



OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION

NEWSLETTER No. 1968/3

First, a welcome to the following new members:-

- T.N. Balfour, East Hall Cottages, Paglesham, Rochford, Essex.
Katie
- J.J. Barber, 47 Dorset Road, Maldon, Essex.
Gosling
- W.A. Brown, 49 High Street, Rowhedge, Colchester, Essex.
Calumet
- P.T. Burnett, 61 St. Georges Drive, London, S.W.1.
Kianda
- F. Butler, Elm Trees, Erwarton, Suffolk.
Rainbow
- J.H. Cobb, 222 St. John Street, Portland, Maine, U.S.A.
Wind's Will
- J.S. Cowan, 30 Foxholes Road, Great Baddow, Chelmsford, Essex.
Island Blossom
- C.G. Evans, High Street, Dedham Colchester, Essex.
Jubilee
- D. Gowing, 11 Holland Park, Clacton on Sea, Essex.
A.D.C.
- R.E. Harman, 29 Victory Road, Clacton on Sea, Essex.
A.D.C.
- M.W. Hedgecock, Claire House, Burns Avenue, Lexden, Colchester.
- L.D. Johns, c/o Frost & Drake Ltd., Tollesbury, Essex.
Duenna
- G.B. Ling, No. 1, Blue House Cottage, Bradwell on Sea, Essex.
Golden Plover
- E. Mason, 42 Cobbold Road, Leytonstone, London, E.11.
Suzie Cute
- A.J. Pratt, 3 Corporation Road, Gillingham, Kent.
Joseph T
- P. Ruggles, Causeway Garage, Maldon, Essex.
White Spray
- A.G. Scoones, 2 Hamlet Court, Glengall Road, Woodford Green, Essex.
Bonita
- A. Smith, 9 Upper Second Avenue, Frinton on Sea, Essex.
Hypatia
- B.A. Smith, 50 Lonsdale Road, Barnes, London, S.W.13.
Barca
- P.A. Smith, 8 Pine Drive East, Thornhill, Southampton.
Dawdler
- J.M. Welch, Littley Park, Hartford End, Chelmsford, Essex.
Badger
- B. Wells, 18 Ditton Court Road, Westcliff on Sea, Essex.
Doy
- B.R. Woods, 58 Cedar Road, Canvey Island, Essex.
Sea Mynx
- D.J. Wright, 10 Oakley Gardens, London, S.W.3.
Northseaman P

RALLY AT YARMOUTH, I.O.W. on Saturday, August 17th. Contact F.W. Hiller aboard Romilda on arrival.

SOLENT RACE DETAILS on Page 2. FRENCH RACE - BACK PAGE.

EAST COAST WINTER MEETING Saturday, November 9th at the Maldon Little Ship Club, 7 p.m. for 7.30.

BLACKWATER STUDIOS, 142 High Street, Maldon. Tel. Maldon 2896. For photos. of Old Gaffers Race. Postcards 2s.6d., Half plate 5s., Full plate 7s.6d., 10"x8" 10s.

THE 1968 SOLENT RACE

The Solent Race will be sailed on Saturday 7th September, 1968, starting at 10.30 a.m. from Coronation Buoy, near Hamble Spit.

The Race is open to all traditionally gaff-rigged boats, and will be divided into two Classes. Class I for boats 28 ft. LWL and over; Class II for boats under 28 ft. LWL. Both Classes will start together and sail the same course, which will be "around the buoys" within the Solent.

The Race will be sailed under IYRU and RYA Rules.

Handicapping will be by the RYA T(H)CF.

The Committee Boat will be the yawl CONCARA, by the kind permission of her owner, Malcolm Lennie, Esq. She will be anchored inshore of Coronation Buoy, and will fly the Old Gaffers Flag at the main.

Entries, on the Official Form, please, and accompanied by the appropriate remittance, to be sent to: Mr. M.D. Millar, 107 Baker Street, London, W.1, BY 20th AUGUST. Entry fee £1 for members of the Old Gaffers Association; £1 10s. for non-members. Additional entry forms from Mr. Millar or the Association Secretary, Mr. J.A. Scarlett, 70b Fambridge Road, Maldon, Essex.

Late entries will be accepted at £1 15s. if received by 5th September. Line entries will be accepted on the day of the race, up to the 10 minute gun, by the Race Officer in person only, and in his absolute discretion. Such entries will only qualify for prizes if a completed entry form, declaration form, and fee of £2, are received by the Committee not later than 1930 hrs. (Forms and Race instructions for line entrants will be available on the Committee Boat, but intending entrants must NOT hazard the Committee Boat (or their own) by coming alongside; crew should be sent off in the dinghy).

Sailing instructions will be posted to entrants by the last day of August, together with any Supper Tickets and Souvenir Programmes ordered. No other form of receipt or acknowledgement will be issued.

PRIZES (all awarded on corrected times)

The Channel Cup for the first boat fifty years old or over, irrespective of Class.

The Le Havre Plate (presented to the Association by Le Societe des Regates du Havre at the 1966 Whitsun Rally) for the first Class I boat (not being the winner of the Channel Cup)

The Emsworth Cleat (presented by F.W. Hillier, Esq.) for the first Class II boat being fifty years old or over (and not winning the Channel Cup)

The Channel Plate for the first Class II boat being under fifty years old.

Second prizes of Tankards, and third prizes of Dishes, in each of the above three divisions.

Mementos for all properly declared boats to complete the course.

The first Solent Area Member in a boat fifty years old or over (on corrected time) will be Commodore of the Area until the 1969 Race.

In order to list all entrants in the sailing instructions (as required by RYA Rule 3 2(n)) quite apart from the labour of calculating T(H)CF's, it is ESSENTIAL for us to have your entry form returned by 20th AUGUST, but the EARLIER, the BETTER.

There will be the usual Party after the Race at the R.A.F. Yacht Club, Hamble. Supper will be served from 1930 hrs. to ticket holders only. Tickets at 12s. 6d. order on your entry form.

Prize giving at approximately 2130 hrs.

QUIVERING ON THE EAST COAST

We originally intended to have another look at Holland, but with a maximum of two weeks to play with, decided that too much time might be spent in coming and going, leaving too little to see the sights over there; in any case, we were already committed to taking part in the East Coast Race, and we ought to have at least a look at the water first . . . so we abandoned Holland in favour of an East Coast cruise.

The idea was to get Quiver to Dover a week or two in advance, so as to avoid wasting any of the precious fortnight trying to get up Channel. In the event, the weather only permitted a rather unpleasant night hop from Chichester Harbour to Newhaven, and it was from there that the cruise commenced.

We started well. By the time we were ready to get under way on Saturday 6th July, the east-going tide was just ready to take us round Beachy Head. We had intended to make for Dover, but everything was right for entering Rye Harbour when we got there, and it seemed a pity not to have a look, so in we went, sailing Quiver right up to the berth indicated by the Harbour Master, without even a touch on the starter button.

A later start than we hoped for next morning, necessitated by the sluicing flood tide into Rye Harbour, meant that we would be wrong on the tides beyond Dover if we pressed straight on, and being all for a quiet life, we braved the traffic signals, and anchored for the night in the main harbour. Incidentally, it is a great boon being able to use the Western entrance now.

Again avoiding complications, we decided on the outside passage from Dover to Harwich, via the Downs, then all the light vessels: North Goodwin, Kentish Knock, Sunk, and Cork. Having a moderate southerly (which the Met. Office insisted was South-Westerly), we were easily able to carry the tide in what turned out to be a pleasant downhill ride, until the approach to Harwich, where we met a sudden thunderstorm and head winds. Giving it best, we motored in and up the Orwell to Pin Mill, where we found a vacant mooring for the night. The next day was spent in exploring the Orwell up to Ipswich, again returning to Pin Mill for the night.

Wednesday was to have seen us moving north, but Met. decreed otherwise, and a light north-westerly made Walton Backwaters seem an easier landfall. We found our way into Kirby Creek, and anchored well clear of two other boats on permanent moorings. Exercise being indicated, we decided to seek our evening ale at Kirby-le-Soken, and by the time we had proved that footpaths shown on Ordnance Survey maps are not necessarily walkable, we had had all the exercise needed to encourage a considerable thirst. Returning aboard, we decided on a leisurely exploration of the Backwaters when we finally came round in the morning. However, at 0330, the skipper was aroused by one of the crew murmuring the ominous word "dragging" into his ear. Sure enough, Quiver was going smartly backwards past the moored boats at about two knots - and it was blowing great guns. The engine (for once) responded to the first push of the button, and held Quiver long enough for the anchor to be retrieved, relieved of the knot of old rope which had embedded itself on the fluke, and relaid in clear water. So back to bed, but not to very much sleep; the wind strength increased steadily, until by breakfast time it was really screaming in the rigging (we later learnt that gusts up to force 11 had been recorded at Walton). An unfortunate veer at slack water swung Quiver across the creek, and some rather hectic kedge-laying in the dinghy became necessary. By evening all was quiet again, and the forecast assured us that the depression was moving away to the north-east, but, once bitten, we moved round to Walton Channel, just in case They had got it wrong again.

In the event, we had a quiet night, and a light south-westerly in the morning gave us a gentle sail up to Felixstowe Ferry, where we entered the Deben, and carried the tide right up to Woodbridge, dropping back on the ebb in the evening to anchor clear of the Waldringfield moorings for the night.

With the East Coast Race only a week off, Saturday was spent in overhauling the rigging, and, particularly, the new topsail which had only just been shipped at the beginning of the cruise; also, a new way of housing the spinnaker boom was devised, which necessitated a visit to Jack Knight's yard at Woodbridge for expert assistance. Satisfied with the results, we dropped down the river on the tide to Felixstowe Ferry, hoping for fair weather for the Ore in the morning.

Our light South-westerly still held on Sunday morning, and after motoring out against the first of the flood, we had an uneventful sail up to the mouth of the Ore. As with the Deben, we had no difficulty in finding the buoy marking the entrance, nor in picking up the leading marks on the way in. Of course, Quiver only draws three and a half feet, and we waited till there was sufficient rise in the tide, and we only attempted the first-time entrance of these rivers in reasonable visibility and light weather, so we really could not see what all the fuss about pilots and so forth was about; but would it have been seamanlike to do it any other way?

We had intended to spend only two days in the Ore and the Alde, even though we had the best weather of the trip up at Iken Cliff, but when we had inspected Aldeburgh and Orford, and returned to the mouth of the river, we found the wind aggressively southerly, so spent an extra day in the Ore, and the night up Butley River.

Wednesday morning the wind had freed, and we had a brisk reefed sail down to the mouth of the Colne; here we found it blowing straight out of the river against the tide, creating the sort of short seas which we thought only existed off Prince Consort shoal in the Solent. Sailing, they so threw Quiver off to leeward that we did not appear to be making any headway; so we tried motoring, but kept falling back into the same hole, and made even less. Finally, the old compromise, we managed to motor-sail against it all, and were very glad to find a berth in Brightlingsea.

Thursday morning was spent in re-victualling ship. Under way after lunch, we found that the northerly wind had fallen light, and we were able to shake out yesterday's reefs and to have a gentle sail on the young flood into the Blackwater, losing the wind altogether after Osea Island. We motored on up to Maldon, but were early on the tide, and only just slithered up to Dan Webb and Feesey's yard, where we were lucky to find a mooring we could just reach and hang to, while the skipper went ashore to find John Scarlett at his home, and collect the sailing instructions for the Race.

Friday morning produced a light northerly with an occasional touch of east in it. We sailed down to about the morrow's starting line at Stone, but found that we could barely fetch the Bradwell Power Station outfall wall, and as the objective for the day was to reconnoitre that part of the course for the Race which lay outside the River, we decided to motor down until we had a clear wind. Rounding Sales Point, the sun came out (a rare occurrence on this cruise), and as Quiver was fully dressed, one hand was cast adrift in the dinghy with a camera while Quiver made sundry circuits around him; we await the results. Thereafter, the wind fell away altogether, and we had to wait for the sea breeze to start up and take us back into the Blackwater, it being too late to complete our intentions outside. We had a date at Heybridge Basin to meet up with the balance of the crew for the morrow, and to brief them for joining in the morning. The sea breeze took us up to Osea once again, but there it petered out, and we had to motor the rest

of the way. The meeting, and briefing, duly took place in the appropriate atmosphere of the Old Ship, after which we motored back to the Osea anchorage in the dusk.

Saturday July 20th dawned grey and misty. The early forecast offered light northerlies with some hope of sunshine later. We had to get up earlier than was our habit, in order to get Quiver cleared for racing and get down to Stone by 0900, where the remaining crew were to be waiting. They were, and after picking them up, the dinghy had to be shipped and stowed, and the decks generally cleared for action. We set sail as soon as possible, so as to get some feel of the tide before the water got too crowded; this did not take long; by the time we were having a second reach down to the line, the water was getting really thick with craft of all shapes and sizes, and by the ten minute gun, Quiver found herself the wrong side of the line and precious little room in which to work back. However, we managed all right, at the extreme weather end of the line, and precious little water underneath - the echo sounder was a great comfort at a moment like this.

Meanwhile, the weather had hardly been improving. A great gloom was over all, and visibility could not have been more than three-quarters of a mile at the outside. The great fleet of gaffers disappeared to the limit of visibility to leeward and astern, and we gave up trying to count them. At the gun, we had full way on, clear wind and water from other boats, and were just able to make out through the gloom that we were on the right side of the transit: an excellent start! Then obstinacy took over. The proper thing to have done, would have been to soak down to leeward into the deepest part of the river, to get maximum boost from the tide, especially as the wind was so light that speed from the tide was as great as speed through the water. But not a bit of it. Quiver was kept up to windward (even to the extent of luffing a couple of types who tried to pass to weather) and as a result we watched all the serious competition, including Fanny with whom we were supposed to be having a more personal match, romping ahead down to leeward. It was not until we were nearing the level of Bradwell Creek that the very shape of the river took us into the deeper water and we began to hold our own, but by then the leaders were invisibly ahead.

Once clear of Sales Point, the temptation to make the straightest course for Wallet Spitway was again too great, and we must have lost a lot more ground by going into shallow water, when there was still plenty of ebb left in the deeper. During this reach, the wind gradually became much lighter, until, at the Spitway buoy, it fell absolutely calm, so that we drifted round the buoy almost out of control; indeed, a few minutes later, we were for a brief while completely without steerage way, and started drifting smartly sideways on the tide, which was still running North-eastwards, despite the contrary information gleaned from the tidal stream atlas.

During this calm period, the temperature and humidity rose most oppressively, and garments were seen to be shed throughout the fleet. The frustrations were not helped by a plague of small black flies which feasted on the acres of human flesh now exposed.

When a breeze returned, it was from almost due north, making a beat up to Priory Spit. We decided on a long tack of it, and found that this paid, as we found more wind as we neared the coast off Clacton, while some of those who had taken short tacks after rounding the Spitway buoy were way behind when our courses next crossed.

Once clear of Priory Spit, we were able to ease the sheets a little, and get more of a move on. We seemed to be in a hole in the fleet; we had got well clear of the bunch we had encountered at the lee mark, but could make no impression on the transoms which were almost hull down ahead. A glance astern when we were somewhere off Colne Bar suddenly showed a most

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unpleasant looking squall sweeping out of Clacton; it was passing well behind us, but we decided that those in its path must have got very wet, and, judging from its apparent speed, had quite a hectic few minutes coping with the wind. Soon it was our turn: another squall appeared out of Brightlingsea, and we just about had time to don protective clothing before it was on us, with very cold, very wet, rain, and a goodly blow of wind. For the first time that day, we were really sailing, and as we were carrying the wind with us, began to feel that we might close up with some of the leaders sufficiently to save our time on one or two of them. But it was not to be; the squall passed, and we were left with as flat a calm as we had experienced off the Buxey. Thus we crossed the line, sails empty, and barely sufficient way to steer clear of the moorings; a most disappointing end to a somewhat frustrating day.

However, the party at the Stone Sailing Club soon revived our spirits. An excellent supper preceded a scrum at the bar, which ultimately produced the necessary; one was very glad not to have been on the serving side. Indeed the only thing which was lacking was breathable air, and we had to fight our way to the balcony to find that. After the prize-giving (in which we, needless to say, did not participate) dispersal of crew dictated a relatively early return aboard, though we remained in the Stone anchorage for the night.

Sunday morning, our last day of cruising, was the finest day of the whole fortnight. An early breeze died away, leaving an oily calm and brilliant sunshine. We motored up the river to Heybridge Basin, with a curious rig of flapping sails which we were trying to dry. We managed to get all our gear unloaded at the lock, and were directed to a berth some way up the canal, where Quiver was to remain for the next fortnight. By the time this is read, she should be well on her way back to her home in Chichester Harbour.

THE 1968 EAST COAST RACE

From the secretarial point of view this was the most difficult event to describe that we have ever held, both because of its size and because the poor weather made things very difficult for all concerned. So that I don't forget, I am going to reverse the conventional order and start with the acknowledgements. Biggest vote of thanks must go to Stone Sailing Club for their loan of premises and facilities etc; to their Commodore Ron Burke, who acted as Officer of the Day; to Vice President Percy Douglas, who ably undertook the Gilbertian role of Lord High Everything Else - starter, spotter, morale raiser, inter club liaison officer, you name it, Percy did it; to Mrs. Iris MacNab, timekeeper, and to the launch operators, bar stewards etc., and all the other Stone Sailing Club members who helped out. Thanks also to our Vice President Dick Banyard, who helped with the launch service; to Mr. S.D. Reeves and crew of Morna; Mr. and Mrs. F.J. Nagle and crew of Tango, and Len Warren of Glad Times who all gave up a day's sailing to help ashore; to Tom Cook who hurried ashore as soon as Fanny finished to help; to Colin Edmond who helped with the spotting; to Col. S.J. Marks and Reymerswale's crew who spent most of the day at the Wallet Spitway and sent in the list of times of boats round the mark, and by no means least to the 82 owners who entered the race and made it the great event it was. Of the entrants, particular thanks to Michael Millar of Quiver and Alex Smith of Hypatia for returning immaculately completed declaration forms - and of course to all others who handed in declarations, which are invaluable in sorting out accounts of the race. Finally, my personal and sincere thanks to all who have written or called with their thanks for the organisation. Such appreciation does make the work a real pleasure.

And what of the race itself? Well, it was our biggest event yet. 82 entrants, with a higher than usual percentage of Class 1 boats. Interesting to note the steady exodus of Class 1 from the Solent area - Girl Stella and Hypatia both racing on the 20th, Morna lying off Stone, Isis somewhere in the area, and also Regard. Are these boats just too expensive to keep in the Solent? Two of the entrants were unable to get round for the race, Pembeth not being ready for domestic reasons and Nereid II having been run into the week end before. Still, although Nereid will no longer be unable to boast an unbroken succession of wins, John Day can still claim the East Coast record for sailing on prizewinning boats as he sailed on Hypatia. Space will not permit any more than the briefest mention of some of the more outstanding details of the entry - the race programme had more in it than most Newsletters! To my mind, most outstanding thing was the crew of the Aldous built smack A.D.C., whose traditional bowler hats really did make her a "period piece". Thanks lads, bring them again next year. The most obvious feature of the day was another big Aldous smack, Duenna, now a trim brigantine with fine ornamentation at bow and stern. Slightly smaller, but no less beautiful to behold was Hypatia - neat, sparkling, and apparently perfect in every detail.

Another detail (not a minor one!) noted and appreciated by the Race Officers was the increase in the number of boats carrying clear names, and the racing numbers carried by some of the unnamed boats. However, there is still room for improvement.

The weather was the worst we have ever had for an East Coast Race - mist, a very light wind which at times was completely absent, and rain in the late afternoon. As the start was very early on the tide, the full course was set, and it appears that we could have had most of the fleet round, but many owners caught off Bradwell in an early evening calm decided to retire and motor in - only to find the wind returning and bringing home the tail of the fleet. However, nobody who retired would have been in the running for a prize!

Mist tried to hide the start - not a bad thing, for it was a shocking start! Some boats made a good start, but a lot were caught by holes in the wind which left them well away from the line, and left 9 boats the wrong side of the line at the gun.

CENSORED SENTENCE HERE, but eventually everybody got away somehow.

Outstanding performance of the morning was Tom Titheridge's 4 tonner Sea Pig, who led the fleet for some time until the inevitable happened and the really big boys Theodora, Stormy Petrel, A.D.C., Duet and Doy crept past Tom. Also noteworthy, but not in the same class as Sea Pig, was Golden Plover - a newcomer to the O.G.A. An old Clyde racer built in the nineties, and bought by G.B. Ling of Bradwell less than a week before the race, she proved to be a real winner, and although only a 20 footer, she was lying second only to Theodora at the Wallet. Mind you, she is the only boat in the O.G.A. whose boom is longer than her hull - and her foretriangle is far from small!

The first score of boats at the Wallet Spitway seem to have been able to find enough wind to get round the course reasonably, with only A.D.C. and Doy losing many places on the leg up to Priory Spit - places which A.D.C. recovered on the way home, but Doy stayed near the end of the first group. Those who had taken more than 2½ hours to get to the Wallet found a lack of wind with the ebb tide still running strongly, and it seems the next 15 boats got somewhat carried away by the weather conditions, until the irrepressible Charlie Stock came along with Shoal Waters, surveyed the situation, anchored and settled down to enjoy a peaceful lunch, calling out to a passing boat "Bring me back some rock from Walton Pier". This started a fashion, and quite a number anchored to await more wind, finding when they did move on to Priory Spit they had gained many places - although I don't think any gained or lost quite as many as the 40 places

mentioned on one declaration! The record appears to be the John Leather designed 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ tonner Badger, who to judge by the declared times down river made an appalling start, and though moving up through the fleet was still in the last quarter at the Wallet, but picked up some 35 places on the next leg, and then proceeded to make steady gains on the homeward legs - certainly the outstanding performance of the afternoon. The worst loss appears to be Band of Hope, who dropped about 22 places on this leg. The most consistent performance in all this muddle in the middle of the fleet appears to be Quiver, who apparently held a more or less consistent position somewhere between twentieth and thirtieth. Nearer fortieth, Reginald the Dane also appears to have kept a fairly constant position.

The leaders round Priory Spit and the Knoll still had the ebb to fight, so Duet tried her luck in the North Eagle, where she went aground for ten minutes, but she still gained on the much deeper Theodora who had to stay out in the foul tide.

As had been expected Duet and Theodora were the first boats home, separated by only 41 seconds, but nearly 28 minutes ahead of the next boat - S.G. Bishop's Betty II. Fourth was Richard Norris's Whitstable smack Stormy Petrel, winning the Tom Bolton Memorial Cup - a well earned win as she had fought Theodora hard all the way down river, and stayed consistently in the first four or five places. Stormy Petrel's spread of sail is probably the nicest shaped suit carried by any cutter, and Richard Norris is usually first to start setting water sails and other light weather kites. Until about half past five boats came home at reasonable intervals, with one almost neck and neck finish as the 28 ft. yawl Patience overtook the little Golden Plover a matter of yards before the line, but then as the weather deteriorated the intervals between boats opened out, until at the end of the rain a flat calm left everybody drifting up with the tide. Cutlass had been chasing Quiver up river, and was not really far behind her, but there was a 36 minute difference in their finishing times! Another half hour brought home a few more boats and saw the bulk of the retirements occur, then came a better wind which brought home boats at better than one a minute, until finally 46 boats were timed in. With 2 non-starters, this left 34 retirements - a depressingly high number, but it seems all owners thoroughly enjoyed the day.

The Blackwater's natural hazards had claimed their victims, as John Dory and Kestrel both went hard aground soon after the start - very easily done in such poor visibility.

Another contributory factor to a memorable day was the presence of our President Alec Rangabe on the bridge at Stone. Unfortunately a hole in his car's exhaust system had to be repaired, so Alec missed the start (but in view of the somewhat chaotic start, perhaps this was not quite so unfortunate as all that!) After the supper at the Stone Sailing Club, Alec thanked the Stone Club on our behalf, and introduced Mrs. Douglas, the wife of Stone Sailing Club's Vice President, who presented the prizes.

The day was further enlivened by the presence of a number of members of the Centre Film Unit who were making a 16 mm. colour film of the event, sponsored by International Paints Ltd., and also the presence of cameramen from Blackwater Studios Ltd. who were trying to get a good still photograph of every boat in the race. The festivities had started on the Friday evening with the first public showing of the Maldon Movie Makers 8 mm. colour film of last year's East Coast race, so we can look forward to some excellent reminders of the two races during the coming (or is it present already?) winter.

The final result once again demonstrated clearly the disastrous effects on the bigger boats of calms and light airs in handicap races such as ours. Really no conclusions on the success or otherwise of the T(H)CF can be drawn from this race, but nevertheless it is clear that we do have problems - the big heavy boats which never come anywhere near the prize list,

RESULTS OF THE 1968 EAST COAST OLD GAFFERS RACE

FINAL POSN.	Classes 1 and 2		CORR. TIME	- POSN. OVER LINE	(Start 10 30 00)		
					FIN. TIME		
1	Fanny of Cowes	D.T. Cook	5 48 25	11	17	14	10
2	Golden Plover	G.B. Ling	5 49 12	9	17	10	08
3	Betty II	S.G. Bishop	6 06 12	3	17	01	14
4	Patience	P.E.W. Mather	6 06 30	8	17	10	07
5	Bird of Dawning	N. James	6 13 30	6	17	04	59
6	Sea Pig	T. Titheridge	6 16 00	14	17	23	32
7	Badger	J.M. Welch	6 18 42	19	18	03	32
8	Mary	T.C. Polden	6 23 03	5	17	04	35
9	Hypatia	A.G. Smith	6 25 30	10	17	12	32
10	Betty	F.R. West	6 29 42	13	17	21	31
11	Andromeda	R. Loram	6 44 00	18	17	56	36
12	Duet	Ocean Youth Club	6 44 33	1	16	32	40
13	Quiver	M.D. Millar	6 45 30	21	18	20	23
14	Clythie	P. Davis	6 45 51	15	17	31	06
15	Stormy Petrel	R. Norris	6 55 09	4	17	03	29
16	Theodora	Ocean Youth Club	7 04 12	2	16	33	21
17	Girl Stella	F. Mulville	7 06 00	12	17	15	30
18	A.D.C.	D. Gowing	7 15 18	7	17	05	13
19	Inanda	P. Ormerod	7 21 05	23	18	57	07
20	Iolanthe	G.L. Bolt	7 28 15	40	19	37	43
21	Doy	B. Wells	7 30 38	16	17	47	24
22	Bold Hamster	P.J.M. Bollen	7 34 12	36	19	34	01
23	Victory	R. Hardy	7 36 15	20	18	09	41
24	Shoal Waters	A.C. Stock	7 36 30	29	19	28	32
25	Deva	J.R. Wainwright	7 37 00	33	19	33	30
26	Island Blossom	J.S. Cowan	7 41 04	37	19	35	09
27	Vivette	N.J. Mitchell	7 41 53	25	19	12	26
28	Faith	P. Hall	7 44 00	28	19	21	22
29	Rose of Paglesham	C. Hughes	7 46 45	35	19	33	46
30	Spartan	A.T. Goodbourn	7 48 20	27	19	20	45
31	Katrine	J.M. Dines	7 49 00	17	17	50	49
32	Reginald the Dane	R.R. Peters	7 52 45	30	19	30	18
33	Star	M.P. Miller	7 53 04	24	19	07	35
34	Reedbird	D.E. Goodrich	8 05 00	42	19	37	56
35	Sea Nymph	N. Downie	8 06 26	34	19	33	35
36	Wild Lone	W.B. Gosney	8 11 00	39	19	35	41
37	Sea Fever	R.N. Simper	8 21 24	41	19	37	48
38	Young Alert	A.G. MacKenzie	8 31 30	32	19	32	25
39	Odd Times	P. Rose	8 43 30	26	19	13	30
40	Privateer	M.W. Eve	8 50 00	43	19	51	22
41	Cutlass	A.W. Hall	8 55 00	22	18	56	53
42	Wild Duck	C.G. Hull	9 09 34	31	19	31	22
43	Duenna	L.D. Johns	10 13 41	38	19	35	30

Class 3

1	Annie Laurie	J.B. Baird-Murray	5 41 17	1	17	35	13
2	The Saith	G. Dunn	6 53 57	2	19	05	39
3	Appleberry	L.H.A. Weigall	7 13 20	3	19	27	04

RETIRED, NON-STARTERS, ETC.

Classes 1 & 2

Abaca, Band of Hope, Bonita, Calumet, Dorcis, Equinox, Four Sisters, Gosling, Happy Days, Henrietta, Henriette, Jane Swainson, John Dory, Jubilee, Katie, Kestrel, Ketura, Kianda, L'Atalanta, Lianthe, Mary of Maldon, Nereid II, Para Handy, Pembeth, Polly, Prawner, Rosena, Sara, Sea Mynx, Semper Fidelis, Sunbeam, Undine, White Spray, Wind Lady, William.

Class 3: Stephanie.

PRIZE LIST

East Coast Old Gaffers Trophy	Fanny of Cowes
Tom Bolton Memorial Cup	Stormy Petrel
Sheave Trophy	Duet
Zetland Trophy	Annie Laurie
Liferaft Hire Co. Seamanship Cup	Reedbird
Cup for Trying	Star

<u>Class Prizes</u>	Class 1:	1	Hypatia
		2	Betty
		3	Clythie
	Class 2:	1	Golden Plover
		2	Betty II
		3	Patience

Special prizes for meritorious performance: A.D.C., Duenna,
Sea Pig.

(Continued from page 8)

and the smaller fliers, at least one of them skippered by an R.N. champion helmsman, which cannot be dislodged from the list. There is almost unanimous objection to "fiddling" with the T(H)CFs, but we would like to be able to divert a prize or two to the big boats who do well, and place some limit on the "pot taking" potential of the fliers. All suggestions welcomed. This year it seemed inevitable in the light wind that Fanny should win provided she did not explode or sink - and even numbered years have in the past been unlucky for her - but she came very, very near to not winning, as she ended up only 47 seconds ahead of Golden Plover. By next year when Mr. Ling has learnt all the little tricks of getting the best out of the Clyde built boat Fanny will have a real struggle. With the next pair of boats 17 minutes behind them, and only a dozen within an hour of their corrected times, they are truly run away winners.

This account would not be complete without special mention of the South Coast based entries - Quiver; the Ocean Youth Club's Equinoxe; and L.H.A. Weigall's Appleberry (trailed up); also the presence of Keith Hudson of Freya II aboard Band of Hope. It is hoped that some East Coast boats will be able to get round for the Solent Race. I hope we shall see more of these visits in the future.

The prize list was extended this year by the Sheave Trophy, presented by I.S.H. Edmond for the 1st Class 1 boat over the finishing line, not winning either the East Coast Old Gaffers Trophy or the Tom Bolton Cup. The Trophy comprises a large lignum vitae sheave from the 74-gun ship Bellerophon, mounted on an oak base.

It was nice to see a fair crowd of spectators aboard the pleasure launch Viking Saga, and it is hoped she will be able to follow the race in future years.

FOR SALE

FAITH. Gaff Cutter, Built Shuttlewood of Paglesham, 1933. 23 ft. waterline. Pitch pine on oak. NO ROT, does not leak, in excellent condition. Refitted 1964, new mast, fibreglass deck, new suit of sails, 3 berths. 3 h.p. inboard Villiers engine. Lying South Woodham Ferrers. £900 o.n.o.
P. Hall, 22 Trinity Church Square, London, S.E.1.
Tel. enquiries to Peter Pointer, 0245 35 370.

MAINSAIL. Tanned Cotton, good condition, 105 sq. ft. approx. Head 6' 1", Foot 11' 3", Luff 9' 8", Leach 16' 6". £10.
Gaff 7' 4", Boom 12' 4", £2. Dr. G.L. Bolt,
West Norfolk & Kings Lynn General Hospital, Kings Lynn, Norfolk.

FOR SALE, continued.

ONAWAY. $4\frac{1}{2}$ ton cutter, built 1922. 21' 6" x 18' x 7' x 4' 3". Excellent cruising and racing record. Sound throughout. Lying Bristol. £675.
A. Avent, 9 Rysdale Road, Westbury on Trym, Bristol. Phone 62 6834.

BERTHA. 20 ton oyster smack, built by Aldous of Brightlingsea in 1888. Twice winner of the Tom Bolton Cup. £1,500.
R.B. Pitt, 32 The Hythe, Maldon, Essex.

CORNISHMAN. Cutter 27' x 7' 6" x 4'. 3 single berths, one double. Calor gas cooker, Morris Vedette engine. Sails and all gear including dinghy. Roomy boat nearing completion of extensive refit. Haggling starts at £850. K.W. Steward, Meadcote, Rettendon Common, Chelmsford, Essex. Tel. Hanningfield 370.

CYDER. Cutter, 20' x 5' x 1'6". Bilge keels, teak hull. 4 H.P. Stuart Turner with variable pitch prop. c/o Peter Freebody, Mill Lane, Hurley on Thames, Maidenhead, Berks. £475 o.n.o., or part-exchange mini van. R.T.D. Tryon, Churchwater Cottage, Ashreigney, Chulmleigh, Devon.

WOOD PECKER. Gaff Sloop. 19' 6" LOA, clinker built, converted Jolly Boat, transom stern, lee boards, 2 berths. Mast in tabernacle, standing rigging and nylon running rigging new last season. Terylene jib and topsail, canvas main. 25 lb. CQR anchor and CQR kedge with new coullene warps. 8 h.p. 2 cylinder 2 stroke Stuart Turner inboard, recently overhauled and new magneto fitted. Engine driven bilge pumps, with semi rotary hand pump. Compass, Echo sounder, Electric port and starboard and cabin lighting from battery in fore peak. Flag halliard. Ensign staff on transom with red ensign. Trakmark decks, new rudder, fore-hatch, new cushions last season. Lying Clark and Carter's yard, West Mersea. £650 o.n.o. M.V.A. Zala, 43 Netherlands Road, New Barnet, Herts. Tel. (01) 449 0022.

WILD DUCK. 40' cutter, teak hull, built by Watkins & Co. of Blackwall in 1884. Reg. tonnage 9.00. Auxiliary diesel; 5 bunks; gas cooker, separate W.C., echo sounder, compass, clock, barometer, electric lighting; terylene sails; two anchors; dinghy and outboard. Easily handled excellent cruising boat - regular entrant in E.C. Race. £1,500.
C.G. Hull, 42 Old Church Lane, Kingsbury, London, N.W.9. Tel. 01 205 1225.

PATIENCE. 5 ton TM. canoe-stern Gaff Yawl. Attractive small cruising yacht, with an instant appeal for the experienced yachtsman, typical of the work of Albert Strange and G.U. Laws. Fast but seakindly with the feel of a much larger craft and has cruised extensively during her lifetime as well as being moderately successful at handicap racing. The yacht has no auxiliary engine and has no need of such if sailed by a competent person. A propeller tends to retard her excellent sailing qualities but nevertheless there is provision for a port quarter installation and engine bearers are fitted. Her hull is very strongly built of the best materials. Awarded the Royal Cruising Club's Romola Cup in 1926 for a cruise in the Baltic. 28' x 22' x 7.1' x 4.9'. Built by W.E. Thomas of Falmouth, in 1906. Pitch-pine planking, sawn oak frames with intermediate steamed timbers spaced two between each frame. Kauri pine deck. Teak trim. Elm keel. Stem and sternpost of oak. Spars in grown pine. Standing rigging excessively strong and in good condition. Running rigging of excellent quality, waterproof sisal in new condition. Single burner Primus in gimbals. Heating by Pascall & Atkey "Pansey" Charcoal Stove. Inventory adequate for coastal cruising and includes ground tackle a Whale "Gusher" bilge Pump and new 8 ft. glass fibre stem dinghy which stows on the cabin top. Sheet winches for jib. Sails - Mainsail, cotton in serviceable condition; Mizzen, terylene in new condition; Jib, terylene in good condition; Spinnaker, cotton in serviceable condition; Trisail, cotton in good condition. Watertight cockpit. Two berths in saloon, pipe-cot in foc'sle.
/continued.

The yacht is fully insured and the present owner has obtained permission to assign his policy to the eventual purchaser. A 1963 Survey Report is available at which time no serious defects in the hull structure were revealed.

The yacht draws too much for her present locality but would be eminently suited to the environment of the West of England or Scotland. Deep water anchorages on the over-crowded East and South Coasts might make an auxiliary engine desirable.

Price - the price paid by the present owner was £700, since when he has spent approximately £200 in improvements apart from normal running costs and therefore the selling price would be by negotiation. Lying The Quay, Wivenhoe, Essex.

P.E.W. Mather, 13 Valley Road, Wivenhoe, Essex. Tel. 8331.

The details published in this Newsletter are intended to attract the attention of traditional yachtsmen throughout Great Britain and Ireland but the owner wishes to say to Old Gaffers that Patience can now be considered a consistent prize winner having come second in Class II in the 1967 East Coast Race and third in the 1968 Race under the most trying conditions which we all know about. She is very much a heavy weather boat and if one year we have a steady Force 4 - 6 with a fair amount of windward work with just the right condition of stopping sea, the owner is confident that, with her heavy displacement but fast sailing hull, she could beat Nereid II and even perhaps the redoubtable Fanny.

----- POSTSCRIPT

The return passage to Chichester Harbour was Quiver's best ever. Locking out of Heybridge Basin at 0730 on the morning of Saturday 3rd August, she made the 160 odd miles to Birdham Pool lock in 35½ hours, an average of some 4½ knots.

Aboard in the Friday evening, with wind whistling in the rigging, a gloomy sky and intermittent rain, we were beginning to doubt the wisdom of the intended passage. Very heavy rain early on Saturday morning increased the doubts, as we had never crossed the Thames Estuary before, and above all wanted good visibility.

However, after locking out into the Blackwater, and while motoring down the river, the sky lifted a little, and after a final shower, let us off for the rest of the day. The wind was fresh northerly, so we took a couple of reefs in the main before setting it off Stone - a very different story from the last time we were there only a fortnight previously. The small jib to balance the reef, and the staysail to provide horse-power, gave Quiver her favourite rig for a moderate blow.

The log was streamed off the Bradwell Power Station out-fall, and thereafter spun at a very satisfactory rate.

With a commanding wind, we could select our course across the Estuary at will; being neap tides, and having only 3½ ft. draft, I decided that anything which was not actually printed in yellow on the Stanford chart was good enough, and we were able to cut a lot of corners. The route we finally took was through the Spitway, cut across Hook Middle, between East and West Barrows, to Knock John, thence down the side of North Edinburgh Channel and straight for Tongue Sand Tower. From there it was a straight run past East Margate Buoy to the North Foreland.

In the Edinburgh Channel, the wind inexplicably died, and a hasty change to the large jib was followed by shaking out the reefs in the main; but to no avail; five minutes flat calm was enough to decide us to start the engine, as we were going to run out of tide in the Straights if we delayed. The engine started first push, but promptly decided to boil - evidently we had brought some of Heybridge Basin away in the cooling inlet; by the time this was cleared, the wind came again from the North, and the engine was thankfully forgotten.

We were able to carry full sail for the rest of the trip. It made an exhilarating switchback ride over the heavy swell we found off North Foreland, but after that the sea grew progressively less, and by the time we were off Dover, we were in virtually smooth water and going like a bomb; indeed, through the night, we averaged over 6 knots through the water. It was very noticeable how long it took steamers to overtake; this was rather worrying when a couple came straight up our stern off Dungeness, showing first port, then starboard lights at us, with no room to dodge inshore, and the whole world's shipping further out. However, they sheered off in the end without our having to take evasive action.

After dawn (if you could call the murk which appeared by such a name) the wind grew gradually lighter, while the visibility correspondingly worsened. Indeed, from Beachy Head onwards we hardly saw England at all, but were not worried as we were in familiar waters, and were well inshore of the shipping lanes.

The wind being still northerly, we went through the Looe channel, rather than round Owers LV, so as to avoid too much beating into Chichester; we missed the tide at the Looe, and the emergence was a very slow process in what was by then a very light wind.

We found that we could just fetch inside Chichester Buoy, where we handed the log and all sails to motor up the Harbour, making a very satisfactory arrival at Birdham an hour before high water.

APOLOGY to Mr. Tryon, whose advertised cutter is named CYDEA, not Cyder - merely wishful thinking on the part of the tiring typist! This boat has been used by Mr. Tryon and his wife for a canal trip to the Mediterranean, an account of which should appear in Yachting World this summer.

The Following is reprinted by permission of Down East Magazine, Camden, Maine:

OLD GAFFERS UNITE

A bold new pennant - the white jaws of a gaff on a field of blue - will be flying from mastheads along the Maine coast this summer - but not atop the Bermuda rig of a modern sailing yacht or on the signal hoist of a power cruiser. It will be seen snapping in the wind only at the truck of old-time, gaff-rigged sailing vessels.

The "banner with a strange device" is the official burgee of the Old Gaffers Association, a British-based organization of some 300 members devoted to encouraging interest in sailing and racing the traditional gaff rig. Long a stronghold of such gaff-rigged vessels as the coasting schooner and the Friendship sloop, Maine was chosen to break out the flag in the U.S.A.

Formation of the Down East squadron resulted from a visit to Camden Harbor last summer by "Odd Times", a little 23-foot cutter from England. Her skipper, Captain Peter Rose, a one-time London schoolteacher and staunch O.G.A. member, persuaded James S. Rockefeller Jr., operator of a boat shop on Bald Mountain, that there should be an O.G.A. on this side of the Atlantic.

Rockefeller, who launched his first Friendship sloop behind a yoke of oxen, promptly enrolled himself and four other Friendship sloop sailors. Recently all five reported to the break of the poop and chose watches. Boat builder Rockefeller was elected "flag captain"; William Thon, Port Clyde artist, "ship's carpenter"; Henry F. Bohndell, Rockport rigger and sailmaker, "halyard slacker"; J. Malcolm Barter, Waldoboro journalist, "supercargo", and Edward W. Coffin, Owl's Head surveyor, "crimp"

in charge of recruiting new members. Wives were signed on as "reef points".

Membership requirements are simple. One needn't know the difference between a throat and a peak halyard; he need only believe that putting to sea on a gaff-rigged vessel has a bit of magic not found in other kinds of sailing. No census has been taken, but charter members of the new O.G.A. squadron are convinced that, on the Maine coast at least, there should be plenty of other old gaffers.

Members may be interested in this extract from a letter of Malcolm Barter's:

"You will be interested to know that all members of the Maine squadron of Old Gaffers turned out last week for the launching of Jim Rockefeller's new double-ended, gaff-rigged sloop, appropriately named Old Gaffer. It's a beautiful little day sailer with natural wood upper planking and deck, a white sheer line (or whale strake) and black rails. The sails are that reddish brown so often seen on sailing craft in your area.

Jim launched the boat with a crane on one side of Camden Harbor after hauling the boat down on a trailer from his boat shop on Bald Mountain. As soon as she was waterborne, he stepped the mast and rowed her across the Harbor. The blue Old Gaffer's pennant could be plainly seen, and all Old Gaffers wore ties and pins. Jim himself had an old seaman's cap on and a false beard.

After refreshments on the dock, some of us helped Jim bend the sails, and before the day was out she was speeding down the harbor."

FOR SALE EDITH, CK 375, 10 ton oyster smack, built Aldous of Brightlingsea, 1911. Lying Felixstowe Ferry. £400.
C. Gurteen, Tanners, Kedington End, Sturmer, Haverhill, Suffolk.

FRENCH OLD GAFFERS

The annual Race of the Old Gaffers Association de la Cote d'Emeraude will be held on the 23rd and 25th August between St. Malo and Chausey Island.

Entries from England will be very welcome.

F. Cicquel, 23, quai Solidor, 35 - St. Servan, France.

TERMINIST One of our members has acquired the 80 ft. Brixham Trawler "Terminist", and would like to hear from any members with spare time who would be interested in joining him in re-fitting and sailing this really large Old Gaffer. For further details apply to Lt. J.M. Dines, 10 Moody Rd., Seafield Park, Hillhead, Hants.

Published by the Old Gaffers Association,
70b Fambridge Road, Maldon, Essex.