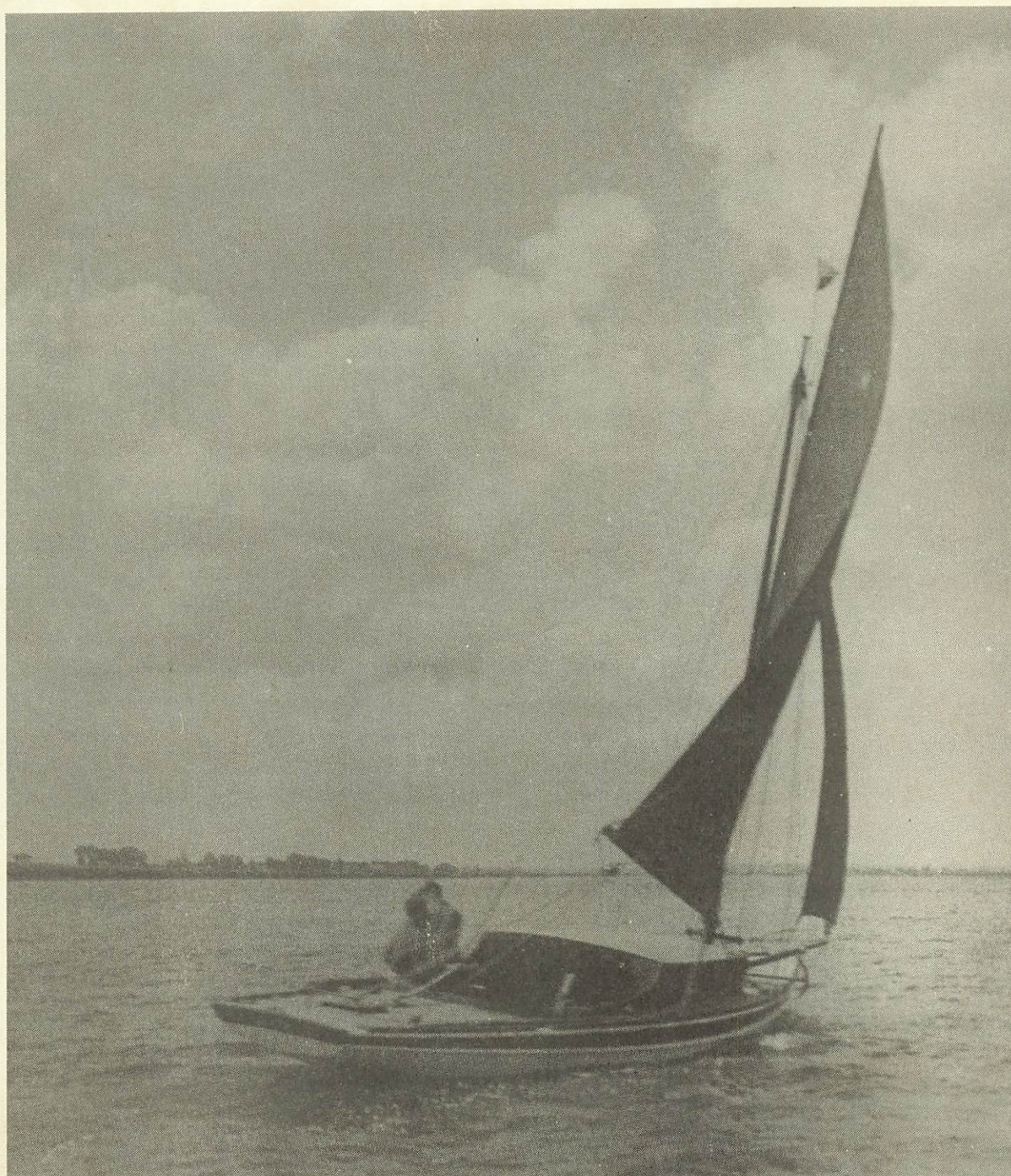


Old Gaffers Association 80/2  
Newsletter



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**THE OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION**

Braeside, 2, Greenbank St., Galashiels,  
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# OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION

NEWSLETTER No. 1980/2

## DIARY REMINDERS

AUGUST Sun 3 FRENCH Old Gaffers Race, Brest.  
Sat 2 SWALE Gaffers Race.  
Sun 3 NORTH EAST Area Race, Amble.  
Fri 8 Evening race at Mylor Yacht Club.  
Mon 18 - Sun 24 Drake 400.  
Sun 24 DARTMOUTH Regatta Race.  
Sun 31 BRIGHTON Old Gaffers Rally.  
  
SEPT. Sat 6 SOLENT Area Race.  
Sat 6 Rally at St. Mawes.

## COVER PICTURE: MAYHI

Specification: 27' x 8' x 2'3"/5'3". Sliding gunter centreboard sloop. Built at Ramsgate before the first World War. Pitch-pine planking on steamed timbers.  $\frac{3}{8}$  ton cast iron keel plus steel centreboard.

## Modifications since launch

To improve sitting headroom, the cabin roof has been raised 5" aft and 3" forward. Iron angle brackets have been added to stiffen the centreboard case. Decks are now covered with glass fibre instead of the original canvas. The bowsprit has been lengthened by 5" to put the spinnaker attachment outside the forestay instead of inside, where it was originally. A Lavac toilet has been installed under the port helmsman's seat. The transom has been moved about 2" forward, as the original screw holes in the end of the planks had deteriorated badly. Subsequently, the transom has been strengthened by knees to the planking and the top rail modified to allow an outboard motor to be fitted. Re-timbered both sides from forward of mast to sternpost bulkhead. Painted, tongued and grooved panelling in the well has been replaced by mahogany faced plywood panels.

## Peculiarities of construction

The most curious aspect of her construction is that she has no horn timber. There is no 'backbone' between the rudder post and the transom. There is a rather crude bulkhead at the rudder post position, and with this and the transom the last five feet of planking forms a strong box structure which has certainly proved entirely adequate.

Another curious item is that the planking of this last five feet of structure is not fastened by clenches as is the rest of the hull, but by galvanised nails spiked through the timbers and hammered over. Presumably because of their dry situation, these show no noticeable deterioration.

A third curiosity is the provision of rowlock holes in the well coaming. The rowlocks and eleven foot sweeps formed our only auxiliary power for many years, and have taken us many a weary mile. Currently the sweeps double as spinnaker poles.

## Performance

Mayhi's saucer shaped sections make her very stable, and she seldom heels more than 20 degrees. Her sail balance close-hauled is excellent, and she carries only slight weather helm.

This holds good even in gale conditions provided the reefing has been properly done, and she will still come about without any difficulty.

On a reach the weather helm naturally increases, and we have arranged a spinnaker pole attachment on the samson post so that the spinnaker can be set as a reaching foresail forward of the forestay. The spinnaker is cut fairly flat with this purpose in mind. With this arrangement she still has ample weather helm.

On a run, particularly when the wind is over the quarter, the weather helm is still further increased, and the rudder angle is large enough to cause considerable drag, probably because of the relatively inefficient shape of the shoal draft rudder. This can be quite magically reduced and the speed correspondingly increased by setting the spinnaker on a pole from the mast to partly balance the mainsail. The luff of the spinnaker is taken down to the bowsprit, hence the foresail forms a continuation of the spinnaker and adds to the effective sail area.

Roller reefing is fitted on both mainsail and foresail, and the boom and roller diameters are such that sail balance is maintained if an equal number of rolls is put on each sail.

As regards the amount of reefing, about three rolls copes with up to force 5, and this amount brings the top of the wire span of the gaff down to the halyard, and keeps the yard snug up behind the mast.

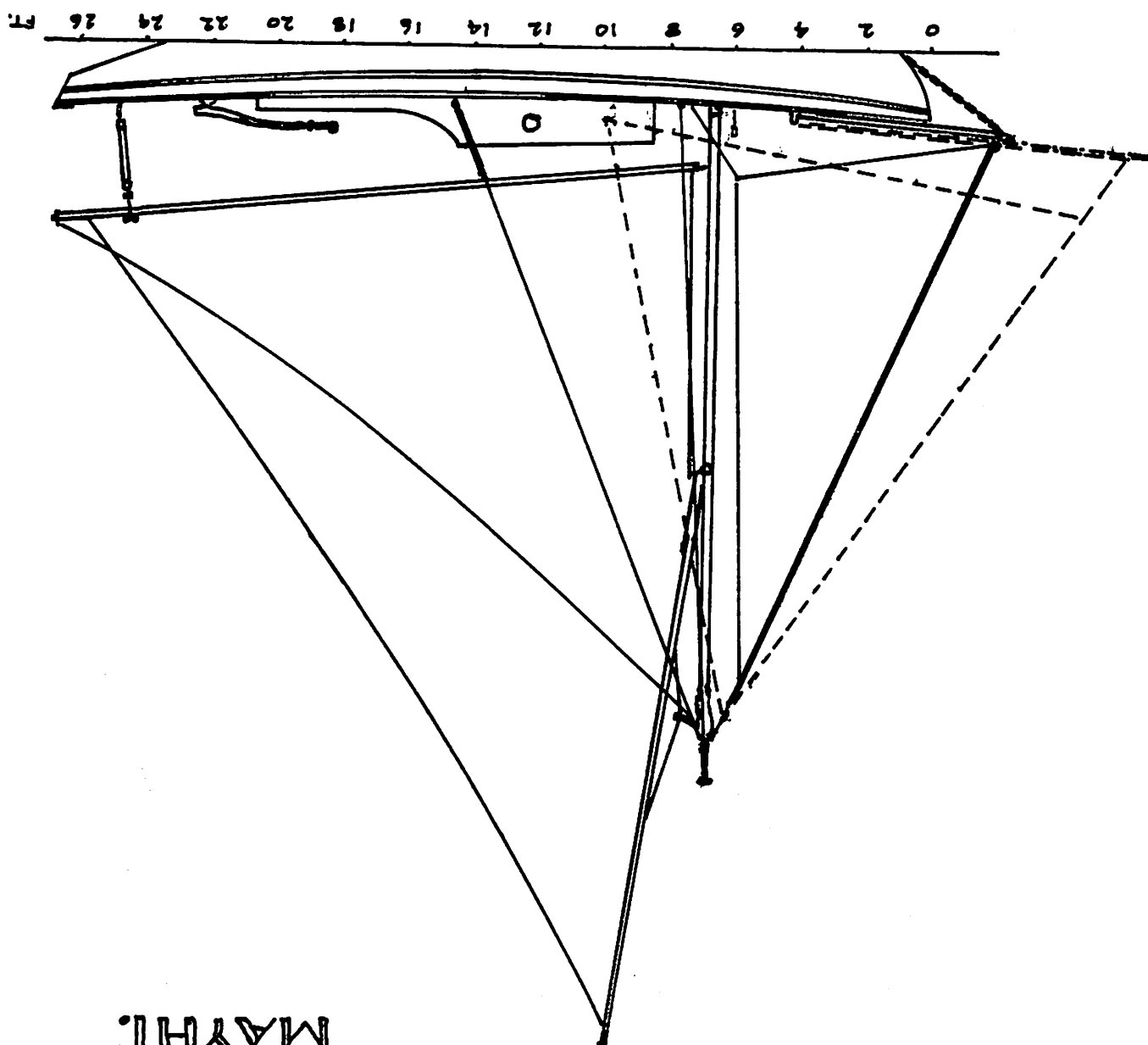
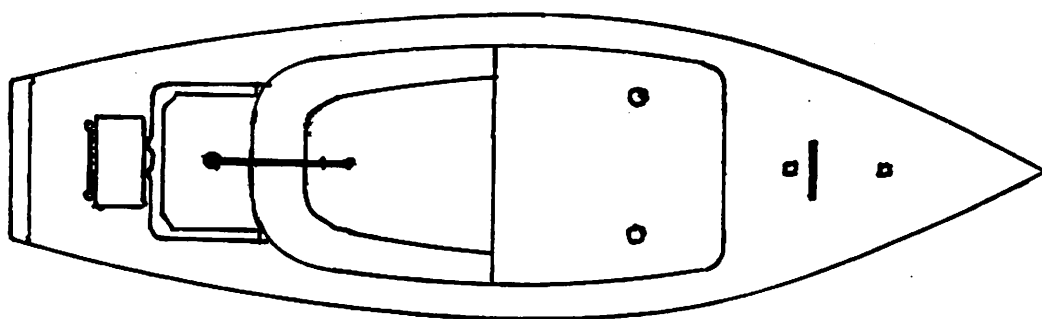
About five rolls copes with force 6. This requires the peak halyard to be eased off and this allows the gaff to pull away from the mast a little, with consequent lowering of the boom, but this is not enough to matter.

When the sail is rolled until the gaff is only just clear of the boom, this is about right for force 7, and will cope with force 8, though not very comfortably. Under these conditions the foresail could be completely furled, but it is remarkable how a small bit of foresail about 18 inches in chord will increase speed and manoeuvrability without appreciable increase in heeling movement. In this configuration the sail area has been reduced to 111 square feet, a little over one third of her normal sail area of 302 square feet. If squalls are violent we uncleat the mainsheet and hold it, so that it can be eased rapidly if luffing is not fast enough.

For this fully reefed condition, the boom would set uncomfortably low, so we normally unshackle the topping lift, and use it as an extra halyard on the gaff, attached so as to be horizontal. This keeps the gaff close behind the mast and raises the boom.

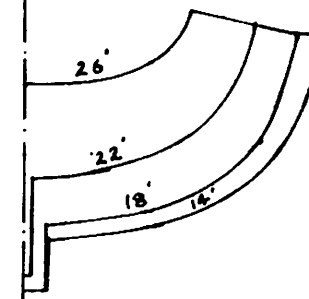
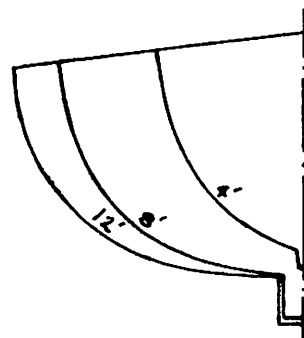
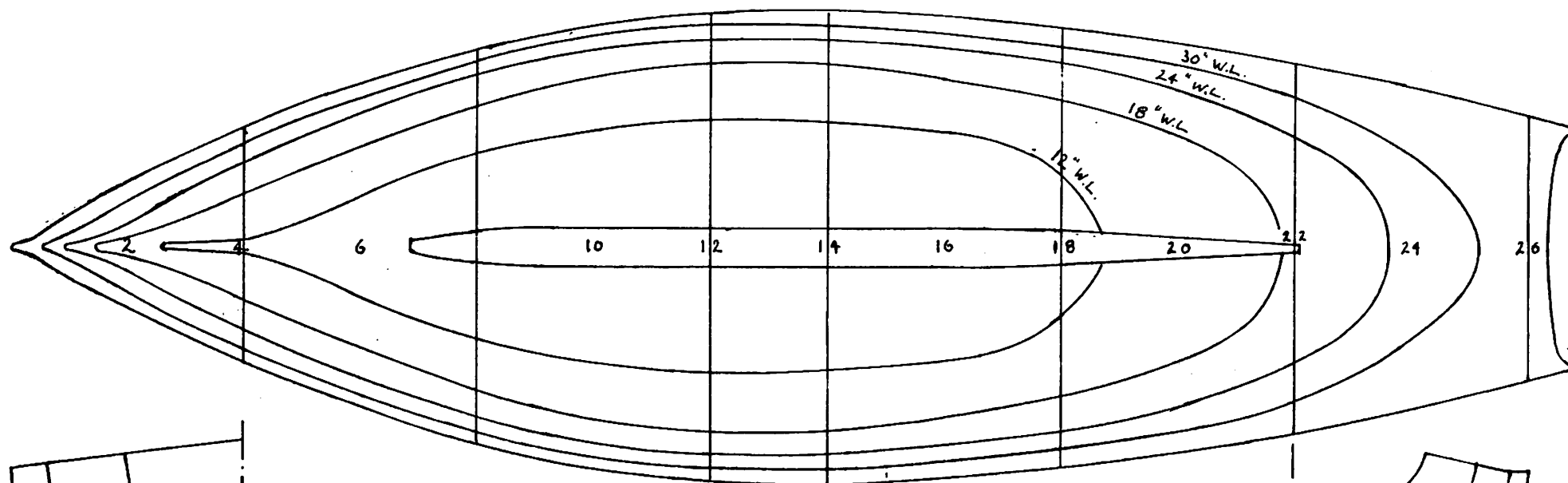
Mayhi will sail and manoeuvre quite well with centreboard fully up, but of course she makes more leeway. It is our normal practice to partly raise the centreboard on a reach and almost fully raise it on a run, to reduce the wetted area, following normal dinghy sailing technique.

Sailing under foresail alone with centreboard fully down, she will not do much better than a reach and has to wear round to change tacks. Lying at anchor with centreboard up she will sometimes pick up a natural frequency of the wave motion and roll quite abominably. This is, fortunately, a rare occurrence, and it can be stopped by partly lowering the plate.

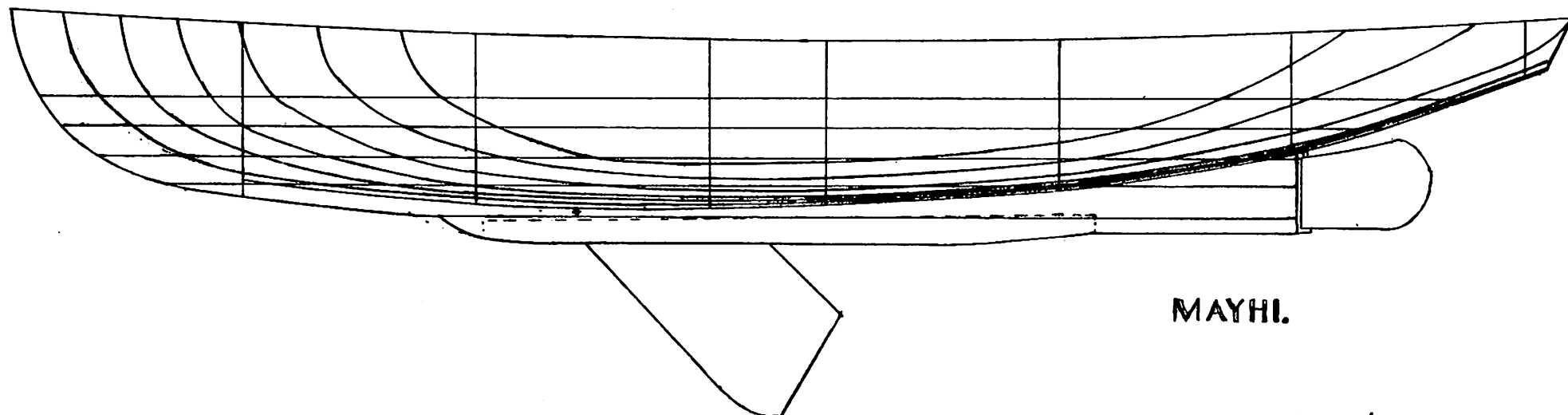


MAYH.





30" W.L.  
24" W.L.  
18" W.L.  
12" W.L.  
6" W.L.



MAYHI.

In the days when so many owners started putting safety railings round their decks we began to wonder why we had never felt this necessary. The answer is that on Mayhi the shrouds are within comfortable arm's reach of the runners, and one can go forward with a continuous firm grip on a stay.

I had hoped to be able to quote exactly how close she will lie to the wind, but examination of the logbooks for many years back merely show that the angle between successive port and starboard close-hauled tacks can be anything between 70° and 110°. The average of some fourteen pairs of headings gave just over 91°. Leeway, of course, is not included in these figures. Maximum speed ever measured under sail was 5.3 knots. This was with fully reefed mainsail with the wind abaft the beam. This was measured with a log ship and stop watch, and is the average of three readings.

Criticisms will be laid against the unusually large well on the score that it can be easily flooded. We have never found it to be a danger and would not be without it. I regard it as one of the greatest attractions of the boat. Modern designers have a mania about self-draining cockpits and ruin many small boats with them. The answer really depends upon the use to which the boat is going to be put. Mayhi is used as a day-sailer, making single-tide passages only. If she was used as a long distance cruiser making deep-water passages, then the argument for a self-draining cockpit would be valid.

Mayhi has always been a most exhilarating and exciting boat to sail, and her centreboard enables us to nip across sandbanks with almost careless abandon. Her flat decks form a splendid swimming and sunbathing platform, and her large well is a delight at anchor or under way.

I feel privileged to be able to publish her lines and dimensions, and I salute her builder and her designer, whose names I have been unable to discover. I hope current designers will take a good long look at her.

J.E.J. Solley.

#### CLYDE RACE - 1979: GERTRUDE'S RACE

As a sailor of little experience and one totally ignorant of racing and the racing scene, it was with some misgiving that I entered Gertrude for an Old Gaffers race. Gertrude qualified on all counts being a Clyde 19/24 built in the first year of the century and rigged as a gaff sloop. The intending complement were none too young either. Doug, myself and Gertrude collectively having seen some one hundred and eighty-six summers. I had selected or rather pressed Doug as crew because he had had some dinghy racing experience and knew something about committee boats and starting guns, he was also one of that rugged breed who camel-like can go without sustenance for long periods and who even after partial immersion in water continue to function in a cheerful and seamanlike manner.

The race was a week-end affair from Roseneath Patch beacon on the Upper Firth of Clyde to Colintrave in the Kyles of Bute on Saturday and the reverse course the following day, about twenty miles each way. Neither of us being early risers we decided to spend the Friday night aboard at our mooring in the Gareloch, the spartan nature of Gertrude's shelf and pipe cot sleeping accommodation providing no encouragement to lie late abed.



The morning dawned bright and dry with a light breeze and having breakfasted we made sail, slipped our mooring and headed out into the Firth. Reaching the start with time to spare we surveyed the rest of the field, two biggish ketches, a Loch Fyne skiff, a red-sailed Shetlander and 'Thistle', six boats including ourselves, a disappointing turn out. Thistle, a Clyde one rater of 1909 vintage, like ourselves one of the smaller boats, was a legend on the Clyde, even we had heard of her race record. She and her youthful crew existed for racing and were not like us given to mere bumblng up and down the river.

We had a good start, crossing the line seconds after the gun with a moderate beam wind and going well under full main and working jib, mistake number one was forgetting to bring the genoa. The other boats headed off direct for Cloch Point, the obvious course, Doug and I however had a hunch that by keeping to the centre of the Firth we might find more wind and at the same time avoid a calm patch, Cloch Point Doldrum we called it, often encountered in that area. Our hunch did not pay off, our wind if anything fell lighter while the others close to the Renfrewshire coast drew ahead steadily. Off Innellan with Toward Point our mark the wind freshened and came somewhat before the beam. Thistle was already out of sight beyond the point, the two ketches and the Loch Fyne skiff were well ahead and we were last boat but close on the Shetlander's heels. So intent were we on the boats before us that the tan sailed racy looking yawl, a late starter, which unnoticed had been steadily overhauling us for the last hour or so took us quite by surprise when she appeared close on our weather beam going at a great rate and smartly pulling in before us as if to give emphasis to our last boat status, a wooden spoon for us!

Rounding the buoy brought the wind aft, the Shetlander set a spinnaker and we poled out our foresail and ran goose winged in pursuit. It was on this point of sailing, running before a moderate breeze, that Gertrude's vast low peaked mainsail really gave us an advantage. We were gaining on the Shetlander and the yawl and off Ardbeg where the course turned northwestward the three boats were closely bunched. With the new quartering wind our foresail poled on the weather side was unhappy, occasionally blowing aback as we yawed in the swell, we debated whether to take in the pole and fly the jib to leeward in the conventional manner but decided to go as we were until we rounded Ardmaleish Point when the wind would come more astern. Ardmaleish behind us, we had a clear five mile run up the East Kyle of Bute to Colintrave with a freshening breeze bearing us along at a great rate. We had overtaken the Shetlander and were now in contention with the tan sailed yawl which for some reason was hugging the mainland coast, maybe he knew something we did not. For long minutes we raced neck and neck. Colintrave Narrows loomed closer and closer, a sudden freshening of the following breeze made us look to our gear, Gertrude leapt forward, surely this heaven sent squall must put us ahead of our rival! A cry from Doug, the whisker pole was bending, a flimsy thing, it was just not adequate for the load imposed upon it, before our eyes it bent to an impossible arc before shattering dramatically, the fragments disappearing overboard. We shot past the old ferry slip into the anchorage beyond in some confusion and slightly elated at being not last but third last despite forgetting our genoa and being the only boat impeded by a tender. We cruised around for a bit but could see nothing resembling a committee boat, so assumed some race official must be taking transit times

from Colintrave Point. We anchored with difficulty and I fear not very skilfully. Gertrude being engineless, the operation had to be carried out under sail and according to the sailing law of sod her mainsail usually refuses to come down in tricky situations, thus it was, and only after much dashing about and snubbing was she finally brought under control and things made ship shape for the night.

After dinner we went ashore for the pints and junketings usual after these affairs and learned to our dismay that we had officially failed to finish. We had failed to see the committee boat anchored close inshore just south of the village and had passed the outer end of the finishing line. Ah, well, there was still tomorrow! The hotel bar was crowded and it was difficult to tell who were gaffers and who were not, old gaffers not necessarily being old you see. In fact we discovered latterly that we two were just about the oldest gaffers there. I always find it fascinating to try and classify people in a crowd. Here, peaked caps denote off duty ferrymen, leather boots forestry or estate people, black gum boots artisans in the building and allied trades, lounge suits local professional people or resident holiday-makers, fancy gum boots and aran sweaters yachtsmen. There is always someone who defies classification, in this case three dusky dark haired gentlemen whose physiognomy brought to mind a picture I had once seen of those natives of Tierra Del Fuego who proved troublesome to Captain Slocum during his passage of the Strait of Magellen, a bizarre association indeed.

We had some talk with the Thistle people who had come ashore to be fed, we gathered that facilities aboard Thistle were even simpler than aboard Gertrude and that cooking was not among them, the Thistle people on passage it seemed subsisted upon cold sausage rolls and export beer. Thistle was by their account a most demanding boat to own, lightly planked of carvel construction she was prone to leakage and could not be left unattended at her mooring for too long. Her race record was quite remarkable in spite of her fragility, or perhaps because of it and I had no doubt that Thistle would win on the morrow.

Time was called, lounge suits, gum boots, Fuegians and ourselves were all desanted into the inhospitable darkness. After a brief search we found our tender and after a few phosphorescent oar strokes we were aboard again. It was blowing freshly and before turning in we put out a second anchor to windward on a long warp as a precaution since the holding ground just there is not reputed to be good.

Sunday dawned fine with little wind and we went ashore briefly to fetch water, post postcards and discharge other business, facilities for which aboard Gertrude were limited. Catching sight of washing fluttering in the breeze behind the hotel reminded us that we had now no whisker pole and Doug was for making an offer for one of the clothes props, time being short we did not however pursue the matter.

Back at the boat we made sail and started to haul the kedge anchor. We hauled that kedge up and down, we hauled it on a slant, we tried a sustained pull and a sudden jerk, we charged at it, but it would not come in. The water was clear and by peering into the depths we could just see that the kedge warp had been overlaid by a bight of the main anchor chain. We tried hauling in chain and our problem was solved. The kedge broke out and both anchors were aboard and stowed in a jiffy.

Under way we headed for the start and crossed the line a good four minutes late with the rest of the fleet well away down the Kyle, an inauspicious start doubtless heralding another day of undistinguished performance. When the wind came it did so with a vengeance. Reports varied as to the precise direction and force of that wind as it was very localized but for us it was the best possible, taking us forward of the port beam and just about as much of it as Gertrude would stand under all plain sail. I say this in retrospect, at the time it seemed that something must break. I would never have believed she could sail so fast, we went like a destroyer leaving a great heap of water astern and throwing up a bow wave that at times seemed in danger of breaking into the foresail. We were well heeled, really sailing on our ear. I had never before stood with my feet on the cockpit coaming looking down into the belly of the mainsail with the sea surging past inches from my toes. It was great sailing. It crossed my mind that we should have a musician on board who could compose music in the style of Wagner suitable to our progress. A startled exclamation from Doug brought me down to earth, water inside the boat, gallons, no, tons of it. Gertrude in common with other lightly planked ex racing boats while tight enough below the normal water line leaked like a sieve when heeled, her topside seams then being submerged. She had made a great amount of water which swirled around the starboard bunk and in which floated shoes, towels, utensils, tea bags, matches and worst of all the tails of Doug's good number one going ashore jacket to which he was greatly attached and which for more years than I cared to remember had graced public bars in some quite respectable West Highland hotels. Pumping proved ineffectual since at that angle of heel the water lying in the turn of the bilge did not flow into the pump well and had the wind not fallen away somewhat at this juncture we might have had a heavy decision to make, reduce sail and pump or press on regardless. We joined the other boats practically becalmed at Ardyne Point and noted with some satisfaction that we were no longer last boat, somehow we had pulled ahead of the Shetlander who we later learned had been unlucky in not sharing our great wind.

After ten minutes spent trying to harness odd puffs and not making much of it, the wind returned, less of it than before but a good sailing breeze nonetheless, this time heading us. We made short tacks for Toward Point while the rest made a long slant to the South East with the intention of weathering the point on the second tack. For once we seemed to have chosen the better course since the wind shortly backed into the North putting us to windward of the others and beating into Wemyss Bay we found we had put another three boats behind us. As we tacked up the Firth closely shadowed by the Loch Fyne skiff looking very sinister and piratical with its great tan lug sail and high freeboard the wind fell lighter and lighter and we wished again that we had our big foresail with us. Cloch Point found us in leisurely contention with the blue hulled ketch and we had time to admire the perfection of her turnout, the gleaming varnish, polished metal, rigging fitments picked out in contrasting paints, tan sails perfectly trimmed and sheeted. She put one in mind of one of the more beautiful models to be seen in maritime museums, only she was full size with everything working. We drew away from her feeling our outfit seedy and unkempt by contrast. Still the wind fell away but with only three miles to go and having put five boats behind us in spite of our late start and other handicaps we were well pleased with Gertrude's performance.



Thistle had long since won the race and in front of us now was only the tan sailed yawl. She was going well on a mid channel course and so far ahead that we stood no chance of catching her, however third boat home was better than also ran. We made no mistake about crossing the finishing line this time, bearing down on the committee boat until we could see the whites of their eyes and hear the stop watches click before going about smartly and shaping our course for Gareloch and home.

W.K.M.Wood.

### VENTURE 220

Although I am regretfully now having to sell Venture, a Prawner I bought from Jay Cresswell some three years ago, I should like to try and get more information about her past both for our archives and to pass on to her next owner. If any member has any knowledge of her in the past, especially between the Wars, when she was fishing, or when she was converted to a yacht, it would be very valuable, or alternatively someone may be able to make some comments on the following notes that may point to a particular builder, port, or date of building.

Venture's construction does not resemble that of a Crossfield of Arnside vessel 'Laura', which is currently a Bermudan Sloop lying at Hayling Island and also incidentally up for sale. (Photographs of her have appeared in the advertisement section of the Yachting Monthly on several occasions recently). Both have a length of 35 feet, but Venture's lines are fuller at both ends. Venture also has a round rather than elliptical stern and I have been told that this was typical of Fleetwood boats - can anyone confirm that? Both were probably working boats as they have nogs fore and aft. In Laura's case they were sawn off flush when she was redecked with plywood. It would also seem that at some stage Laura lost her counter and had a transom for a period but that the counter was later rebuilt. This is quite interesting as we have just had to do an extensive rebuild of Venture's counter which had severe rot in the archboard.

It seems likely that the way Venture is now rigged is largely original or at least authentic judging by the similarity with boats seen in the excellent period photographs in the Greenwich Maritime Museum collection. The mast, a handsome solid pitch pine spar, may well be original. On purchase she had metal cross-trees fitted, of rather elegant forged iron type clamped round the mast, but extensive searching of photographs shows similar ones only on vessels built as yachts or after conversion to yachts. Most working boats in the photographs have two shrouds each side to the hounds but with no cap shrouds although a few have the latter direct to the mast head, without cross-trees, in a manner similar to East Coast Smacks.

Regarding ground tackle I have not been able to find adequate contemporary photographic evidence of what was carried. They do not carry anchors catted to the bulwark in the manner of East Coast Smacks, nor do they appear to have any form of windlass. As well as the forward pair of nogs most appear to have a substantial mooring post near to the centre line, but where were the anchor and chain carried? Venture's bowsprit passes to port of the stemhead but again judging from the photographs there does not seem to be any uniformity about the side amongst Prawners, compared with the almost universal port side favoured by the East Coast Smacks.

The bowsprit extends 13 feet outboard and passes through an iron at the bowsprit which is considerably too big for it and makes me think that the original bowsprit was larger in diameter and unstayed. At present there is a bobstay but there are no bowsprit shrouds. The attachment of the bobstay to the stemhead was rudimentary consisting only of a bolt drilled through the stem connecting a large 'U' shaped piece of metal and I very much doubt if this was original. The bowsprit bits are not very substantial and are only bolted to a deck beam not carried down into the hull. Not only does the bowsprit bend alarmingly if it is not well bowsed down by the bobstay but the bits also move back by twisting the beam and I suspect that the jib was originally only a light weather sail. This flimsy method of attaching the bowsprit bits is however shown on the plans of a Crossfield Prawner at the Maritime Museum so is probably original.

The interior is of course considerably altered but it seems that the cabin top is bolted on where the original well combing once was but both the forward end of the cabin and the aft end of the cockpit are square and not rounded or elliptical. This is a feature seen in quite a few of the boats in the Greenwich photographs but does it tell one anything of the designer or builder or port of origin? The bulkhead which was originally at the forward end of the well has been removed but the chamfered edges on the main beam reveal where the sliding door into the forecabin once was. There is in addition an elegant elliptical hatch on the foredeck which is clearly old but I do not know if this was original or a 'yachty' addition at the time of conversion. In any case why go to the trouble of making an elliptical hatch whilst taking the easy way to a square end for the cabin and cockpit?

I have had news of two other Prawniers called Venture, one of which is said to be a sister ship of 'Little Annie' and another also built by Crossfield which had an iron keel and kelson. This Venture has not got an iron keel but has only internal ballast with concreted bilges. To what extent she may resemble Little Annie I don't know but perhaps the owner could comment.

Whilst working on Venture for the last two years I have often wondered to what extent one should strive for originality in the restoration. There are certain constraints one cannot avoid such as safety at sea and regulations regarding navigation lights. To remove the cabin top to an open well would make the boat much less useful but on the other hand when one sees the French coming over to our rallies with boats which are totally original, and often restored to the original from quite comfortable cruising conversions I have an uneasy feeling that we are lagging behind what should be the true aim of a sailing vintage movement.

#### Notes

- (1) Any information please to Sam Bayliss, 135 Peperharow Road, Godalming, Surrey, or phone 04868 28652.
- (2) Laura features in 'I bought a Pawning Boat' by Delmar Morgan, published many years ago.
- (3) Numerous plans of working boats can be seen at the Information Office of the Science Museum. List of photographs of small craft plans with price of copies available from the Director, The Science Museum, South Kensington, London SW7 2DD.

- (4) Many contemporary photographs are in the collections at the National Maritime Museum but much is not yet indexed. Copies available - enquire of Historic Photograph Section, National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, London SE10 9NF.

S.G. Bayliss.

### CITARA

I am writing to update the situation in respect of Citara. (ex Rover) the 1887 Aldous smack which featured in our newsletter 76/3 and provided the cover picture for that issue.

I am the chap who bought her from the Souters in November 1969 as a neglected hulk and worked hard, with the help of many dedicated friends, to get her sailing again on 22nd August 1971 from Wicormarine Yard, Portchester.

I sold her to Gordon and Sue Stephenson in April 1972 and took from them in part exchange 'Chough', later sold to Bob Cundall who has raced her so successfully. I then bought 'Rosabel', a 1927 built 3½ ton Hillyard gaffer which I still own, but now need to sell.

And so to my reason for writing. I have recently bought Citara back again after 7½ years of 'admiring from afar' and kicking myself for ever selling her in the first place. I bought her from Peter Bennett, who had done a great deal of work unearthing her history and I intend to continue this effort. To this end I would welcome any information readers may have, particularly in respect of the years 1918 - 1930 and 1962 - 1969.

She is now berthed at the Folly Inn, Whippingham, near to the railway station which I am converting into a comfortable residence. When I retire, probably in 1980, I am considering using these resources to provide instructional sailing holidays and in this connection would welcome any advice from Old Gaffers involved in similar ventures, or from anyone interested in trying out our package.

With best wishes to all OGA members.

Fred Brooks,  
Railway Station,  
Whippingham, I.O.W.

### THE ONLY ONES THERE?

For several days before the East Coast Gaffers Rally at Walton Backwaters it blew hard from the S.W. On the morning that we were due to set off it was still blowing hard. It was an unsettled set of weather conditions because much of the time it was force 3 and then about every half or threequarters of an hour it would suddenly gust force 6 plus and rain like fury. Well, I thought, the weather is not good for an outdoor beach party, but we will go to Walton Backwaters even if no one else turns up.

With the weather in a foul mood we agreed to escort Tom Eeles' open cutter Elver along the open coast about eight miles between the River Deben and the Backwater. This was all well organized ahead of time with several phone calls which will probably result in the GPO making a handsome profit this year. Once outside the Deben on the appointed hour we started motoring our 35 foot L'Atalanta into a modest head sea, but there was no sign of the cutter we were supposed to be keeping a watchful eye on. Various members of the Simper tribe scanned the sea with binoculars, but we came to the conclusion that the Elver had

not started. A couple of hours later when we were in the Walton Channel, there, about a mile off the starboard bow the sun reflecting on the water suddenly showed up the Elver. We heard later that they had been watching us ever since we had come out of the Deben. Admittedly we must not have been very observant, but it does show just how hard it is to see a small boat on an overcast day when at sea.

Now we had other features to train the binoculars on, for there were two topmasts clearly showing above Stone Point, One was easily recognizable as the Sarah Jane Riley, but the other topmast was a stranger at least until we could see the black hull of the Providence underneath it. Equally welcome was the sight of the other smaller gaffers anchored further up the channel. This year for the first time we actually got some local boats to come along, notably the Kestrel, a low hulled cutter dating from 1891 and the Lindy which appeared from and then disappeared to Kirby Creek fairly rapidly.

In all there was a record of twelve gaff boats at the Rally which included the brand new Cornish Trader Martha II which sailed right up to anchor and then her skipper asked very politely if they might join us. I shouted back that there was no age limit and if they were embarrassed by the newness of their craft we would come and rub some mud on it!

The point about a rally is that there is time to visit other peoples' craft. We quickly learnt that some of our members had strayed from the paths of righteousness and bought GRP bermudian craft. However, had the bonfire that night run short of fuel it was agreed by everyone but their owners, these strangely rigged craft should be the first to be sacrificed to the flames.

In this ship visiting, hospitality must have been flowing very freely down of the West Mersea contingent because they all came ashore in a very friendly frame of mind. They then spent the evening discussing whether, to avoid the squalls during the day, to set off at 2 a.m. However, the skipper of Tarka, the West Mersea otter, was noticeably reluctant to take part in this seamanlike proposal and protested that his bunk was a better place to spend the night than bashing about in a head sea in the Wallet.

In theory this gathering was taking place at the height of the summer but in fact the evening became bitterly cold which drew us all closer in to the roaring fire behind a low sand dune. Our fire was a good one, pouring out heat into the night and cooking sausages. None of the North American nonsense with funny little 'barbecue' trolleys, this was a good British burnt sausages washed down with beer evening. What they actually tasted like no one seemed to remember because everyone was too busy chatting away about boats and the gossip from all along the coast to notice.

Before most of us had come ashore the crew of Elver had cleaned up the broken glass from someone else's bonfire party and next morning all our beer cans, wine bottles and general debris. In fact the gaffers left the beach at Stone Point cleaner than when they arrived.

This was the fifth time that we had held this informal get together and the largest number of boats turned up. Next morning the gallant band of single handed sailors from West Mersea were still at anchor and had not stolen away in the night. Soon boats



started leaving, Dormouse under power and then Marsh Mallow under sail. Providence rolled down a reef in the main and had just got her anchor out of the ground when a great black squall came racing across the marshes. The effect was like jamming your heel down on the tail of a cat. Providence shot up river ploughing up a huge bow wave with the jib going completely berserk. It would take more than this to ruffle the Morrisons, they handle their craft superbly and what a sight she made thundering back down towards the sea.

Our own departure was less spectacular. Motoring out into the channel we set the mainsail with two reefs down and as the sun came out we rolled down wind at sea. 'This is what sailing is all about' cried my family and I used this as an opening to put a commercial for more (or actually any) help with the fitting out next spring. We did the distance too fast and as we approached the Deben bar I wondered if there was enough water yet to go over. In calm weather we could have safely gone over an hour after low water but with force 6 squalls blowing right on to the bar I thought we needed more flood. There were nasty patches of broken water on the shingle knolls so I decided to down sail and hang about under power. In the lively sea and strong wind this operation called for maximum effort of my wife and two teenage daughters to get the sail stowed. After rolling about for an hour I cautiously motored over the bar, then we made sail again for a leisurely run up the river while a few hints were dropped about this being perfect conditions to put the kettle on for a cup of tea.

At home a note left on our front door informed us that Elver had also made a speedy passage back to the Deben. They had covered about nine miles in one hour, forty-five minutes. The note read 'Thank Goodness for Gaff, when the storm hit we had the main down in fifteen seconds! I can only add - Thank Goodness that gaffers are such a good and cheerful crowd to make such a good effort to turn out to a rally on such an unpromising weekend.

Robert Simper.

#### EAST COAST RALLYING IN A SMALL GAFFER

'A chance to get rid of the cobwebs on the rigging and stretch the canvas a little'. That's what the Newsletter said about the East Coast Rally. Prophetic words indeed. The view astern was certainly dramatic. A near gale of wind, the sky as black as a coal cellar, the sea a deep dirty green flecked white everywhere with breaking wave crests and lightning flashing intermittently. Cape Horn in winter? A hurricane in the Caribbean? No, it was just off Felixstowe on midsummer's day this year. What on earth were we doing in a 17 foot open gaffer, looking down the throat of this monster? Well, it was all because of our determination to 'blow out our cobwebs' and get to the East Coast Rally.

On Saturday we crept out of the Deben into the teeth of a Force 5 - 6 South Westerly. Trying to beat down to the Walton Backwaters would have taken us all weekend and probably most of the next week as well, so, as no other gaffers could see what we were up to, we cheated and crept down the coast under the power of the faithful Seagull, nipping across the big ship channel off Harwich and continuing down over the Halliday Flats.

Eventually the wind eased and the sun came out so we were able to sail into the Walton channel with everything up, much to the surprise of the other larger gaffers already there.

The evening was cool but we all had a very pleasant time. There was enough driftwood to build a good blazing fire, enough beer to warm the inner man and plenty of yarning with other gaffers. It didn't rain on us and our campsite was perfectly comfortable.

The next morning dawned bright and clear - after striking camp and clearing everything up, including other non-gaffer litter, we set off expecting a really pleasant run home. We could see our destination clearly on the horizon. Elver was fairly heavily laden with three men and their camping gear, but we were confident of a short pleasant passage home. However, as soon as we cleared the shelter of Pye Sand and Walton the sea and wind both got up. We soon had to drop the topsail, and, looking astern, saw the sky getting blacker and blacker. We still managed to crack along at a fair rate and at one stage it almost looked as if we were going to get into the Deben before the storm struck.

But it was not to be. Just off Felixstowe there was a sudden but clearly detectable drop in temperature. Fearing the worst, we started the peak and throat halyards. Then the wind struck. Thank goodness for gaff rig - we had the main down and stowed in about 20 seconds flat! The wind was really quite frightening but luckily we were running dead before it under two small headsails. The rain came down in torrents. We had the thrilling but somewhat unnerving experience of surfing regularly on the breaking wave crests for about 50 yards or so. However, everything seemed to remain vaguely under control and soon the welcome sight of Bawdsey Manor appeared through the downpour. The surf on the Deben Bar looked dramatic, but we negotiated it without disaster; we noticed many Marconi rigged plastic 'go-faster' boats stranded on the Bar, being attended to by rescue launches. We came roaring in in fine style, still surfing every now and again, while the bedraggled boy racers attempted to recover their bits and pieces to their clubhouse. The wind even moderated enough to allow us a seemly arrival at the beach to unload all our rain soaked gear.

Overall, it was on reflection a thrilling if rather frightening sail. We were very impressed by our little boat's performance in such extreme conditions but grateful that the wind was blowing where we wanted to go! It made an exciting end to another excellent OGA event - but perhaps we should have the Rally in December next year? It might be both warmer and less windy!

T. Eeles.

Tom Eele's boat is Elver, the 17'6" centreboard yawl - ed.

An old gaffer sailing a coble,  
Was leading a life far from noble.  
He would not mend his ways  
And was hanged in his stays,  
For kicking up a row in Grenoble.

H.H.L.

### CLYDE AREA RACES FOR 1980

Saturday, 7th June Fifteen yachts turned up for the start of the 1980 Race - certainly showing a considerable improvement on recent years.

The start took place in a Force 1 south-westerly with Partan, Thistle, Rawanah and Mist all being on the line on starboard tack. Minna slipped across on port tack just clearing those coming out on starboard. From then on a drifting match developed with Thistle and Gertrude being the only vessels to hold the wind throughout the race. These two followed by Partan held the Cowal shore opening up a wide lead and were first to benefit from the force 4 north-westerly wind which filled in in the late afternoon. Regrettably, despite this fresh breeze, there were only three finishers within the time limit which was set at 1900. Had the Committee realised how far behind the leading boats the rest of the fleet were they would undoubtedly have shortened course, but as Thistle managed to finish at 1646, they obviously had little reason to believe that the course should be shortened. Second across the line was Beroe, who overtook Partan in Rothesay Bay and third Gertrude.

All but two of the boats managed to reach Tighnabruaich in time for a drinks party which was held on Tighnabruaich pier. Approximately sixty people attended and the evening appeared a success with Mrs. Elaine Nelson, wife of the Sailing Secretary of the RNCYC presenting prizes for the first leg. At the last minute it was decided to present a 'Concours d'Elegance' prize to Idaho, a recently rebuilt Innellan Class vessel, originally built in 1890. Regrettably she had not managed to reach Tighnabruaich in time for the evening event.

Sunday, 8th June Ten starters came to the line on Sunday, again in very light winds and as per established pattern Thistle rapidly took command of the race, finishing off Inverkip approximately forty minutes within the time limit. There was only one other finisher and that was Shireen.

It is worth noting, however, that seven others continued to race and go through the finishing line, four of which crossed the line within the space of a minute and a half.

Alan Armstrong.

### RESULTS OF THE CLYDE RACES 1980

| Final<br>Posn.                             | No.  | Name of Boat | Corr.<br>Time | Finish<br>Time | TCF  |
|--------------------------------------------|------|--------------|---------------|----------------|------|
| <u>Saturday</u>                            |      |              |               |                |      |
| 1                                          | 13C  | Thistle      | 248.71        | 16.46.49       | .915 |
| 2                                          | 753C | Gertrude     | 341.94        | 18.46.14       | .874 |
| 3                                          | 159C | Beroe        | 380.15        | 18.44.54       | .975 |
| <u>Sunday</u>                              |      |              |               |                |      |
| 1                                          | 13C  | Thistle      | 239.547       | 15.21.48       | .915 |
| 2                                          | 19C  | Shireen      | 259.782       | 15.57.14       | .874 |
| (No other finishers within the time limit) |      |              |               |                |      |

Regrettably due to work, family and other sailing commitments, I have decided I cannot carry on as Area Secretary of the OGA.

Frank Coghill, owner of Thistle, has agreed to take over from me and I am sure that he will be a most suitable replacement.

Note: Frank Coghill, 30 Renshaw Road, Bishopston, Renfrewshire.

The thanks of all members in the area will go to Alan Armstrong for his sterling work.

SOLENT AREA RACE

- Date: Saturday, 6th September, 1980. Time: 9.30.
- Start: From a line in Osborne Bay, Cowes.
- Course: Around various buoys in Solent. Details in programme.
- Finish: Line off Coronation Buoy in Southampton Water.
- Start & Finish Lines: Committee boat & distance mark, all details in the programme.
- Classes: Class I Vessels of 40' LWL and over  
 Class IA Vessels of 28' LWL and over, but under 40'.  
 Class II Vessels of under 28' LWL.  
 Class III Vessels of under 20' LWL which are unballasted, centreboarders, ex Day Racers etc.  
 Class II is sub-divided into IIA for those vessels over 50 years old & IIB for those under 50 years.
- Entry Fee: £4.00 up to Thursday, 28th August. £7.50 for late entries.
- Prizegiving: 7 p.m. sharp in grounds of Elephant Boatyard, Bursledon.
- Prizes:
- |                             |                                                          |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|
| Channel Cup                 | First on corrected time overall                          |
| Gaffers Eye                 | First in Class I                                         |
| Le Havre Plate              | First in Class IA                                        |
| Emsworth Cleat              | First in Class IIA                                       |
| Channel Plate               | First in Class IIB                                       |
| Quiver Trophy               | First in Class III                                       |
| Dead Eye Trophy             | First to complete the course                             |
| C.H. Paxton Memorial Trophy | First boat built before 1900 to finish the course        |
| Edgar March Tr.             | First working or ex working boat to finish               |
| Anchor Trophy               | First on corrected time under 50 years old               |
| Pitchfork                   | Boat making the longest direct line passage for the race |
| Laggards Ladle              | Last boat to complete the course within the time limit.  |
- 2nd, 3rd & 4th prizes will be awarded in all classes in which there are 4, 8 & 12 starters respectively.
- Mementoes for all boats to complete the course to be collected from a Race Officer when handing in race declaration forms at the Elephant Boat Yard.
- Entries to: C.M. Waddington, Wicormarine Ltd., Cranleigh Road, Portchester, Fareham, Hants. PO16 9DR.

Will competitors please note that there will be a get-together party at the Cowes Corinthian Y.C. on the Friday night prior to the race. This was extremely successful last year, so we hope you will all take advantage of the Club's hospitality again this year. There will be members of the Committee there for any last minute changes, and programmes for sale.

Mooring in the Elephant Boatyard area is either at Moody's, Deacon's, The Elephant or on public piles. We suggest that if you don't wish to trust to luck, you make arrangements for berthing prior to the Race.

At the time of writing this letter, it is proposed to organize better drinking and eating facilities at the Elephant after the prizegiving. We hope that Sam Bayliss will be organizing a Bar-B-Q, so it will be a case of 'Bring your own chops and bangers'.

Don't forget to dress your ship to help create a Regatta atmosphere.

WHEN SENDING BACK ENTRY FORMS PLEASE BE SURE TO INCLUDE ALL DETAILS, PARTICULARLY YOUR THCF AS A LOT OF TIME IS WASTED CHECKING BACK ON PREVIOUS RECORDS...

We wish you all a good day's racing.

### BOXING DAY AT MYLOR

On the way to Mylor occasional gusts of wind shook the car and caused us to consider whether the declaration in the Club on the previous Friday of a Boxing Day sail had been wise. Terry Heard's yard at Tregatreath was deserted when we arrived, lines of laid up yachts stood cold and forlorn in their winter covers temporarily forgotten by their owners, down the creek Lufra sheered impatiently at her moorings as the gusting south westerly shook her. Once on board the sail cover was quickly removed, the new Daniels mainsail was given two reefs, and the jib bent on ready for hoisting. The Stuart Turner started on the fourth swing as usual, the mooring was slipped, and we bore away down the Creek past the Area Treasurer's 18 foot counter sterned cutter 'Buccabu' and between the rows of oyster boats awaiting the end of the holiday to recommence their work as Britain's sole remaining sailing fishing fleet. Once through the narrows at the entrance it was up jib and off engine to sail past Mylor Dockyard and the yacht club. It was noticeable that the close reefed loose footed mainsail was setting much better than the old roller main had and that Lufra was revelling under its power after sailing through the summer under a borrowed main several sizes too small. It was especially nice to have weather helm again after fighting the headsail's attempts to pull her head downwind. Once clear of the point it became obvious that the south westerly force 6 - 7 was pushing the ebb tide into a nasty short chop that soon had the Christmas turkey complaining and so with the delightful odour of the eastern bloc factory ships in our nostrils we put the ship about. On hauling in the jib sheet it became repidly apparent that it was no longer connected to the cracking flogging terylene up forrard. The foredeck was a comfortless place, the jib a wild animal tearing off fingernails and threatening to drag me overboard. If I waited till we were in the lee of the point would there be any jib left? No, the job had to be done now, so one arm around the forestay, feet braced against the toerail, fingers clamped onto the terylene fighting in the foot inch by inch until the snap shackle could be clipped, properly this time, to the cringle, then back to the cockpit to tauten the sheet and we were away again, threading our way through the few yachts still moored off the dockyard.

A few tacks across the mouth of the creek and a glance at my watch showed that two hours had passed since we dropped the mooring at the narrows, hand and coat the sails, secure from sea and row ashore for a couple of pints at the Club, having blown away the accumulated cobwebs of Christmas.

H.F. Aitken.



### NOTES FROM THE UPPER CROUCH

We must have a breeding pair somewhere at Brandy Hole - there are now about ten concrete boats in various states of gestation and half of them are destined to become old gaffers. Their owners show determined dedication as they finish off the hulls to very high standards.

Erica and Edmund, who spent some time sailing about the North Sea and Channel in an open ship's lifeboat, finally came to roost here in October 1978. They are now putting the finishing touches to their 33 foot Colin Archer-type 'Flicka'. A Douglas Fir from the New Forest was rounded up for the mast, iroko and mahogany has been lovingly fashioned into coamings, decks, bulkheads and beams, all to a professional finish. Robust mast fittings were shaped and galvanised and 700 square feet of canvas sails are drying off their tanning.

Alongside, Robert Cook works on his 28 foot version - trying to catch up with schedule after a galley fire severely damaged his interior.

Across the way, another hull cures and is due to be junk-rigged which, I presume, comes within the four-sided sail parameters of the O.G.A.

Ray beavers away at his hull, panelling out with oak wardrobes - we are an ingenious lot!

Needless to say Tortoise, Diamond and Kitcheners stoves take pride of place in the cabins - the accommodation seems to have been built around them.

And so, providing strength, time and money hold out, there will be a useful fleet of old gaffers on the Crouch next season.

Lady Beatrice of Paglesham now regally rides on her mooring here - a trim East Coast centre-boarder built a generation ago to A1 specification and maintained to that. Built before designers took heed of the fact that the ladies now want to go sailing with their menfolk, she may seem a little cramped to modern eyes; but those sweet sea-kindly lines of her hull are worth more than an extra six inches beam. No doubt her new owner, Brian Forker, will give her the care and attention to which she is accustomed.

I mentioned in the last Newsletter that I would be resigning as Hon. Treasurer, and so would welcome a call on 01 472 1874 or a note to 590 Barking Road, Plaistow, London E13 9JY from someone willing to take over.

L.J. Warren

FOR SALE Owing to the sad and untimely death of Mr. C.P.R. Morse, his two gaffers must be sold. They are:

MARY CK252 7 tons; 32' x 27.7' x 8.5' x 4'. Essex smack, built Aldous of Brightlingsea 1899. Used as a yacht until 1909, then worked by Cecil French 1909 - 1964. Bought by Mr. Morse in 1976. BRANDYSNAP (215) 16' open sloop, built McMullan, Maldon, pre-1900. Carvel hull, bamboo spars, deep centreboard. Hull fibreglass covered, 1965.

Both boats lying Brightlingsea.

Would anyone interested please contact Mrs. Morse, Larks in the Wood, Pentlow, Sudbury, Suffolk. Tel: Glemsford (0787)280377.

CORNISH AREAFOWEY RALLY

With torrential rain and a forecast gale from the N.E. backing to S.W. the rally at Fowey was doomed to failure. Boats turning up were 'Mystic', 'John Young', and possibly 'Dayspring'. Iola and I travelled up by car and were rowed around the gaffers Dayspring and Mystic, but their crews were ashore in Fowey and we were not able to contact them. We met the John Young coming in and arranged to meet in the Fowey Gallants Sailing Club after they had eaten. However they ate and drank too well and before they got ashore it was time for us to return to Mylor.

AREA RACE

Steady drizzling rain and a forecast gale (!! sounds familiar) left the Race Committee with little choice but select the inside course for the race. Lufra setting double reefed main and reefed stays'l ran down Carrick Roads to the start line in company with Uzella. The wind was force 5 gusting 6 from the N.E. At the start Sirius, Peter Griggs' fine quay punt made by far the best start, closely pursued by Dyarchy, Tern, Benbecula, Tomtit, Lufra started at the leeward end of the line away from the committee boat, possibly because I knew live rounds were being used. The wind appeared to be slackening, so we shook out one reef in the main and set full stays'l. Ella Speed, the converted lifeboat crossed us on starboard tack having sagged away to leeward somewhat.

As we approached the first mark it became obvious that a motor boat had anchored close by, intending to do a little quiet fishing. The sight of twenty gaffers ranging in size from 45' to 16' bearing down on it speedily caused an alteration of plans and as we rounded they were frantically getting their anchor.

Dyarchy was by now well into the run from the second mark of St. Just to Castle in St. Mawes Roads, she was closely followed by Tern, Sirius, Uzella and Benbecula. During the beat from Castle to Governor Tern managed to pass Dyarchy and Sirius managed to break her bowsprit causing her to fall back through the fleet. Lufra was hard pressed on the beat and slid off to leeward losing ground to Mahronda, but keeping ahead of Buccabu. Our Lizzie, who had started late was catching up fast. As we rounded Governor for the first time we could see that Dyarchy, having repassed Tern, was going to take line honours, with Tern and Benbecula close behind.

Back in our part of the race Ella Speed, Mahronda and Glenda were still some way ahead. We were increasing our lead on Buccabu, but Our Lizzie was catching up fast. On the second run we had four inches of water over the cabin floorboards and had some hard pumping to do. We crossed the finishing line just astern of Our Lizzie, having been pipped on the line. An easy sail back to the Clubhouse and an afternoon calculating the finishing order. In view of the appalling weather the turn out of twenty yachts was very satisfying and at the presentation of prizes a good time was had by all.

The B.B.C. was in attendance and we were gratified to see ourselves on Spotlight South West on Monday evening.

CORNWALL AREA PRIZE LIST

|           |                     |            |
|-----------|---------------------|------------|
| Class I   | Sirius Trophy       | Dyarchy    |
|           | 2nd                 | Cap Lizard |
| Class II  | St. Meloris Trophy  | Tern       |
|           | 2nd                 | Benbecula  |
|           | 3rd                 | Ro-An-Mor  |
|           | 4th                 | Uzella     |
| Class III | West Country Trophy | Tom Tit    |
|           | 2nd                 | Miss Agnes |
|           | 3rd                 | Lesley     |

Devenish Gaffers Cup for the overall winner

Tern

Tortoise Trophy for the last boat home on corrected time

Buccabu

| Final Posn. | Name of boat | Corr. Time | Posn. over Line | Finish Time | Class |
|-------------|--------------|------------|-----------------|-------------|-------|
| 1           | Tern         | 1 11 31    | 2               | 1 12 20     | 2     |
| 2           | Benbecula    | 1 15 15    | 3               | 1 19 48     | 2     |
| 3           | Tomtit       | 1 16 46    | 5               | 1 28 15     | 3     |
| 4           | Dyarchy      | 1 19 44    | 1               | 1 11 08     | 2     |
| 5           | Ro-An-Mor    | 1 22 26    | 6               | 1 28 40     | 2     |
| 6           | Miss Agnes   | 1 22 32    | 11              | 1 40 20     | 3     |
| 7           | Lesley       | 1 23 26    | 12              | 1 40 30     | 3     |
| 8           | Uzella       | 1 24 18    | 4               | 1 26 55     | 2     |
| 9           | Julie        | 1 25 49    | 9               | 1 37 12     | 2     |
| 10          | Carn Dhu     | 1 26 49    | 10              | 1 39 08     | 2     |
| 11          | Softwings    | 1 27 46    | 8               | 1 35 25     | 2     |
| 12          | Glenda       | 1 31 13    | 14              | 1 50 35     | 3     |
| 13          | Sirius       | 1 32 52    | 7               | 1 33 25     | 2     |
| 14          | Alando       | 1 33 41    | 13              | 1 40 45     | 2     |
| 15          | Mahronda     | 1 42 36    | 16              | 1 56 58     | 2     |
| 16          | Our Lizzie   | 1 43 20    | 17              | 1 58 30     | 2     |
| 17          | Lufra        | 1 44 22    | 18              | 1 59 00     | 2     |
| 18          | Ella Speed   | 1 46 10    | 15              | 1 50 57     | 2     |
| 19          | Buccabu      | 1 52 37    | 19              | 2 09 45     | 2     |

Cap Lizard finished in 14th position, but no T(H)C was held.

Non starters: Sea Breeze, Sapphire, Mystic, Elwing, Barnabas, John Young, Chloe.

FOR SALE PETREL I Aux. gaff cutter, built Whites, Looe, 1890. Pitch pine on oak. 22' (+ 8' bowsprit) x 21' x 5' x 3'10". 4 berths. Toilet & galley. Ford E series Parsons conv. pet/para & spare marinised engine & gearbox. Very sound boat & any survey welcomed. New sails 1977. Genuine reason for sale. Opportunity to buy sound boat & first reasonable offer will be taken. S.C. Mooney, 70 Castle Street, Portchester, Fareham, Hants. Tel: Gosham 384589.

STURDY (555) Itchen ferry gaff cutter. 20' x 8' x 3½'. New sails, topsail. Inboard 4 hp Stuart-Turner. Lava: toilet. Good galley & storage space. 2 adult berths, 1 child. Good inventory. Rubber dinghy. Fast & stable. £2000 c.n.o. Apply Elephant Yard, Bursledon, Hants, or Tel: Chandlersford 2711.

And now our usual welcome to the following new members:

- R. Barnard, 10 Clifton Terrace, Wivenhoe, Essex.  
Skylark 1010
- M.T. Booth, 71 Medina Leisure Park, Whippingham, I.O.W.  
Kayak 462
- J.G. Channer, The Old Barn, Dacombe, Newton Abbot, Devon.  
Imogen 1066
- J. Culver, 4 Arwenage Avenue, Falmouth, Cornwall.  
Our Lizzie 1011
- C.H. Dickerson, 122 Wantage Road, Wallingford, Oxon.  
Penguin 1015
- E.W.H. Gifford, Little Pundells, Bartley, Southampton, Hants.  
Hunky Dory 1017
- M.J. Herbert, c/o Squirrels Haunt, 94a Copse Avenue, Heath End,  
Farnham, Surrey.  
Elizabeth Jane 1016
- C. Kinghorn, 74 Oakfield Road, South Benfleet, Essex.  
Lady Hilary 1050
- D. McR. Lamb, 32 Wodehouse Terrace, Falmouth, Cornwall.  
Alando 178
- A. McEwen, Modden Farm, Hollywater, Bordon, Hants.  
Norwic 998
- Miss G. McLaren, 30a Smugglers Way, Rhu, Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire.  
Veng
- G. Mooney, 56 Bargates, Christchurch, Dorset.  
Ianthe 1015
- D.A. Moore, Thorgill, Fish Street, Goldhanger, Maldon, Essex.  
Dunlin 172
- P.B. Newman, Thatchers, Spinney Lane, West Chiltonington,  
Pulborough, W. Sussex.  
Naiadne 1874
- A.N. Robertson, 6 Kenilworth Court, 3 Western Road, Canford Cliffs,  
Poole, Dorset.  
Kelpie 1147
- G.W. Rogers, c/o The Plume School, Fambridge Road, Maldon, Essex.  
Kittiwake 983
- H. Smyth, Bosham Walk, Bosham Lane, Old Bosham, Hants.  
Chloe II 1004
- J.G.G. Ungley, 9 Quarrendon Street, London S.W.6.  
Janty 1012
- E.V. Vallintine, 5 Edmunds Close, Hayes, Middlesex.  
Stormalong 202
- G. Wadeson, Blacksmiths Cottage, Abbotsley, Huntingdon, Cambs.  
Cobweb 1014
- C.G. Waite, 54 Tarrant Street, Arundel, Sussex.  
Verity 1005
- J.R. Waterhouse, Quinces, Woodrolfe Farm Lane, Tollesbury, Essex.  
Andante 1006
- W.G.G. Woodhouse, The Old Rectory, Mappowder, Sturminster Newton,  
Dorset.  
Idyll Gryphon 1009
- Alan Goldstein, Willow Farm, 277 Mount Holly Road, Katonah,  
New York 10536, U.S.A.
- Harper Sibley, 10640 Southwest 53rd Avenue, Miami, Florida 33156,  
U.S.A.  
Green Pepper

The following have changed their addresses since our last issue:

- C.W. Faulkner, 48 Cliffe Avenue, Hamble, Southampton, Hants.
- D.W. Fuller, m/s Sirius Star, Cobb's Quay Marina, Hamworthy,  
Poole, Dorset.
- C.C. Gaches, Brooklyn, The Shute, Newchurch, I.O.W.
- C. Marsden, 22 Morant Road, Colchester, Essex.

D.J.W. Reynolds, 1a Ripplewade Grove, London, N1 1HS.  
 R.D. Seal, 10 Neale Close, Ossulton Way, East Finchley, London N2 0LE.  
 C. Spickett, 30 Bromley Road, Catford, London S.E.6.  
 G.D. Taylor, 20 Wheatcroft Grove, Rainham, Gillingham, Kent.  
 G.C. Thompson, Old Park House, Park Lane, Stubbington, Fareham, Hants.  
 Miss E.M. Todrick, Hill Cottage, Barremman, Clynder, Helensburgh,  
 Dunbartonshire.  
 P.J. Walton, Ocean Minx, Whisstocks Boatyard, Woodbridge, Suffolk.  
 A. Whinney, Quemerford Farm, Calne, Wilts.

\* Does anybody know the owner of the old Plymouth registered  
 \* fishing boat DAYSRING (originally PH 339)? If so, would they  
 \* please ask him to get in touch with HM Customs and Excise,  
 Custom House, Plymouth PL1 2JP,  
 Tel: Plymouth 62091.

SUBSCRIPTIONS We still seem to have a few unpaid subscriptions. It seems from some of the replies to our reminders with the last issue that a number of members' banks have paid the standing order, but that our bank statements have no record of receipt. We are trying to trace this 'missing' money, and we offer our apologies that we have had to send reminders in these cases. Please do bear with us if in future you receive a reminder and your bank says they have paid.

O.G.A. SONG Following the success of the Limerick competitions, a competition for an O.G.A. song has been suggested. Any songs submitted must be fit to be sung in mixed family company, and preferably to fit a well known tune.

TREASURER Please don't forget that Len Warren wishes to hand over the job of Honorary Treasurer. Volunteers please apply to Len at 590 Barking Road, Plaistow, London E13 9JY, or telephone 01 472 1874.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

CREWING WANTED: I have recently returned from 3½ years residence in Hongkong, and am a fan of traditional boats, especially gaffers. I am fairly experienced, having sailed various dinghies, also crewed on traditional Chinese junk schooner. South or South West area. Please contact: Simon Newitt, Tanglewood, Limes Close, Bramshott, Liphook, Hants. Tel: Liphook 722970.

INFORMATION REQUIRED: I would like, via the newsletter, to get in touch with anyone who could give me any information on the history of the builders of my gaffer 'Emanuel' (858). I understand A. Anderson and Sons of Penarth have been out of business for some time now, and if any readers have any information regarding them, however trivial, it would be much appreciated. Robert L.H. Holden, 6 Chatham Place, Ramsgate, Kent.

SALT WATER PALACES, by Maldwin Drummond, published by Debrett. Illustrated account of elegant Victorian and Edwardian yachts, dealing with interiors and life aboard. Retail price £8.95, O.G.A. members are offered discount price of £7.50, plus 95p. postage and packing. Orders must be placed via John Scarlett, 2 Greenbank Street, Galashiels, Selkirkshire TD1 3BL. There is also a Fine Limited Edition at £95, plus £5 insurance, packing and post. We are not offered this at discount!



FOR SALE

MOSS-ROSE (ex Hone-Morna, ex Moss-Rose). Gaff cutter, poss. ex Leigh bawley. Built poss. in 1890s, straight stem, transom stern. 12.30m x 4.20m x 1.60m. 13.76 tonnes. New Couach 40 hp diesel. Rebuilding in progress and following completed: new laid mahogany decks, new transom (oak on oak); new upper futtocks & stanchions all round; new beam shelf both sides & deck beams; new samson posts or bitts. Hull exceptionally sound. Work remaining: caulking deck & transom; replacing stem above waterline; complete re-rigging; wash boards & rail missing. Probably enough oak left to complete hull work. Boat has not sailed for at least 10 years & needs recaulking above waterline. Following rigging in more or less reasonable shape: mast (a bit thin); trysail boom & trysail gaff; inadequately long bowsprit; no topmast. One trysail (cotton) various foresails. Electronic sounder (brand new); ex-British admiralty handbearing compass; one Danforth type anchor; one fisherman; gimballed cooker; cabin sleeps 7 in comfort (9 at a pinch); Simpson 'L' WC. Lying Honfleur.

40,000 francs, o.n.o.

Apply to: Monsieur Pierre-Jean Chagnot, 42 Avenue Pasteur, 93100 Montreuil-sous-Bois. Tel: (from U.K.) 010 33 1 287 70 88. Write if you can't speak French.

- (451) PAGUERA Exceptional opportunity to buy well constructed and problem free traditional gaff cutter yacht. 27' (excluding bowsprit) x 21' x 8' x 5'. Designed Alan Buchanan, built 1962 at Burnham. Fast & easily handled with good cruising and racing record & potential O.G.A. race winner (see O.G.A. Solent Area results).  $\frac{7}{8}$ " mahogany on CRE, oak backbone, varnished mahogany coamings etc. 4 berths, Baby Blake in foc'sle, Calor cooking, standing headroom, Prout folding dinghy. Seafix DF. Stuart Turner 10 hp engine with alternator. Electric light & starting. Varnished spruce spars, good sails & gear. Winter cover. 2 anchors & chain. All in excellent condition. Fitted out & ready to sail. Lying Hamble, with 1980 mooring available.

£10,000.

David Ettling, 155 Grand Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey. Tel: 01 399 4777.

- (679) JO-ANN Aux. gaff ketch, Built London Iron Works, 1902. Double diagonal Honduras mahogany on English oak. Refitted dog house added 1975/76. 35' (+ 6' bspt) x 33' x 9' x 3'6". 10 tons approx. Saab 12 hp air cooled diesel 1975. Main, mizzen, foresail & jib tan terylene by Jekyls 1976. Mizzen staysail cotton. New topsail cotton, fly jib cotton. Survey May 1976. Separate galley cooker, twin sink unit, 6' standing room. 2 berths, oak table, solid fuel stove. Separate heads. Sink with shower. Hanging cupboard. Forward 2 berths. Sail storage. All fittings & finish in mahogany. Ground tackle. 35 lb ODR anchor & 27 lb Plough anchor. 70 metres  $\frac{3}{8}$ " galv. chain. 120' 2" terylene warp. Repainted & antifouled April 1979. Engine overhauled. 12' Avon tender; depth sounder; compass; life rings; 7 hp Chrysler outboard. Lying Brighton Marina.

£13,000.

M.J. Rawlings, 14 Sudeley Street, Kemptown, Brighton, Sussex.

Tel: Brighton 692944.

- (718) SOPHIE 1904 Gaff cutter. 36' x 28' x 10' x 5'9". Originally built by Tom Pearce, but completely refitted over past 4 years. New spars, mainsail etc. Excellent seaworthy boat with accomm. for 5. Diesel inboard engine. £7,500. G. Wherry, Ward Cottage, Bere Alston, Yelverton, Devon.

Tel: Bere Alston 840856.

SHEARWATER Gaff sloop. Copy of Snipe, mentioned by Francis B. Cooke. 4 tons, 21' x 6'9" x 4'. Pitch pine on American elm, oak stem & stern posts. Built William King & Son, Burnham on Crouch, 1932 & only 2 owners since. New Norway spruce mast fitted this year, also painted outside. 1st class order. Surveyed last year. Sleeps 2. Handles easily - all halyards lead into cockpit. Wykeham Martin jib. All bronze fittings. Further partic's. in Lloyds pre-1975. £2,950 o.n.o.

J. Zorn, Yacht Sally Lunn, Port Penrhyn, Bangor, N. Wales.

CYGNET II (253) Gaff cutter built Johnson & Jago 1937. 22' x 7'6" x 3'. Pine on oak. 2/3 berths + pipe cot. Stuart 8. New sails 1979/80. Comfortable boat, full cruising inventory. Calor cooker & grill. Coal stove. Major refit 1974. New keel bolts, deadwood bolts, etc. New rudder. V. good condition, no work necessary. J.A. Essam, 1 Roding Close, Great Wakering, Essex. Tel: Southend 217088. £3,500 o.n.o.

ALAN (147) 23' x 6' x 3'. Gaff sloop built circa 1912 at Coombes Boatyard, Bosham. Carvel pitch-pine on oak. Keel bolts renewed & cascover sheathed 1975 by Tylors of Tunbridge Wells. Hull & topsides v. sound. Mainsail & genoa in good condition but jib a bit tatty. Spars & rigging sound. Inventory includes: CQR, new Bosun compass, oil navigation lights, 3.9 Crescent outboard, whale pump, primus cooker, GRP dinghy. Well cared for & fast boat won Quiver Trophy in 1973 Solent Race. Lying Tollesbury. £1,750 o.n.o. (Will consider exchange for shallow draft centreboarder of similar length).

A. Pedersen, 22 Westgate Street, London E.8. Tel: 01 254 6358.

### THE GAFF RIG ERA

#### 3. SOME EARLY RACES 1825 - 1840.

Ever since man developed an organised society he has indulged in rural sport and competition on feast days and holy days. The coastal village and fishing haven by their natural occupation organised the aquatic equivalent we now call a regatta - a word borrowed from the Italian. With the spread of yachting in the early nineteenth century the English gentleman took the simple pleasure of the working man of Cowes and turned it into that fantastic fortnight we now call Cowes Week.

Although yacht clubs proliferated during the middle years historical information is scarce, except around the Solent waters and the Thames. Much of our information came from the newspapers of the day, the Southampton Herald, the Hampshire Telegraph and the Sporting Magazine, each vying with the other in detailed description of races and regattas, promoting gossip, prompting letters, and recording with eloquent obsequiousness the comings and doings of the nobility. Among the correspondents were a few who wrote with an understanding of yachts and yachting. In 1826, one of them wrote 'Some years back a cutter yacht of thirty tons was a remarkable phenomenon; a cutter yacht now of one hundred tons is considered a small craft and there are being built cutters up to one hundred and eighty tons. In these vessels no improvement that can be adopted is left out and from hence it comes to pass that all revenue cutters that are considered fast vessels, the moment they encounter one of these fast yachts are left far behind.'

One of the men who contributed much to the increase in size was Lord Belfast, as aggressive in yachting as he was in politics. In 1826 Joseph White of Cowes launched for him the 'Louisa' of 162 tons and with Joseph Weld's 'Lulworth', 127 tons and Assheton-Smith's 'Menai', 163 tons set the stage for a series of races in which every tactical trick was tried - legal or not. Belfast and Assheton-Smith were always ready to increase the length of their yachts, but Weld never did, preferring to build larger and in 1830 launched the 'Alarm' of 193 tons. 'Menai' was lengthened by the bow to 180 tons which caused the correspondent of the Southampton Herald to write 'Five to seven hundred yards of canvas in the jibs of cutters from 130 to 180 tons is certainly something more than ample allowance'. And the Sporting Magazine wrote:

'The 'Lulworth' had the most enormous jib I ever saw upon a vessel reaching nearly aft to the mast, and when I say that her bowsprit is nearly 54 feet long and mast in proportion you may conceive what it must have been. The mainsail also contained I believe 1,000 yards of canvas. I observed the Lulworth had all hands sitting to leeward, which I have no doubt assisted her in making the sails draw in a light wind.'

'Menai' cost £8,000, around £53 per ton prime cost. In 1832 a vessel of about 100 tons varied in cost from £1,000 to £8,000 according to the luxuriousness of her fittings. Upkeep and maintenance varied. The 'Miranda', 147 tons, cost £1,200 per annum, at the other extreme, a vessel of 30 tons would not cost more than a guinea a day for upkeep. To buy second-hand? The 'Hussar' schooner of 120 tons went for 1,300 guineas, just over £11 per ton. The famous 'Louisa' of 162 tons sold for 3,000 guineas in 1833.

I read in Yachting Monthly that a new forty footer will cost you £57,000, over £4,000 per ton, and coming down to my scale of things a second-hand gaffer 25 feet overall and 18 years old could cost £7,500, well over £1,100 per ton.

Cup racing was inaugurated at Cowes in 1826 under the patronage of the Royal Yacht Club and in 1827 King George IV gave a gold cup to the value of 100 guineas to be sailed for annually on his birthday - August 12th, and a Challenge Cup was given by the ladies of the club in that year - the races confined to members of the R.Y.C. The course was from the Castle, Westward around a mark boat at Yarmouth, Eastward around the Nab Light and back to the Castle. A very arbitrary handicapping system operated, restricting the smaller town cups to vessels not exceeding 75 and 45 tons respectively, but all other races were unrestricted. Inevitably they turned into a contest of the largest yachts - Lord Belfast's 'Harriet' and 'Therese'; Assheton-Smith's 'Menai'; Joseph Weld's 'Lulworth' and 'Arrow' and Mr. Maxe's 'Miranda'. These and one or two others dominated the racing for the first three years and in effect narrowed to a contest between Lord Belfast and Joseph Weld. In the second year's racing arguments began to arise and in 1828 the club introduced the first written rules. No trimming or shifting of ballast allowed; No handling of ballast 24 hours before a race; All yachts to keep their platforms down and bulkheads standing; Each rig restricted to its own proper sails; No booming out allowed; The hand lead only to be used for sounding; Vessels to start from moorings laid a cable apart and with sails set; Each vessel under 100 tons to carry a boat not less than 10 feet long, over 100 tons one of 14 feet, and finally there was to be a member or honorary member of the club on board each yacht.

The race for the King's Cup of 1828 resolved into a contest between 'Menai' and 'Lulworth', the former leading until the breaking of the main halyards brought the mainsail down. This gave 'Lulworth' the lead which she managed to keep. The Herald describes it thus:

'Along the Parade, the Castle Way and the beach extending to Egypt an immense concourse pressing to the nearest verge of the shore, bent forward, trembling in doubt between 'Menai' leading and 'Lulworth' following so close that a dead heat was for many minutes expected. As they approached seconds seemed like hours and doubt eternal: touching each other they came on to the very goal when, like a well practised racer 'Lulworth' sprang forward and won by a second.'

'Louisa' was third, 'Miranda' fourth and 'Therese' fifth. In the Challenge Cup 'Lulworth' won and in the Town Cup 'Menai' beat 'Louisa', 'Lulworth' being third. This left the question of superiority very open though many considered 'Lulworth' the fastest boat. This did not suit Belfast who challenged Joseph Weld to a match in open water, from the buoy of the Royal George near Spithead round a mark boat 3 miles SSW of the Owers light and on to Cowes. Weld accepted the wager of £1,000 and the match took place on August 25th in a good breeze from the SE. The betting was 100 - 80 on 'Lulworth', but 'Louisa' won by 23 minutes. Even this did not convince Belfast of 'Louisa's' superiority for he sent her a week later to Cowes to be lengthened by the bow.

1829 was made memorable in early racing by the developing rivalry between Belfast and Joseph Weld. The disputes were not of themselves serious but they hastened the passing of the big yachts. The first race was at Southampton on July 31st for the Ladies Cup. 'Louisa' beat 'Lulworth' by 3½ minutes and 'Menai' by 7 minutes. The next meeting was at Cowes on August 3rd for the £100 Club Cup. The Herald again:

'In the first four miles she (Louisa) gained four miles on her rivals but in gybing round the station vessel carried away her gaff and passed through Cowes Roads under foresail and jib only in which state she ran for half an hour before she could re-set her main and topsail. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages she was only three minutes behind 'Menai' and four minutes ahead of 'Lulworth'.'

'Menai', 'Louisa' and 'Lulworth' had the match to themselves when starting for the Kings Cup in a light wind from the SSW. They all sailed the first part of the course to the Nab practically abreast, but in going westward 'Menai' went aground off Gurnet and left the race to 'Louisa' and 'Lulworth'. They rounded the mark boat off Yarmouth practically together and 'Louisa' eventually finished at 10.30 that night 6 minutes ahead of 'Lulworth'. Both owners were in a disagreeable temper as they came to harbour. The race had been a slow one and both Belfast and Mr. Weld had missed their dinners. The latter immediately protested against the 'Louisa' being given the Cup and stated, 'The 'Lulworth' on her last larboard (port) tack was on the eve of luffing to the goal of decision, when 'Louisa' on the starboard luffed to the wind and caught the after cloth of the 'Lulworth's' mainsail, the latter heaving the 'Louisa' round with her. As contrary to custom as it was expected the 'Louisa's' crew from the bowsprit cut the earing of 'Lulworth's' mainsail from the boom and her reef pendant as well. The latter from being disabled was a few minutes after the other.'

The stewards gave their decision thus: 'We are of the opinion that the 'Lulworth', having tacked so close on the lee bow of the 'Louisa' when she had from the lightness of the wind no prospect of weathering her by crossing, the cup was awarded to the 'Louisa', but we are of the opinion that the use of axes was unjustifiable and unnecessary from the circumstance of there having been neither risk nor danger.'

I have no doubt that privately the stewards thought it a case of the pot calling the kettle black, for it was well known that Weld cut things very fine. If he thought that there was a chance of crossing without penalty he would chance it. If the other were fainthearted and bore away so much the better, but Belfast was definitely not of this calibre. Had he the right of way he was more inclined to luff up and cut his opponents' judgement to a minimum, if there was a collision what mattered it to him. As a result of the Kings Cup race there were violent verbal exchanges in the clubhouse and his Lordship was heard to declare that, 'In the event of any vessel on the larboard tack attempting to cross him on the starboard tack, if he had it in his power he would cut him in two'. Mr. Weld and Mr. Smith announced their intention of not sailing in any race in which his Lordship entered a boat. His Lordship replied via the columns of the Hampshire Telegraph that, 'He was very glad to hear of it'.

So ended the Cowes Regatta of 1829, in an atmosphere of ill feeling all of which was revived in acrimonious newspaper correspondence when the Portsmouth Regatta came round. 'Menai', 'Lulworth' and 'Louisa' were entered for the Gloucester Cup race which was fixed for August 20th 1829. Mr. Weld and Assheton-Smith wrote to the organising committee withdrawing their entries without giving their reasons. Most of the smaller boats from Cowes also withdrew and Lord Belfast canvassed among friends to find enough boats to make a race. He persuaded 'Blue-ey'd Maid', 50 tons, (Mr. Lyons) and 'Neuha', 49 tons (Mr. Sanderson) to enter. The 'Hebe', 68 tons, of Mr. A. Corbett was one of the original entrants and knew nothing of any dispute. The committee accepted these late entries, but on the day before the race wrote to Belfast asking him to withdraw the 'Louisa' on the ground that there could be no fair race between a vessel of her tonnage and the others. Lord Belfast refused and came to the starting boat with the three smaller cutters. The committee tried to prevent the 'Louisa' from sailing by returning the entry fee the very morning of the race. After the start gun had fired and the boats were weighing anchor, Belfast launched a boat, gave the coxwain the entrance money and directed him to re-deliver it to the committee. They all refused it and Belfast called from the deck of the 'Louisa' ordering the man to throw the money onto the deck, this done the boat returned was hoisted in and the 'Louisa' started after the others. This situation soon became complicated by the behaviour of 'Neuha' and 'Blue ey'd Maid'. The start was made at 2.25 and at 2.55 these two were seen to haul down their race flags and make a course back to Cowes, leaving the race to 'Hebe' and 'Louisa' who finished first. 'Hebe' having gone around did not finish until after midnight. The stewards took no notice of the arrival of 'Louisa' and Mr. Corbett put in a claim for the cup. The stewards withheld the prize and called a meeting of the committee to consider the matter on August 23rd. Their decision was that the race was not fairly run as no two yachts started with the intention of sailing the course, this with some other information

caused their decision to retain the cup for another match. In a letter to the stewards Belfast stated his position. 'Gentlemen. I drew my station No. 1 by your acquiescence, I sailed the course marked out, I arrived first at the goal of decision and I therefore claim the Gloucester Cup having complied with all the regulations. I am etc.' Despite this clear statement the stewards at a further meeting relied upon a minor regatta rule that they had the power to adjudge the prize to whomsoever they pleased, and they awarded the cup to Mr. Corbett.

This divallent situation persisted into the next year. Assheton-Smith gave up racing large cutters and went into steam. Joseph Weld however, held to his intention of not racing against Lord Belfast except for the Cups of the R.Y.C. and had the famous cutter 'Alarm', 193 tons, built to match the 'Louisa'. Belfast continued to challenge Weld to private matches and was continually refused, until in August 1831 Lord Belfast walked into the sail loft of G.R. Ratsey and said, 'It is very evident that we can do nothing with the 'Alarm' inside the Island. What do you say to challenging her for £1,000 around the Owers? Ratsey replied 'Yes, do so by all means'. The challenge was accepted by Weld and a day appointed in September. Ratsey's own account of the race is considered the most authoritative and is quoted from 'The Memorials of the R.Y.S.':

They started from Spithead at six in the morning wind East. Stations were tossed for on the 'Louisa's' deck and Mr. Weld won the choice. The 'Alarm' was at that time on the starboard weather bow of the 'Louisa' both vessels heading towards Southsea. Mr. Weld immediately went aboard and let go his foresheet. Several attempts were made to get the 'Louisa' clear of the 'Alarm's' lee quarter but Corke could not succeed. The yachts tacked under Southsea and in standing out on the port tack the 'Louisa' held her own. As soon as they got into a little lump of sea it was very evident what the result would be as the 'Louisa' sailed right through the 'Alarm's' lee and gradually drew away from her. It was very visible that day that the 'Alarm's' bow was unsuitable for a sea, and when a sea struck her under the hollow run the mainsail was of little use to her as it made the sail shake all over. A mark vessel called the 'Sons of Commerce' was sent the night before up to the Owers which mark vessel the yachts had to round. In beating up to the Owers it was a matter of speculation where this vessel would be and a watch was kept from the crosstrees to look out for her. At last the vessel was seen, but 'Louisa' could not fetch her on the tack (port) she was on. The flood tide was drawing to a close and the wind lessening, the 'Louisa' was put about.

Michael Corke said to his brother Edward who was sailing the 'Louisa', 'We must run a little hazard today; don't go about until I tell you. The ebb tide is just now beginning to come down hard and if we don't fetch round next time we shan't get round at all as the wind is falling light'. When the 'Louisa' put about for the last time I could see the rocks under her bottom and by standing so far over the rocks for weathering distance 'Louisa' just fetched round on her next port tack. The 'Alarm' was about two miles under 'Louisa's' lee at the time and it was evident that they were faint hearted on board as she did not reach in so far as 'Louisa' did and in reaching off on the port tack they could not fetch the mark vessel; that settled the 'Alarm' and they



gave up the race. The wind gradually dropped and 'Louisa' did not reach the mark vessel off Cowes until four o'clock next morning.'

Belfast then said to Ratsey: 'I have proved to the world that I possess the fastest cutter afloat; I will now see what I can do with a square rigger'.

The early years of racing with large cutters came to an end when men like Belfast and Joseph Weld found the expense of building and maintaining yachts on this scale enriched only the builders and brought them little real satisfaction, but it had one major benefit, in that the hull shape and to a lesser extent the sails and rigging were immeasurably improved. The attention of Navy architects was drawn to the yachts as a model of fast sailing and much was made of this in the press of the day.

To try to give some idea of the size of these yachts by verbal description is difficult when all one's sailing is confined to yachts under thirty feet. I suppose the young people who have sailed in the S.T.A. schooners have the best perspective, or those who have spent holidays on 'Hoshi', the Island Sailing Club's schooner. It may help the mental vision to give a few statistics. Taking a 100 tonner - quite a modest boat for the early 1800s - she would be around 81 feet on the waterline, 16 feet beam and 13 feet draught. The mainmast 50 feet long and 13 inches in diameter. The topmast 44 feet long, 6 inches at the heel, tapering to 4 inches at the truck. The boom 68 feet overhanging the taffrail by some five or six feet. The gaff 45 feet and the bowsprit outboard by some 34 feet. Try pacing that out in the lounge. Mainsail area 2,700 square feet, and the total sail area about 6,500 square feet. The main anchor  $4\frac{1}{2}$  cwt., bower  $4\frac{1}{4}$  cwt., kedge  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. If chain cable was used she would carry 135 fathoms of  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch link weighing almost 2 tons; of rope cable 75 fathoms of 6 inch circumference, and 90 fathoms of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inch circumference warp weighing together some 10 cwt. The throat halyards would be  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches circumference hemp running in one triple and one double 10 inch block; the peak halyards served by five 10 inch single blocks. There is a whole host of running gear, fore halyards, bobstay tackle, bowsprit shrouds tackle, pendent runners, runner tackle, topmast backstay tackles, preventer backstay tackles, preventer backstay whips, boom guy, tack tackles, gaff topsail sheet whips, peak foresail and jib downhauls, topsail halyards, topsail trip halyards and that is less than half of them, the list goes on and on. The whole lot requires some thirty double blocks and sixty singles, varying in size from 6 inches to 10 inches.

No wonder they needed some thirty crewmen.

M.E. White.

#### EAST COAST RACE 1980.

We arrived in Tollesbury late Thursday night. I awoke at 4.30 a.m. thinking of the problems for the race - getting out of the berth on time, a crew member missing due to work, the weather, the start, the best time to return to the mud berth. I had the nav. lights, so we could leave Stone at 2100 and moor in the creek for an early tie up or leave at about 4 a.m. - what to do? Friday saw my son Julian and I getting the 45 ft smack William & Emily CK212 ready, topping up with food and water etc. The high tide was due to turn around 1630 and we anxiously awaited Bob King, owner of the disabled smack Katie, to make up the crew. Well, we pulled the boat out of her mudberth at 1700 and motored out of the leavings. The wind was dead up the Blackwater so as we wanted a meal and sleep we motored down to Stone and anchored.

I awoke about 4 a.m. again and got up to shut the hatch to stop the rain coming in, tripped over the tilly and couldn't get to sleep again! The alarm woke me from the doze and I switched on the ship-ping forecast. Bob and I groaned at the warning of a possible gale. We laid in our sleeping bags and discussed the sails for the day. We had put two reefs in and the dinghy on deck while the weather was fine the day before, so decided to keep the reefs in and see what happened and use the working s'sail and smaller jib, mainly because of the lack of crew and the possibility of the longer course and forecast of deteriorating weather.

After a good breakfast we emerged at 7.30 to be greeted by a light drizzle. Everywhere there was activity. We motored up to the anchor, Julian and Bob getting the 20 odd fathoms up by pulling in the slack and spiking the last, then up went the sails. We motored round nearer to the line, when Bob, on the helm, bellowed to turn off the engine as it was 8 o'clock. Once again we had failed to hear the gun or see any signal and again didn't know the course.

We set off near the back of the fleet and realized at once we needed more sail so shook out both reefs. By the time we'd sorted out things and put the kettle on we were sailing on a run along with Band of Hope doing  $4\frac{1}{2}$  knots now at the back of the fleet. It wasn't until Bradwell barrier did Band of Hope start to leave us. Perhaps I should have scrubbed the old girl's bottom I thought.

All of a sudden there were smacks bearing down on us from the Bench Head and at last we knew we were on Course A. We wished we could have put our reaching s'sail and flying jib up but as Julian always sleeps at sea we were slightly more than under crewed. It was a marvellous sight to see all the sails. We gybed round the Bench Head and pulled in the sheets and set off in pursuit of Band of Hope who was now half a mile ahead. Coming back from the Bench Head we were now able to see the larger boats 'steaming' up. It was great to see the biguns have enough wind for a change. Speedwell, Stina, Meridian and the Dutch Botter, almost all together - great.

We put in our first tack near the Nass, just as the rain stopped, and continued up the Blackwater, lead lining close in so keeping out of the last of the ebb. The sun now came out and we realised we were catching Band of Hope and after feeling the way and pinching wherever possible we passed her half way back to home. We tried to hold off the Dutch Botter, but she caught us on the penultimate tack.

What a great sail we had had and excitement to the end. Some fool had moored too near to the finishing buo for us and desperately pulled in his dinghy as our bowsprit passed over his cockpit! I looked at Bob as I pulled in the foresail sheets and we both knew it was too late to do anything, we were committed. Anyway we missed him and hoped he'd learnt his lesson.

After we had sailed up and moored w' all made our way to the clubhouse, as Julian had managed to com back to life. Having reported in we were told we were in th running for a cup, so this was the talking point as we ran back down the Blackwater with only the two foresails. We tied up in the mudberth and wheelbarrowed all the gear to the road, still in sunshine. I then phoned the club and was told by Jare Hiley we had won the cup for Trying.

So much for all that lying awake! We set off for the Hope for a meal and pint, feeling pretty content, knowing that we had really tried with our two crew and sleeping hand.

D. Hunt.