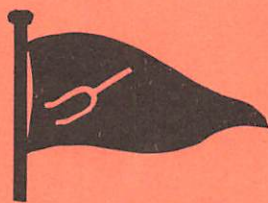
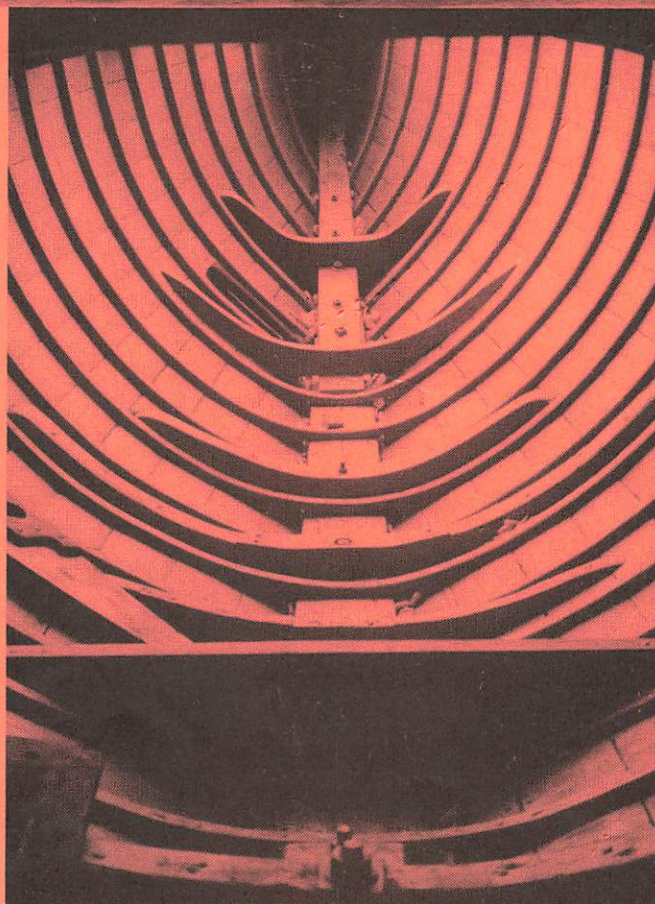


1982/3



Old Gaffers Association Newsletter



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THE OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION

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	U.K.	OVERSEAS
Membership Flags (20" x 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ ")	£5.60	£5.90
Burgees 36"	£6.45	£6.95
24"	£5.60	£5.90
18"	£3.75	£4.00
Ties (Multi-motif)	£2.60	£2.80
Brooches (pin type)	£1.15	£1.30

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Please address orders, with cheque or postal order made out to The Old Gaffers Association, and if possible an addressed label for despatch, to:

Mrs. B.V.Brown, 34, Courtland Avenue, Chingford, London E4 6DU

Orders will not be despatched until payment has been received.

NEWSLETTER 1982/3

COVER PICTURE: JADE (747) 25' x 17'6" x 6'. Sloop owned by Gale Heard of Tollesbury.

For five days they toiled in the boiling sun. Three were spent attacking the mouldering hulk with an assortment of dull and serrated scrapers, bent screwdrivers, and screwdrivers as yet unbent. For three days Fred and Reuben's yard was smothered in a dustcloud of ancient paint and older wood. Bucketfuls of gunge flew from the cockpit into the eyes of those labouring below the hull. 'What's this?', cried Hughie, holding aloft three fathom of caulking cotton untimely ripped. Scraped and lightly caulked with three years of dry standing to be taken up, Jade stood waiting the brush. The restorers retired to the pub and addressed themselves to their daily nourishment of peanuts and Tolly.

The fourth day and the fifth were spent pouring and toshing gallons of black bitumen paint into the bilge and onto all submerged areas (it seemed like a good idea at the time but it made the shipwright curse four years later). The outside was coated with Wollies' best white and the bottom with copper paint charitably discovered by Reuben in one of his boatshed's corners. Late Friday afternoon Jade stood anticipating the oggin, when a gasp broke from the mouths of the crowd, and Hamish, the owner, turned quite white, as a passing stranger struck the base of the rudder a sharp one with a hammer, causing the corroded gudgeon to part company with its rotten fastenings and fall to earth. The stranger winked and passed on, and a grinning Fred turned to and welded up a new one. Launched in the morning Jade took up quickly during the day and the leaks had slowed to a trickle by nightfall. Asleep on the boards that night we were brought to a hasty awakening at three in the morning by a coaster, which passing the moorings disturbed the water that had risen silently to just beneath the floorboards, sending it in a chilly deluge through sleeping bags and clothing. A wonderful cursing rang out over the deep dark river. At the misty morning's damp dawning we set sail, and slid downriver bound for home.

So Jade was brought to the Blackwater from Pinmill, her rig at that time being what one might call 'cruising', the previous owner having substituted a twelve foot gaff for her original twenty foot spar, which may account for his description of her as 'sluggish'. The boat was entered for the O.G.A. Race and as she stood that year (1976) came in about 13th. This was not good enough, and with the lucky acquisition of her old gaff, the replacement of the crosstrees, and the cooperative attention of Gayle Heard, the Tollesbury Sailmaker, a new, full-sized mainsail and recut headsails saw Jade around all the buoys - despite a collision (Jade on starboard) with a smack - and third up the river behind two other smacks to take first prize on handicap in the '77 race. The next year Hamish ordered from Gayle a balloon staysail, but by the start of the Heybridge Regatta, Gayle and sail had not arrived. The eighteen foot pole was strapped on deck ready to no avail. In the Regatta Jade was barred from the Gaff class because her gaff was thought to be too high-peaked. She proceeded therefore to lead the Bermudians two-thirds of the way around the course and win on handicap, whereupon the Bermudians protested because we were gaff-rigged.

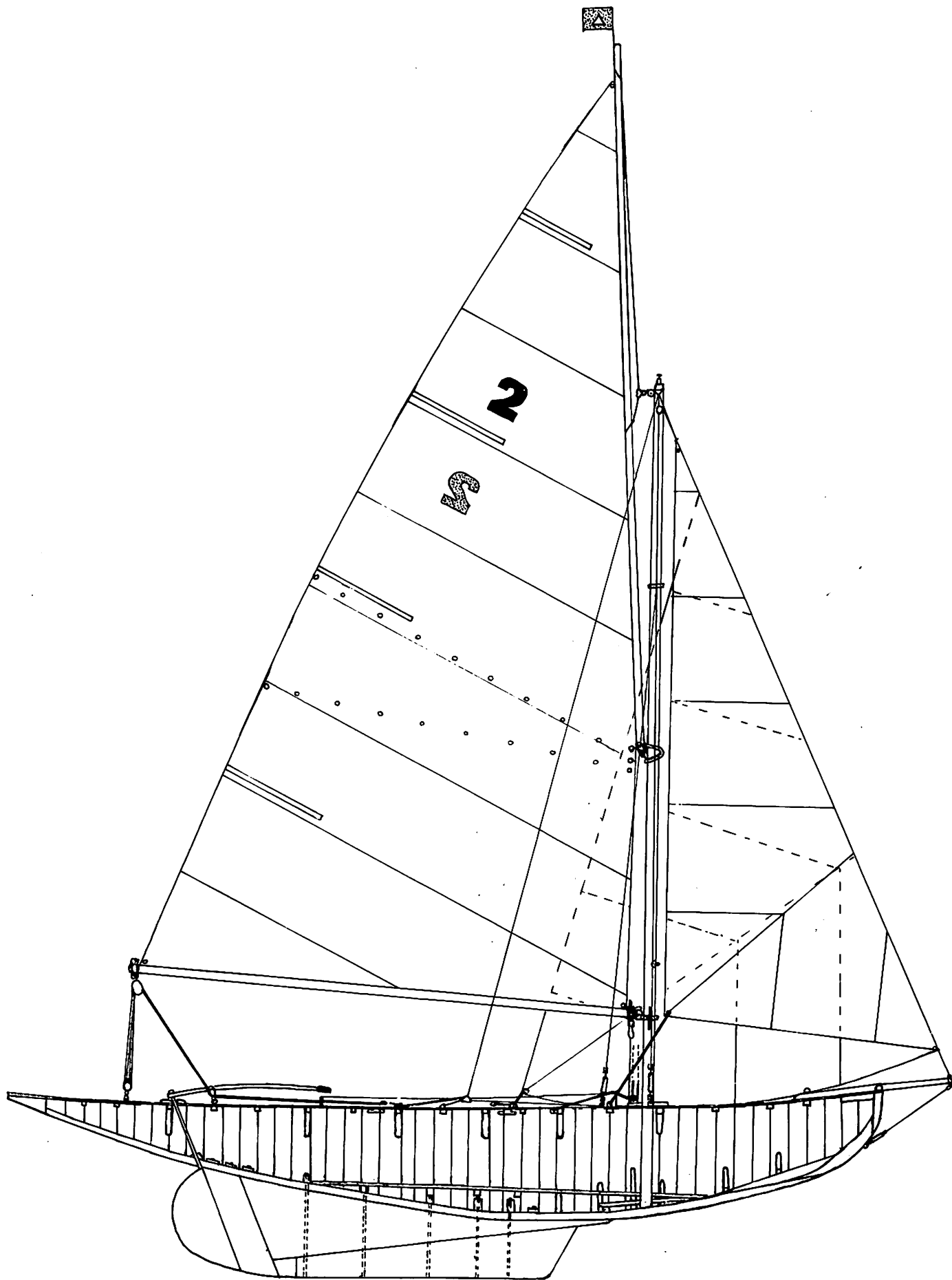
2.

Jade was awarded a 'special' prize. In the O.G.A. Race that year, Jade elected to follow the Mersea shore instead of the more favourable Bradwell side, but arrived late at the Bench Head to find (due to lack of wind and an ebbing tide) thirty or forty hovering boats vainly endeavouring to make way past the buoy. Light-air favourite Jade drifted down to the mark, hoisted the new black and white balloon and left the unfortunate wretches astern. As we came on to a reach up the river the balloon staysail became a hindrance, but in the light which was springing up we were able to rig another line as sheet to what had been the tack, unclip the tack from the bowsprit, and standing on the bucking bending pole, made through Charlotte Ellen's lee to cross the line under less than perfect control, with our biggest sail set backwards, to claim a pottery mug in Class II. By the '79 race Hamish had sold Jade to Gayle, and the boat had been improved to the extent of new covering boards, rubbing strake, and deck canvas. She had been sanded down to bare wood all over, giving her, after recaulking, plenty of putty and a good paint job, a smooth and fair hull. It was a light airs race for the outward leg to the Bench Head and Jade rounded second, just behind ADC, finishing first over the line to capture the ingot for a second time. During Mersea Week Jade won the Dayboat Class in the WMYC Regatta, was moved to the under five ton class for the Town Regatta, won that, and on the Sunday was shuffled back into the dayboats to take the pot in the Dabchicks Regatta.

Gayle decided to treat the old girl to a major rebuild for next season. Randall Leavett of Tollesbury removed all of her original ribs, leaving her held together by her second and third sets (many of which were themselves held together by fibreglass bandaging), replaced them with copper fastened ash, and then removed the other old ones. The planking was sound but now had some thousand holes to be filled. A new counter end piece, four new oak floors and a new oak deadwood were fitted. She was redecked with glued and screwed half inch marine ply, and had new mahogany coamings and rubbing strake put on. A new faired rudder was made and installed with new fittings, a large piece of wood was let into the keel to replace rot, and many other bits and bobs were renewed. A twin forestay with twin halyards and downhauls, new cleats, fairleads and sheet blocks, plus a super-large light air staysail for windward ghosting were to bring her up to racing trim.

The work dragged on, delayed by the weather, and helpers came out of the woodwork (and the Lifteraft Company) to assist in filling the endless ranks of old fastening holes, driving the dozens of screws and rivetting the hundreds of copper nails, at first working in the evenings, and during the last hectic week, all day. Randall worked on into the dark hours to do what only he knew how.

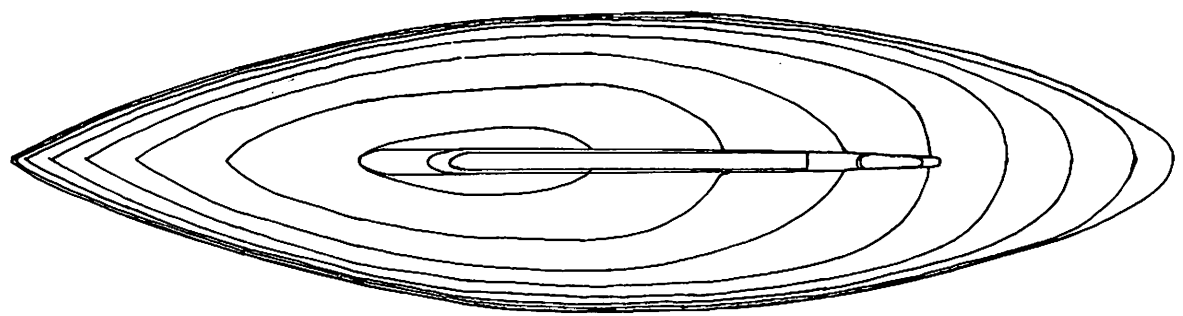
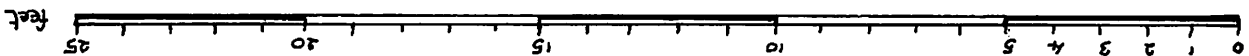
On the Friday afternoon, the day before the O.G.A. Race, we were still three quarters of a mile from the water. The high tide was at 4.30 and we weren't finished. Nor were we at 5.30. The Land-Rover was hitched to the trailer; sails, cordage, tools and all were aboard, but so was Randall, still fastening the cockpit coamings. At 5.50 Randall drove home the last screw, jumped off and released Jade into the care of Bones the driver. We trundled with moderate haste down to the marina, the spars following closely on a roof-rack. Jade was slid ungracefully



"JADE"

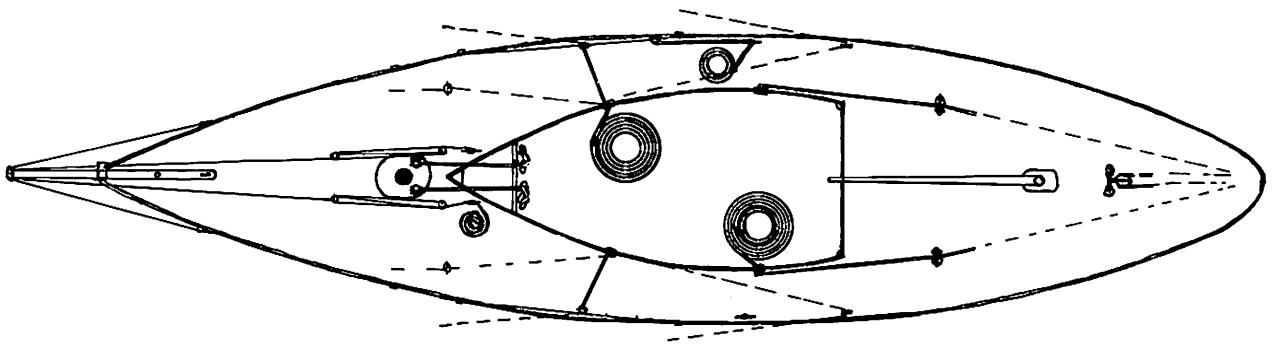
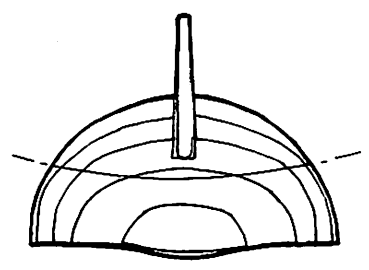
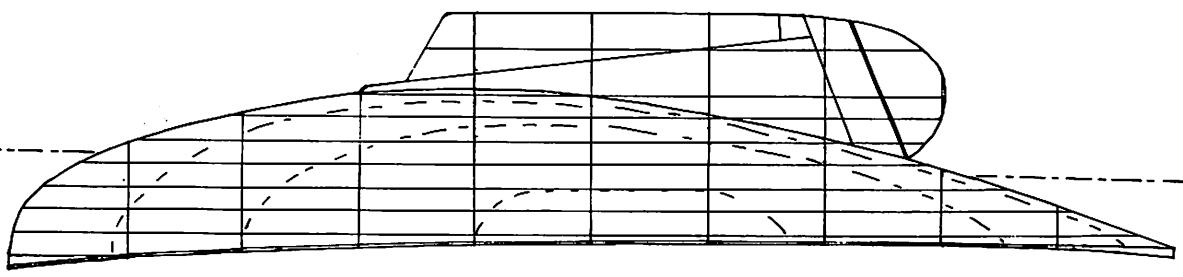
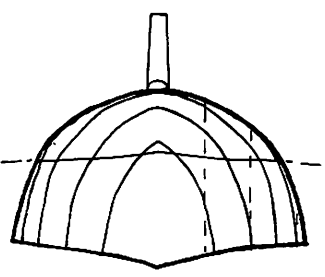
Sailplan

R. S. D.



"JADE" Lines and Deck Plan

1/25 3/10 1/25



backwards into the receding briny and led to a landing stage where the mast was stepped, unstayed and uncoined in a matter of seconds, a tow taken from Bones again, who was now driving his fishing boat Bluepeace, and we went gently over the bar with only three inches to spare showing on the sill marker. Stopping a while at the leavings to minimally secure the stays, we retook the tow and set off for Stone, attaching cleats, fairleads, spars, etc., underway. We parked at Stone and knocked off when it became too dark to work on. Rising at five on the morning of the race we screwed on the remaining fittings, praying for light airs, as Jade had not finished taking up and all the gear was untested.

It was not to be and we went across the line all parts straining, balloon staysail sheeted to the mainboom end for reaching. We were soon bailing continuously, for the pump could not draw as the floorboards had not yet been fitted, and the bilge water was roaring up and down the side planking. Shortly the halyard cleats began to work loose from the rotten beam not yet replaced, and the halyards were led to the mast below deck and made fast there. The shrouds were adjusted underway as they worked down onto the hound's cheeks. It was difficult too for the crew to keep to windward on the beat back as the steeply sloping sides of the bilge afforded little grip to the feet. Other than these problems, it all went rather well.

As we were closing on the finish line, all eyes aboard were peering through the muck in an attempt to discern the finishing limit mark. At this stage we were slightly ahead of Hyacinth and well to the windward of ADC. ADC gave up looking and bore away to cross the line well out in the river and ahead of Jade and Hyacinth who remained hard on the wind, still searching for the mark amongst the moored boats inshore. We took the Stone Club's dinghy racing buoy as the mark in lieu of any other, and so were third over the line and first on corrected time.

The lack of a limit mark did give rise to some magnificent spectacle at the finish, especially when the Dutch barge Doggers Bank tacked through the closely packed moorings with speed and panache. But it was a somewhat risky melée, with great bowsprits swinging across small cruisers as the larger finishers came about to seek open, deeper water where to anchor and strike their sails.

Two days later, Jade was out of the water again for a further fortnight of finishing work to make her ready for Mersea Week. We entered for the whole week's racing, hoping to do well in the points series, and had several discussions with the Regatta Committee about our status, securing provisional agreement that we would be allowed to race with the under five tons cruiser class, although our handicap was to be changed from 125 to 122.

On the Monday morning we were told by the committee boat to sail the Squib course, so we trickled around with them; but when the results were posted that evening, we found that a spurious time had been recorded and we had been assigned an arbitrary twenty-second place in the cruisers. On Tuesday (7th, protested incorrectly for not rounding a mark),

6.

Thursday (2nd, protested vainly for not being a cruiser), and Friday (1st, black looks), we raced with the cruisers. On Saturday, the separately constituted Town Regatta Committee put us back with the long suffering Squibs (and one Flying Fifteen) and we won again. We also took second prize in the under five ton class for the week's points racing.

This year Jade has been barred from racing in Mersea Week - from the cruiser class and from the dayboat class if no other large dayboats turn up. New work this year includes splitting and regluing the mast, reversing the boom, a new, hollow, balloon staysail pole, sails, seats and a beer rack.

The preceding was written in early 1981. By the day of the '81 race, shipwright Randall had made and fitted seats, a new bulkhead between cockpit and after section, toe/grab rails on fore and aft decks, belaying pin rail for the halyards, boom crutch, lead blocks etc. Gayle had made four new headsails - genoa, medium staysail, high-cut 'Yankee' rcacher, and a huge balloon staysail of about 350 square feet with a jolly jade buddah in the middle. The race, being over the long course, gave plenty of opportunity for sail changing and the balloon went up off Bradwell straight from the loft floor, preparations having as usual taken far longer than planned. Sail set and pulling, the crew retired to the extreme of the poop with a glass of beer; the long counter squatted down into the water, and the boat accelerated to be among the leaders by the Knoll. At the North Buxey only Sheena was in front and at the Knoll on the return we were attacking her position. After several matched tacks during which we came to within a dog's throw of her, we broke tacks, unfortunately choosing the wrong side of the changing stream, subsequently crossing well behind. We remained in second place to the line, which was crossed with a signal hoist displaying our race number, the sailmaker's patent sticky numerals having failed to adhere. We were first on corrected time. This year we will have a new mainsail, gaff shortened to fifteen feet from nineteen and sloped back, luff extended from seven to eleven feet and gooseneck lowered a trifle. The sail will be made of a cotton-polyester mixed-fibre fabric for the full trad look. There may also be new headsails in the same stuff.

Jade was built as one of the 1907 class of Seaview Mermaids designed by G.U. Laws and built by Taylor's yard at Sandown I.O.W. in 1907 and 1908. The class survived the Great War but were replaced in 1922 by Westmacott designed Bermudian sloops of similar size. The seven boats of the old class were sold to the Medway Yacht Club, taken to the Medway by train from Portsmouth, and given new names as the Jewel Class (Jade, Crystal, Onyx, Pearl, Emerald, Sapphire and Ruby). Subsequently the boats were sold to individual club members and became known as Medway One Designs.

Jade's owner before the sale to the Medway Yacht Club was a Brigadier General Brooke, and during his ownership she was named Halluf II. He is first recorded in Lloyds as owning her in 1921. From 1920 back to 1914 Brooke and Halluf II are missing from the registers, presumably because of his war service, but back in 1913 we find plain ol' Colonel Brooke as owner of Halluf - without the II. We presume that Brooke disposed of his boat when he went to fight the Hun, and on his return bought another member

of the class (Brooke retained the name Halluf when the Seaview Yacht Club took delivery of the 1922 issue). The first Halluf became Scuttle, and later Crystal. In order to trace the origin of Halluf II, we made a thorough search of the registers kept at Lloyds and found seven class members, with a possible eighth. Following their name changes through the tomes we were able to eliminate several, concluded that Jade probably began life as Soprano, built in 1907 and owned by a Mr. Gordon. Jade has carried sail number two since at least as long ago as 1928, which we know from a previous owner; and we have an old Beken photo of Soprano displaying that number. In the photograph the boat has a shorter gaff than now and a longer boom; the throat is higher and Jade's mast has a worn section at the right height. Colonel Brooke's first Halluf is listed in Lloyds of 1910 as being a Gunter lug and we can presume that he converted Halluf II to this rig, favouring it over others. The Seaview Mermaids of the time are variously listed as being Cutters, Sloops and Gunter lug, all of sail area 300 sq. ft., the type of rig being optional. Jade on the Medway sported a high-peaked, long gaffed rig as evidenced by photos from the thirties.

Jade's first owner at the Medway Yacht Club was a Mr. Oswald, who was the owner of the racing flag we now use, a white triangle on a red ground. From about 1927 until 1932 she was laid up at Rochester and then bought by a Mr. Kellaway, who owned and sailed her until his death in 1964 aged 85, and during this long time he looked after the boat well; he made for her a hollow gaff to replace the previous bamboo, a spar 20 ft. by 4 in., weighing only 28 lb. with saddle and span wire etc. attached. He also shortened the boom from 16 ft. to 14 ft., and took 9 inches out of the keel to make her more suitable for creek and river sailing. Jade was again laid up during the Second World War on the north bank of the Medway. Along with all the other yachts she was put there to prevent her use by invading Germans. She required much work to make her seaworthy after these years of enforced neglect. During her stay with Mr. Kellaway and his daughters (which ladies told us much of her past), Jade took many prizes, including her first race for them, and first prize for a race from Rochester to Southend. Jade was the last Medway O.D. to sail on the river and there is still a half-model of her in the Yacht Club. In 1965 Jade was sold to a Mr. Russel-Tapp of Burnham and sailed on the Crouch for a number of years, she was later resold to a Mr. Thomas of Maylandsea. Her rig during this period was cut down to a 12 ft. gaff and she plodded about for a while, ending up in the corner of Fred and Reuben Webb's Pinmill boatyard from about 1972 until she was rescued by Hamish Stuart and Fannie Downie with a little help from their friends.

Jade was built in 1907 at Sandown I.O.W. by Taylor to a design by G.U. Laws. She is 25 ft. overall, 17 ft. 6 inches on the waterline, of 6 ft. beam, 3 ft. 3 in. draught and 3 ft. depth. Her Thames measurement length is 20 ft. and her Thames tonnage 2.68 tons. She carries 285 sq. ft. of canvas. She is built of Scots larch on ash, with oak knees, floors, deadwood and stem on an elm keel with approximately one ton of lead strapped on the bottom. She displaces about one ton and eighteen cwt. and goes like shit off a shovel.

R.Z. Schramm.

ROUND THE ISLAND RACE 1982OLD GAFFERS RESULTS

Sail No.	Name of Boat	T(H)CF	Elapsed	Corrected	Posn.
1506Y	Skipjack of Hamble	.912	12.07.54	11.03.51	1
579	Trammel	.868	13.28.59	11.42.12	2
2334	Moya	1.075	10.56.11	11.45.24	3
7	Little Windflower	1.051	11.54.23.	12.30.49	4
583	Iseult	1.013	12.29.16	12.39.00	5
PH339	Dayspring	1.070	13.09.30	14.04.46	6
E	Doryphee	1.126	13.08.51	14.48.15	7
CS206	Brunette	.879	Time expired		
459	Patsy	.908	"		
804	Dorothea	.923	"		
581	Undine	.995	Retired		
OM	Olive Mary	.930	"		

Skipjack of Hamble won the Jubilee Trophy.

Moya, first boat home, retained the Shamrock Trophy.

Conditions: WSW 5 - 6, becoming 3 - 4. Visibility fair.

There were about 1100 starters, of which about 80 per cent completed the course. There were at least five dismastings and, not surprisingly, several groundings and collisions, particularly in the vicinity of the Forts on the final leg. However, there was plenty of wind to enable the Gaffers to show their ability.

D. Reynolds.

SOUTH-WESTERN AREA RACE

Lack of wind prevented any boat from reaching the finishing line of even a shortened course inside the time limit.

B.B. Gibson.

EAST COAST OLD GAFFERS RACE

The day before the Old Gaffers Race it blew great guns. The smack Dorothy broke her boom off Walton an the Naze on the way down from Pin Mill and never reached Stone, and the Victoria was windbound in Walton Backwaters. As darkness overtook the little group of early birds anchored off Stone Point they were buffeted by a stiff North-Easter. During the night the winkle brig Joanna broke loose and was later recovered on Mersea Island.

The day of the race, when we needed it, there was virtually no wind. It was a still morning on July 31st and as the day grew steadily older the River Blackwater became dotted with gaff sails heading for Stone. Most were moving at a leisurely pace towards the start with skippers and crews munching their breakfast.

The one boat that seemed unaffected by the lack of wind was the bawley Helen & Violet. She came up from Brightlingsea with her new incredible jackyard topsail set. The 36 ft. Helen & Violet now sets 1,655 sq. ft. of sail and from the deck to the very top of the jackyard is 59 ft.

The actual start was at 11 a.m., thanks, back in the winter, to someone in Stone Sailing Club getting their facts mixed. Originally the date was fixed for July 17 which would have been a suitable tide. But in the spring Stone Sailing Club wrote and said they had a 'very important event' on July 17, so the date was moved to July 31. Later an apologetic communication said that we had been the 'very important event'. Maritime Red Faces all round! However Stone S.C. have been very good to put up with us over the years so there is no hard feeling, in fact this year the East Coast Old Gaffers presented them with a trophy by way of saying thank you.

The start at 11 a.m. was a very orderly affair, perhaps because everyone had had time to prepare for it. The beat down the river was equally orderly. We counted 54 boats in Classes 1 and 2 and although the smaller boats in Class 3 started half an hour later they managed to get down with the main fleet in the light breeze by the time they reached their Bradwell and Mersea turning marks. The Wanderer was just leading, hotly pursued by Laurie and Boy Martin and lying fifth was the open boat 664, which really belongs to the Amity. This cutter has been coming down from Brancaster in North Norfolk every year since 1969, but when the owner went to set out this year the bowsprit was missing. Apparently a Dutch yacht had got foul of the Amity on her mooring and simply sawed the bowsprit off to get free.

To make up for the loss of some of the regular entries, only temporary one hopes, there were two Dutch yachts among the entries. Another new entry was the very new Cornish Shrimper Bactrian, which took third prize in Class 2. This is, if my memory serves me right, the second time that a new generation gaffer from the Westerly Boats stable has won a prize in the East Coast event. The old timers however, with hulls having about 70 years less progress in design, can still hold their own against most of the new boats. The ferro cement bawley Olivia Mary was again in the leading pack.

The real race of the day was to get round the Wallet Spitway buoy before the flood tide started at 5 p.m. Even in the light breeze the faster day racers Jade and Sheena had no problems in doing this, nor did the Sheila which put her in a position to win Class 2, her first racing success. This yawl was built in 1903. Also making a first entry into the prize list was the bawley Helen & Violet. Under a great cloud of sail she was actually swaying like a pendulum even on a calm surface and she left the Essex smacks astern which have in recent years been dominating this event.

The little group of Essex smacks, ADC, Hyacinth, Peace and Gracie still managed to be up in the leading pack and this year Fly returned to race after about a decade away. The Primrose and the Lynn smack Mermaid were, I believe, racing in this event for the first time.

The smacks are very eye catching, but good performances were also put up by smaller less noticeable gaffers such as the open whaler Capri and the standing lugger Sunset. The West Mersea based Tarka now supports a topsail which makes her very attractive.

The run back up river saw very few place changes although Sheena overtook Jade to be the first boat home. The course was just too far in the light winds for the slower craft and a few had to retire, but all in all everyone reported a wonderful day afloat. Some people seemed unhappy with their handicap. Perhaps they should work their own handicaps out and then show the result to next year's secretary to be checked. One of the penalties of the East Coast Old Gaffers Race growing in size, both in the number of entrants and the number of prizes awarded, is that a small team has to sort out the results in a very limited amount of time. There were mistakes made during the first awarding of prizes and this seems a good place to record the corrections:

The Peace won the Sheave Trophy, Hyacinth the Neva Trophy, while the smack Gracie took first in Class I with the Fly second.

Robert Simper.

The Organisers of the East Coast Race offer their apologies that there were errors in allocating prizes to ADC, Peace and Hyacinth, which have since been rectified. The amended Prize List is as follows:

East Coast Old Gaffers Trophy	JADE
Boat World Rose Bowl	SHEENA
Tom Bolton	HELEN & VIOLET
Sheave Trophy	PEACE
Neva Trophy	HYACINTH
STONE Cup	SALTING
Austin-Edge	OLIVIA MARY
Seamanship	SUNSET
Dulcibella	CAPRI
Titheridge	TAMARISK
Cup for Trying	NEPENTHE
Old Harry	KEREWEEER
First in Class I.	GRACIE
Second "	FLY
Third "	MIRANDA

CORNWALL AREA RACE AND BARBECUE

Saturday 17th July 1982

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of an Old Gaffers Race is not that of performance and tactics, but the rich variety of craft present. The third annual Cornwall Area Race proved no exception. This event has progressed substantially and now attracts thirty entrants.

The Falmouth area was venue for the occasion. This is most appropriate as it has seen many recent developments in gaff rig. It is the home of the Truro River Working Boats (often referred to as Falmouth Working Boats). They have their own organisation and intensive race programme and rules, and unfortunately do not compete in our events as a body. However their influence on the local sailing fraternity is strong and several members have also joined the O.G.A.

The Friday evening before the race, a well attended barbecue was held on the foreshore at Turnaware Bar. This is an ideal situation and the anchorage off the mouth of Tolcarne Creek can be recommended to visiting members, as both being safe and secluded.

The following day was Race Day. It dawned sunny with a light breeze from a southerly direction. The start was from a line off Pendennis Point. Falmouth Bay with the castle and beaches in the background made an ideal setting for such an event. One by one, gaff rigged vessels assembled near the line. It was a time for recognising old friends, and many cameras were in use. Five minutes before the start the wind almost died. This led to a typical O.G.A. start with minutes rather than seconds separating some of the competitors. The five-sided course was around marks in Falmouth Bay and then back into the Carrick Roads around three buoys and thence back to the start line. It made for fifteen miles of unusual but interesting racing, without giving undue advantage to local competitors or any one size of boat. It was hoped to offer something for everybody.

The dash to the first mark off Maenporth was led by Alando, with Gwenili, John Young and Ro-An-Mor close on his heels. The fleet then divided. One part headed out to sea in search of wind; the other hugged the shore near Helford to escape the Channel flood tide and hoping for wind under a dark cloud. The latter proved right. Last year's winner - Girl Sarah, with Kenny Corke as guest helmsman took the lead, with veterans Tern and the legendary Tom-Tit not far behind. Every Cornwall Area race has seen the entry of at least one 'new' old gaffer. This year was no exception. At one time most people dream of building and owning a schooner and for Mike Johnson the dream came true. His months of hard work and planning resulted in a 42 foot traditionally built two-masted schooner - the Mary Bryant. She looked right and sailed right - winning Class I on her first race. As the following results show, the recent modifications to the handicaps of fibreglass boats neither placed them at an advantage nor a disadvantage, but merely created a more equitable situation.

Finally the prize-giving was held at a packed Mylor Yacht Club, with the evening ending in true Cornish style with the sing-song lead by the skipper of Carn Dhu and his accordion. Many thanks again to the race organisers and those on the committee boat.

F. Argall

PRINCIPAL PRIZE WINNERS

Devenish Gaffers Cup
West Country Trophy
Sirius Trophy
St. Meloris Trophy
Tortoise Trophy
Peak Purchase Pin
Tosher Trophy
Tupperware Trophy
Dead Eye Trophy

Tom-Tit (David Carne)
and Area Commodore
Mary Bryant (Mike Johnson)
Girl Sarah (Kenny Corke)
Cap Lizard (Cosmo Little)
Mahronda (Harry Charnock)
Lesley (Terry Wilkes)
Ro-An-Mor (Frank Argall)
Benbecula ('Boyo' Carne)

12.

CORNWALL AREA RACE RESULTS

(* denotes fibreglass hull)

<u>Name of Boat</u>	<u>T(H)CF</u>	<u>Position</u>	<u>Corr. Time</u>
Tom Tit	.873	1	192.80
*Girl Sarah	.960	2	210.68
Miss Agnes	.850	3	220.14
Benbecula	.945	4	221.69
*Lesley	.860	5	235.75
Mary Bryant	1.065	6	239.55
Carn Dhu	.880	7	241.30
Gwenili	1.023	8	243.98
*Ro-An-Mor	.930	9	249.43
John Young	.928	10	251.74
*Sapphire	.865	11	253.15
*Sif	.895	12	264.30
*Naiad	.850	13	266.31
Marishka	.992	14	269.11
Magnolia		15	279.83
*Sarah	.945	16	288.94
Alando	.923	17	289.13
Ella Speed	1.000	18	306.52
Mahronda	.860	19	361.41
Cap Lizard	1.115	20	468.57

RETIRED: Marion, *Mystic.

DISQUALIFIED: Julie, Mijason, Tern.

NON-STARTERS: Sunbeam, Gwenella, Glenda, *Emily Alice.

SECRETARY'S NOTES

We still have some unpaid subscriptions. Now I fear we must get tough and nasty. If we do not have a record of your subscription being paid, then there will be a note in with this Newsletter, and we shall be on the verge of losing you as a member. Maybe something is wrong with our records, or maybe the banks have slipped up on a transfer, and you feel you have paid. If so, please let me know at once. Reinstating members whom we have deleted, and who pay up over a year late is an annoying chore, which should not be necessary, so please do help us in keeping our records straight.

Also - if you move, please let us know. I don't like to see newsletters returning marked 'Gone Away'.

Please note that the offices of Secretary and President come up for election at the next A.G.M. Nominations, proposed and seconded by paid up members, and with the written consent of the nominee, should be sent to me at Galashiels by 14th November. Whilst the date for the A.G.M. is not yet settled, it should be the last Saturday of the London Boat Show.

WORKING GAFF My last copy of the American Cat Boat Association Bulletin contains a fascinating article on Lily of Tisbury, a true working gaffer. She isn't exactly beautiful, being a 15 ft. beam scow, square ended, and fitted with leeboards. She has a square box of a cabin right aft, with a long tiller

passing over it. Light, she draws 20 inches, and she can carry up to 20 tons, with 1,000 sq. ft. of gaff rig (and a small motor tender used to push her round harbours) as motive power. Lily is used for carrying a variety of cargoes to and from Martha's Vineyard and New Bedford, providing income and a mobile home for her 26 years old owner, who admits to using some unorthodox techniques in her construction back in 1978, such as 'driving a truck into the middle of a plank to bend it'.

That's the true Old Gaffers spirit!

Summer was enlivened by an all too brief visit from Cat Boat Association member Bill Crosby and some friends. Bill was over on a short tour of Scotland, of which his visit to Galashiels was a very small part. The Crosby family are noted for the Cat boats and other gaffers they have built at their yard in Osterville, where Bill is in charge of the rigging shop. As always with such visits, time ran out long before we could discuss all topics of mutual interest, but Bill left hoping to be able to return in the not too far distant future.

J.A.S.

WEST COUNTRY BOATSHOW, TORQUAY, May 27, 1983 - May 30, 1983.

The event is being supported by Torquay Borough and will include a significant afloat section. We wonder if any of your members would be interested in the concept of visiting Torquay during the show as part of the afloat 'Spectacle'.

David Evans,

Managing Director.

Peninsular Exhibitions Ltd., 36 Looe Street, The Barbican, Plymouth, Devon. Tel: (0752) 662451

SEAWAYS LEISURE VENTURE CLUB. POOLE - BOURNEMOUTH.
The famous large gaff Breton Sailing ship 'BICHE'.

Day trips, weekends, weeks,

MARITIME ENGLAND, etc. Functions.

Colour brochure, pictures, details, from:

4 Westover Road, Bournemouth. Tel: 0202 28855.

FOR SALE

LOUISE (399) Auxiliary Gaff Cutter 24' x 8' x 4'. 4.57 tons. Reg. Dover, No. 357540. GRP Foam, built Dover Yacht Co., 1972. Copy by Rand of Dan Hatcher 1868 Solent fishing boat. Full inventory. 10 h.p. Diesel. £5,000 to O.G.A. members. Dr. C.G. Hunter, 77 Ocean Court, Plymouth PL1 4QB.0752 558505.

ADELLE (789) Blackwater Sloop, 18'6". Gaff rigged, two berth, Mahogany on oak. Stuart 4HD. Two stroke. New main, jib 1981. Inventory includes plough & fishermen's anchors, warps, fenders, charcoal stove, gimballled primus, compass, dinghy & new Seagull outboard. Lying ashore at Gosport. Mooring Portsmouth Harbour available. £3,000.

N.C. Dick, 14 Upper Heath Road, St. Albans, Herts. 0727 34847.

FOR SALE Continued.

WENDY (388) 28 ft. cutter. Morgan Giles, 1912. Pitch pine on oak. New Volvo 7 h.p. diesel just fitted. Extensive refit, new bunks. Echo sounder, compass, cooker, Blake W.C. etc. Good sails & new ghoster. Afloat Woodbridge. £5,900 o.n.o.
 F.S. Evans, ~~3, Old Hall Gardens, Brooke, Norwich~~ ~~50396~~
 c/o 13 Christopher Way, Emsworth, Hants.

VERY PRETTY gaff cutter. 26'. Rebuilt, new diesel. £6,000.
 R. Brooke, 34 Bohill, Penryn, Cornwall.

FERRO gaff cutter. 28'. Fitted out very fully for ocean cruising. £10,000.
 R. Brooke, 34 Bohill, Penryn, Cornwall.

LONE WOLF (1289) 8 ton gaff cutter. 26'4" x 25' x 9' x 5'6". Pitch pine on oak. 1907. Registered. Very strongly built & well maintained for all her life; excellent survey 1981 available, plus details and photos of 1981/82 refit. Returned to her original gaff rig 1981/2, after a 30 year period as a bermudan cutter. New suit of sails, spars, rigging etc. Teak coachroof & skylight with original mahogany work below. 4 berths, heads, hanging locker, chart table, cooker, fresh & sea water taps etc. Standing headroom. BMC Vedette engine. Very well equipped for extensive cruising, inc. RDF & electrics. Fascinating history includes many published articles on boat in 1912, 13 and the 20s & 40s. Very handsome yacht in very good condition. Owner seeking slightly smaller yacht for less ambitious cruising - part-exchange? £8,500.
 R. Barnard, 10 Clifton Terrace, Wivenhoe, Essex. 0206 22 3302.

GENOA, Terylene. 37' luff. 320 sq. ft. Fair condition. £25.
 As above. Tel: Wivenhoe (0206 22) 3302

JULIA (976) 17'6" carvel oak/elm gaff sloop. Beam 6'8", draught 1'9". Bowspt 2'6". Good sized cockpit, seats 5 comfortably, small cabin. 4.5 h.p. Stuart Turner - C. Clutch. Purpose made cockpit tent. An attractive little craft with centre board. Well maintained & good sailer. Designed Buchanan, built 1949 on East Coast. Lying Deben. £1,200 o.n.o.
 A. Hough, 57 Farriers Close, Martlesham Heath, Ipswich, Suffolk.
 Tel: Ipswich 625302.

WANTED The above craft being too small for my family, I am looking for a 25/30 ft. gaffer - any rig, in good order. Preferably with centre board. Up to £2,000 price range.
 A. Hough, as above.

I bought an old Gaffer called Ceres,
 That older than me by one year is.
 With much labour and love
 Both below and above,
 I hope that her launch now quite near is. B.P.

Our usual welcome to the following NEW MEMBERS:

J. Baseden, 2a King Street, Maldon, Essex. CM9 7DY.
Cetus 1115
H.J. Birch, 23 Lindfield Gardens, London NW3.
Daisy Bell 257
P. Cordingley, 15 Elm Road, Beckenham, Kent.
Thought 871
G. Hatsell, 207 Conway Avenue, Great Wakering, Essex.
Isobel 980
T. Hazzard, Coach House Stables, Henwood, Liskeard, Cornwall.
Magpie 1114
I. Mitchell, 4 Murieston Road, Edinburgh.
Muldonich 852
D. Morgan, 24 Main Street, Upper Largo, Leven, Fife. KY8 6EV.
Puffin 96
A. Nurnberg, B-4670 Montzen, Rue de Birken 73A, West Germany.
Nellie & Leslie 1121
R.V. Silvester, 6 Greenfield Close, New Mills, Stockport,
Cheshire. Lisa Jan
A.J. Turner, 38 Avon Green, Chandlers Ford, Hants.
Girl Pat 1120
T. Vintola, Susiniitynk 3.B.36, SF-20880 Turku 88, Finland
Williwaw
P. Winch, Chambers Wharf, Faversham, Kent. ME13 7BT.
Sunlight 1118
Daviel Mitre, La Fleurais, 44130 Fay de Bretagne, France.

The following members have changed their addresses:

R.W. Bailey, 12 Merton Road, Slough, Bucks. SL1 1QW.
Mudlark 432
M.J. Ellis, 80 Cranbourne Park, Hedge End, Southampton SO3 4NY.
Blue Gansey 2325
F.S. Evans, c/o 13 Christopher Way, Emsworth, Hants.
Wendy 388
C. Kinghorn, 44 Scott's Hill, Southminster, Essex.
Lady Hilary 1050
G.S. Marchant, The Grange, Russells Road, Nr. Halstead, Essex.
Native Seashell 534
S.W. Bridges, 24 West Drive, Marion, Massachusetts 02738. USA.
D. de Recy, 9 rue Notre-Dame, 50400 Granville, France.
Notre Dame de la Mere.

CHIRIYA CHEZ CHERBOURG

It was James' suggestion - a trip to Cherbourg to visit a different country. It would only be a short run for just a few days before Cowes Week (and the coincident Yarmouth Sailing Club Scows Week) and then we would be back for the rest of the holidays.

The old 6-ton cutter Chiriya was in fair Solent-sailing order just wanting a few extras to go across channel. Charts - Almanac - log - flares - long warps and supplies. These were rapidly accumulated, put aboard and stowed neatly by J., then we moved down below the bridge for petrol and water - 2 gallons of fuel and 10 of water. We only motor or wash when absolutely unavoidable.

Chiriya, continued.

July 29 We got it all together in the morning and were soon ready enough to depart. Other things happened that day but on Chiriya we were getting away from it all and at 1115 we slipped out of Yarmouth passing Tony Fry from Christchurch just entering. A beautiful hot sunny day just right for a drift down to Totland Bay to anchor not far from Iseult also dodging the media fever ashore - I guess. The forecasts were giving NE $3/4$ but all we found yet was light variable airs. We tried to move off at 2015 but needed to use precious fuel just to reach Alum Bay to anchor again.

July 30 An early start from the anchor with spurts of wind down over the cliffs. Full sail and engine took us through the tide rips down by the Needles at 0600. Clear of the land the wind was NE 2 and we started to breeze along at 5 knots under full reaching sail. Course 190 degrees. After 90 minutes a visual fix showed we had travelled 7 miles and the log underreads by 15 per cent - so correction must be added.

Great sailing it was - romping along. 0925 we got a last fix on the land hazily disappearing astern. 18 miles south of Needles makes it still 5 knots and we were now passing through the main shipping lane getting a friendly wave from the bridge when encounters were close enough.

1200 Midday. Wind up a bit now E $3/4$. Off came the reaching staysail and we rushed on under small jib and our fine new mainsail making it a bit heavier on the helm. But not too much for J. to hold us on course while an RDF fix was attempted. The resulting triangle had 10-mile sides but Dead Reckoning from our departure fix put us 24 miles on 210 degrees from St. Catherines Point - right on one side of the triangle. Just about half way across. The main ebb in the Channel was running strongly to the west by now so we needed a new course to steer - 170 degrees.

We sailed on that course for a couple of hours until we closed with Bintantha, a 35-foot sloop whose heading persuaded us to go back on to 190° - mistake. After the tide change the sea condition deteriorated a bit to become unexpectedly lumpy. Possibly it was merely the loss of the accustomed motion of the last six hours which we noticed - James in particular - although we both survived without ill-effect. James brightened considerably when at 1515 he sighted land dimly ahead. Log gave 50 miles run.

1735 Log 63 reaching in through Cherbourg western entrance after having to work over the tide due to being too far to the west (don't change course on hunches). Even so it was a very good crossing. 63 miles in 11.5 hours - around 5.5 knots average speed. We anchored in the Petite Rade and then moved into the Marina.

Cherbourg No great bother with customs this year. Next year may be different but HM Customs Form C1328 is absolutely essential as a safeguard. Now we set foot on French soil. James for the first time and for me the first visit for 17 years. But France does not change. The marina is new of course and the old Port du Commerce is out-of-bounds to visitors. Many more tower blocks

at the back of the town and pedestrian precincts but much remains constant. France is a huge country compared with England. They have space - ample unused area to keep buildings apart not cramped up together as over here.

We did the town over the weekend. Visited the well known cafes. Watched an exciting 25-lap Tour de Ville cycle race. Took a picnic up the zig-zag road to the Fort de la Roule and its museum of the 1945 invasion operations. On Sunday we undertook novice instruction en Francais at le Bowling - highly instructive.

Monday August 3 Enough of Cherbourg. With the weather bright and sunny we decided to see what Omonville was like these days. A leisurely sail nine miles on the tide with a light northerly - good conditions for deep water bathing en route.

We sailed into Omonville to anchor - avoiding the overcrowded swinging moorings buoys with three or four boats tied on each buoy. Later we moved in alongside the breakwater to escape from the swell and to give the bottom a scrub next morning. There is room for a couple of 8m. craft in by the ladder which I rest up against with plank and fend-off protection - as used there in 1963. Unfortunately the timber cladding of the ladder is now damaged and around low water attention to the fenders is essential. The bottom is sandy and clean - like the rest of this little port. Very little change over the years. The Cafe du Port thriving and very good value. The ancient village unspoilt except by some new holiday and commuter housing development - at which the locals complain just as we do on the Island.

Alongside the wall we cause some attraction. Promenading tourists air their knowledge of gaff-rig. Comment and compliment on the old boat. Local kids come in droves and try out their anglais. Some descend to visit aboard and swim round about or sail in our tender with James. Hot sunny days passed walking and swimming with picnics ashore. Winds very light northerly - just onshore airs. Cowes and the scows seem beyond reach for the present.

At the evening focal point - Cafe du Port - we meet other visitors. Three jolly frenchmen from Cherbourg. New arrivals on a large Swedish Colin Archer type yacht and the party from Moshi, the Island Cruising Club schooner with Peter their skipper.

August 5 In the night a huge thunderstorm bursts down on the port. The Swedes and poor Peter have fun with their anchors as they dragged merrily out of the harbour - and I missed it all as I slumbered on high and dry by the wall.

August 6 Back to Cherbourg under power. Anchored off the marina - cheaper. Visited the extensive street market to select fresh produce to restock the ship. We also visited an excellent exhibition on the Marine History and Development of the Port.

August 8 Wind light W-NW, the large international flags along the esplanade still flutter limply. England is still remote beyond recall - no sense trying to start back. What about going east? The current is east-going off-shore from 1245 local time so we got away at 1030. We again fetched out under sail slowly

into the Grande Rade, now aware of its history and how they constructed the massive breakwaters. Today we have a chance to use the narrow Passe Cabart right down near the corner of the eastern wall. James helmed us through on the tide and we set course in the haze to clear Cap Levi 5 miles ahead. Out on the strong tide we hopped from one buoy to the next outside all the rocks. Eventually at 1400 we could see the tall lighthouse on Barfleur Point and soon Barfleur was abeam. It was carnival time there. The port was alive with decorated craft and a fair on the quay. Obviously packed out - so we carried on. Into unfamiliar waters now on a fresh westerly breeze. By teatime we were in a position to round up and beat in towards the harbour at St. Vaast la Hougue. Distance run from Cherbourg 26 miles in 7.5 hours. Approaching the entrance we passed two gaff-rig fishing boats about 6 m. in length with typical straight slightly raked stem and heavily raked counter. They were under main stay-sail and jib set on a long bowsprit fishing with lines, some out on a long pole. We passed on inside the very long breakwater and moored about one third of the way along between ladders. Moor by a ladder and your boat soon becomes a pontoon for everyone to use. So we used our dinghy. It is a good berth completely sheltered although the great wall is rather depressing at low water. We just touched bottom on a 4.9m. neap tide. The inner harbour is full of fishing vessels - mostly inactive it seemed. But development is happening. They are already dredging and reclaiming to form a marina. Strong local opposition of course with a petition organised by a resident artist of note. But it must be an improvement over the rat-infested low-water mud we saw along the quayside. To the north lie extensive beds of oysters for which the place is famous.

Next day is for adventure sailing in our tender. An attempt to sail round the Isle de Tatihou which gives easterly protection to the port. This was thwarted by strong currents so we bathed, had a picnic and walked around the isle on the foreshore. It is private land but at the remote end we explored a fortified mediaeval tower some 30m. high with four floors all in remarkably good condition. In England it would draw thousands of visitors for the view from the top alone. Back on the quay in the evening we found a travelling group of political militants with their cinema-tent. Discussion ensued - the artist was there - interesting.

August 10, Monday and cash is a problem. The three banks at St. Vaast are closed Monday to Wednesday, so we would have to endure poverty. James desired some countryside rambling stimulated by a tourist guide waterfall. Let's hitchhike to the beauty spot! Along the wall we chat with a friendly French yachtsman - luckily for me. He has engine trouble (What's new!). A bearing has failed, necessitating a visit to Cherbourg. Yes, he will look out for us on the road. Off we go in the sun and heat. After one kilometer I had enough and there were 5 km to go, plus six back again. But luck came along in the shape of our French friend. He had stripped down his engine and found a new problem which he proceeded to describe using pen and pad while steering his old Citroen at 60 kph. Good thing the roads were empty. The beauty spot was soon reached and there is the cascade. Or is it? What no water - never seen it dry before. So we went on into Cherbourg, visited the bank and renewed our acquaintance with the political caravan people now by the marina.

August 11 Away from the great wall on another fine sunny day. Wind NE just right for a pleasant sail back to Barfleur. Up on the last of the ebb we completed the eight miles to arrive at low water. Anchored in the bay north of the church. After a visit ashore to view the harbour we moved in under power to moor to the east quay just ahead of Ton Up, the 100th SCOD with our friends Ian and Barbara from Portchester Sailing Club.

Only a noisy circus remained on the quay. The fair had left. We had tied up just below the stall selling frites so omelette and chips were rapidly produced from the galley. Barfleur had changed from the quiet old harbour it had been. Too many yachts and too many pecheurs - but these should be departing soon. It seems they have 'fished' out the mussel banks from which they made profit. And the locals of Barfleur have countered a marina development so far at least.

August 12 Out of harbour at high water to return to the anchorage in the bay. Spent the afternoon swimming, sailing and snorkelling around the rocks - James below the waves. I stay on the surface. Ashore again for supper and then James talked me into leaving that night - not a good plan. However, the tide was right for rounding the Pointe de Barfleur 1.5 miles to the north - which can be quite a jovial place when the race is running against the wind. We went off with a light NW air and a fair tide. James helmed for three hours and turned in at midnight - half way to Cherbourg. I eventually managed to beat the adverse tide under power to anchor in the Petite Rade in the small hours of Thursday.

August 13 Market Day again and still winds zero or northerly force one - will we ever get back across the Channel. More provisions aboard and at lunchtime we again sailed slowly out of the great harbour. Just ahead at the West entrance we could see Sir Thomas Lipton on a training cruise and Sirius the Greenpeace ship was passing inward. Sir Tom anchored just outside the breakwater while we struggled on until we were halted by the new flood tide just before we reached the Bannes Shoal. We dropped anchor off Urville, bathed and then rowed over to the beach to explore the pleasant seaside village, rather like Seaview I.O.W. I thought. After supper we sailed on under a brilliant moon along the now familiar coast line to anchor in Omonville around midnight - James in his bunk by now of course!

August 14 Wind NW less than force two - still warm, sunny and hazy. How about visiting Alderney? We should aim to arrive between 1000 and 1500 GMT to avoid being swept clean past the harbour (if that happens it pays to go right round the island and try again!). So we got under way at 1830 with plenty of time to cover the 15 miles - so it seemed. A long northerly tack took us out of land-sight and we homed in on Alderney air beacon with Casquets as a cross-bearing - quite a difficult process with frequently changes required. Progress was good on the tide until there was a danger of getting too far to the east so we tacked southerly. And the freshening wind went round to SW. At 1230 the harbour entrance was in sight dead on course. Then it happened. We ran into a counter current close off the island and the wind became useless. Using the engine to work across the five knot stream we gradually crept clear - leaving other yachts holding course for the harbour and virtually stationary just making donations to ESSO.

We ended up anchored in Longy Bay on the south of the island - as I had on my last attempt to visit Alderney. A very pleasant anchorage in an off-shore wind like the light north westerly that evening. Ashore in the dinghy to the long sandy beach and a march over the ridge to the harbour we had failed to reach. It was a hot dusty mile over land instead of the three tide swept miles round by sea. Braye Harbour is not much of an anchorage wide open to the North East and no alongside berths - so we were happy in Longy. We phoned home again to report our continued cross-channel existence and returned aboard for a swim before supper. Then small-hours action. The wind had gone right away and the slight swell in the bay had set us inshore of the anchor - to touch on the sand, enforcing a 2 a.m. kedging exercise. Some bumping ensued but no damage fortunately. Next morning the NW breeze was back to push us offshore but the tides were still coming up to springs (with today's rise and fall 10 m - 33 feet to you) so we moved further out in the bay and moored with the kedge to keep our position. Now petrol was essential so another march to Braye with can was the plan. Fantastic place Alderney. The NE corner is littered with fortification - some ancient some German occupation era. Ten forts in one square mile. Two guard Longy Bay!

No petrol at Braye - sold out. We must go up the lane just past the school. No petrol there - closed after 1230 on Saturday. Up the steep hill to St. Annes, the town of the island where everything was shut for lunch bar the pubs - so we waited until 2.30 to get the precious essence at £1.30 a gallon! Crazy little island hundreds of cars with about ten miles of road - we covered about half of them on foot that day. Luckily we got a lift back to Longy before the can became too heavy in the hot afternoon sun.

At the dinghy we met the people off a French yacht visiting the island for le weekend. Monsieur had his tee-shirt printed with a badge and the name Urville - the place we had visited. From their home they had watched us anchor. We were the first yacht they had seen anchored off Urville - you would certainly only go there in a flat calm. Nice people. They came aboard to see how strange gaff-rig English people survive. Evening exploration around the bay to the fort led to our raising the alarm for a dinghy adrift from a crazy English yacht in the bay - a tupper sloop. Idiot skipper was about to swim 200 metres in strong tide to get to it when local people went off in their dinghy.

August 16 Wind NNW force 3, sufficient to take us out toward England at last. North-going tide outside Longy Bay starts six hours before HW Dover - 0518 that day. So the anchor was up with dinghy lashed down on the foredeck and we were away by 0630 GMT under full main and small jib. Clear of the bay we found the wind to be more northerly and stronger. Five minutes sailing and we were up to the north point of the island - and in rough water. The top of the Race was running well. We crashed through the seas still heading NE. The foredeck was swamped most of the time, but very little more than spray reached back to the cockpit. However, the forehatch under the dinghy was unsecured - my fault of course - gallons of water down into the focsle.

After 15 minutes I called it a day. With the helm up we headed SE to bear away from the contest of force 4 against a tide running at about seven knots. Off the wind it was easier

to steer round the big ones. And plenty there were as we joined up with a new race off Cap de la Hague. Here we were really thrown about a bit and James' stomach finally admitted defeat - though he remained on hand in the cockpit. The old boat behaved very well out there far from the Solent waters for which she was designed. Rolling rapidly along we were dipping the boom well down into the water even though we were on a reach. Soon we were out of the rough and roaring along in the sparkling seas off Omonville heading once more for, yes - Cherbourg. By 0900 we were in the Grande Rade with James on the helm, having covered 21 miles in 2.5 hours - over 8 knots over the ground. Thirty minutes later we had the anchor down off the marina once again. The rest of the day was spent drying out in the sunshine and generally recovering.

August 17 Wind now NNE force 2, not very good for England still, but quite nice for an afternoon trip back down to our favourite spot in Omonville. Wonder if we were seen passing Urville that day. Evening forecast gave wind variable 3, but hopeful for the next day.

August 18 0530 forecast wind variable becoming NW3/4, good visibility - that's better. So au revoir to our friends on the shore and we are homeward bound although we could have waited some hours with advantage. Away at 0720 (0920 French Time). Three hours of light breezes plus the east-going tide put us 3 miles north of Cherbourg east entrance. James wanted to give up and go in but the wind was increasing so no excuse for more French holiday.

1100 James took the helm - course 020. Fine sunny and broad reaching merrily over calm sparkling seas. Time for the last of our French-style lunches. Camembert salad and long crusty bread with a bottle of Anjou Rose to suit. Great sailing. After lunch we hove-to for the dinghy to be taken aboard and then set to work to eat up the miles back to the Solent.

1230 a departure fix put us 15 miles from Cherbourg on our 020 course with the tide just starting to run to east. I spent the afternoon snoozing in the sun (except for launching a message in bottle under instruction from the helmsman - the bottle's passage merits another tale).

1530 TF on the helm with wind force 3/4 westerly and sheets in to steer 340 degrees to allow for later tide set.

1740 St. Catherines Down sighted (by the helmsman) at least 25 miles distant. 2000 fix on Anvil Point and St. Catherines Lighthouses gave the Needles at 16 miles on a bearing of 005 deg. The steady westerly breeze had set up more sea by now so we were aware of the motion as we made six knots through the water. And the tide was flooding strongly - we must stay close on the wind to avoid being set into Freshwater Bay. James had turned in down below after we had our soup supper. And I stood by the helm as Chiriya clocked up the miles. Stand-by was enough as the old boat ploughs on happily with helm lashed up to windward - just correction of course now and again. The Needles gradually came closer and the high cliffs were discernable light against dark.

Watching the compass and searching for boats - check on the course and check for ships lights. Occasionally nodding and weak at the knees we eventually brought the lighthouse abeam at 0115 GMT. This was 45 miles and 13 hours from our departure point with my stint on the helm being a long nine hours - lucky there was very little other shipping around.

Of course our extended passage - now about nineteen hours from Omonville - meant that we took what tide we found at the Needles. We found the spring ebb and it took an hour with the wind behind us before the anchor was down in Totland Bay and I could crawl into my bunk. Next day we sailed back into Yarmouth with the yellow Q-flag flying exactly three weeks to the hour since we left on our adventures. We had covered just 250 miles between the various ports visited - with the motor on for only 13 miles.

Three very good weeks pottering en France. And excellent weather.

T. FitzPatrick

SOLENT APLA NEWS

For this year's A.G.M. it has been decided to return to our 1980 venue at Sinah Warren, Hayling Island where, it is felt, the advantages in refreshment and amenities outweigh the slightly more difficult access for some members. The meeting will take place at 7 p.m. on Saturday, February 26th 1983 in the same building as before, now re-named the Arbuthnot Club, where we shall again have our own bar, individually ordered food at a very modest price and a dance floor with canned music for the more energetic as the party progresses. There will be the usual photographic slide competition and it is hoped that more people will bring their efforts along for our enjoyment and appraisal.

We are also hoping to find some fresh blood to assist in running our affairs in the South. In particular, Christopher Waddington has expressed a wish to relinquish his post as secretary, after many years of faithful service, in order to concentrate more on the serious business of sailing.

Nobody appreciates more than I and the committee the major contribution Chris has made to the success of our functions in general and our races in particular and he will be difficult to replace, but it is essential that we find a replacement in time to arrange our programme for next year. If anyone is prepared to volunteer his or her services, or can suggest someone else who may be persuaded to do so please let Chris or me know as soon as possible, bearing in mind that a new secretary would have the full support of other members of the committee to whom many of the duties may be delegated.

Another volunteer will be needed as Race Officer as David Cade also hopes to divert his attention to sailing in next year's race instead of watching others. This is also a very responsible job, but rather less onerous as it involves only a few days effort each year and would ideally suit someone who is boatless, for whatever reason, but keen to be involved in the highlight of the season.

Finally, I would like to comment on the criticism that has been levelled at the existence of a local mailing list in the Solent Area, apparently on the grounds that it is some sort of elite, limited membership club within the Association. Nothing could be further from the truth; any member of the Association who wishes to be advised of local functions has only to ask, but we see little economic sense in inviting someone who lives in West Hartlepool and keeps his boat in Aberystwyth to a picnic on Brownsea Island, for example, but I accept that the O.G.A. Newsletters are a useful medium when time and circumstances permit.

I look forward to seeing you all again in February and hope, by then to have several nominations for the posts falling vacant.

Les Bowen
Solent Area Vice-President.

SOLENT AREA RACE 28th AUGUST 1982

There were two distinct advantages to making a good start across the line in Osborne Bay: the obvious one gave a distinct advantage on the beat in a light westerly towards Gurnard. The second advantage was that one could look back across a sparkling sea with over sixty gaff-rigged craft sprinkled on it, many pointing in the right direction.

Little Windflower got a flying start and setting a large jib topsail she was an example of just how fast gaffers can be to windward, provided you have well cut light-air canvas set high up to catch the breeze. In the pursuing pack were Iseult, Gaivota, Skipjack, Velsia and, attempting three wins in a row, Spence Mooney in Ianthe.

John Richardson in Little Windflower, one of the biggest boats in the fleet made up so much time that he was able to sail back and round the first mark (Gurnard Ledge) after accidentally omitting it. Meanwhile back at the tail-end things were becoming frustrating; the wind had tailed off and the tide had turned against the slower boats, several had not even set topsails so they had only themselves to blame.

By this time Moya had caught the leaders and rounded Saltmead ahead of Iseult, Gaivota (Ron Francis having decided to carry out a hydrographic survey of the mainland shore) and Skipjack, but behind Larry, Ianthe, and Little Windflower. These boats as they ran back to the sensibly shortened finish at Prince Consort saw many boats still struggling up against the tide, not surprisingly there were 47 retirements or finishers outside the time limit.

All the while Arrow, a 16 ft. centreboarder had plugged on unnoticed by everybody and came home to take the overall prize, which along with the others listed below were presented at a very enjoyable barbecue and dance at the Marchwood Yacht Club.

Graham Bremer.

24. SOLENT AREA RACE RESULTS

Posn.	Name of Boat	Corr. Time	Posn. over Line	Finish Time	Class
1	Arrow	4 27 36	9	5 31 12	IIA
2	Ianthe	4 34 41	2	5 06 14	III
3	Skipjack	4 53 08	4	5 21 25	IIA
4	Little Windflower	5 06 42	1	4 46 06	IA
5	Undine	5 15 35	7	5 26 21	IIA
6	Betty	5 22 40	11	5 50 44	IIA
7	Iseult	5 27 57	6	5 23 44	IA
8	Nimrod	5 33 05	14	6 02 03	IIB
9	Larry	5 35 02	5	5 22 46	IA
10	Velsia	5 35 42	10	5 42 33	IA
11	Gaivota	5 40 06	8	5 27 20	IA
12	Moya	5 41 07	3	5 17 19	IA
13	Young Alert	5 41 58	13	6 01 29	IIB
14	Sybil of Wivenhoe	6 34 20	15	6 07 10	IA
15	Duet	6 46 49	12	5 52 50	IA

Glass Fibre boats

1	Falmouth Bay II	4 32 07	1	4 47 57
2	Lizzie Tonkin	5 07 28	3	5 47 25
3	Aline	5 07 52	2	5 39 26

PRIZE LIST

Laggards Ladle
Pitchfork
Dead Eye
C.H, Paxton
Edgar March
Anchor

Sybil of Wivenhoe
Larry
Little Windflower
Little Windflower
Sybil of Wivenhoe
Nimrod

Class III 2nd
Quiver Trophy

-
Ianthe

Class IIB 4th
under 3rd
50 yrs 2nd
Channel Plate

-
-
Young Alert
Nimrod

Class IIA 4th
over 3rd
50 yrs. 2nd
Emsworth Cleat

Betty
Undine
Skipjack
Arrow

Class IA 4th
3rd
2nd
Le Havre Plate

Velsia
Larry
Iseult
Little Windflower

Class I Gaffers Eye

-

1st on corr. time, irrespective
of size, 50 yrs +
4th
3rd
2nd
Channel Cup

Little Windflower
Skipjack
Ianthe
Arrow

G.R.P. Boats:
Jim Rawlings Shield

Falmouth Bay II

AUXILIARY POWER (Chinese Style)

It is a tiresome paradox that the part of a sailing boat that requires most attention, and causes the greatest expenditure of money, sweat and bad language is usually the motor. Old Gaffers are especially liable to grief in this department, since often the engine was fitted into a hull that was never designed to take it, and the installation was carried out by a previous owner who knew more about knots and splices than nuts and bolts.

A solution with much to recommend it to those who prefer to sail their boats whenever possible, and to spend their money on rope canvas or beer rather than fuel and spares, is a sculling oar. Not, I hasten to add, as it is used in Europe, where an ordinary oar in a nock in the transom is just capable of shifting a dinghy around in calm water for short distances, but sculling in the Chinese style.

The Chinese, who are not generally gifted with enormously powerful physiques, have for centuries been moving all manner of craft, from small sampans up to seagoing junks, by sculling when they cannot sail due to lack of wind or confined space. In the larger vessels several lateral sculls may be used, or several men on one big scull. The Chinese scull, which may be defined as 'sculling with automatic drive' must be reckoned as one of the most efficient means of translating human energy into forward motion.

The secret lies in the fact that the two parts, the blade and the handle, do not form a straight line, but are joined at an angle of about 160° . Because the length of the joint is short in comparison to the length of the whole, it must be very strong to withstand the loads imposed on it. Metal collars are one solution; rawhide grommets were the traditional Chinese method. These had the advantage of some elasticity, and could be made on board by the sailors. The blade is wider than on a normal oar, the wider the blade the more power obtained. The upper surface is flat, the lower slightly convex. A heavy hardwood is used, lightness being no advantage. A little way below the joint a thick metal plate is let into the scull with a cup shaped depression formed in it. The rounded head of a pin fixed to the boat fits into this, forming the pivot. A line is led from the end of the handle vertically down to an eyebolt in the deck, holding the handle at a convenient height. A light strop over the scull at the stern serves to stop it lifting off the pivot pin when one stops sculling with way on the boat.

In use the sculler stands alongside the handle, and simply pushes and pulls it across the boat. The shape of the scull, aided by the vertical line, imparts the necessary twist to the blade at each stroke. There is no need to twist the blade by hand, as with the European method. To obtain extra power, one hand grasps the vertical line, pulling it in the opposite direction to the stroke. This puts an even stronger twist on the scull with a shorter stroke. Once momentum has been obtained, a regular push - pull will keep way on without undue strain. Average fuel consumption is estimated at around 3 pints of beer per hour on a warm day.

Exact dimensions required will vary from boat to boat, but a scull 16' long is capable of propelling a 28 foot cutter displacing nearly 6 tons at $2\frac{1}{2}$ knots in calm water.

So if you are suffering from a temperamental engine, save yourself more beer stowage on board by removing engine, tank and all the other heavy bits of ironmongery that are making the stern drag in the water and costing you speed under sail, and make yourself a Chinese scull. Gentle regular exercise is good for you.

J. Ward-Hayne.

CONTRIBUTIONS URGENTLY NEEDED FOR THE NEXT ISSUE

Also, we need some A3 size photographs accompanied by articles for cocers for next year.