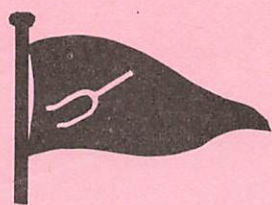


1980/4



# Old Gaffers Association Newsletter



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**THE OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION**

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

NEWSLETTER No. 1980/4

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 1981 Annual General Meeting of the Association will be held at the Cruising Association Rooms, St. Katherines Dock, London, at 5.00 p.m. PROMPT on Saturday, 17th January 1981.

### AGENDA

Presidents Address

Secretary's Report

Treasurer's Report

Election of new Treasurer. Mr. W.A. Brown (Calumet) has been proposed by L.J. Warren, seconded by J.A. Scarlett, and has agreed to serve.

Presentation of Awards for Newsletter Articles.

It is hoped to follow the meeting with a topical entertainment, and then what we hope will be a full social evening with ample opportunity to meet other members. Please do come along.

### COMMITTEE MEETING

Would all Committee Members please note that the A.G.M. will be preceded by a Committee Meeting in the Cruising Association Rooms at 2.00 p.m. sharp. If any Area Secretaries are unable to attend, would they please arrange for a member of their Area Committee to deputise for them.

J.A.S.

### COVER PICTURE: DEVA (268)

LOA 23 feet

BEAM 7 feet

LWL 17 feet 10 inches

DRAFT 3 feet 3 inches

BUILT 1912, Crossfield of Arneside, Westmoreland.

Deva is a diminutive example of a revolutionary design concept in traditional craft design which ruled the Irish Sea from mid Wales to South West Scotland.

I refer, of course, to the Morecambe Bay Prawner (or better known local term 'nobbie'). Only a proportion of these craft actually worked as prawning boats in Morecambe Bay, many being built as general-purpose workboats, pilot cutters, yachts and in the extreme sizes as deep-sea trawlers. Unfortunately, whilst the type is well known, very little has been written about them by authorities on traditional craft, and the little that has has been by 'southerners'. The passage of time has reduced a once prolific fleet to a few much altered specimens scattered about the coasts of the British Isles and abroad.

Crossfields and Armour Bros are credited with construction of these vessels, but there were several other firms involved which have long been forgotten. The original design of the type however, is probably the responsibility of Crossfields, who

are said to have been influenced by yacht design practice of the late nineteenth century. Now from my personal knowledge of the region (some of my ancestors came from Westmoreland!) and the site of the yard, I find this difficult to believe. It was only when the railway punched its way into the area that the Lake District people were practically connected with the rest of England, and indeed it was only in the nineteenth century that the Viking dialect died out! It is difficult to perceive a local craftsman of that time scanning through contemporary naval architect's publications, when we know that even drawings were very rarely used for construction!

The features of the design which have caused comment are as follows: Firstly there are normally no bulwarks like are found on Essex smacks, just a toe rail. This gives the impression of exceptionally low freeboard, and apart from saving topside paint is advantageous for net handling etc. Secondly the low free board is exaggerated by a long elliptical counter, a bit like a tug-boat! This is complemented by a slightly curved stem post, which merges into a very cut-away fore foot and rockered keel. Finally, in terms of hull shape, there is a hollow entry forward which blends very cleverly into an almost hard chine mid section, with a very sharp turn to the bilge. This 'chine' disappears into the counter as sweetly as it appeared.

Construction was not the best feature of the type, and at the time the nobbies were built, they were only given a ten year guarantee. Pitch pine and/or larch planking on grown oak frames with an oak or elm keel formed the basis of construction, with rather meagre iron fastenings. To give good longitudinal strength, a substantial keelson sandwiched the floors to the keel. This keelson was sometimes in iron, but more often in pitch pine. The stern construction was unusual in that a transom like bulkhead was provided aft of the rudder post.

There was much standardization in the construction of boats of varying size. Standard frame sections and fastenings were utilized, with the result that some of the larger boats 'worked' a great deal, many 'hogging' at stress areas such as at chain plates. I have even seen a few whose counters were drooping!

For those contemplating renovation, almost certainly new fastenings will be needed. (In my own experience it is essential that principal fastenings such as keel-bolts are replaced at sixty-five year intervals.) Nail sickness is common, especially on craft which have had a hard life, whilst many a nobby sailed with a transom stern as a result of pruning a weak and rotten counter.

In terms of sailing qualities also, these craft were different from most of the other types of traditional working boats. In the Irish Sea tides run strong, so speed was always essential in a variety of conditions. The rig was generally gaff cutter, although ketch and sloop were used for large and small varieties such as the trawling 'smacks' (60 feet) and the smallest 'Jewel' class (21 feet). The area of sail was substantial (before auxiliary engines) for such fine lined craft - Deva's sail profile is not far off original - and nobbies could go to windward very well in light airs. However, with such shallow hulls,

they would have to be sailed free in strong winds, but at speed. Traditionally a nobby sails with her gunwhale just dipping and water from the lee quarter wave runs along the side deck from astern to discharge amidships, giving a strange vision of water going in opposite directions. Badly rigged, as many boats were with home-made sails, the weather helm was heavy, but at least these craft made up for their wild steering by being as handy as a modern yacht in turning.

In fact, such was the handiness of the nobby that many were bought as pleasure craft which compared very favourably with contemporary yachts of the period in racing performance. 'Moya' is a typical survivor, and she has shown herself to be one of the fastest gaffers afloat in recent years, with her excellent renovation. Unfortunately most of the restored nobbies one sees nowadays have not been brought up to the standard of the Essex Smacks, so their performance is not so good.

The demise of the nobby occurred after the first World War, although they continued to be built in small numbers for some time afterwards. The last one was said to be built as late as 1950, although it is likely she was a motor boat. Auxiliary engines signalled the cutting down of sail plans and the gradual removal of bowsprits. Many post war conversions have suffered because owners have continued to use the shortened sail plans of the motorized craft. By the mid 1960s the nobby had the equivalent of a triple reefed gaff mainsail and a tiny staysail as her auxiliary canvas, whilst massive diesel and sometimes twin screws gave her plenty of speed. However, main and motor remained as combination of power and steadiness. In my Merseyside days (up to mid sixties) sail only was still used occasionally whilst waiting for tides to make through the Brock Channel, for even steadying canvas gave these fine lined craft steerageway.

East Coast O.G.A. members may have seen 'Prawner'. She is interesting in that she reflects auxiliary power and the silting of Morecambe Bay in her design. Her engine is installed almost by the mast, where a P.T.O. for the trawl capstan was taken off. A long prop-shaft runs back to the stern, under some raised ducting. Her hull is fuller than earlier craft, as she is not totally dependent on sail, whilst she has not much more than 3 foot draft for her 32 foot length.

My own experiences with nobbies really began with the purchase of the 'Deva' in the early sixties, although I had often noticed these yacht-like craft rushing down the Mersey ebb from very un-yachtlike havens such as Widnes! Nearly twenty years ago the 'conversion' boys were very unacceptable face of pleasure boating, but at least it meant that there were work-boats and lifeboats which could be had cheaply. After sifting through many such craft, Deva was our choice. Funnily enough, she was a craft I had noticed on several occasions in my youth, for she was Merseyside's answer to Charles Stock's Shoal Waters, the king of ditchcrawling! Fiddlers Ferry, Winsford Flashes, Chester, etc. - her owner Harry Williams would sail the old girl wherever the tide would take her. A shipwright by trade, he had undertaken a major conversion - including re-decking and adding a cabin, then sailed her hard both cruising and racing - North Wales, Isle of Man and Liverpool Bay felt her keel on many occasions.

As number 2 in a special 1912 production run of small nobbies for the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, the 'Rivers Class', she spent her formative years in the hands of distinguished Liverpool gentlemen learning to sail - Lord Derby, the Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire, sailed her in the early thirties. After that time the class was disbanded, but because of their strong working boat construction and shrimper pedigree, many found use as fishing craft alongside their big sisters, still prolific in those days.

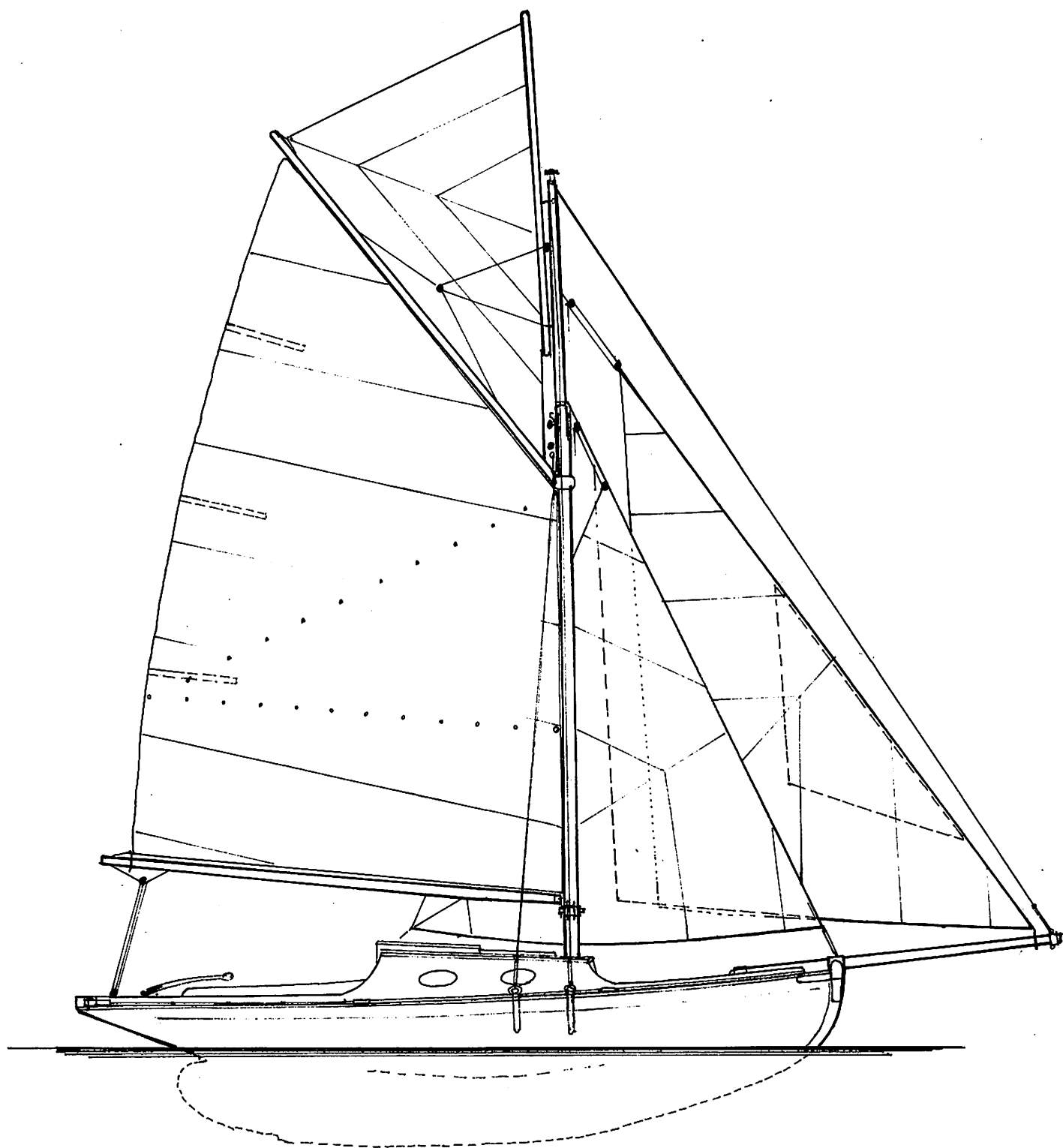
If we had not bought Deva, she would have reverted to work for a possible second time, for another potential buyer had plans to cut down her sailing gear, install a bigger engine and use her as a fishing boat. Being too lean and shallow for a comfortable cruising vessel, there was little demand for that type of craft. However, her handiness and speed were comparable with contemporary craft of the late fifties and early sixties, and indeed most of the Rivers class had done well in handicap racing, representing one of the last gaff challenges to bermudan rig on the Mersey.

However, with improved technology and helpful rating, the modern cruiser-racer began to oust these aging little craft, whose powerful low hulls could be driven at tremendous speed off the wind yet hold their own beating against fresh Norwesters and heavy seas. Because of the inherent stability of the hull-form, there was a tendency to drive too fast, and one or two Rivers class boats disgraced themselves by driving right under and foundering. A modern boat, once it exceeds its design speed will broach and sheer off to save herself. A Rivers boat will just go faster and faster - 7 - 8 knots is not unusual, not bad for 18 foot l.w.l. Whilst Deva has not figured in the silverware for a few years in Old Gaffers races, I believe if she was returned to her original condition, without cabin, cruising gear and engine, she could show the way round to today's winners in the right hands.

However, despite these attributes, Harry Williams could no longer race the old girl effectively, and she retired gracefully from the racing grounds in the North West, while she was still remembered for her last attempt at the Isle of Man 'Midnight' race. On this occasion against a strong Nor'wester Harry locked his seasick crew below and beat for 17 hours to gain third place.

Deva was clearly upset to leave Harry, for she foundered at her moorings off Rock Ferry shortly after we bought her. It is believed a dredger went off course in the fog. Harry worked like a slave in salvaging her, and she was sailing again two planks later.

We sailed her out of Liverpool docks, where we had the benefit of Canning half-tide dock for no charge and six swing bridges and a sea lock opened at our beck and call. As was common practice with local yachtsmen, the Menai Straits fortnight (the North West's answer to Cowes!) attracted Deva from her industrial surroundings, and she found Port Dinorwic, then a recently disused slating port. Although we took part in no races, we were so attracted by the place that she stayed there for eighteen months until Dinorwic was 'discovered' and forced berthing charges to South Coast levels.



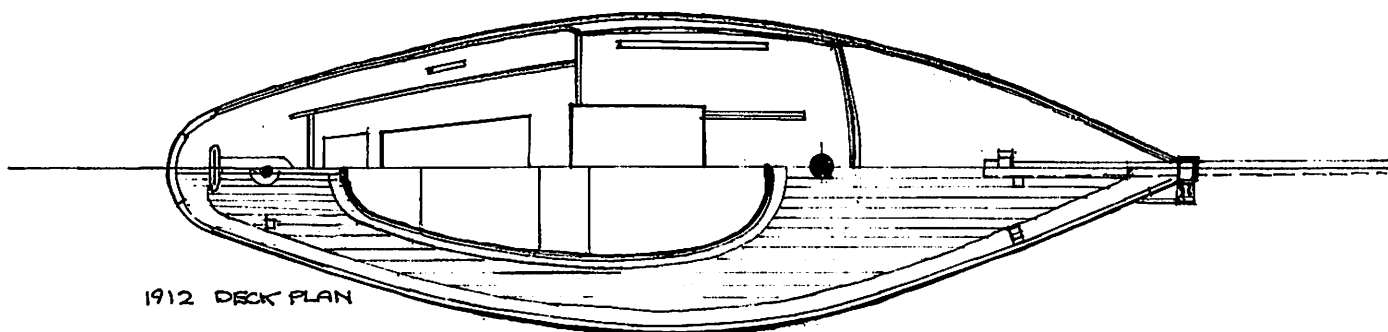
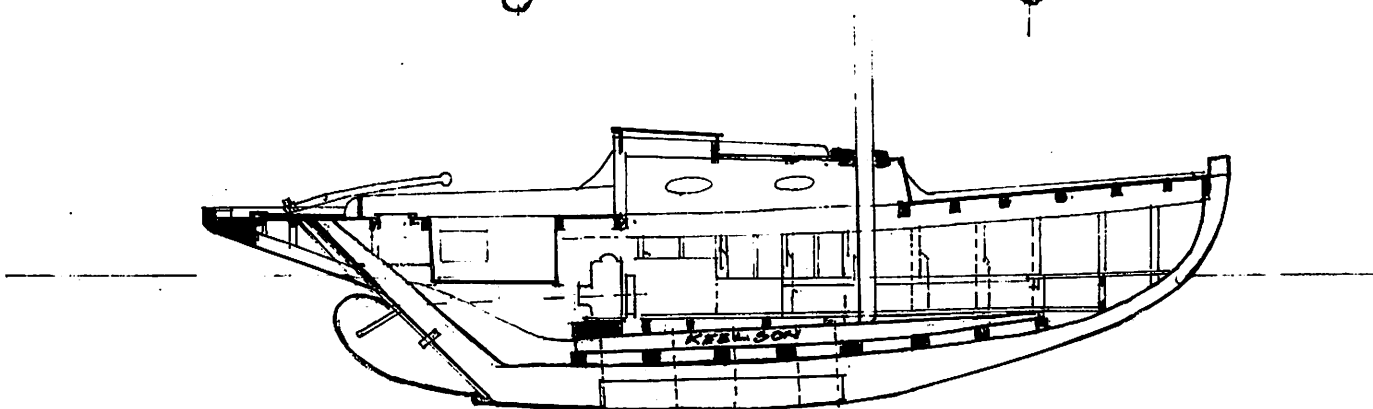
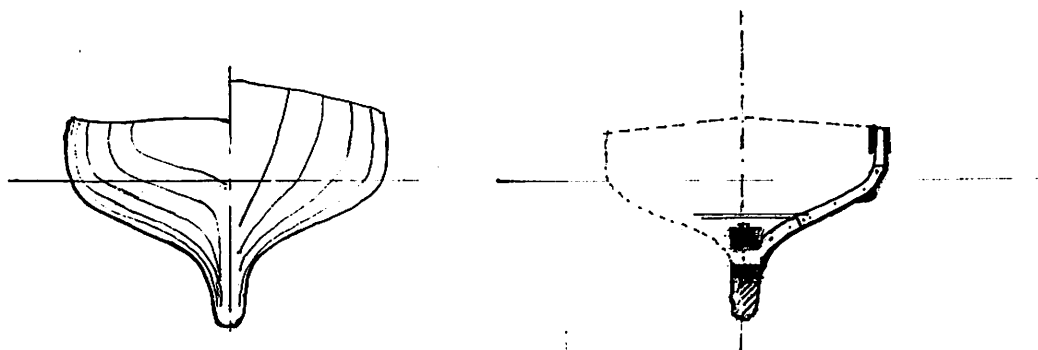
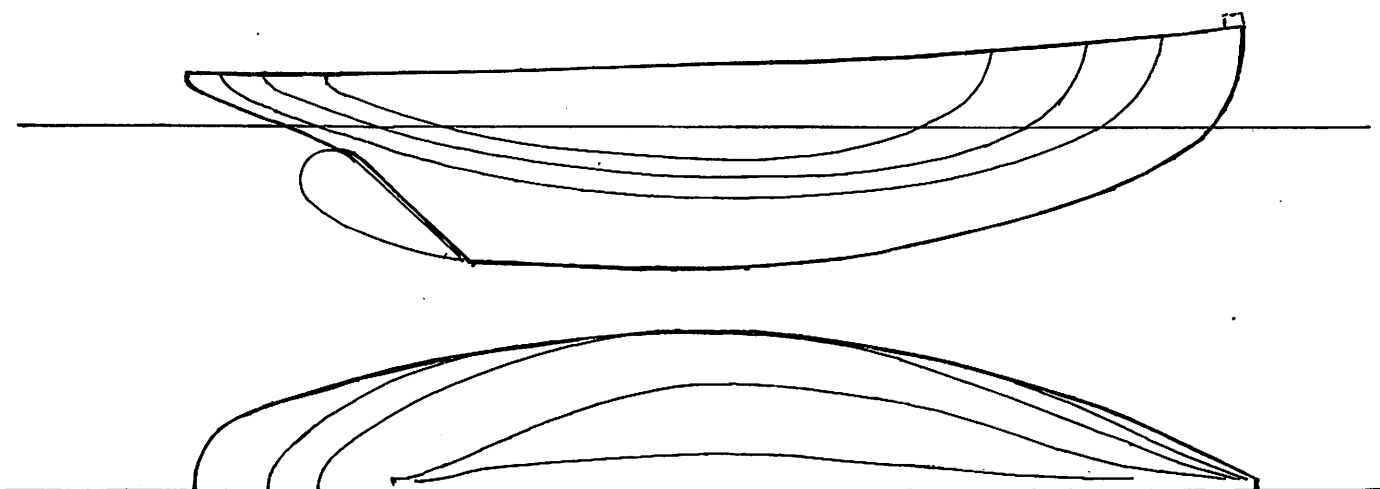
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'DEVA'

SAIL PLAN

1:50

1980



1912 DECK PLAN



The migration South was then forced upon us and my epic 'From Mountains to Mudbanks', published in the O.G. journal described the fun we had sailing across England and Yorkshire, then up the Thames. By 1967 Deva was based at Tollesbury, then a very quiet place without all the tiresome restrictions on parking and dinghies it has now. East Coast Gaffers races were entered, our first experience of racing. In those days the boats were in the majority fairly ripe loveable old things - not the stripped-out re-built machines we see now. Not knowing how the Deva would perform in foreign competition, we were nastily surprised by the speed of 'Fanny of Cowes', the 'Jade's' equivalent of the 60s. By today's standards boats like Fanny have little chance of winning, carrying full offshore cruising gear and safety equipment, as well as auxiliary engines (handicappers note!).

However, Deva gradually got used to East Coast conditions, and after setting a topsail for the first time in thirty years, she started to move up the fleet. 1970 saw such bad weather that only five boats finished. Double reef and topsail were our intentions but it was clear at the start the 'balance' reef (where gaff jaws join gooseneck and a triangular main is left) would have to go in. While this was being done, Fanny scuttled off into the distance. However, with flying jib, storm staysail and balance reef, Deva covered the ground between Bradwell and Wallet Spitway at a speed of nine knots! Alas, as she turned to beat, the flying jib halliard jammed, and despite valiant efforts by the crew who were floating above the deck on several occasions, the old girl was horribly over-canvassed. Eventually off Bradwell (by which time Fanny was home!) a terrific gust - it felt like force 9! - the jib sheet parted and we hove-to to bring the remnants down. Under storm staysail and balanced main she was now much more comfortable, her crew falling asleep by the time we crossed the line. If that race proved anything, it proved the seaworthiness of the nobby design.

1971 saw the final defeat of Fanny. The gods were with Deva all the way, for she carried a leading wind virtually all round the course! At Priory Spit she surged into the lead past all those who had been tacking thirty seconds before. After her bowsprit had been in front, the others caught up and overtook, but the handicappers did their work, and Deva crossed the line under easy canvas, to take the O.G. Trophy.

Whilst stormbound in Lowestoft, I had the pleasure of looking through some pre-war Yachting Monthly's at the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club. Many had reference to the Royal Mersey Yacht Club's Rivers class races, and Deva rarely figured, except when she sailed a different course from the others! And this has been the only way she has ever won races with me, Divine intervention being difficult to beat!

In 1974, Deva started handicap cruiser racing again with Tollesbury Sailing Club, after 10 years in retirement. There the handicaps are adjusted on form, and because she had a little assistance from the Almighty on a few occasions, she now carries the same handicap as some big boats. Since 1974 other gaffers have joined in, including Miranda (a John Leather smack yacht) the Charlotte Ellen, Greenshanks (quay punt) Paglesham Rose and even Jade on occasions! Not that the bermudan boys have

had all their own way - Deva and Miranda have taken the points series twice each, and in 1978 the two boats shared the trophy. On one race that year in force 7 conditions, only Deva and Miranda started - level rated at Tollesbury, Miranda had to gain first and Deva second to keep in the running - and that was the result!

Since I moved to Mistley, Deva has wintered there, migrating to Tollesbury for the Summer season. The racing at Manningtree is interesting, sailing round dinghy tyre courses in 4 feet of water. A topsail cutter poking her bowsprit amongst the Fireballs creates interesting comment!

In the winter of 1978 - 79, Deva's keelbolts were replaced by the late G.F. Smeeth of Dedham, his last job before he died. There were two old bolts left, rusted to less than  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch, the others dust. Again Divine help had obviously held the keel in the right place.

The 80s may see Deva in a different role if Coxswain Boats' latest venture comes off. Perhaps, if my financiers and local planning authority have some help from the usual source, one may be able to hail the Walton No. 1 Picot off her cruising grounds in Pennyhole Bay!

Jon Wainwright.

#### CHANNEL ISLAND ALTERNATIVES

Most visitors to the Channel Islands appear to congregate in the main harbours of St. Helier, St. Peter Port and Braye, possibly put off venturing off the beaten track by a glance at the chart dotted with rocks and overfalls. The main harbours become very crowded during the summer, to the point where yachts may be refused entrance to St. Helier or St. Peter Port, and rafting up four deep is not everyone's idea of a restful night. There are a fair number of alternatives, which offer peace and more attractive surroundings, are reasonably easily accessible, and in some cases offer better shelter in certain weather than the main ports. The following by no means comprises an exhaustive list, merely mentioning some anchorages used by the author during the past couple of years. Sailing directions are purposely omitted, since pilotage in these waters calls for very full information, which should be taken from a pilot book. 'Channel Islands Pilot', by Malcolm Robson is excellent, with first class illustrations and essential tidal information. Since nearly all pilotage depends on transits of rocks and shore marks, visibility is of vital importance, so before committing oneself to a tightish passage make sure there are no banks of fog rolling up astern.

Starting in Alderney, Braye Harbour becomes very uncomfortable in North-East or North winds, and in these conditions Longy Bay on the other side of the island offers good shelter. The approach line should be adhered to closely, as inspection of the chart shows a boue (isolated rock) close to port. Once in the bay there is good holding ground in sand, sheltered from all directions except South-East - South. In the middle of August, Wilful shared the bay with one other yacht, while every mooring in Braye was occupied by yachts rolling themselves silly. Before the Braye breakwater was built a suggestion was mooted that a canal be dug across the island linking the two

bays so that ships could slip through when the weather made one side untenable. Although Longy is a fair way from the shops, there is a good restaurant and bar called the Old Barn a hundred yards from the beach, which is highly recommended.

Continuing to Guernsey, Beaucette Marina is much more quiet and peaceful than St. Peter Port in the season. Although the entrance looks formidable, it is well marked and less difficult than it appears. Be sure to check your tides, as there is a sill at the entrance, and there is a special table in Robson's book relating depth over the sill to time and range of tide at St. Peter Port. As a rough guide you can expect 2 metres above half tide. A further caution is that the leading marks can be very difficult to see against a setting sun. Once inside you have perfect shelter with usual facilities of fuel, water, electricity and a shop. There is also an excellent restaurant. Buses run to St. Peter Port frequently although the stop is a ten minute walk. Approaching from or leaving towards the West Country the Doyle Passage South of Platte Fougere lighthouse is a straightforward daylight short cut. The West coast of Guernsey is indented by several bays, most of which are fine in an off-shore wind, but potentially lethal should a sudden westerly get up. Grand Havre is the only one offering reasonable protection from swell.

On the South coast, Petit Port is a useful spot just west of St. Martins Point, where one can wait for a fair tide up the Little Russel or shelter from Northerly weather. Beware of pot markers and floating rope in this area, as it is a popular corner for them.

Swell can make any of the anchorages off Sark uncomfortable, as it is not always predictable, but Havre Gosselin on the West side gives shelter from all but South West weather and is a beautiful anchorage, surrounded by imposing cliffs. The closer inshore you can anchor, the more comfortable the berth. The mooring buoys are private, and boats should not be left unattended on them. It is a stiff climb up the cliff path, but the Beauregard offers refreshment not far from the top. Across the island both Dixcart and Derrible Bays tend to be less crowded than the anchorages off Creux, the walk through the woods up Dixcart valley being particularly delightful, and there is a strategically placed hotel to slake the thirst.

With reasonable weather and careful attention to pilotage none of these suggested anchorages should pose problems to any skipper competent to get across to the islands in the first place, so perhaps these notes will encourage some to get out of the crowd and try some new spots.

Jon Ward-Hayne.

#### THE GAFF RIG ERA

#### 4. The Coming of the America, Part 2.

Meanwhile, in England, the sudden death in 1846 of Lord Yarborough, first Commodore of the R.Y.S., brought a period of dissent and division to the Squadron. What it was all about is difficult to define, and what is known would take a long time in telling. Certainly the R.Y.S. was pre-eminent but yacht

clubs were flourishing, notably the Royal Thames Y.C., and the Royal Victoria Y.C. at Ryde, were becoming prominent in yacht racing. Lord Yarborough was succeeded by Lord Donegal who was immediately accused of canvassing for his election. This split the club into two factions, and at the annual dinner only forty members supported the Commodore. At the same date and time Lord Wilton chose to hold a private banquet at which many squadron members who could have supported the Commodore appeared. Lord Donegal resigned abruptly in August 1848 just before the regatta which was conducted by Sir Bellingham Graham. On September 1st Lord Wilton was elected Commodore and in 1850 Sir Bellingham Graham resigned as Vice-Commodore to be succeeded by Mr. C.R.M. Talbot, owner of the schooner Capricorn, 313 t. It was under Talbot's influence that the schooner rig prospered in England.

As may be expected 'this house divided ...' attracted the attention of the press, being ready as always for a little scandal. From Bell's Life we read: 'No boats will enter for cups unless filled with their majesties' likenesses'. In 1847 'There were high words and bickering' when the race for the Queens Cup was postponed for lack of wind. The R.T.Y.C. expressed their resentment by abstaining when the course around the Brambles was substituted by that around the Island for the club cup, and the race was eventually sailed by three little cutters built by Wanhill of Poole. Bell's Life declared that 'The dissensions at H.Q.s were reflected by the very aspect of the Solent, where many squadron yachts flew ostentatiously the ensign and burgee of the Royal Western Club. The good old days of the regattas have vanished; when Cowes was the focus of attention, when visitors flocked from all parts, when neither love nor money could procure a bed, when Lords and Lukes were content to repose on a carpet with only a rug for a pillow'.

There were few races beyond those for the Queens and Prince Consorts Cups. The arrangement which offered cups to the Royal Clubs was only adopted in the years 1847 and 1851 when there was so little enthusiasm. Bell's Life again: 'We wish that they would send the Queens Cup to the R.T.Y.C. then we would have a race worth recording. The numerous fashionable assemblages did not throng the parade to witness the departure of the yachts, and those who did go only witnessed one gingerbread stall and a razor grinder's machine which was placed near the R.Y.S. clubhouse. Fortunately no suicidal act has been committed.'

It was into these gloomy Solent waters the 'America' sailed, her owners knowing little of the divided politics of the R.Y.S. and lulled by the amiable invitation of Lord Wilton, they arrived filled with the expectation of an enjoyable and profitable season. That ubiquitous correspondent of Bell's Life describes her arrival thus: 'This morning a suspicious looking craft was observed working down with light winds and shortly afterwards brought up in mid-channel abreast of Osborne. The 'Lavrock' cutter got under weigh to meet the America which shortly afterward followed her example and both yachts worked up to our rendezvous in company, witnessed by several of our celebrated yacht skippers and cognoscenti'. The unofficial race between the America and Lavrock is often given as the reason for the reluctance of English yachtsmen to try their metal against her. The Lavrock (65 feet) Captain, G.H. Williams R.N. is often quoted as one of the English 'crack' cutters but was well beaten in the unofficial race.

Although she was new in 1851 I can find no record of racing success, nor was she entered in the race in which the America made her name. It seems to me that there was still a good measure of spite in the air as a result of the events of 1849 - 50. Even Lord Wilton's tact and urbanity had not time to completely rally the club. But whatever the reason Stevens found the greatest difficulty in making a match with any other schooner, an occasion for much comment among the professional crews. 'The Yankees bein' allowed to crow over the gentlemen' was the way they put it.

George Robert Stephenson, son of the great George Stephenson, and himself an eminent civil engineer, agreed to match his schooner 'Titania', 100 t., against the America for £100. The course to be from the Nab Light, 14 miles to a station boat and return. This race was sailed after the race for the £100 cup and on the outward course running free, the America led by 4 minutes 12 seconds and on the beat back she gained 47 minutes. The wind being NNW and strong. There was no time allowance or rating.

At a meeting at the Thatched House Tavern in May 1851 the Squadron decided to present a silver cup to the value of £100, to be open to yachts of all nations; to be sailed for under the rules of the R.Y.S. around the Isle of Wight and without any time allowance. The Times had this to say of the selected course:

'The course around the Isle of Wight is notoriously one of the most unfair to strangers that can be selected, and indeed, does not appear a good race ground to anyone, inasmuch as the current and tides render local knowledge of more value than swift sailing and nautical skill.'

That the America was not entirely innocent of local knowledge is shewn in this extract from a speech made by Colonel Hamilton in New York some time later:

'Warnings of all sorts from various quarters reached us, not to rely too much on any pilot that might offer, and our commodore was naturally perplexed. But here again the Admiral commanding at Portsmouth, with an intuitive perception of the difficulty told Commodore Stevens that he would furnish him with a pilot for whom he himself would be answerable. The offer was as frankly accepted as it was honourably made. The pilot came on board, and never for a moment was there a suspicion on any mind that he was not as thoroughly honest and reliable as one of ourselves. Yet so strong was the distrust of our countrymen outside that even after the pilot was in charge the Commodore was warned by letter not to trust too much in him, and was urged to take another pilot to overlook him. His own loyal character would not entertain such a proposition, he gave his confidence to the pilot the Admiral had sent him, and it was most complete.'

The pilot was a Cowes man named Underwood. The America carried a crew of 21 persons, including the owners, a cook and a steward, and part of her crew was made up of seamen lent from the London based schooner 'Surprise' then lying in Cowes Roads.

This race attracted a great amount of public interest, and a considerable fleet of schooners and cutters assembled. According to the 'Memorials of the R.Y.S.', the race was sailed

on August 23rd 1851 and in the America's Cup Races as August 22nd, but whichever date it was, the following is a full list of the entrants: Schooners, Beatrix, 164 t. (Sir W.P. Carew); Wyvern, 205 t. (Duke of Marlborough); Constance, 218 t. (Lord Conyngham); Gypsy Queen, 160 t. (Sir H.B. Houghton); Brilliant, 393 t. (G.H. Ackers); and the America, 170 t. Cutters, Alarm, 193 t. (J. Weld); Arrow, 84 t. (Mr. T. Chamberlayne); Ione, 75 t. (Mr. Almon Hill); Freak, 60 t. (Mr. W. Curling); Volante, 48 t. (Mr. J.L. Cragie); Mona, 32 t. (Lord Alfred Paget); Bacchante, 80 t. (Mr. B.H. Jones); Eclipse, 50 t. (Mr. H.S. Fearon); Aurora, 47 t. (Mr. Thomas Le Marchant). Titania, Fernande and Stella were non starters.

The morning of the race the wind was light and from the westward, the fleet was lined up in a double row at anchor and with all sails down. The cutters were in the first line and the schooners some 300 yards astern of them. The preparatory signal was given at 9.55 a.m., at which the yachts made sail, and the starting gun was fired at 10.00 a.m. Henry Steers, the 15 year old nephew of the designer, gave this account of the race to the Seawanhaka Yacht Club in 1877, some 26 years later:

'The wind was from the Westward, the yachts were allowed to get up their sails after the first gun, but we found that we constantly overran our anchor and slewed around and we had to lower our sails; and so all the yachts got off ahead of us; however, we had a large crew and got our sails up very quickly. By the time we got to the Nab (12 miles) we had walked through the whole fleet except four- Beatrice, Aurora, Volante and Arrow. We were running wing and wing and these boats would steer close together, so that when we tried to get through them we could not without fouling, and had to keep cutting and sheering about very often being very near gybing. From the Nab to St. Cathrines the wind was ahead (it had shifted to SSW and was of variable strength) and there we left them so fast that when we got down to the point there was not a yacht in sight. Here we caught the tide, and for a long time made little way beating against it, and the little Aurora came up pretty near to us and the Arrow was just behind her. After getting by St. Cathrines point we had a leading wind, and we went from there to the Needles at a rate of thirteen or fourteen knots. Off St. Cathrines we lost our jib-boom and I remember that Dick Brown said that he was d...d glad it was gone as he didn't believe in carrying a flying jib to windward. We arrived at Cowes about 8 o'clock.'

Henry Steers also relates a couple of interesting stories as quoted:

'Some of the gentlemen of our party wanted to make their expenses after coming so far, and they went from one place to another trying to get a little money on the race, but their success was not brilliant. We were rigged pilot boat fashion, no fore topmast and no flying jib-boom, and as we thought we could do better with a flying jib we went to Michael Ratsey to get him to make the spar and my uncle bet him the price of that jib-boom that we could beat any boat that he could name, and he named the Beatrice. Well, then we went to a sailmaker to have a flying jib made and we bet the price of this sail on the race. So after all, all we got on the race was the price of the flying jib-boom and the sail.'

'There was an awful crying and moaning about Cowes the night we finished. Ratsey and other builders were much chagrined, but they all said that they could build a boat that could beat the America. They said that she was a 'mere shell', a Yankee trick, that we had exhausted ourselves. 'Well', John C. Stevens said. 'What will you do?' They said, 'We will build a boat in ninety days that will beat the America for £500'. He said, '2,500 dollars won't pay us for waiting ninety days; make it £25,000 and we'll wait and sail the race.' But they would not do this and so it came to naught.'

Young Henry Steers having only one possible viewpoint made it seem a fairly uneventful race, but the sum of the viewpoints and the comments made in the Memorials of the R.Y.S. give an added dimension to the affair. I have condensed the account as far as practicable.

'The yachts were moored in two lines, North and South, the America being in the Westward line, there was a five knot breeze from the West. The breeze was unsteady and treacherous, and the America alternately gained and lost the foremost place in the race to the 'Noman', where she passed fifth, Volante, the leader, being two minutes ahead. It was after passing the Noman that one of two mistakes occurred which did much to spoil this race. There appear to have been two programmes or cards issued by the Squadron which differed, or were at least ambiguous upon a crucial point. The cards containing the names and colours of the yachts described the course as being around the Isle of Wight, while the printed programme stated that it was to be around the Isle of Wight and outside the Nab. The doubt suggested by these two official documents led to an unfortunate misunderstanding. Volante was observed to bear away out of line and stand for the Nab, followed by Arrow, Bacchante, Constance and Aurora, the remainder keeping their course inside. As the wind was from the west, the first named vessels were handicapped by abandoning the windward position to the America and the increased distance sailed. By midday, the breeze falling lighter, and in going across the South of the Island, Volante and Freak by working close inshore, recovered the lead and got to windward of the whole fleet. Off Ventnor occurred two other mishaps. Arrow ran ashore on the ledge of rocks between that place and Bonchurch and Alarm stood by to assist and relinquished the race, returning with Arrow to Cowes. Freak and Volante tacking together inshore off the cliffs managed to foul each other and Volante lost her bowsprit. The race was then left to America, Aurora, Eclipse and Brilliant. From these vessels the America rapidly drew away, and taking a more southerly course rounded the Needles at 5.47 p.m. some miles ahead of Aurora. The wind was now so light that the passage to Cowes took  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours. The America crawled up past headland after headland crowded with cheering sightseers, and was met and surrounded by a constantly increasing flotilla of yachts and boats. At 8.37 p.m. a gun signalled that she had won the cup. Eight minutes later a second gun announced the arrival of another yacht. Almost unperceived the little Aurora had crept up behind her rival to take second place. Had the course been but a few miles longer, and the conditions remained the same there is no doubt that Mr. Le Marchants cutter must have won.

'Such was the race for the Squadron Cup, the sportsmanlike behaviour of the owners of the America in these waters excited much admiration at the time, and was certainly reciprocated in full by the English yachtsmen of 1851. There was an absence of all hostile comment and of seeking for excuses, of protest and criticism. The Americans requested to be allowed to boom out, and the concession was made at once; the very material point as to whether the America sailed the proper course was generously allowed to remain uncontested by the owners of those yachts which were placed at such a grave disadvantage ...'

It seems to the writer that, when reading the Memorials of the R.Y.S., the authors indulged in a deal of wishful thinking, for Stone and Taylor in their interpretation take a different view:

'Though the race was sailed without time allowance there was but little comfort in this fact, for, by Ackers time allowance scale then in use the Aurora would still have been beaten by about two minutes had she received her allowance ... Next day the owner of Brilliant protested the America on the ground that she had passed the wrong side of the Nab ... but the protest was not allowed ...'

No doubt that all things being equal a large yacht will beat a small one, but, under these conditions of light and variable breezes the smaller and lighter boat could disadvantage a larger heavier one, and the America's win cannot fairly be disputed.

M.E. White

#### WITH LEERS TO EDWARD APOLOGY ...

At Hamble a Jolly Old Sailor  
Has an engine that's somewhat a failure,  
But what he is lacking  
He makes up by tacking,  
Though his bowsprit will often impale-ya.

Now this very same skipper, called Paul,  
Uses only the wind for his fuel.  
And he's never alarmed  
At being becalmed ...  
For he soon gets a tow, as a rule.

A lady crew member named Jan  
Said: 'As first mate, I'll do what I can,  
But it's not up my alley  
To slave in the galley ...  
At this rate I won't get a tan!'

Paul sailed out of Hamble with Jan,  
Friend Tony and wife from Japan.  
But since leaving Cowes  
Though he puffs and he blows,  
The engine won't follow his plan ...

At chart reading Paul is the best,  
 And lately put this to the test  
 By sailing all night  
 Twixt Torbay and Wight,  
 Now his Asimov's having a rest.

In light winds, he puts up a Topsail,  
 And though it sounds strange - in a Bad Squall,  
 I'm telling no fib,  
 The Topsail's the Jib,  
 And adds much to the speed in a Close Haul.

After pumping with all of his power,  
 To fight leaks - once every half hour,  
 He banged on some copper,  
 Though the leak was a whopper,  
 He managed to lessen the shower.

As he cried out 'Ready About!'  
 The jib and the foresail blew out,  
 But stopping in Brixham  
 He very soon fixed-em,  
 And set off again without Doubt.

After plotting the course with a compass,  
 Paul said 'Jan the tiller is yours lass ...  
 But as a reminder ...  
 Just watch the depth finder,  
 And don't run us aground like an ass'.

With these problems most people are kind,  
 But there's always the odd one you find,  
 In Salcombe, at anchor,  
 We met such a ----- \*  
 Who proved both a Bore and a Bind.

Paul's temper is not usually Bad,  
 In spite of the troubles he's had,  
 But he did lose his cool  
 When moored next to that Fool,  
 And called him much worse than a Cad!

Good ship 'Kiffa's' his pride and his Joy,  
 For ever since he was a Boy,  
 It's been his ambition  
 Without inhibition,  
 To sail in and cry 'Salcombe Ahoy!'

J.B.

\* (crank huh??)

#### DRAKE 400 - LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT

'I do apologize for the long delay in writing to you. Both as an organizer and as a participant, Susanne and I would like to add our thanks to those of all the others for all you did to make Drake 400 1980 such a pleasant success. I believe that the smooth shore side organization was the key to everyone's enjoyment and pleasure and I think that this year all the competitors appreciated this. Most of them have been organizers at one time or another and know the agonies!

'Plymouth Corporation have at last come up with a very welcome cheque and so we are solvent - we think! In fact the Lord Mayor and Corporation were so excited about the whole rally that they have asked us to make it a permanent feature from time to time. Bells Whisky and the Royal Western Yacht Club seem very happy too,

'I am hoping that we can put together a well edited TV show and if the dates of the A.G.M. do not clash with my service commitments we should be able to screen it for after the meeting for those that are interested.

'I enclose a cheque and hope that this goes some way to defer your costs for Drake 400.

Yours sincerely, Sam Poole.

### SOLENT AREA OLD GAFFERS RACE 1980

Competitors' hearts must have been as leaden as the skies the day before the Race, for it was blowing a near gale from the S.W. Nevertheless a good crowd made it to the gathering at the Cowes Corinthian for a very convivial evening. Sadly the boats which had gone to the Race at Brighton the weekend before were prevented by the weather from making Cowes. Perhaps next year the Brighton race organisers could schedule their Race to avoid a clash with the senior event.

Come the dawn, however, the weather had relented to give a day which those who raced said was the best ever; the sun shone throughout and the breeze filled steadily from the West, rising to Force 5 enabling most of the boats to carry their full working rig right round the course.

The windward start (at 0930 this year) was without major incident, as the 45 boats made for the windward mark Saltmead Ledge. The old rivals Gaivota and Iseult were away first, in company with John Richardson's new boat Little Windflower. These three large boats were for a short time bested by the 23 foot Ianthe, which had started well to windward of the fleet. Ianthe had a remarkable Race, she is no youngster, having been built in 1888 by Berthons, but she sailed the whole Race with her lee rail and often mast of the deck awash to cross the line sixth and win for her owner, Spence Mooney, the Channel Cup for the first overall on corrected time, as well as the Quiver Trophy for a Class win.

At the windward mark the fleet was lead by Iseult and Gaivota for the run to South Bramble. A great number of the boats stood out into the tide, and lost out as a result. One notable exception was Peter Preston sailing Nellie, built in 1865, the oldest boat in the Race. Preston opted for the Island shore, a tactic which paid handsome dividends, for he was well up at the Bramble, finally finishing ninth, and taking the Edgar March Trophy for the first working or ex-working boat to finish. There were three other Itchen Ferry Cutters in the Race. These lovely little craft are undergoing a revival in the Solent and relish the opportunity to race each other.

The final legs of the Race were a fine broad reach of two range which enabled all the competitors to view each other as they passed in opposite directions! Well up at this stage was Tee Jay,

built by Lukes on the Hamble in 1930. She was sailed by Graham Benton, wife and dog, apparently effortlessly, and they were able to take home with them the Anchor Trophy and the Channel Plate.

Iseult crossed the line off the Hamble River at approx. 1300 hours, to take the Dead Eye Trophy. The Race Officers had to remain on station until around 1700 hours, when Vital Spark the last across, finished to take the Laggard's Ladle. I am sure the whole fleet are grateful for the efforts of David Cade the Race Officer and his helpers who set an excellent course and worked out the results so promptly.

The prizegiving was held at the Elephant Boatyard at Bursledon, where Sam Bayliss of Mary Agnes master-minded an excellent Bar-be-Que. Jo Lester (Iseult) provided the commemorative mugs, which were even more beautiful this year. A hearty Vote of Thanks was also due to Chris Waddington who works tirelessly to make this annual event a success, as it surely was.

Graham Bremmer.

### PRIZE LIST

|                                                              |                   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Channel Cup - 1st on corrected time                          | Ianthe            |
| Deadeye Trophy - 1st across the line                         | Iseult            |
| Edgar March Trophy - 1st working boat                        | Nellie            |
| Anchor Trophy - 1st on corrected time,<br>under 50 years old | Tee Jay           |
| Emsworth Cleat - 1st in Class IIa                            | Betty             |
| Channel Plate - 1st in Class IIB                             | Tee Jay           |
| Quiver Trophy - 1st in Class III                             | Ianthe            |
| C.H. Paxton Trophy - 1st across line,<br>built before 1900   | Little Windflower |
| Le Havre Plate - 1st in Class Ia                             | Iseult            |
| Gaffers Eye - 1st in Class I                                 | Regard            |
| Pitchford - Longest passage to start                         | Kirsty            |
| Laggard's Ladle - Last to finish                             | Vital Spark       |

### RESULTS

| FINAL<br>POSN. | NO.   | NAME OF BOAT      | CORR.<br>TIME | POSN.<br>OVER<br>LINE | FINISH<br>TIME | CLASS |
|----------------|-------|-------------------|---------------|-----------------------|----------------|-------|
| 1              | 3     | Ianthe            | 203.70        | 6                     | 227.09         | III   |
| 2              | 583   | Iseult            | 207.99        | 1                     | 205.32         | IA    |
| 3              | 361   | Betty             | 208.10        | 5                     | 226.20         | IIA   |
| 4              | 3071  | Nellie            | 209.50        | 9                     | 239.43         | IIA   |
| 5              | 987   | Tee Jay           | 211.93        | 10                    | 241.38         | IIB   |
| 6              | 022   | Simba             | 212.83        | 17                    | 253.37         | IIB   |
| 7              | 314   | Gaivota           | 214.57        | 2                     | 206.52         | IA    |
| 8              | 1009  | Idyll Gryphon     | 216.61        | 21                    | 257.26         | IIB   |
| 9              | 237   | Chiriya           | 223.82        | 11                    | 245.15         | IIA   |
| 10             | 873   | Karekeit          | 224.53        | 34                    | 286.03         | III   |
| 11             | X     | Little Windflower | 225.28        | 4                     | 214.35         | IA    |
| 12             | 1012  | Janty             | 226.53        | 24                    | 259.49         | IIB   |
| 13             | 270   | Dilkusha          | 226.78        | 27                    | 268.38         | IIA   |
| 14             | J     | Emmaly Simone     | 227.39        | 28                    | 269.42         | IIB   |
| 15             | 5037  | Alice             | 227.45        | 15                    | 252.15         | IIB   |
| 16             | 1000  | Earendil          | 228.17        | 7                     | 231.18         | IA    |
| 17             | 871   | Thought           | 229.25        | 22                    | 258.17         | IIB   |
| 18             | 459   | Patsy             | 231.68        | 19                    | 255.15         | IIA   |
| 19             | C5206 | Brunette          | 232.94        | 26                    | 265.00         | IIA   |
| 20             | C542  | Andy Lasson       | 235.31        | 30                    | 274.25         | IIB   |

|    |       |                    |        |    |        |     |
|----|-------|--------------------|--------|----|--------|-----|
| 21 | C532  | Black Bess         | 235.85 | 32 | 284.50 | IIA |
| 22 | 727   | Nerak              | 238.40 | 13 | 248.07 | IA  |
| 23 | 704   | Maggie             | 239.79 | 18 | 255.10 | IIA |
| 24 | E     | Corserine          | 240.76 | 8  | 237.20 | IA  |
| 25 | 454   | Olive Mary         | 241.28 | 12 | 246.07 | IIB |
| 26 | 945   | Cornish Salamander | 243.74 | 16 | 252.32 | IIB |
| 27 | 561   | Sundown            | 245.20 | 37 | 293.30 | IIA |
| 28 | 228   | Catriona           | 247.78 | 23 | 259.19 | IA  |
| 29 | 2286  | Whitemoth          | 248.83 | 20 | 255.21 | IIA |
| 30 | B     | John Henry         | 248.85 | 40 | 303.47 | IIB |
| 31 | 1005  | Verity             | 249.25 | 29 | 270.04 | IIB |
| 32 | 392   | Lisia              | 250.46 | 31 | 277.36 | IIA |
| 33 | 475   | Pierrette          | 252.02 | 36 | 293.05 | IIA |
| 34 | 878   | Zephyr             | 252.23 | 35 | 287.28 | IIA |
| 35 | A     | Mary Agnes         | 256.02 | 38 | 299.09 | III |
| 36 | 303   | Adelle             | 262.21 | 42 | 318.22 | IIB |
| 37 | 32    | Duet               | 265.77 | 3  | 208.45 | IA  |
| 38 | M     | Merlin             | 268.74 | 25 | 262.19 | IA  |
| 39 | 118   | Storm              | 279.79 | 41 | 308.48 | IIB |
| 40 | 620   | Regard             | 296.20 | 33 | 285.08 | I   |
| 41 | 1004  | Chloe II           | 298.77 | 43 | 334.57 | IIB |
| 42 | W     | Chlamys            | 300.86 | 39 | 301.46 | IA  |
| 43 | 433   | Provident          | 310.55 | 14 | 249.04 | I   |
| 44 | DA690 | Vital Spark        | 321.64 | 45 | 380.19 | IIB |
| 45 | 863   | Kiffa              | 342.99 | 44 | 346.10 | IIA |

KIFFA (EX MARIE ANN) OGA 863

I purchased 'Marie Ann' from Mr. N. Warner of Cranleigh, Surrey, in August 1976. The only previous known owner being Mr. D. Loughborough 1972/74, who bought her from Mr. C. Wallace for £100 - the scrap value of copper fixings she was about to be burnt for. Mr. Loughborough was responsible for getting Marie Ann afloat again, a great deal of work being necessary because she had been left rotting on a river bank for some time.

Since then she has been recognised by people who knew her in Lymington 1950 /60, and at that time she was regularly crossing the channel. I have spent four years restoring Marie Ann, gradually reducing pumping out per voyage, adding accommodation, Perkins diesel engine and new sails.

For registration purposes a new name had to be found and so she is now 'Kiffa' (from Libra, my birth sign) RN387358. Unfortunately, so far no details of her early history have been proved, but I have it on good authority (Johnny Johnson of 'Escape' and father of Paul Johnson) that she is a Truro oyster boat, probably built around 1880. As her scantlings are so light, she must have been built as a yacht rather than work boat, the first of this type on record being at W.E. Thomas's yard in 1879.

I would like to know more about West Country oyster boats and if you could put me in touch with any other owners I would be grateful. My only source of information so far has been in John Leather's Gaff Rig and in Edgar J. March's Sailing Drifters.

Paul Baker, 1 Denewulf Close, Bishops Waltham, Southampton, Hants.  
Tel: Bishops Waltham 4002.

## RISØR IN SPAIN

My wife and I live aboard 'Risør' all the year round so that where the boat is our home is; last year, 1979, we spent five months in Scandinavia going as far as Oslo and doing 2,500 miles altogether before getting back to Plymouth, our home base, in late October.

Our mooring in Plymouth was rather exposed and we had a rather rough time in two storms before we could get inside to our safer winter berth. For this reason we decided to spend a winter in Spain, find a safe harbour and enjoy a little warmer climate. I know North Spain can be cold at times, but by and large we are enjoying very mild weather and not yet put on our inside heating.

We left Plymouth in August after taking part in the Drake 400 Rally, coming via Le Four Channel, Brest, Audierne, Lorient, Belle Isle, La Croisic, Les Sables d'Alonne and La Rochelle. The French harbours are getting very expensive and we were asked for 14 metres 100 fr. per night (over £10) at no less than three marinas, diesel is difficult in many harbours and always at commercial prices and often then only from a garage. Paraffin almost unobtainable in France and if you find it, sold in plastic litre bottles at 6 fr 50 per litre.

We left La Rochelle for Santander 200 miles in poor visibility and for two days and two nights we never had more than three or four miles vision, no moon nor stars at night and mainly very black nights. We came out into sunshine east of Santander with ten miles to go.

Santander - a lovely safe harbour - can be entered in all conditions but alas the yacht harbour full to overflowing - we were looking for a berth 47' x 16' x 7' with 10' of bowsprit. The Commodore Club Real speaks good English (our Spanish as yet almost nil) rang the Yacht Marina, prohibitive prices, and 5½ Kilometres away from anywhere, i.e. shops and buses. We tried the Fish harbour, smuggled away in a corner by the oil jetty - not long before white paint and warps covered in thick oil and obvious we couldn't stay there for long, although the local fishermen were friendly we were still in their way at times.

We found Robin Brandon's book 'North Biscay Pilot' very helpful in assessing the various harbours which adorn this lovely coast every few miles.

Santona, Robin said was a very safe harbour. We went along; full of fishing boats all active, found a berth alongside but the Harbour Master said no, 'Marcha', which in Spanish means 'Go away'. The same happened at Lareda, only just across the bay so we left for Bilbao, and found a welcome at the Club Maritime, a very safe berth afloat at reduced charges for winter, a palatial yacht club, temporary membership, a Commodore and Captain who both speak good English and go out of their way to help us.

What is really difficult is Calor/butane gas. It is made near Santander and shipped to England. It is impossible to get a permit to install in a yacht; every application for whatever use has to be inspected on sight, approval given and a contract entered into and up to now I and helpful friends haven't been

able to get round this, so any Old Gaffers wanting to visit Spain should make sure they have enough Calor gas and paraffin to last the journey or like us they will be reduced to buying Camping Gaz and the fittings for cooking. I can get paraffin but it takes finding.

Thanks for listening, we are enjoying our stay here and hope to stay in this haven until Spring.

Fred G. Bessant.

I notice that you have an advert in Newsletter 1980/3 from K.A. Horne in Spain asking for crew. We shall be in the same need when we decide to move along, as Risør is a heavy boat and whilst my wife and I move her over the shorter distances, 20/30 miles, we do like crew for longer hops.

We would welcome paying guests/crew from January onward who would like to spend a week or two sailing this lovely North Spanish Coast from the French Border to La Coruna in the western corner.

Two couples, or a family of four, youngsters welcome, as three of us have sailed Risør over long distances.. Risør can use 9 berths but we prefer no more than 6 aboard, or an occasional extra can be accommodated.

Write c/o Yacht Risør, Club Maritime Del Abra,  
Las Arenas, Bilbao.

#### BREST '80: A BIASED REPORT

Wilful's trip to the 1980 rally of traditional boats held in the Brest area 30th July to 4th August, organised by Old Gaffers Association Vieux Gréments de France.

I will admit from the start to a heavy bias in favour of the whole event. It was the best of many happy trips to Brittany, and altogether a good thing. Wilful left her home port of Beaucette in Guernsey at 2200 hours on Sunday 27th July. Aiming to reach Douarnenez on Wednesday 30th, we had reasonable time in hand for the 150 mile trip, and with only Peter Lanoe aboard as crew I intended breaking the voyage at L'Aberwrac'h or Camaret. However that first night a SE 4 bowled us along so well on a broad reach through one of the brightest moonlit nights I have seen outside the tropics, that we were past L'Aberwrac'h and into the Chenal du Four well before dark, when the wind died and we had a peaceful drift down to Pte. St. Matthieu. A stiff southerly breeze came up with the sun, and we decided to press on to Douarnenez, which we reached by midday after a glorious close reach outside all the rocks.

A few gaffers were already in, and no time was lost renewing old acquaintanceships as more arrived during the afternoon and next day. By Wednesday evening some 42 boats had assembled. Douarnenez was a premier tunny and sardine port, building 70' sailing fishing boats into the 1930s, and the locals were delighted to see such a fleet of traditional sail in the bay again. 'Mutin', the Brest Naval College's 75' tunnyman was particularly impressive and very smartly turned out, and it was

a pity that Provident could not be there, as a comparison in form and performance between similar sized Brixham trawler and tunnyman would have been interesting. In fact apart from Wilful, only Gaivota and Nerak from the Solent represented the English O.G.A. fleet, with Owl and Nuada, although British built, under French ownership now.

On Thursday morning there was great activity as we prepared for the first race, an 11 mile triangular course in the bay. Eventually most boats crossed the line in more or less the right direction within a respectable time of the gun, and trailed sheep-like after Owl, who went charging off on a course about 30 degrees to the west of the first mark, which lay dead downwind in the light SW breeze. The second leg was abeat, and little Melpomene showed her paces, scorching through the fleet. A fluky wind under the shore and a turning tide round the last mark caused some problems, and the final leg was a battle between Germaine, Nerak, Tocson and Wilful for places in the middle of the fleet. After the race a barbecue was held on the harbourside, with sardines washed down by Breton cider, and a Fest-Noz, an evening of Breton folk music, dancing and carrying on, took place in the town square. Altogether a satisfactory start to the rally.

The following day we were to sail in company to Camaret, but the very light westerly breeze forced a lot more engine use than most of us like, and we only got sailing once we were past Cap de la Chevre. From there it was a nice fetch past a beautiful rugged stretch of coast, with some of the smaller boats dodging inside the formidable Tas de Pois rocks, and everyone taking the Toulinguet Passage close round the point and so into Camaret.

There it was heartening to see big trawlers still being built in timber. Camaret boasts a new marina, and is a major shellfishing port, but a pleasant spot for all that. A very fine supper and dance was laid on at the village hall, with some 500 of us leaping about till all hours. The departure the next morning in bright warm sunshine and a decent breeze was a brilliant spectacle, as new arrivals had swelled our number to over 50. Yet more joined us as we sailed, and later drifted, through the Goulet and into the Rade de Brest. We were bound up river to Porz-Beach, a little beach with a jetty up the river Daoulas near the town of Logonna-Daoulas. Some of the wiser skippers, including the mighty Mutin, beached themselves on legs, while the rest anchored, and as the river became more and more congested anchor cables were crossed, hooks dragged, boats bumped on the turn of the tide, and all was cheerful chaos. Over 70 boats finally occupied a very small stretch of river, since space is restricted at low water. Ashore marquees had been set up, huge cauldrons of Kig ha Faz, a speciality of this western end of Finisterre, were bubbling, beer wine and cider were flowing, and folk singers were playing bagpipes, guitars, accordions and anything else that makes a noise. I would guess around 5000 people were there to enjoy a memorable Saturday night hoooley. The lovely Fleurance and Maryvonne tried, pretty unsuccessfully, to teach Wilful's crew to perform some of the simpler Breton dances, but either the lack of Celtic blood prevented us, or the cider caused a breakdown in communication between brain and feet.

On Sunday a sort of treasure hunt was planned, involving calling at Tinduff to collect strawberries and at le Fret to get the autograph of a renowned local character. Tinduff is a sleepy little village with a good quay, but no strawberries as the season was over, and the local character at le Fret had retired for his siesta by the time we arrived, well primed with libations from earlier boats. Still it was a good incentive to explore odd corners of the Rade, which must rate among the finest stretches of water in Europe for leisurely pottering. Fields and woods rolling down to the waters edge; winding rivers inviting exploration; quiet villages with welcoming cafés; few navigational hazards and relatively mild tides (by Brittany standards); all combine to create an area ideal for spending a couple of weeks doing very little very slowly.

We ended the day with a brisk sail to the new marina at Moulins Blancs, a couple of miles east of Brest itself. With all mod cons this is a very useful place, since it saves having to enter the port of Brest, which is not recommended. Within easy bus or taxi ride of station and airport, it would be handy for crew changes, and there is a big slip and repair facility if needed, with village stores a short walk away. The marina and entrance channel are dredged to 2 metres LAT, so access is no problem. After an Aperitif in the clubhouse, courtesy of Ricard, the rain came down in sheets, so instead of listening to more Celtic chanting ashore we retired to our various boats to conduct prayer meetings for better weather the next day. After appropriate libations to the rain gods to turn their attentions elsewhere, Wilful's tape player proved an attraction, and soon a good crowd squeezed into the saloon, alternating between my Liverpool Irish shanties and their French equivalent. (The songs, I mean; there is no French equivalent to Liverpool Irish). The one including the line 'Et merd' pour le roi d'Angleterre' seemed to be a special favourite, always followed by a quick chorus of Rule Britannia from Wilful's crowd.

The following day the rain had stopped, but it was blowing a full SW 6 gusting 7, and only a dozen boats turned out for the delayed start to the final race round the buoys in the Rade. It was an exhilarating thrash round, which quickly dispersed any hangovers, and no damage was suffered. Gaivota, though only placed second, was the moral victor, since the first boat had started before the line was even set, but race organisation is rather more relaxed in France than in England. Through cautious insertion of a second reef, Wilful only achieved 9th, but I see no future in pushing an 81 year old lady too hard just for the sake of a race. Anyway the evening prizegiving sent everyone away with something by way of a prize, and proceedings ended in the same friendly spirit that had prevailed all week.

Since it was still blowing a hooligan the next day, we spent a quiet day shopping, ship cleaning and socialising. On Wednesday morning we set off up the Chateaulin river, intending to go right up through the lock to the town, but when the wind died in the afternoon we decided against miles of motoring and moored at Port Styvel against an old cruiser laid up to rot away in peace under the steep wooded banks. We explored Landevennec and its old abbey of St. Guenolé, and were rather ashamed to read that it had been sacked, burned and otherwise knocked about by the English at least half a dozen times over

the centuries. The Benedictines gave up trying to repair it, but have built a new abbey just up the hill. I cannot confirm rumours that it contains a nuclear defence system. In the evening we discovered a truly delightful little restaurant, L'Ermitage, just upstream across the river, and dined excellently in lovely surroundings for a very reasonable price.

With thoughts of heading back towards Guernsey and a good midnight forecast we reluctantly weighed anchor at 0300 on high water, and cautiously felt our way down river on the ebb, passing through the Goulet at breakfast time and catching the first flood up the Chenal du Four. By noon we were moored in L'Aberildut and sound asleep. This was my first visit here, and it is a fine little river, well sheltered and conveniently situated. It may be easier to enter at night for the first time, since there is a very good sectorised entrance light, and by day the two church spires forming the approach transit are not easy to spot. During the afternoon Kermor (Jean le Faucheur, President of O.G.A. France) and Minquierville (Popof, the Granville Area Secretary) turned up. Friends of Jean's living nearby entertained us very hospitably and showed us a little of this wild and woolly country at the very extremity of the mainland. Popof, an amazing character who had enlivened proceedings throughout the week by blowing bugles and walking around on his hands at inappropriate moments, decided it was time he learned windsurfing, and wobbled off up river fully clothed, Gauloise in face, for a full two minutes before the inevitable splash. We rounded off our visit by feeding curry to fourteen people aboard Wilful before sailing at midnight for Guernsey. The less said about the run back the better, since despite consistent forecasts of Sw 3-5 we never got more than force 2, and it took 56 hours to reach Beaucette.

All in all a most memorable fortnight, spent in beautiful surroundings among fine boats and in the best company one could wish for. Much gratitude is due to Jean le Faucheur and Daniel Bredoux, the organising secretary, and to the many others who worked very hard to get the event off the ground. Hundreds of people afloat and thousands ashore will remember it with pleasure for a long time.

J. Ward-Hayne.

Note: Wilful is a gaff cutter, designed and built by Sibbick of Cowes in 1899. Vital statistics 30' x 28' x 8.6' x 5.9'. Previous owners include Mulhauser, who later circumnavigated in Amaryllis, and Maurice Griffiths, designer of fine cruising boats and for many years editor of Yachting Monthly.

### BOOK REVIEW

I REMEMBER THE TALL SHIPS by Frank Brookesmith.

Published by Seafarer Books (Merlin Press, 3 Manchester Road, London E 14) £6.

Frank Brookesmith, who is now a very elderly gentleman, has written a very lively, no holds barred, account of his time before the mast in the early 1920s, in two of the last of the British sailing ships. At first glance I thought this might be yet another book about life in the half deck of one of the Agland owned barques of the 30s, but this book proved quite different.

There is no attempt to glamorise either the ships, the men, or the work. This is a book about working sailors on ships where it seems difficult to determine whether the food or the sails and rigging were more rotten! Somehow, in this book the hardships do not come over as a 'bit of a lark' as they do in some other books about the last days of sail. Possibly this is because the author writes as from the focsle and not the half deck, and also possibly because in the 1920s there was none of the glamour of 'sailing on the last sailing ship' that coloured later voyages.

After a spell on an oil tanker, the author shipped on the full rigged ship 'William Mitchell' to run coal from Australia to Iquique, and then nitrate round the Horn to Rotterdam. Then the author shipped in the stump topgallant barque 'Kilmallie' for a voyage from Liverpool to Sydney, then with coal to Pisco, and guano back to London via the Panama Canal.

Whilst there are no epic descriptions of lost masts or outstanding battles against the seas, the author has plenty to describe, both good weather and very bad, and shore incidents such as the loss of a shipmate in a railway yard, and being knifed by a prostitute in Iquique. Despite the time lapse since the voyages described, the book might well have been written about events of last year. It is all intensely readable, and I regard this book as a refreshing and very welcome addition to my library of square rig books.

J.A.S.

#### CLYDE AREA

ALAN J. ARMSTRONG is going to continue as Clyde Area Secretary for the present, as Frank Coghill is now unable to take the job on. However, he does not want to continue after 1981, so please would anyone willing to be his successor come forward? An early offer will give you time to learn the routine!

Alan Armstrong's address is: 46 MacLeod Drive, Helensburgh,  
Dunbartonshire. 0436 4067.

#### FOR SALE

ROSA AND ADA F 105 47'6" x 13'6" x 5'6". Built Collar, Whitstable, 1908. Fine example of Whitstable Smack, rigged to original design. No engine. Full suit sails. Good condition. Offers invited.

Tony Winter, Little Fisher Street House, Sheldwich, Faversham, Kent.  
Chilham 280.

MARGARET ALISON - An intruder into these hallowed columns? Not really if the history of the Clyde ring netter is investigated just a little. Margaret Alison is one of these, an MFV to most observers. Built in 1946 to a design dating from about 1918 and classed as an auxiliary though now full powered. Built Weatherhead, larch on oak, teak wheelhouse. 46'9" x 15'6" x 6'. Original focsl virtually restored, large hold now accommodation, good headroom throughout. 10 berths total. C-Power Marine Ford 108 hp diesel, 3:1 redn, 32" dia prop. bunkers 300 galls. Kelvin Hughes Foreland VHF, Sailor MF R/T, Seascribe sounder. (B.O.T. life preservers & rafts avail. if vessel to continue commercially). S.L. anchor winch. Usual warps & engine spares, new mizzen sail. This vessel has been used

mostly for passenger duties over the last four years as well as general duties and is maintained in clean good and functional condition.

The hull is very sweet lined and would drive easily under sail either as a gaff ketch or a lugger (as they were of old just like the fifies and zulus). The ringers are the direct descendants of the Loch Fyne skiffs. Stem is gently curved/raked canoe stern. If you are looking for a larger vessel for rigging etc and you want both a traditional type as well as one that does not require rebuilding, Margaret Alison or her sisters should be examined closely. They are a fast disappearing class of vessel. Surveyed July 1980. Report states her to be in good condition. To be slipped at Kyles of Bute Boatyard Dec, Jan and Feb for overhaul and therefore easily inspected.

Price to O.G.A. members £13,500 (£16,000 through brokers). Jay Cresswell, East Smithy Cottage, Ardlamont, Tighnabruaich, Argyll. Tighnabruaich (070 081) 617.

### RESULTS OF DRAKE 400 1980

GOLDEN HIND RACE, 19th AUGUST, Start 1120.

| FINAL<br>POSN. | NAME OF BOAT  | T(H)CF | ELAPSED<br>TIME | CORR.<br>TIME | CLASS |
|----------------|---------------|--------|-----------------|---------------|-------|
| 1              | Ripple        | .925   | 3 23 08         | 3 07 53       | 2     |
| 2              | Little Millie | .866   | 4 25 37         | 3 50 01       | 3     |
| 3              | Spica         | .931   | 4 16 12         | 3 58 31       | 2     |
| 4              | Wender        | .926   | 4 27 32         | 4 07 44       | 2     |
| 5              | Chloe         | .823   | 5 07 06         | 4 12 49       | 3     |
| 6              | Iseult        | 1.013  | 4 11 44         | 4 15 00       | 1     |
| 7              | Roxana        | .845   | 5 06 16         | 4 18 47       | 3     |
| 8              | John Young    | .928   | 4 41 18         | 4 21 02       | 2     |
| 9              | Gig           | .966   | 4 37 10         | 4 27 44       | 1     |
| 10             | Nerak         | .961   | 4 47 06         | 4 35 54       | 2     |
| 11             | Olive Mary    | .930   | 5 00 30         | 4 39 27       | 2     |
| 12             | Lucy Waters   | .890   | 5 30 55         | 4 54 30       | 3     |
| 13             | Nepenthe      | .966   | 5 06 39         | 4 56 08       | 2     |
| 14             | Awara         | .935   | 5 43 46         | 5 02 10       | 2     |
| 15             | Shamrock      | 1.073  | 5 04 05         | 5 26 16       | 1     |
| 16             | Solweig       | 1.140  | 4 48 34         | 5 28 57       | 1     |
| 17             | Risor         | 1.060  | 5 19 39         | 5 38 49       | 1     |

### DRAKES DRUM, 20th AUGUST

|                                         |             |
|-----------------------------------------|-------------|
| FIRST PRIZE                             | NERAK       |
| Water jug & bottle of whisky            |             |
| SECOND PRIZE                            | NEPENTHE    |
| Water jug & bottle of whisky            |             |
| THIRD PRIZE                             | CHLOE       |
| Goblet & $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle of whisky |             |
| FOURTH PRIZE                            | LUCY WATERS |
| Goblet & $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle of whisky |             |

Seems like everyone had a prize in this one, but I can't read what for in most cases! M.A.S.

THE 400 PASSAGE RACE FRIDAY 22nd AUGUST

## OVERALL WINNER - SPICA

|                | FINAL<br>POSN. | NAME OF BOAT | ELAPSED | CORR. TIME |
|----------------|----------------|--------------|---------|------------|
| CLASS<br>ONE   | 1              | Iseult       | 6 57 51 | 7 03 16    |
|                | 2              | Shamrock     | 8 02 42 | 8 37 56    |
|                | 3              | Duet         | 6 59 19 | 8 54 37    |
|                | 4              | Awara        | 9 42 22 | 9 06 22    |
| CLASS<br>TWO   | 1              | Spica        | 6 27 37 | 6 00 52    |
|                | 2              | Ripple       | 6 52 22 | 6 21 26    |
|                | 3              | Wender       | 7 52 46 | 7 17 46    |
|                | 4              | Olive Mary   | 8 13 37 | 7 39 03    |
|                | 5              | Nerak        | 8 43 31 | 8 25 43    |
| CLASS<br>THREE | 1              | Roxana       | 8 09 52 | 6 53 56    |
|                | 2              | Sea Widgeon  | 8 28 58 | 7 27 22    |
|                | 3              | Lucy Waters  | 8 51 31 | 7 35 33    |
|                | 4              | Chloe        | 9 20 00 | 7 40 52    |

... I read with great interest Michael Millar's account of Drake 400 1980. Having read this I know I can't compete so I shall not try and write my own version. In any case I think Michael has said practically everything I would have said and done it much better than I could have done!

The Barbecue on the Saturday night was a great success although the very low tide meant some did not get off until nearly the end of the Middle Watch!

I hope we may be able to establish a three year cycle of Channel Islands Brittany and Plymouth. This year only one boat came from France and we were very disappointed with the lack of support from Cornwall.

Finally, Martlet is still for sale! It breaks my heart to see her laid up. So I have now decided that the price is negotiable. What offers? (See article & ad. in last Newsletter).

Mike Shaw.

(Blue Haze, Downderry, Torpoint, Cornwall PL11 3JA)

FOR SALE : WILFUL (530) 30' x 28' x 8.6' x 5.9'. Gaff Cutter. Designed & built C. Sibbick, 1899. Pitch pine on oak & rock elm. Teak deck. Terylene sails, 1 & 2 years old. BMC Vedette engine (1964) reconditioned 1979. 4 berths. Good galley. Gas cooker. Taylor paraffin cabin stove. Lifting bowsprit for marinas. Cruising inventory includes 6-man RFD liferaft, 8' Beaufort inflatable, Ocean Star VHF, Lo-Kata RDF, Stowe Log, Legs, Emergency 2182 transmitter.

1980 Survey report & interior & exterior photos available to serious enquirers. Full description in OGA Newsletter 1977/4. British registered vessel.

Very capable cruising yacht easily handled by 2 people. Reference may be made to 'The Magic of the Swatchways' by Maurice Griffiths. Owner's home for 5 years. Lying Guernsey. Price negotiable, according to amount of equipment included. Jon Ward-Hayne, Beaucette Marina, Vale, Guernsey.

A Reply to Mr. R.H. Jefferson's letter in the last Newsletter:

Sir,

I would like, through the courtesy of the Newsletter, to make a couple of comments on R.H. Jefferson's letter re the apparent disregard of basic rules of seamanship during the 1980 Solent Race.

In the penultimate paragraph, he says '... it was so obvious that it should not need to be said that it is vital in the interest of safety ...'.

Having been involved with the organisation of the East Coast Race for four years, I have found it necessary to repeat and repeat again the various aspects of the conditions under which the race was run. I have not seen a Solent programme, but would assume that it is very similar to our own, in that it not only gives the various courses, but details of Start, Finish, Recall, Time limits - in fact every condition that is likely to befall a competitor. Included in the instructions is the procedure for Protest, which brings me to my second comment to the letter, 'Should we have protested in connection with all or any of these incidents?'. In my opinion the answer is YES and for the following reasons.

Part of the duty of the Race Committee is to undertake and enforce the conditions previously circulated to the competitors, and to this end they should be able to expect all competitors to inform them of any infringements, so that they, the Committee, can inquire into the alleged offence. That Protests are rare is well known; that some rules are frequently flouted is also well known, but a Committee cannot initiate proceedings unless a Protest is lodged. And thus, because we are 'good sports', and 'don't want to sneak' or 'mustn't be seen to take it too seriously' the irresponsible, ignorant, or just bloody minded, get away with it yet again. A Protest, at the right time, and lodged in the correct spirit would force this small minority to read carefully, and to heed, the rules of the sport, or face disqualification.

Rob Williamson (Tarka).

#### AROUND THE SOLENT BUOYS - 1980

We presented ourselves at the start of the Solent Area Race after only one shakedown sail and a 7-knot passage from Yarmouth on the previous day. We being the 60 year old six-ton cutter Chiriya, 50 year old skipper and 14 year old crew - my son James whose imminent arrival caused me to miss the after-race function back in 1967.

In ideal conditions we headed east around the point from Cowes to join the milling throng of gaffers cutting grooves in the sunlit waters of Osborne Bay. So good was the southwesterly breeze that we were set to make a passage to the Saltmead Buoy over four miles back towards Yarmouth before entering into the zig-zag and figure-of-eight routine so beloved by Race Officers. But it was a good course - and the start line was right this year as well!

Threatened by the boy we sorted out tactics. Easy. Just follow our commodore Joe in the efficiently-run Iseult to get the benefit of his mathematicians, tacticians and computers.

The start would be a broad reach on port tack. Lee end of the line was favourite for clearer wind and better tide - and Joe thought so too. Iseult and a couple of others came in on starboard from outside the limit mark and we followed suit. Joe came about to head for the line while we carried our tack on starboard - could we get him? I shouted hoping to put him about but the devils carried on clear away across our bows and we tacked to cross the line some 30 seconds later.

The race was now on and working commenced. Soon we hauled hard on the sheets to beat with the tide across the entrance of Cowes. Great dollops of water heaved over the bows and spray swept the cockpit. Not much time to record other people in the man and boy crew situation but we did see Betty and Olive Mary with one or two others heading well into the harbour while the old enemy Patsy and many more stood way out towards the Brambles Bank. With moderate length tacks in the south half of the Solent we crossed close with many boats getting hoarse calling for right of way. Only once were we denied and after debating which port-light to puncture bore away instead just to be prudent.

Then cock-up at Salt Mead. We had fared well in the beat but now I tacked too early, got on to port tack and allowed Simba and two others to round the buoy before us.

Now there would be some relief for the teenage sheet-puller. He could rest his arm muscles and apply bantam-weight pressure to helm us on a true course back up the Solent. Over to the north shore - I suggested. No Joe for precedent now - Iseult was away up-tide nearly off Cowes. My immediate task was on the foredeck - experiment perilous. The Big Red jib headed spinnaker to go up with boom arranged to suit. Not tried yet this season! Poor James and his steering. And me hauling and flapping while rolling and swaying as we went careering along at some five knots through the water. The lad had a chance to see all our competitors. Yes, Betty is ahead and Simba lies to starboard - but I am engaged in wrestling to get this thing set. Well we did set the spanker somewhere off Beaulieu and I took the helm to roar up the coast after Betty. Now this was the action. Simba looked static out in the stronger mid-Solent tide with Olive Mary and undefined others. No sign of Patsy.

We left the northerly run to pass south of the forbidden shipping channel gybing carefully to set Big Red on the reach. After S. Brambles and Prince Consort we were back off Cowes and close to our friends in Tee Jay. And back on a run Big Red pulled so well that the Tee Jay people were overhauled and we rounded the Hill Head mark abreast.

Cock-up number two. Big Red took over - went forward like mad - broke the boom into splinters and went down over the side. Very wet proceedings. Boy on the helm may know what transpired but I have never enquired. When eventually I regained the cockpit Tee Jay was some  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile ahead and Joe was rushing towards us back from Coronation buoy completing his round of the figure of eight. So we stowed Big Red and thankfully set a more sensible jib and staysail.

Now we were meeting the other faster craft. A sharp watch was needed to make sure of avoiding head-on collision. This figure-of-eight business around the Coronation and Hill Head buoys is confusing to me and potentially dangerous (as reported incidents also suggest). Up we went to round the Coronation just as Iseult

took first home honours once again. Slowly we closed up on Tee Jay and managed to keep Olive Mary astern. Back once more at Hill Head we in our turn met all the others - still not with time for recording the names as we worked through the fleet. But we did note old Patsy our nearest handicap classmate. Last years memories still linger. As my crew will readily tell I made one of my tactical errors and put Chiriya about far too early failing to fetch the finishing mark enabling Patsy and others to sail past setting us back some six places in the list.

Anyway we were going well this year with finishing line not far ahead. No gear had parted - excepting the pole. Eighteen miles in four hours made an exhilarating race - good course and fine hard sailing. A wave to the Race Officers and relaxing our effort we ran up the Hamble River to the hospitality at the Elephant Boatyard (and Jolly Sailor).

T. Fitzpatrick

### BANGING AWAY AT A CAULKING IRON

'Twas on a Monday morning-o  
We went to buy a boaty-o  
It looked so neat and tidy-o, a-swinging on the buoy,  
We asked to see the skipper-o  
They said that he was down below,  
Banging away at a caulking iron,  
Banging away at a caulking iron, as fast as he could go.

'Twas on a Tuesday morning-o  
We went and bought the boaty-o  
It looked so neat and tidy-o, a-swinging on the buoy,  
We paid the owner all the dough,  
He said "Just hold it half a mo!"  
Here's the bl... caulking iron,  
Bang away at the caulking iron, as fast as you can go.

'Twas on a Wednesday morning-o  
We sailed away for Plymouth Hoe,  
She looked so neat and tidy-o, a-sailing full and bye,  
But when her bilges sprung a leak  
The mate let out a mighty shriek,  
"Where's the bl... caulking iron?"  
Bang away at the caulking iron, as fast as you can go.

'Twas on a Thursday morning-o  
With decks awash and freeboard low,  
She looked so neat and tidy-o, but rather damp inside,  
The navigator set a course,  
And flashed an S.O.S. in morse.  
Then found the bl... caulking iron,  
And banged away at the caulking iron, as fast as he could go.

'Twas on a Friday morning-o  
We beached her by the Foreland-o  
She looked so neat and tidy-o, just resting on the sand.  
The cook, she said she'd had enough  
And walked away in quite a huff.  
So the skipper grabbed the caulking iron,  
And banged away at the caulking iron, as hard as he could go.

'Twas on a Saturday morning-o  
We found the garboards leaking-o,  
She looked so neat and tidy-o, but silting up inside.  
With tar and oakum, tingles too,  
The bo'sun made her good as new,  
Then threw away the caulking iron,  
Threw away the caulking iron, as far as it would go.

'Twas on a Sunday morning-o  
Tight as a drum, away we go,  
She looked so neat and tidy-o, with topsail setting well.  
We sailed her into Plymouth Sound,  
Looked below, and there we found  
The floors awash, and I'll be bound,  
We need a set of caulking irons as fast as we can buy. L.J.W.

Our usual welcome to the following new members:

P.J. Polley, 18 Dale Road, Sadberge, Darlington, Co. Durham.

M.D. Tuck, Cossick, Shore Road, Old Bosham, Sussex.

## Vital Spark

R. Payne, 44 Drybridge Hill, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

Gipsy

H. Slater, 5 Bay View Crescent, Castle Drive, Falmouth, Cornwall.

Spriggan

R.D. Forrest, 71 Brookvale Road, Highfield, Southampton, Hants.

Long Nanny

H.V. Aldridge. 2 Malcolm Close, Locks Heath, Southampton, Hants.

Sophie

W. Stevenson, Moor View, Pink Moors, St. Day, Redruth, Cornwall.

P. Bennison, 32 Thornhill Square, London N.1.

Intrepid

T.J. Powles, Old Bridge House, Offculme, Cullompton, E. Devon.

Elf

C.F. Readey, The Smithy, Llangoed, Anglesey.

Sybilla

P.L. Lanoe, Le Hautchemin, St. Pierre du Bois, Guernsey.

From the Secretary and family, the very best wishes for Christmas, and a happy and prosperous New Year, with the best of sailing, to all members.

Don't forget that the best sailing is often at O.G.A. races and rallies.

A few odd comments. In his article on Deva, Jon mentioned that she was one of only 5 who finished the 1970 E.C. Old Gaffers Race, but he overlooked the fact that another finisher, Oriette, was also a Crossfield boat on prawnier lines!

Please don't forget the O.G.A. photographic collection. We still need pictures of many of our boats. Vertical format full plate sized black and white prints with good contrast are ideal, but any picture which shows a boat clearly is better than none. The Association will pay reasonable printing charges for additions to the collection.

Keep the descriptions of boats and technical articles coming in please, the Newsletter drawer is almost empty.