 02 51	1o
61	Swan	5 52 30	74	16 30 03	2o
62	Quetzal	5 52 52	51	16 07 34	1
63	Gwenili	5 53 07	6	15 45 11	1o
64	Phantom	5 53 10	20	15 53 10	1o

65	Snowdrop	5 54 45	32	16 00 09	10
66	Peace	5 55 43	2	15 38 47	10
67	Ibis	5 55 47	56	16 09 05	10
68	Ariel	5 56 25	66	16 14 29	2
69	Kate	5 56 30	21	15 54 42	10
70	Fairy	5 58 12	31	16 00 06	10
71	Bonita	5 59 00	62	16 12 24	10
72	Iris	5 59 10	3	15 42 43	10
73	Amity	6 01 53	16	15 50 17	10
74	Para Handy	6 07 44	81	16 34 35	2
75	Band of Hope	6 12 02	27	15 58 39	10
76	William Emily	6 12 09	36	16 01 01	10
77	Shamrock	6 18 00	19	15 52 19	10
78	Growler	6 21 12	76	16 30 57	1
79	George & Alice	6 26 16	30	15 59 34	10
80	Emma of Bosham	6 29 54	82	17 13 08	20
81	Chlamys	6 44 25	72	16 28 21	1
82	Solvig	7 27 00	23	15 55 20	10

Class 3

1	Joy	4 26 29	1	15 39 36	3
2	Red Red Rose	4 37 09	3	16 20 43	3
3	Boy Martin	5 56 01	2	15 56 01	3

RETIRED OR NON-STARTER:

Anjak; Cygnet II; Dawning Light; Jenny III; Mary of Maldon;
Sea Nymph; Vabel; Wanda.

PRIZE LIST

East Coast Old Gaffers Trophy	DEVA (Jon Wainwright)
Tom Bolton Memorial Cup	HYACINTH (Mrs. M. Kennells)
Sheave Trophy	PEACE (H. French)
Stone Trophy	FOUR SISTERS (R.H.P. Young)
(first overall, Commodore for year)	
Zetland Trophy	RED RED ROSE (I. Logan)
Dulcibella Trophy	CHLAMYS (P.J. Parsons)
Neva Trophy	THEME (M. Gladley)
Cup for Trying	DORCIS (R. Briggs)
Seamanship Cup	SHOAL WATERS (A.C. Stock)
1st Class One	MAUD (C. Stebbens, sailed by G. Clark)
1st Class Two	EMMA JANE (C.S. Pryce)
2nd Class One	ISKRA (F. Mulville)
2nd Class Two	MOONSHINE (G. Russell)
3rd Class One	JOSEPH-T (D.N. Scurrey)
3rd Class Two	BADGER (J.M. Welch)

Race Report continued

The entrants included a winkle brig - blue hull with tan sails. As the finish proceeded, in came an obvious winkle brig, tan sails over a blue hull - absolutely no question about her identity - no need to worry about looking for a name (which would have been almost impossible to read on such a small hull anyway). What none of the Committee knew was that the winkle brig which had entered the race was laid up ashore, and the one we saw was merely a spectator boat! Net result - the Zetland Trophy was delivered to the owner of a boat which had not even started in the race. Infuriating in that the muddle could so easily have been avoided.

Somehow or other the Bridge team got the finishers sorted out, but the calculations of corrected times proved a major task. Lou Hitchins, one of our non-racing members had come over specially to lead the team. As the work built up, the unprecedented number of finishers made an urgent call for volunteer workers necessary.

After such a race, which all concerned appeared to have thoroughly enjoyed, the evening party at Stone Sailing Club was the best ever. Percy Douglas of Stone Sailing Club opened the prizegiving by pointing out that thanks to my tour of the U.S.A., virtually all the race organization had been handled by my wife and as a token of appreciation of this effort Percy presented Mim with a bottle of her favourite Scottish product and a bouquet.

Mrs. Christine Miles, wife of the Commodore of Stone Sailing Club then presented the prizes. One prize remained unrepresented - the Thirstlet Spittoon - despite the large entry, nobody spent the day aground on the Spit! A new trophy this year is the Neva Trophy, for the first Essex built and Registered smack on corrected time, presented anonymously.

The Seamanship Trophy was awarded to Charles Stock of Shoal Waters, for a splendid single-handed performance. Not only did he make an almost perfect start; the committee had many reports from other entrants of his handling of Shoal Waters.

The most successful day ended with an impromptu sing-song.

As well as Mim's heroic efforts before the race, and in looking after the supper organisation, and the efforts of the Stone Sailing Club team of Percy Douglas, George Miles, Horace Crispin and the ladies, much of the success on the day is attributable to Michael Millar's efforts as 'Clerk-general duties' on the Bridge - a task which included matching the 'unidentifiable finishers' against the declarations, and also to Peggy Edmond who so ably collected the declarations, dealt with all queries and messages, and most important of all made it possible for the Bridge team to work without interruption or distraction.

Not only do we have to congratulate Jon Wainwright on winning the major trophy in the race; we also have to congratulate him on his wedding on July 24th. Also, Maxim Gladley of Theme gets married on July 31st. One begins to wonder whether there is something in winning prizes in our East Coast Race!

NOTE We sold out of souvenir programmes on the day. I had so many requests for copies that I gave up a couple of evenings when I should have been looking at slides of America or fitting out my boat to run off a further 50 copies. Please see they all go - at 20p. each.

DEVA'S VIEW OF THE RACE

Once again your hard work has resulted in a spectacular East Coast Race. I, along with many others, must thank you for your dedication to such a fine cause. Would you also tender my congratulations to those other hard workers who helped you both on the bridge at Stone Sailing Club and before the race. . . .

Actually, Deva's complement were most surprised to receive the trophy. Whilst the old girl is fast by normal standards, she is not in any conditions a match for 'hotted up' gaffers like Fanny or Golden Plover. These craft appear to be kept in immaculate trim - beautifully cut sails, smooth underwater finishes and perfect rigging. Add to this the fine sail-handling and helmsmanship and I would consider them unbeatable. The only advantages Deva may have are in hull design, for as with all prawners she is completely cut-away at the forefoot and thus has less wetted surface - however Deva's bottom paint is so rough that this may be of no consequence!

Even if the boats were equal in every respect Deva's circumstances were not happy ones for the greater part of the race. Whilst she made a reasonable start, she was soon in other crafts' foul air - Solvig's topsides are big enough to flatten any wind in her lee, never mind that topsail! Fanny soon overtook Deva with her huge yellow spinnaker - Deva's antique spinnaker is no match for a modern nylon one.

A dog-fight with Bold Hamster followed - whilst I could see no logic in such activities, I had to give way which brought both craft right under the lee of a large ketch (Vivette?) She wouldn't give way, so Deva was well sandwiched! Bold Hamster stuck to her guns, even under the threat of an 'Elsan' attack. It was only talk of 'overtaking boat' which made her hesitate to let Deva drop back into clear water, leaving Bold Hamster dog fighting with the ketch. Shoal Waters later joined in, but Deva was well clear. Concerning dogfights, I thought the one where one cutter tried to luff Solvig was the most amusing one. In reply to 'Luffing!' Solvig's crew looked over the bulwarks and said 'O.K. but it'll take five minutes!'. Sure enough she gave way, but the small cutter was left becalmed under her bows.

However, Deva was becalmed right up to the Knoll, while Fanny drew away into the distance. What was more disturbing was that the little Dilkusha, with her home-made mainsail was catching up rapidly (Deva started the race to get revenge for a previous disputed defeat by Dilkusha after a race from Holehaven to the Nass Beacon for the 'Foul Air Trophy'. The race had been neck and neck for thirty miles, despite the use of the 'Elsan' attack by Deva - handicapping was adjusted by reefing Deva's main and getting her barnacles to swim the wrong way!)

However the Knoll turning brought Deva a clear wind and a safe windward position. Craft astern of her fouled each other's air and Deva romped ahead to gain on the leading 'bunch'. On rounding the N. Buxey she managed to shake off an attack by Boy Martin and broad-reached down to the Wallet Spitway, overtaking many of the Class 2 fliers like Shoal Waters, Bold Hamster and Four Sisters - Four Sisters was going incredibly well for her size.

The beat to windward to round the Knoll was successful. Deva took the course Golden Plover had taken, keeping to the Buxey side as opposed to Fanny's normal route to Clacton. Surprisingly Fanny's lead started to diminish - she is normally very close winded. She rounded the Knoll about twenty minutes before Deva we could now see her fishing number for the first time since the start! Deva tacked well north of the Knoll before rounding it, up into a good windward position, before heading on the starboard tack to Bradwell. Fanny seemed to be dropping too far to the lee - Deva seemed to be pointing higher. The wind piped up a bit and with an increase in speed the old girl lost her weather-helm and really began to move. It was as if she was on railway lines. Everything was drawing nicely, gunwale dipping occasionally - she was just right. Such was her speed that she nearly ran down an oyster smack! Within half an hour Fanny was overtaken - the first time Deva has done that in her O.G.A. career! However the oyster smack started pushing Deva to windward, causing her to luff and slow down. Simultaneously Fanny put in another tack to bring herself under our lee, went about again and the two craft raced neck and neck. Then gradually the wind came more easterly and Fanny started to pull away in the freer wind. The wind increased - too much for Deva's huge main and topsail, causing her to spill some wind. However, it was also too much for a beautiful little cutter in front of us, setting a very useful topsail (Emma Jane) and Deva surfed past.

Then strangely the wind died just before Bradwell. Up went Fanny's yellow spinnaker. However, Deva did not set hers. We saw some ugly cloud over Brightlingsea. We were in the calm before the storm. The blow came - Deva surfed on, taking back a little of Fanny's lead. Down went Fanny's yellow spinnaker - up went her little white one in the space of minutes.

The wind looked like increasing so down came the topsail on Deva. The topping lift was hoisted to take some of the drive out of the main. However, the wind did not rise much more, so the topping lift was slackened. However, rather than risk straining the mast, the topsail was not re-set, and Deva griped her way with heavy weather helm over the line, just in front of Sea Pig, whose mast was bending like a banana! Deva lowered sail, and anchored to wait for her rival, Dilkusha. We thought that Fanny and Golden Plover were far enough ahead to save their time over us, and had no idea of our position. At the clubhouse after a couple of beers we noted that Fanny was well down in Class Two, but were waiting to see if Golden Plover had made 'the big time'. As we left for a meal Deva went on the board in third position in Class Two. As many entries were not in we thought she would drop to about tenth. However, we were very nicely surprised!

Jon Wainwright.

CHANGES TO RACE ORGANISATION FOR 1971

It is probable that next year we will insist on a sail number (or registered fishing number on the hull) or the display of a LARGE board carrying the entrant's number from the programme, preferably in yellow figures on a black ground. Such a board would be displayed only at the finish, and would NOT eliminate the need to display a name CLEARLY. Also, it looks as if we might have to place boats in the race only after a declaration has been filed. Also, we need a MUCH larger team to run the race, both the preliminary work and on the day. These matters will be discussed at the usual spring East Coast meeting.

HARDWAY RALLY, Saturday 26th June

A brisk westerly wind brought some dozen boats and forty people to the friendly welcome of the Hardway Sailing Club. Our Hon. Sec's recent shipwreck in Quiver had lost some of the bookings he had received, so there was some uncertainty as to how many suppers should have been booked. However, the Club's lady caterer excelled herself, and no-one went unfed; indeed both in quality and quantity, the supper was better than ever. Now that the Club has a full licence, the bar was better able to cater for our liquid wants, and the evening being fine, it was most pleasurable to be able to sit out on the balcony with glass in hand and watch the fascinating scene of Portsmouth Harbour in the dusk. Terminist's desertion to the East Coast left a vacuum for those who enjoy some after-closing-time vocal exercise; but this was filled by Saari, so all went to bed apparently happy.

SOLENT RACE: PHOTOGRAPHS

Roger M. Smith of 43 Newport Road, Cowes, will again be taking photographs during the Race. He hopes to have a display of black and white prints at the Supper, and will be there to take orders; he will also have a list of boats which he has photographed in colour, proofs of which will be available a few days later.

Some members are not aware that Roger Smith got some very good pictures last year; we have seen proofs of the following boats: Saga, Patsy, Terminist, Fanny, Melmore, Betty, SarahII, Bries, Richard Davey, Mary Niven, Mina, Tern, Fiona, Theodora & Scamp, Scamp & 2 others, Firefly, Fancy, Equinoxe, Dreva.

15.
WANTED Gaff cutter or yawl, 24 - 27 ft. L.W.L., 30 ft. L.O.A. maximum (excluding spars). Hull must be sound - condition of accommodation and rigging of less importance. Older boat with real character preferred. Price limit around £1,000.
Michael D. Millar, 107 Baker Street, London W1M 1FE

FOR SALE

SAGA 22' x 18' x 4' 3", plus a plywood dinghy which fits on deck. Very pretty & fast gaff sloop, several times winner of Old Gaffers Race & has done Cherbourg - Needles in 11½ hours. Built 1954 by H. Feltham of Portsmouth. Mahogany on oak. Stuart 4 h.p. Mainsail, small foresail & spinnaker in cotton; terylene large foresail; roller reefing, cockpit cover; Trakmark deck (no leaks); roomy cockpit. 2 berths & 2 pipecots may be fitted over if wished. Baby Blake, Taylor's paraffin cooker, draining sink. Well loved, used & cared for. £800, ready to sail away from Yarmouth.

D. Lord, c/o Harold Hayles, The Quay, Yarmouth, I.O.W.

ONWARD OF ITO (Reg. No. 302419) Beautifully kept Itchen Ferry aux. cutter. 24' 6" x 24' x 8' 10" x 4' 8", 6.7 tons T.M. Teak, oak, pine. 2 tons lead keel. Electric starting 6 h.p. Petrol Engine. S/S standing rigging; mainsail & foresail flax; jib - cotton on Wykeham-Martin; terylene topsail, several spares. 2 pipe cots avail. for fore cabin, 2 settee berths main cabin. Blake W/C, electric lighting throughout, Taylor 'Par-a-Fin'. Warps, chain, anchors & all gear in 1st class con. Echo sounder. Full commission, cruising Solent. Owner going abroad end June. £1500.

A.G. Scadding, The Moorings, Station Road, Wootton, I.O.W.

RALLY AT COWES CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB

SATURDAY 9th OCTOBER

To: M.D. Millar, 107 Baker St., London W1M 1FE. (01-935 9300)

I hope to attend this Rally. My total complement will be
Please book suppers for us.

NAME (Block capitals)

ADDRESS

TELEPHONE NO. BOAT

RALLY TO BRADWELL ON SEA

SATURDAY 25th SEPTEMBER

..AT BRADWELL QUAY YACHT CLUB 7 p.m. onwards.

Refreshments (liquid & solid) available - Slideshow, etc.

To: Miss A. Phelps, Timbercot, Waterside, Bradwell-on-Sea, Essex.

I hope to attend this Rally. My total complement will be

NAME (Block capitals)

ADDRESS

TELEPHONE NO, BOAT

MARY SAUNDERS Itchen Ferry, 20' x 8' x 4'. Lead keel, terylene mainsail, 2 cotton foresails, terylene genoa. (Main & genoa near new.) Volvo Penta diesel overhauled 1971. Apart from bare hull, completely rebuilt 1964. New Sitka spruce mast, boom & gaff. 2 berths. Calor cooker. Insured Lloyds to April 1972. £800 o.n.o. F. Klein, 9 Westridge Rd., Southampton. Tel: Southampton 56138.

5 ton GAFF CUTTER 26' x 8' x 4'; 2 berths with room for third. 2 mainsails, 3 headsails, all normal gear, anchor, chain, fenders, Austin 7 auxiliary. Built on lines of Morecambe Bay Prawner. £650. M.A. Hopper, 23 Arle Gardens, Alresford, Hants.

NEW FLOWER Cutter, built Fareham 1912, 32' x 7' x 4.75'. Pitch pine on oak. £1100.
S.C. Schroeder, Poste Restante, Newhaven, Sussex.

MILDRED 30' cutter, built Truro 1899. Recon. Meadows engine, 5 berths, calor gas stove with oven, Baby Blake & many extras. £2400 o.n.o.

M. Fish, 25 St. Giles Close, Shoreham, Sussex.

JEAN ANN Gaff cutter, 20' x 7' x 3' 6". Clinker built, larch on oak, 1936. 2 berths, gimballled stove; Long-shaft Seagull Century. Terylene mainsail, jib & topsail; cotton staysail & storm jib. All running rigging terylene or nylon. Full cruising inventory. 8' pram dinghy. Moored Paglesham, Essex. £750.
D. Cordingly, 1 Chepstow Villas, London W.11. Tel. 01-229 1682 (evenings)

CENTURY Longshaft, perfect working order; £15. (Main engine now works!) Double burner cooker complete with Calor gas container, £8. (Gone over to paraffin).
M.W. Eve, 11 Fitzroy Square, London W.1. Tel. EUS 6073.