



OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION

NEWSLETTER No. 1969/5

First, a welcome to the following new members:-

- A. Austin, 10 Lye Valley, Headington, Oxford.
 A. L. Brooks, 83 Reading Road, Woodley, Berks.
 C. Harker, Post House, Abberton, Colchester, Essex.
 Mrs. M. Kennell, Mehalah, Coast Road, West Mersea, Colchester, Essex.
 A. McDowell, 19 Rose Hill, Harrington, Workington, Cumberland.
 Miss P. J. Paterson, 96 Kingston Road, Oxford.
 M. G. Price, 181 Alton Street, Crewe, Cheshire.
 R. Wooler, 315 West End Road, South Ruislip, Middlesex.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held at the Cruising Association Rooms, Chiltern Court, Baker Street, London N.W.1 at 7.0 p.m. for 7.30 p.m. on Saturday, January 17th. Although this is primarily a social event, we regret that there will also be a brief business meeting. A film of the 1969 East Coast Race and of an Ocean Youth Club cruise on the Pilot Cutter Theodora will be shown. Please come along to meet other members, and bring any films or slides with you. 8 mm and 16 mm projectors will be available. Licensed bar and snacks.

Another year nearly gone, so I would like to take this opportunity of wishing all members and their crews a very happy Christmas and the best of sailing in 1970. J.A.S.

1970 RACE DATES E.C. Sat., July 25th; Solent, Sat., Sept. 12th.

Would any members interested in joining in an informal dinner at a good West End restaurant one Friday or Saturday evening please let me know so I can get something arranged. J.A.S.

SAILS Mr. S. G. Bishop of Windward Sails, 94-98 Grange Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex is kindly offering 7½% discount to O.G.A. members ordering new sails (Terylene only). The best advertisement for the firm is that Mr. Bishop's boat Betty II is a consistent prizewinner in our East Coast Race.

FOR SALE Jean II, 27' 5 ton gaff cutter. Pine on oak. 4 berths. Sea toilet. CQR and fisherman anchors, good chain. Anchor winch. All new rigging. New jib. Full headroom. 2 compasses. Marina mooring. Registered. £500.
 K. Weeks, c/o Bell Hotel, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

NELLIE 27' gaff cutter. 4 berths. Stuart 8 h.p. New terylene sails. Separate toilet, cooker, full electrics, compass, echo sounder, boat and engine overhauled 1968. £1050.
 D. Boele, 11 Nutberry Ave., Grays, Essex. Grays Thurrock 4247.

EASTER ACROSS THE THAMES, 1969

In the last glimmer of daylight on Thursday night, I carried my gear out over the mud to "Shoal Waters" and got a little sleep as I waited for the tide. The 0200 forecast gave North East force 2 and I decided to aim for the Medway and Conyer Creek. I could hear the motors of a couple of barges that were making their way down Colliers Reach over the last of the flood. At 0205 I let go of the mooring and sailed off into brilliant moonlight. By 0400 I was passing Bradwell Power Station and at 0600 was in the Spitway as a warm sun came straight up out of the sea to warm my frozen limbs. Tea up and then I settled down to pass the Whitaker Beacon at 0640 hours and on up the Swin. I was making fine progress, the wind was light, the sea blue and smooth so I decided to go through the Barrow Swatch, round the Mid Barrow Light Vessel and then across the sands to get some colour slides of the Knock John Tower. It was still only 0840 at the tower, so I went round the North East Shingles at 0930 hours and through the Edinburgh Channel.

The wind was increasing now and I pulled down a reef off Number 4 Edinburgh just for comfort. The South East Shingles passed two cables to port, the Tongue Tower was just visible through the light haze as I turned across the Tongue Sand for a glorious run into the Swale. Off Harty ferry the wind came up very strongly indeed and I pulled down the second reef for the last rush to Conyer Creek, which I entered at 1415. I found it a delightful spot and after anchoring for a meal, sailed up and down among the craft until the tide had dropped enough for me to run up on the mudflats south of the famous brickworks chimney. After a walk ashore the 1800 forecast gave North East 4 - 6 and I bedded down to catch up on sleep.

I left on Saturday at 0300 hours and had a hard beat out of the creek. In view of the rough sea out in the estuary I decided to go westerly and moored at 0415 off Elmly Island where the tide was ebbing eastward. By the time I left at 0545, the tide was ebbing westward into the Medway and what was more important, there was now room for me to sail under Kingsferry Bridge with my mast up. By 0700 I was in the Medway and 45 minutes later I ran aground in a little creek south of Shalfleet Creek as the trickle of water I was following died out completely. When the tide returned I worked my way across the mud flats westward back into the river. The wind was so strong by this time that I rigged my storm trysail and had a hectic sail to the Medway Yacht Club at about noon. Here I learned that one of their craft, a T 24, had broken up on the Foulness Sands the previous day.

By this time it was blowing great guns as I took the last of the flood to Rochester and came back as far as Chatham to moor for the afternoon. Later on I beat down as far as Hoo Fort and went on the mud, moving in close under the mudflats on the eastern shore at Midnight. By this time the gale warning was out for Thames but I later realised that in this area the Dover forecast is the one to watch for.

Sunday dawned cold and overcast. I laid in my sack until 0630, the latest I have laid at Easter for two years, and left at 0650 for a hard beat to Stansgate Creek at 0830 where I moored for breakfast. By this time I was anxious to phone my wife and decided to go into Halstow Creek. This was a damned silly mistake. It was calm enough on the first of the flood but in the few minutes that I spent ashore making a brief phone call, the rising waters took on a wicked look. I realised that I was on a dead lee shore and that things were going to get worse as the saltings uncovered over towards the main river. My first attempt to get away failed and I was driven back into the wharf against Wendy Mary, an old gaffer and then over onto the ruined wall the other side. She drove hard against the bolts and broken planks and I was almost exhausted holding her off when the crew of the Italanta "Trio" came and took a

line for me to an old barge to windward from where I sailed off safely after recovering my strength and nerves. (Shoal Waters is a Fairy Marine hull so it was appropriate for the Atalanta to help her little sister.)

I anchored for lunch in the lee of the saltings and then worked my way out into the river. After waiting at Sheerness for the evening forecast, I set off across the Thames to anchor for the night at dusk in the Knock at 2030 hours. It was a strange sail, close hauled on the port tack with a heavy swell coming in from the South East.

On Monday I got away at 0400 hours and had to rig full sail for there was very little wind. A misty sail into the Barrow and only just enough wind to get me into Maldon at High Water, a complete contrast to the rest of the trip. In fact I was kedged off the Barrow swatch for nearly an hour before the Easterly breeze came in to save the day.

The total distance covered was 135 miles, 40 miles less than Easter last year, but in view of the high winds, not a bad performance. No engine is used, no oars or paddles are carried.

Charles Stock.

----- AURORA

I first saw "Aurora" in my club yard, up on props, looking very forlorn, and much out of her element on a hot July day, four years ago, with a "for sale" notice on her bowsprit.

Having realised that anno domini was catching up on me, I had, at the age of 60, decided to accept it gracefully, and call it a day as far as dinghy racing was concerned, and look for something a little more stable to potter around in.

"Aurora's" beam to length ratio is colossal. She is 16' 6" long overall with a beam of 8' - repeat eight feet, and only tapering slightly aft to 7' 3" across her transom. This measurement showed every promise of good stability, and I was most certainly intrigued with her traditional rig, which included elm blocks, fife rail, and bronze belaying pins, and gaff sail plan, and a cheeky little bowsprit.

So I bought her, in spite of many criticisms from club "experts" and "know alls". And not knowing myself what a wonderful little craft she was to turn out to be.

Internally, she was in a shocking condition, having more colours than an ice cream parlour - green, yellow, blue, and a horrible sickly orange-cum-red, presumed to represent mahogany. It was a shame for any boat to be so abused. No two floorboards were alike, and 400 lb. of rusty iron ballast was strapped along the centre plate casing. As this was all superficial, I was not put off by it, as all these points could be put right.

I decided to put her in "as she was", and with the very able, and much appreciated advice and assistance of Ed. Wills, our yard foreman, "Aurora" was rigged and launched.

My heart stopped, and my stomach turned over. Water poured in everywhere. All kinds of thoughts passed through my mind. I should have listened to those who criticised my purchase - I'd thrown £185 down the drain, visions of re-caulking, if not re-planking passed through my mind as I frantically pumped with an inadequate bilge pump in an effort to keep pace with the inrush of water.

The wind had freshened, setting up a very nasty lop where I lay, tied up to the club jetty, and I was eventually sea-sick, and feeling very much under the weather.

4.

Eventually the tide was stemmed, until she required pumping out every hour, then every two, until late evening when she was towed out to her mooring, where I left her with much misgiving, and went home for a well earned rest.

Upon returning, very early next morning, I was agreeably surprised to find "Aurora" swinging happily on her mooring, a little low in the water, but very much afloat.

Feeling like a schoolboy with his first bicycle, I pumped her out and proceeded to rig, finding the gaff rig somewhat cumbersome with all the "knitting" involved.

I was very apprehensive of "Aurora"'s behaviour, as I had been warned by the "experts" that with 200 sq. ft. mainsail she would be unmanageable on a run, would have heavy weather helm, and would not go to windward, and that she would behave in general like a "winkle barge".

With a final check on rigging, I backed off jib, dropped mooring, and slipped through anchored boats, headed into channel and sheeted in the main. Wind South West 3 - 4.

"Aurora" literally "took off". She put her nose down, picked up her skirts and started going places - fast, with a very astonished "Yours truly" on the helm wondering what had happened. I had expected, with a boat 16' 6" long and 8' beam, to be plonking along at about 2 knots flat out. I shall never forget the look of astonishment on the face of the helmsman of an "Alacrity" as I sailed through his lee - just off the wind. Some winkle - some barge - an Alacrity does not hang about!!!

I found "Aurora" a positive delight to helm, and, contrary to the critics' forecast, perfectly balanced on the helm on all points of sailing, with a very slight bias to weather, which is as it should be. With correctly trimmed sheets she will sail to windward with a free tiller, enabling me to move about, making up warps, preparing anchor or warps for mooring etc., even brewing up a cuppa.

I have never sailed a boat like her, and felt very happy indeed that my first impression had proved right, and the critics confounded. The only difference being the terrific turn of speed with complete stability, and very little heel with full sail in wind force 3 - 4.

After a most enjoyable day I made for home, and it was now that the advantages of gaff rig made themselves apparent. I had previously figured out that dropping the peak would kill the mainsail, and had made one or two practice pick-ups to familiarise myself with the amount of way left on after killing sail. I found that I could literally sail on to my mooring and "put the brakes on" by dropping the peak, the jib being already furled with furling gear.

So I finished the season with "Aurora" as she was, having decided on her re-fit programme for the winter.

I now found that "Aurora" was actually an authentic copy of the American "Cat-boat" of the 1830's, but had been sloop rigged instead of uni-rigged as were her forebears. She had been built in 1955 by R. W. Clark of Cowes for the 1956 Boat Show. Her builders volunteered the information that she was built in Honduras Mahogany on Oak, and that I would find it worth while to remove the large amount of paint that she had been plastered with all her life.

Now came the serious business of restoration, and this has taken two winters. All floor boards were removed, the sound and uniform ones being retained, and new boards made to match. Every square inch of the inside hull was scraped down to the wood, painted with Cuprinol, followed by two coats metallic primer. The outside of the hull was burnt off and painted two coats primer.

Then came the delicate task of restoring the mahogany brightwork. Normal paint remover was tried, but so many coats of paint were found, that its removal became far too tedious. Burning off was the only answer, but this had to be done very carefully to avoid scorching the thin coaming.

My patience and care was well rewarded, for, under the very numerous coats of paint I found the most perfectly preserved mahogany, a beautiful rich colour. This was rubbed down and oiled to keep out the weather.

The one inch thick thwarts which run three quarters of the length of the large cockpit, and extending underneath the side decks were plastered with the horrible orange paint, and required hours of patient scraping and burning to reveal the lovely mahogany underneath. I blessed the long handled Skarsten scraper, without which the job would have been almost impossible. The thwarts were rubbed down and oiled ready for varnishing with the coaming. The transom, which is one and a half inches thick mahogany was restored in the same way.

The mast and spars had been partially restored by "Aurora"'s previous owner, who had intended to restore the whole boat, but had to give up the idea because of lack of time due to his professional obligations. The spars are all hollow spruce, and extremely light, but obviously quite adequate for their job, as the previous season's sailing had proved.

I was now feeling very pleased with myself. Even in primer, "Aurora" was looking a very trim little craft indeed.

Bill Tarrant, of J. C. Payne Ltd., Poole, personally supervised the making of a new suit of sails, exactly copying the old patched cottons. I made the choice of breaking with tradition and settled for a compromise of 7 oz. tan terylene, which has proved quite in keeping with the boat's character.

Bill excelled himself. "Aurora"'s new terylenes are a thing of joy and beauty to behold, and set like a dream.

We must now introduce "Horace". On, and around Poole Harbour, the name Horace is synonymous with rigging. If it can be rigged, Horace will rig it. If it cannot be rigged, Horace will still rig it. He is on personal terms with nearly every mast in the district. The word "Talurit" is like a red rag to a bull. His wire splicing and serving is immaculate.

"Aurora"'s rig is all stropped, there is not a single metal fitting on the mast. Horace positively drooled at the prospect of re-rigging her, and when he had done so, the job fully lived up to his reputation, and exceeded my expectations.

Re-painting now commenced, the inside hull was finished in light blue-grey, floor boards painted with non-slip teak, stippled to give good foot hold. Deck painted non-slip blue, stippled. Outside hull was undercoated, trowelled in, rubbed down, final undercoat, the normal two coats white gloss. The brightwork, thwarts and coaming were rubbed down, bleached out with oxalic acid and given a final rub down. All varnishing was carried out with two-pack polyurethane, rubbed down to 500 wet and dry, and burnished. The finish fully compensated the hard work put into it.

Ballast was cut up to fit under floor boards, along the hog. Well painted with "Kurust" and red danbolin. Ballast well battened into position.

New sails were bent on, new sail cover, new cockpit cover fitted. Nylon coated outboard bracket bolted on, re-galvanised anchor stowed, and "Aurora" was ready for sea again, dead on time, March 31st.

"Aurora" was fast with her old patched cotton sails. She is even faster with her new terylenes and points higher. The set of the new sails is a credit to Bill Tarrant. Her very smart and trim appearance, and her lively performance are the subject of much comment and complimentary remarks, and has made the effort very much worth while.

The restoration is not yet complete. Now that the major jobs have been done, new deck canvas and rubbing strakes will be fitted, and new highfield levers installed. Some metal work which is painted over will be removed, cleaned, sandblasted and hot nylon coated. These are, however, incidentals which do not detract from appearance or performance at the moment.

Finally, "Aurora" is to have a topsail, which, thanks to the editor of "Yachting Monthly" is not the single handed problem that I imagined. This, I think, will complete a very pretty picture.

When one considers that apart from the fact that she is sloop rigged, "Aurora" is basically a Chesapeake Cat-boat, and follows a tradition dating back to the 1830's, her performance stands in a class of her own. She has no vices, and is as gentle as a kitten when reefed down in a blow, and in a seaway is quite comfortable for even an old codger like me to handle single-handed.

In spite of her low free-board, she takes in very little water in a blow. She has never heard of the word "broach". She sails as efficiently with furled jib, under main only, as she does with full sail - in fact, my first reduction of sail in a blow, is the furling jib by means of furling gear. Her rig, now that I fully understand it, is very handy.

All halyards, jib and main sheets, centre-plate hoist, topping lift, and furling line are situated aft. Everything excepting jib and main sheets, is belayed on a fife rail on the aft end of the centre-plate casing, enabling me to work ship single handed - most of my sailing being done single-handed.

I have both pendant and roller reefing, using the latter for half reef, and the former for full reef if required. Peak halyard can be dropped in a second if I meet a squall - in fact, "Aurora" is far safer and handier for single-handed sailing than a boat with bermuda rig.

As, apart from incidentals, "Aurora" is now fully restored, I look back with pleasure to the enjoyment I have experienced in carrying out the work. "Aurora" seems to appreciate the attention she has received, and repays the effort by giving me countless hours of pleasure, sailing in all conditions, from almost flat calm, with full sail and large cotton genoa, when she just slips along, almost disdainfully passing some modern fibre-glass cruisers, or, fully reefed, under mainsail only, putting her nose in, picking her skirts up and going places - fast.

"Aurora" has certainly confounded her critics, and fully justified my original "hunch" to purchase her. There has been a lot of hard work involved, but the result has certainly justified the means. When one considers that the boat is truly "vintage", of definite origin and ancestry, the full cost has been well worth it. For interest, this breaks down as follows:-

Original purchase price	£185	0	0
Almost new & unused Seagull Outboard	20	0	0
New Sails	56	0	0
New Standing Rigging	25	0	0
Floorboards	5	0	0
Paint, Varnish, etc.	20	0	0
Sail Cover	5	10	0
Cockpit Cover	8	0	0
Incidentals - shackles, blocks, etc.	20	0	0
	£344	10	0

I think on this many times. Where, today, could I get a boat with "Aurora"'s qualities for £350? Chapters have been written about these Cat-boats, and I can well see why. "Aurora" has turned out to be a real treasure, and will see me through my remaining sailing life.

G. R. Millar.

KITCHENER NEEDS YOU

I have no doubt that all of you enjoyed Len Warren's last article as much as I did. Proof of this came from one of our members in the U.S.A.; John M. Leavens, Secretary of the Catboat Association, who wrote:-

"L.J. Warren's story 'Kitchener Needs You' in the 1969/3 Newsletter of the Old Gaffers stirred some nostalgic memories. During World War II, I was stationed with the Headquarters of the 8th Air Force in High Wycombe where my quarters were heated with a cast iron stove, the fire in which was carefully laid the night before so that on awakening in the morning I could toss in a match and have the room full of smoke and a modicum of heat to stand between me and the morning chill. On my rounds as an Inspector General through our air bases in East Anglia, I frequently encountered even more ancient coal stoves than mine. Two stood out in my memory. One was the Rose which gained its name from the fact that a rose was cast into the iron fire door. Sometime later this model had evidently been updated into the second model which was known as the Victoria Rose. What made all the difference in the two otherwise identical stoves, was the profile of Queen Victoria cast into each of the two front legs.

"Anyone in the United States that has had experience with a Shipmate stove, I am sure, would enjoy 'Kitchener Needs You', although some editing may be necessary to adjust for differences in language as spoken in England and as spoken in the United States. Would you and L.J. Warren permit me to adapt and run the article, with due credit to both the Old Gaffers and the author? If so, there are a few questions that I need to have answered.

"Is 'Kitchener' a manufacturer's brand name for a particular boat stove or is it a generic name for any coal-burning boat stove?

"Was the 'Kitchener' named for Lord Kitchener of Khartoum and Broome or is there some implicit tie in the title 'Kitchener Needs You' to a slogan used in recruiting for Lord Kitchener's World War I volunteer army?

"Kitchen nuts - I assume this is a grade size of coal for use in small stoves. From my youth I remember buckwheat, nut, pea and egg as coal sizes and I often speculated on the reasons why coal merchants used names descriptive of food to merchandise their inedible product.

"Please congratulate the author for me on a very interesting story."

John M. Leavens

Len himself has benefitted from this article. In a letter to me he wrote:-

"In our absence, a large pantechicon had made a special delivery of 6 brand-new tins of 'Zebo' for the Kitchener stove, with the compliments of Reg Percival.

"A letter from 'Yachting Monthly' asking for permission to publish the 'Kitchener needs you' article - I hope you have no objections. What is the rate per thousand words?

"With a dozen repair jobs to do, Hurriedly yours,"

Len Warren.

To prove that "Glad Times" is continuing to provide "Thrills, fun and excitement", Len has sent the following account of her latest exploits:

HECTIC TIMES ON THE GLAD TIMES

Brian broached the subject after the second pint. "If I buy a tree from the Forestry Commission, will you fetch it back from the Deben for me?" He wanted a mast for his boat, I wanted an excuse to sail to the Deben, so the matter was clinched by the third pint.

Negotiations were opened with the Chief Forester at Woodbridge for a selected 30 ft. Douglas fir to be delivered, trimmed and de-barked, to the barge quay by the Ramsholt Arms, for a total cost of £3. I ordered one as well - it would always come in handy, even if we never used it.

Looking at our 24 ft. Old Gaffer "Glad Times", we decided that with two trees strapped across her chest on deck, there would be a surfeit of top-hamper, so we took the heavy boom off and fitted vangs to the gaff in true bawley style.

The problem of ensuring that the 6 ft. overhang of the trees at the stem would not interfere with the jib and the bowsprit, was solved rather neatly. A motor-barge, loaded with 300 tons of grain, hit the boat on her mooring, and tore the bowsprit and jib off her. She was pulled over on to her beam-ends, then the jib traveller broke at the weld and she bounced back again. It will take more than that to put an Old Gaffer down! Hurriedly re-stowing ballast and gear, and pumping out, we carried on with our preparations. From the bosun's chair, the jib eye-bolt at the top of the mast looked badly mangled; but with a delivery date to keep, we turned a blind eye.

We left Brandy Hole on the evening ebb, and motored 10 miles through calm, dark water to anchor at the mouth of the Crouch as lightning flickered in the clouds out at sea.

At daybreak, goose-pimpled by a cold drizzle, we headed for the Deben, 35 miles away. With a North West 3 - 4, "Glad Times", looking rather snub-nosed without a jib and 'sprit, ploughed through the Spitway, and up the Wallet. Off Harwich a line squall hit us, and in a flurry of rain and hail we started the engine and scurried across the shipping channel. We swirled into the Deben on the first of the flood, and watery sunshine showed us 2 white, gleaming spars laid out on the quay.

George the waterman was our contact man ashore, and the business of inspection, loading and despatch of our cargo was discussed in the best of all possible surroundings - the bar of the Ramsholt Arms.

Next day, as gales blew themselves out at sea, we came alongside, and with much puffing and blowing, man-handled the spars aboard. I cut 11 ft. off one, for a new bowsprit, and lashed it on the starboard side-deck. The others were stowed and lashed, stem and stern, to port.

With cargo secured, we met the Chief Forester, a delightful Welshman known as Jones the Wood, settled our account and drank the profits.

Looking like a cross between a Thames barge and an Arab dhow, we meandered up to Waldringfield and called at the cottage home of an Old Gaffer. He was out harvesting, so we left a cryptic note under his door-knocker.

There was still plenty of weight in the wind when we left next morning, with 3 reefs in, and wishing it could be 4. We wallowed through the Rolling Ground off Harwich with the old boat complaining at the extra weight. By the time we reached the Spitway it was gusting Force 6 so the main came off and we ran through under foresail only. Even so, large lumps of solid water came aboard. When the alarm clock rang, I picked up the transistor, for a forecast, and watched, fascinated, as water streamed out of it. Then the tiller gave an ominous shiver and, looking back, I could see a crack in the paint on the rudder cheek opening up every time the tiller kicked.

"Don't look so worried", said Brian as I sat chewing my nails, and weighing up the chances of nailing floorboards to one of the spars and lashing it to the transom as a steering oar, a la Chinese junk.

In the lee of the Buxey, things improved, and with a beam wind we stormed into the Crouch. To maintain the reputation of water transport as being cheap, reliable and punctual, we revved up the engine as the wind slackened, and picked up our mooring just on time.

Discharging our cargo was, literally, "As easy as rolling off a log". As we let go the shrouds, they splashed overboard and floated ashore.

Now we had to get down to the job of repairing the collision damage. First the sails and rigging were stripped off, and arrangements made for the mast to be unstepped. It had not been disturbed for nearly ten years, so the chopper was made handy for cutting the tap-root, but it came out as clean as a whistle. Then, after the underwriters had surveyed the damage, we sent them the repair bill.

To claim our right to do our own repairs, we quoted our membership of the Old Gaffers Association - "an organisation that fosters a breed of independent old gaffers (I mean yachtsmen) who scorn the help of outside agencies to restore and maintain their old-fashioned gaff-rigged boats in good sailing trim". This must have struck a sympathetic chord in the insurance company, and they gave us their blessing. Their hope "that the matter would be conducted in an atmosphere of mutual trust" offered an intriguing challenge to our integrity.

Evidently they approved of our estimate and soon sent a most welcome cheque. This covered, apart from cost of materials and labour, such items as "boiling alarm clock in fresh water" (it had finished up in the bilge) and "extra beer" needed when composing and typing out the necessary letters (harder and thirstier work than repairing boats).

If you have to be run down by a barge, make sure that the underwriters are British Marine Mutual, for sympathetic treatment and prompt settlement. (No charge for a biased recommendation, B.M.M.!)

To date, the repairs have just been finished, and we are using our enforced early 'lay-up' to do all the jobs that should have been done last year and never seem to be finished.

With new jib and bowsprit, "Glad Times" will look smarter than ever, ready for the next consignment of Douglas Firs. I wonder who handles the contract for that Christmas Tree in Trafalgar Square

L. J. Warren.

NOVEMBER PARTIES

The annual party held at the Maldon Little Ship Club on Saturday November 8th was an outstanding success. As usual the club room was packed. Our guest speaker for the evening was J. D. Sleightholme, Editor of Yachting Monthly and creator of the prototype O.G.A. member Old Harry. Des had promised to talk on gear, and in a few minutes he had the audience convulsed with laughter. However, many of his most amusing comments had a solid backing of serious fact. His comparison of the seagoing repairability of old gaffers and modern Bermudian ocean racers echoed that made some years ago by one of our members who has sailed round the world and has considerable experience of both rigs. Comments on modern highly stressed stainless steel gear left us wondering how Des can feel safe when he sails on a modern boat! The talk was liberally laced with anecdotes from the speaker's vast sailing experience, although one doubts whether Des did actually meet the two queers who hired a twin-screw motor cruiser on the Norfolk Broads!

The usual refreshments prepared by the wives of members, were enjoyed, and the necessary business was got through in the usual five minutes or so. Our President Alec Rangabe had come up from Portsmouth for the week-end, but preferred to remain in the background and leave the bulk of the talking to Mr. Sleightholme.

After the supper interval Ian Edmond and his son Colin organised a show of colour slides of the 1969 East Coast Race and some taken on an Ocean Youth Club cruise aboard Theodora.

The following week-end saw another well attended party at the Emsworth Slipper Sailing Club, organised by Fred Hillier and his usual helpers. The election of the Solent Area Committee brought a few changes, the addition of Messrs. Stephenson, Muirhead and Waddington strengthening an already strong body.

FOR SALE HYPATIA, 39' gaff ketch, built Watkins, London, 1896. Teak on oak. New gear. Tanned terylene sails. Ford Fisherboy engine 1967/8. New electrics 1968. Spars 1964. Decks re-caulked P.R.C. rubber 1968. £1,800. (Less than amount spent on refitting over past 3 years. Essential that prospective owner is someone who will take care of a very beautiful ship.)
 A. Smith, The Pightle, Great Bentley, Essex. Great Bentley 380/390.

BOY MARTIN 18' x 7', $\frac{3}{4}$ decked gaff sloop, centreboard. Built Leigh-on-Sea 1948. New suit terylene sails 1968, two suits useable cotton sails. New drop rudder, plate case, 1969. Brass pump, oars, winter cover, camping cover, all ropes and blocks in good order. Winner Class III E.C. Race, 1969. £235 o.n.o.
 P. Willetts, 82 Pennine, 20 Coleman St., Southend, Essex.
 Southend 73786 (Daytime only)

SEMPER FIDELIS 4 ton TM cutter, Regd. London. 21' x 19' 6" x 7' 6" x 3' 9". Built Hillyard 1939. Pitch pine & larch on oak & elm. Usual cruising gear, plus 4 h.p. Stuart-Turner, Baby-Blake W.C., bogey-stove, single burner Primus in gimbles. Hull and gear maintained to very high standard. £800.
10' CLINKER DINGHY (ex-R.N.) in very good condition, but needs new bottom boards. £40.
 D. Scurry, 22a Leigh Hill, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex. Southend 79421.

EVE 4 ton TM cutter. 23' x 19' x 7' 6" x 3' 8". Built and designed A. R. Luke at Hamble, 1903. Pitch pine on grown and steamed frames, lead keel, new stainless steel keel bolts. 2/3 berth. 7 sails, some new 1969. Major refit 1968 when new standing and running rigging. 2 burner Primus and all gear as cruised with, inc. L/S Seagull Century and 7' 6" pram dinghy which stores on deck. 2nd overall in 1969 O.G. Race. £350.
 E. W. Tritton, 8 Beechwood Ave., Farnborough, Orpington, Kent.

EAST COAST CRUISE Will any members interested in making up a party for a week's E.C. cruise on the large ketch Solvig, starting July 18th 1970 and ending with the E.C. Race, please contact Mrs. J. Harker, The Post House, Abberton, Colchester, Essex.
 Tel: Peldon 413.

CUTLASS 47' clipper-bowed ketch; regular entrant in the East Coast Race. To be sold with complete inventory as the present owner can not find time to make full use of her. Details of price, availability of mooring, etc. from :
 A. Hall, Crooked Billet, Ash, Near Sevenoaks, Kent. West Ash 485.

WINTER SOCIAL MEETING at R.A.F. Hamble on Saturday, 28th February. Please contact Michael Millar at 107 Baker Street, London, W1M 1FE.
 Tel: 01-935 9300.