

Gaffers Log

SUMMER
AUTUMN 1995

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION



Star of the West

Star of the West



Madcap Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter - Dublin Bay OGA Race Howth 1994
Photo by Stephen Clarkson

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

President:

DAVID CADE
Steps Cottage, Playden, Rye,
Sussex
TN31 7NT
Tel: 01797 223040

Hon. Sec. & Membership Secretary

DICK DAWSON
West Tye Cottage, Tyes Cross,
Sharpthorne, West Sussex
RH19 4HT Tel: 01342 810303

Hon. Treasurer:

GEORGE BEAGLEY
1 Netherdale Close, Wyde
Green, Sutton Coldfield, West
Midlands B72 1YW
Tel: 0121 350 0088

Newsletter Editor:

JAY CRESSWELL
17 Kestrel Road, Newburgh,
Aberdeenshire AB41 0FF
Tel: 01358 789855

Boat Register:

PAT DAWSON
West Tye Cottage, Tyes Cross,
Sharpthorne, West Sussex
RH19 4HT Tel: 01342 810203

AREA SECRETARIES AND REPRESENTATIVES

East Coast:

Jon. Wainwright, Port View, New
Road, Mistley, Manningtree, Essex
CO11 2AE Tel: 01206 393537

Medway and North Kent:

Lena Reekie, 5 Station Road,
Faversham, Kent ME13 8EB
Tel: 01795 534212

Cinque Ports:

David Cade, Steps Cottage, New
England Lane, Playden, Rye,
E. Sussex TN31 7NT
Tel: 01797 223040

Solent:

Graham Benton, 34 Gravel Lane,
Ringwood Hants BH24 1LN
Tel: 01425 470400

South West:

Paul Vincent, Brambletorre,
Dittisham, Dartmouth, Devon
TQ6 OHZ Tel: 01803 722227

Cornwall:

Mike Collins, Prince Regent
House, Perranwell, Truro, Cornwall
TR3 6LF Tel: 0872 863096

Bristol Channel:

Bart. Wordsworth, 54 Leopold
Road, Bristol BS6 5BS
Tel: 01272 247076

North West:

Jim Forrester, Rose Cottage,
Utkinton Lane, Cotebrook,
Tarporey, Cheshire CW6 0JH
Tel: 01829 733031

Dublin Bay:

Yves Chavanne, 1 Meadow Dale,
Hartstown, Clonsilla, Dublin 15,
Eire Tel: 010-535-1 8216219

Northern Ireland:

Alan Hidden, 4 Malone View
Avenue, Belfast BT9 5PJ
Tel: 01232 612233

Clyde:

Jim Mcniven, 5 Mirrlees Drive,
Kirklee, Glasgow G12 0SH
Tel: 0141 429 4235

France:

Thierry Eustache, 8 Bel Air, 22490,
Plouer, France

Germany:

Alexander Nurnberg,
Bleickenallee 8, 2000 Hamburg
50, Germany.

O.G.A. of U.S.A.:

Leonard G. Kavanagh, 88 Lenox
Road, Nahant, MA 01908, USA

O.G.A. Vancouver:

Peter M. Heiberg, 2676 W. 13th
Avenue, Vancouver, B.C.,
Canada V6K 2T3

O.G.A. Western Australia:

Frank. D. Marchant, P.O. Box 111,
Claremont 6010, Western
Australia

There are no Area Secs. for the following areas:
Channel Islands North East

The following abbreviations are used throughout the newsletter to denote OGA areas

NE - North East	SOL - Solent	BD - Dublin Bay	FR - France
EC - East Coast	SW - South West	NW - North West	GER - Germany
MNK - Medway	CWL - Cornwall	USA - U.S.A.	CAN - Canada
& North Kent	BC - Bristol Channel	SCO - Scotland	WA - Western Australia
CP - Cinque Ports	NI - Northern Ireland		

John McDonagh

Maritime Bookseller

Rare, Out-of-Print & Modern Books

Bought & Sold

Free Catalogue

117 Rothbury Road

DURHAM

DH1 5QB

Tel: 0191 384 2603

Fax: 0191 384 0221

Custom Bronze hardware
Lamps - Oil & Electric
Ash Blocks
Spunflex Rope
Saddles & Travellers
Anglefield Clips
Cleats & Fairleads



Mainsheet Horse & Pinrails
Anchor Equipment
Rigging Screws & Wire
Interior Fittings
Nails and other fasteners
Etc etc etc

Catalogue from Classic Marine
Lime Kiln Quay, Woodbridge, Suffolk
IP12 1BD

Association Stock List

	Size	U.K.	OVERSEAS
Burgees	18"	£ 9.75	£ 10.25
	24"	£ 11.50	£ 11.75
	30"	£ 14.00	£ 14.50
Membership Flags	12"	£ 9.75	£ 10.25
	15"	£ 11.50	£ 11.75
	18"	£ 14.00	£ 14.50
Ties (Multi-Motif)		£ 5.00	£ 5.50
Brooches		£ 3.00	£ 3.50
Cap Badges	Small	£ 5.50	£ 6.00
	Large	£ 6.00	£ 6.50
Sweatshirts		£ 13.50	£ 14.50
Polo Shirts		£ 12.50	£ 13.50

Both available in Navy, White, Red, Green and Grey. Sizes S, M, L, XL, XXL

Embroidered boat name on sweatshirt or polo shirt (allow upto four weeks for delivery) £2.00

Special Orders Please ask about delivery time and price for other sizes and colours.

Prices include postage and packing - surface mail for overseas.

Please send orders, with cheque or postal order, payable to Old Gaffers Association (overseas members can pay by Eurocheque or by a draft on a London bank) and if possible, a self addressed label to:-

Mark Taylor, 5 Hawthorn Close, Colden Common,
Winchester, Hants SO23 1TW Tel: (01962) 715042

Orders will not be despatched until payment has been received.

NOTE: Stocks of some items are currently held by -

Brian Hammett (01277) 821481 - East Coast

All advertisements are published in good faith and, subject to editing, as received from contributors but we cannot guarantee or accept any responsibility for their accuracy of description.

Witch - 1936 Blackwater sloop. An immaculate example of the pretty three tonners designed and built by Dan Webb & Feasey at Maldon. Pitch pine on oak, cutter rigged with a 4hp inboard. Lying afloat at West Mersea, all ready to go. £4,630 Contact Stephen Marsh (01206) 735272

Mary Amelia (OGA No 1132) - Leigh cockle bawley. 48ft LOA, 34ft LOD. Gaff cutter. Larch and pitch pine on oak. Built 1914 but completely rebuilt in 1982 by F. Webb, Pinmill. Lister 3-cylinder air cooled diesel, 20hp, 8 knots. 6 Berth, refitted 1992, new multi-fuel stove in charming saloon. Traditional rig, sails by Jim Lawrence 1984 in good condition. Lying Wivenhoe, Essex. £26,000 ono. Offers please Contact Stephanie on (01376) 561730 (work no.)

Gear For Sail

Iron Ballast Bars. Approx 32in x 5in x 5in, each weighs 37Kgs (82lbs). Total of 17 bars available. £10 each or £100 to clear the lot. Buyer collects. Lying Essex.

Aquadrive flexible prop shaft coupling, rated 120HP, approx 10 years old, unused since rebuilt by manufacturers. £750

31in diameter 3-bladed bronze propeller - offers.

Contact John Sadd on Essex (01621) 891803

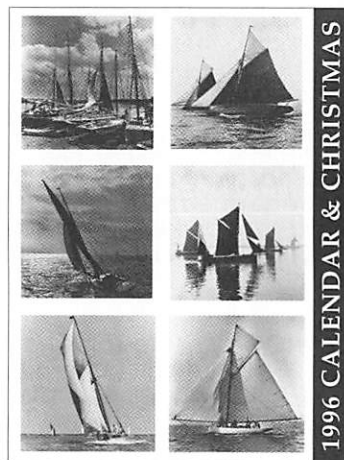
Wanted

INFORMATION on the whereabouts of any small long keeled gaff yawl, in or out of commission, present rig immaterial, which might be for sale. Contact Jane Buckley (01223) 352182

CHRISTMAS IDEAS

Christmas looms ever closer and the new year will soon be here. Enclosed in this issue of the Log is a leaflet for the cards and calendars by the renown east coast photographer, Den Phillips.

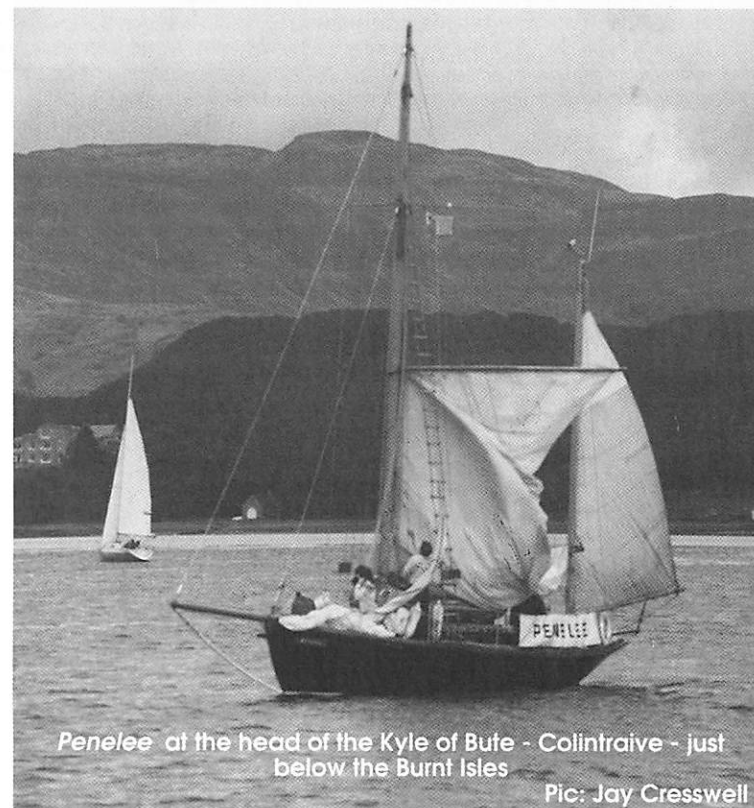
Den is an OGA member who specialises in photographing classic craft of all types; barges, smacks, bawleys, yachts, dinghies etc.



All calendars and cards sold to OGA members will attract a commission and thereby help to swell the funds. This will help us to continue to provide the highest level service to our members.

Please remember to state your OGA membership number (this can be found on the address label of the Log envelope) or make it clear your order is for an OGA member.

Members of other areas might be interested to know that Den work is not exclusively east coast based. Give her a ring, she may well have a picture of your craft in her library.



THE last Log was late, very late. This issue is behind schedule too and the primary reason for this slippage was the lack of coastal notes or almost lack as NIOGA and East Coast material came in just as I gave up waiting.

I have helmed the Log for getting on for four years, but I've not until now experienced such a lack of drive on the part of area secretaries to provide or delegate the provision of race reports ... not even the South-East had responded by the supposed deadline for this issue - mid October.

Between the time of writing this editorial and printing, some other coastal notes will doubtless have drifted in but NOT made this issue. Most of us suffer from the 'manana' syndrome ... up here it's the Hebridean Rot ... to some extent, but the situation regarding the race reports has got out of hand.

The last Log was almost on the presses before what little there was came in. That simply isn't good enough. Nor is my being late with any of the Logs. Yup! I admit it, but then I don't have a nice Nine to Five job and a predictable family life like many OGA members into which I can reliably slot the primary means of communications between OGA members.

An example of how hard it is to catch me on the 'phone happened just a few days ago. One member called up around 9.30am just as I was heading out the door for another 12-hour slog. The opening quip was: "I was told I wouldn't catch you in". It was Sue Too's owner, Roy Loram (See letter)

My being hard to pin down on the 'phone does not however stop anyone putting quill to parchment and scribing an epistle for inclusion, or limerick - no one has ever sent one - or whatever. So far, only one suggestion for the Tom Cunliffe quip contest has been received here in Ultima Thule where Gaffers are thin on the ground.

Anyway, I'm tired of rabbiting on. If we want a Log ... a successful wee publication by most if not all accounts ... then more of us have to make an effort or I shall withdraw into the shadows that concealed me as an OGA member for so many years. Perhaps I should resign in protest ... like those members, or ex members, who jacked in the OGA because their Log was late.

There! I've got it off my chest.

Anyway, let's change the subject ... to hookers. No I'm not referring to ladies of the night, but those buxom beauties of Ireland ... the dark-sailed hookers.

I well remember the first time I ever clapped eyes on one. She was the big *American Mor*, which is mentioned in Gillian Mill's excellent account of this year's Howth Festival.

American Mor was like nothing else I had seen. I was in my late teens/early 20's aboard the pre-war Hillyard sloop *Tarlair* at the time. We were minding our own business in the Crinan Canal doing nothing much, when this big beast of a hooker came waddling by, all dark, basic (compared to *Tarlair*) and magnificent. She was heading north.

Since then I suppose I've seen three or four, including one at the entrance of Strangford Lough in the late 1980s, name forgotten, and another wee one at the Tyrell yard in Arklow when picking up a fishing boat around 1983. The last mentioned - I never knew its name - was being restored.

For a long time I only thought there was one kind of hooker ... a Gallway hooker. It was John de Courcy Ireland's excellent 'Ireland's Sea Fisheries - a History' that put me right on that point. For example, there were also Skerries, Kinsale and Connemara hookers.

Nor were they all cutters. The Kinsale variety was/could be schooner rigged ... rakish and reminiscent of the Liverpool pilot schooner in its cut.

I suppose if there is a second point to this editorial, then it is to say that there were many more varieties of 'Classic' workboat types than I think many of us imagine, perhaps someone out there would scribble something about the different types of oyster smacks, now so dominated by the Essex variety, not forgetting the Falmouth working boats.

Jay Cresswell
Hon. Editor

NB. I absolutely must have all coastal notes and other contributions in by the end of November to ensure the next Log appears pre-Christmas.

Part 2 of Sheila's rebuild has been held over to that issue.

Boats For Sail

Macaria (OGA No. 73) 1922 gaff yawl LOA 34ft LWL 27ft 6in Beam 9ft 6in Draft 5ft 6in.

Builder Dickie of Tarbert. Restored over several years to present immaculate condition. Mahogany and pitch pine on oak, new teak deck, new Volvo diesel, new mast, sails and rigging, six berts, original mahogany interior.

A rare example of an unspoilt classic yacht ready to sail. Contact Gordon Findlay for full details. (01698) 358111 (Day) or (0141 427) 5993 (Home).



Macaria

Tidebird (OGA 577) 20ft John Leather designed gaff cutter New Blossom class. Centreplate, clinker larch on oak frames, interesting history, 6HP Volvo.

Built Ian Brown, Rowhedge 1965. Extensive professional refit including new deck this season. recent OGA race winner. Well equipped in excellent condition. Lying Woodbridge. Contact, Ken Moss on Bucks (01753) 888473 for further details.

Sea Eagle (OGA 1579) for sale (see pic on page 27). Ferro hull gaff cutter 40ft LOA 33ft 6in LOD 11ft Beam. Designed by Chris Petrie with sailplan drawn by Percy Dalton. A fast handy cruising boat which has won several gaffers races. New Yanmar 3GM diesel engine. Very well equipped with lots of recent sails. £25,000. Lying Faversham.

Contact Edwin Braken on (0181-771) 1694

Adelle (OGA No 789) 2.5Ton gaff Blackwater sloop. 18ft 6in LOA 6ft 5in Beam 3ft Draft.

Built Dan Webb. Maldon 1962, mahogany on oak. Vire 7 petrol engine. new standing rigging and foresails. Stout and fast little boat. Very successful and enjoyable OGA racewinner. In excellent condition. With or without trailer. Contact Ray Austen on (01621) 773310 for full details.



Adelle

rest of you?

On this basis do you think we need an OGA in its present form any more?

O.G.A. - EAST COAST LITTLE GAFFERS RACE

Held at Dabchicks Sailing Club on 23rd September 1995

by Sue Taylor

THE weather for second attempt to hold the Little Gaffers/Open Boats Rally could not have been more different from that in "flaming" June when it blew a gale then poured with rain and the competitors decided that watching World Cup rugby (in even heavier rain) with a pint or three was more attractive. This time round brought bright sunshine and a nice breeze for the 24 boats on (or in the vicinity of) the start line for a running start against the flood tide. A wall of sail resulted in limited visibility and one boat modified her 'spanker' on an incoming trawler!

As September usually produces strong winds, the course had been set in the Mersea creeks starting from the Dabchicks Sailing Club line, out through Besom, round Cobmarsh Island, into Salcott, Ray and Strood Channels, with a final leg round Packing Marsh Island and back to the Dabchicks to finish.

Unfortunately the breeze which had helped the 'go fast brigade' round most of the course decided to decrease with the turn of the tide and then disappear as the ebb really got going which caused great disappointment and frustration to the smaller and slower boats, several of which had to retire. Greater still was the upset to Susan and her crew because when doing well she impaled herself on a stake off the end of Packing Marsh Island. A support boat was at hand and assisted the intrepid Huggett and Wainwright ashore. Hopefully Susan will seen afloat again shortly.

Usually there is a pursuit race after lunch, but by this time lack of water and complete lack of wind (apart from the

verbal variety coming from the bar) decided the organiser to cancel that part.

Prizes were awarded as follows:

Over 12'

The America's Trophy

Woody Phil Plumtree

2nd

Pewit Will Baker

3rd

Native Steve Johnson

4th

Froggie Gerald Swift

12' & under

Tadpole Trophy

Jaid David Cooper

(The only finisher in this class)

Plodders Pot

Calypso Steve Marfleet

After the presentation (and a few more beers) we were joined at the Dabchicks by members of the Maldon Little Ship Club who had cruised to Mersea during the day for supper, a quiz and music. A good time was had by all.

Resignation of Judi Lomas

Judi's resignation as Membership Secretary came just too late to be reported in the last Log. Judi performed an excellent job for the year or so that she filled the position, sometimes under rather trying circumstances. I would like to put on record, on behalf of us all, my thanks for all her hard work.

For the time being I have taken the job over again, so all membership queries to me please, not Judi.

Dick Dawson



Sue Too before rigging as a lugger

71 Sidney Street
Brightlingsea
Colchester
Essex CO7 0BE

Dear Mr Cresswell,

It was nice talking to you this morning and since I have a few moments to spare I will put down what I have done to my yacht this summer.

My yacht *Sue Too* was put up for sale in October 1994 with Woodrolf Brokerage in Tollesbury Essex and stayed there until April 1995 when she was withdrawn from the market.

Finding that I had a yacht which I could not easily sail singlehanded my next thought was how did I alter the rig to as to be able to sail her comfortably in my advancing years, being 70 in 1996. That concentrates the mind wonderfully and I set about investigating different rigs suitable for my type of hull - long keel with maximum draft aft. Having read all about Nigel Irens modern racing luggers and having always been interested in the lug rig, I set about designing a lugger rig for *Sue Too*.

All the lug calculation done and having had them checked by sail maker Jim Lawrence who said that there was no need to alter them, I proceeded to alter *Sue Too* to a lugger, two masted for ease of handling on my own and with everything being controlled from the cockpit.

The main mast was lengthened to go through the foredeck, the heel being stepped conveniently in a stowage locker in the fo'c's'l and the mizzen mast stepped in the cockpit well being supported by two transverse bulkheads under the cockpit floor. The foredeck was strengthened where the mast went through the kingplank.

The main mast was scarfed and lengthened, the boom shortened and the gaff had the jaws cut off and scarfed and lengthened to the new measurements. The mizzen was the original mast (for gaff rig to the designers drawings which did not stand up to the mainsail he had designed for it and I had to get a new stronger mast made) was cut down to the required size and a new boom and spar made to the new measurements.

Going on the principal that 'if it looks good it will be good', everything went according to plan and, on sailing trials the yacht sailed very well indeed and exceeded my expectations. There were a few minor alterations and when these were completed the performance was even better.

I had to learn to sail *Sue Too* in a different way, though like sailing a gaff rig you have to sail her through the wind, putting the helm over slowly otherwise she will simply stay head to wind and go nowhere.

The mizzen must not be in too tight otherwise she will not tack trough the wind.

The luff of both sails must be very taught to give the proper flow to the sails and if you don't you may get a bit more weather helm.

With this lug rig *Sue Too* is sailing faster and with less angle of heel in turn making for very relaxed sailing which was what I wanted.

Both sails have double topping lifts and lazy-jacks to control the yards going up and down and on their leaders to keep them into the masts; also on the main yard a leader on the heel to stop it from capsizing on to someone's head, this arrangement is very good for sailing single handed.

I am looking forward to a very interesting 1996 sailing season and hoping for a summer like we have just had.

Roy Loram



Sue Too shows clean cut elegance as a lugger

wore my shorts, as over 20 gaffers made their way to Stone point at Walton. Part of the frivolities involved a passage race. This was won handsomely by the 1860 built bawley, *Good Intent*, sporting a new set of sails complete with "New Zealand Endeavour" style sail cover.

OGA cartoonist Mike Peyton was second in *Touchstone*, followed by the beautiful cutter *Sauntress*. With the light winds as they were, local boats did not stand a chance, but the smack yacht *Merlin* put up a very creditable performance.

At the anchorage, it was very pleasing to see two new boats at our rally - Mike Burn's exquisitely refurbished *Sheila* from the Deben, and John Huggett's rebuilt smack *Daisy Bell* from Mistley.

After the barbecue and party on Stone Point, the next morning dawned with a very ugly forecast and rising wind. The short course to the Stour was set. With the wind set North of West, a lee was gained from the land for committee boat *Lady Dorothy* to start the race. It was quite a sight to see the gaffers, now down to the "Dirty Dozen" straining away in the strong wind in the smooth water. Some excellent examples of bow waves were seen as *Good Intent* and *Daisy Bell* fought it out. *Merlin* chased *Deva* hard forcing her to set the third jib. *Touchstone* and *Sauntress*, both like *Deva* setting topsails over reefed mains, fought it out to be first round the Dovercourt breakwater, clipping close enough to make the anglers reel in.

The fleet was still going well, North Sea cutter *Avola*, Scottish Ferry *Witch* and smack yacht *Merlin* smoking along in the reaching wind. *Sauntress* went through *Deva* like a dose of salts, her deep hull and efficient sails really doing the business, only to be thwarted by a ferry coming through past the Guard. With a cartoonist chuckle, *Touchstone* shot off into the distance.

But, once round Shotley Spit, someone turned the fan on - double power. In those restricted waters with fierce tides as well, the waters boiled and became very uncomfortable for all. Firstly *Merlin* retired, then *Witch*, *Avola*, *Pleione* fol-

lowed by the smacks. On *Deva* we hung on to our reef and topsail in desperation because we could not think of anything else to do. *Sauntress* just took it all in her stride and thrashed up the river, to pip *Touchstone* almost on the finish line at Wrabness.

She then sailed over to *Deva* to give her finish time, for the committee boat could not make over the weather to beat the surviving gaffers.

For the record, *Sauntress* was first, *Touchstone* was second and *Deva* was third, both in line honours and handicap.

MALDON ANNIVERSARY RALLY 29/30 SEPTEMBER

It is with great regret that this rally had to be cancelled through lack of support. Only a dozen meals had been ordered, and five boats entered by the due date.

For newcomers to the OGA, it may interest them to know that the Association was formed in September 1963 at the Maldon Little Ship Club, when the East Coast and Solent Areas had a rare meeting of like minds to form an organization which over the next 30 years spread to the corners of the world.

It is a pity no one on the Politburo (admittedly they are not East Coast these days) or 97 % of East Coast Membership could be bothered to celebrate this.

My apologies to Brenda who organised the club and the meals and had to cancel both. I had also to cancel David Warner on *Island Maid* who had booked time off to run committee boat and the Colne Yacht Club, where we were to have had the prizegiving, and apologise to those faithfuls who had entered.

In order not to waste a weekend pass and entrapped crew, I accepted an invite on the Osea Classic Yacht and Smack Race. I had a great time taking part, in a 50 boat race, and a good social afterwards on the Island. For me it was less stress and no hassle, but what about the

a 30-knot wind made it impossible to do anything now. Furthermore, somebody had collapsed my chart table in the process!

The only navigation information I had now was an approximation of the course to steer allowing for four tides, i.e. the rhumb line. Unfortunately we were going so fast that it was going to be a three tide passage, and our course was far too high or to the west as a result.

Indeed our first inkling of land in a horrible grey dawn was the wrong country, Belgium instead of Holland, but at least we were up wind of our destination. It was a miserable drag up the coast, after a sleepless night (two in my case), and the following seas were quite a problem for a worn out crew. Eventually I decided to lower the main and run under headsails for the last bit, as the risk of a gybe in our condition was so great. It was a long old drag to the finish line, as we were only doing about four knots or so. We crossed at about 0800, some 16.5 hrs out of Harwich, average speed made good 4.85 knots. However, we sailed over 15 miles further than we should have done, a speed through the water well over 5.5 knots. On the horizon, we could see the sails of *Aquila*, the Hillyard, but no-one else. This is the trouble with these offshore races, they are very lonely at the finish. From the line in, we opted for the northern Oude Roompot Channel to go in, which was a very great mistake. The tide was sluicing out at a horrific rate, causing huge steep breaking seas, not the best situation for a low freeboard prawner stern and an open cockpit. At least that is what the ignorant would think, for actually she never came near to being pooped, however bad or broken the sea, her stern lifting to the occasion.

Those last couple of miles took over three and a half hours to sail, but at least we could go straight into the lock at Roompotsluis and out into the Oosterschelde. Roompot Marina was a fine sight with the classic fleet augmented by Dunkirk Little Ships and more Dutch craft.

Gradually we began to piece together

an account of the race. *Noorderzon* had relished the big breeze (according to one passage maker registering 35 knots over the deck) and carried her spinnaker throughout, clearly getting ready for her official Fastnet debut. *Elfreda* had her cockpit filled with a wave, *Hardy* had to lower her mainsail and run under headsails, the strain being too much for her small crew. *Mal-de-mer* affected many on what had turned out to be a fast but uncomfortable passage. What had kept many people going was the thought that however bad it was for them, it had to be worse on *Deval*!

Noorderzon's crossing time of 12.4 hours was not that much more than the commercial ferry crossing, and gave her first place. The conditions also suited *Mary Ritchie*, her strong and deep West Country hull revelling in the high seas she crossed in 14.9 hours coming second place on handicap. *Deva's* good first half in the reaching legs had given her position until the wind drew aft and her navigation system went down, sufficient to take third place ahead of *Avola*. *Fantesa* was the first classic, followed by the smack *Sunbeam* and *Hardy*. But with the following wind, it was clearly a passage for gaff rig, and the results reflected this.

After a slap-up meal ashore and a free beer from the DCYR at their reception, we were all set to enjoy ourselves for Hellevoetsluis and the week ahead.

Read on about Hellevoetsluis in the next issue of the Log.

WALTON & STOUR RALLY, AUGUST 1995

I do not see why Anglian Water does not sponsor our rally. They had employed rain dancers, John Selwyn Gummer, everyone to release East Anglia from the driest summer since records began. Yet all it took was a double barbecue billing to bring rain and gales for a whole month and longer.

The event started peaceably enough. I remember it well. It was the last time I

2 Whitehall Manor
Churchstow
Kingsbridge TQ7 3QR

Dear Mr Cresswell

THE accident which marred this year's Nioulargue Regatta, in which a life was lost when a Six Metre was caught under the lee bow of the schooner *Marlette* (180 tons), should concentrate the minds of all events organisers, race committees and officers of the day.

There are enough risks involved in yacht racing - wind and sea make sure of that - without creating conditions in which the risks are multiplied to an unacceptable extent.

Ever since an incident at the Dartmouth OGA race in, I believe, 1976 when a small Shetland boat was severely squeezed between two larger boats, I have felt that having boats of vastly different size and handling characteristics together in the area of start lines is asking for trouble.

If, as at St Tropez, a fairly short line with its inner end on the breakwater is used, there is no escape route at that end should someone find himself in an untenable position.

Event organisers may find themselves under pressure to provide a spectacle to draw the crowds but, if they yield to that pressure to the extent where the risk to life and limb, not to mention valuable boats, is too high, they are turning the sport into a Roman circus.

This may be acceptable for high profile events sailed by professional crews, but the vast majority of Old Gaffers and classic yacht crews operate with a totally different set of values. I will in future either decline to enter, or withdraw from, any race where I feel that crowd pleasing has been put before seamanlike prudence.

While I count myself very fortunate to have been crewing on *Thendara* (105ft Mylne gaff ketch) at Cannes and St Tropez, it is not an experience I would repeat under the same conditions. We were 25 yards up to windward of *Marlette* when the incident occurred, surrounded by boats of all shapes and sizes, with a J Class on starboard tack aiming for the gap between us at 8-9 knots, the same order of speed that we were making. Any loss of nerve or error by one of the three big boat skippers could have resulted in a cataclysmic pile-up.

To give the crowds a spectacle it is perfectly reasonable to organise a parade of the competitors close inshore before a race with minimal danger, since all the boats will be proceeding in the same direction without trying to be all in the same place at the same time.

Clearly, conditions at different venues and different entry lists will dictate starting procedures but, given the general rule that big boats travel faster through the water than small ones, it seems logical to me to send the big boats away first to sail a longer course, leaving the little ones clear water to start and sail a tighter course. This practice has been seen to work well at some meetings and it would be good to see it more widely used.

Massed starts and scrums around turning marks are great fun if the boats involved are more or less comparable. Mixing Drascombes and schooners is nonsense.

While efforts were made at St Tropez to keep spectator boats clear of the line, it was a miracle that some escaped being run down. Looking down from *Thendara's* bow at some white faced wally frantically pulling the string on a stalled outboard as we reached by within six feet at 10 knots with close to 10,000 sq.ft of canvas set was sobering.



More course marshalls in fast RIBs are needed to patrol danger areas, since little family yachts pottering about under mainsail and engine with wives and kiddies on board to take photos are unable to appreciate the speed of racing yachts or to anticipate their manoeuvres, and lack the power to get clear quickly.

No competitor would wish to be responsible for wiping out a whole family in one go. Spectators are not to be found wandering around Grand Prix circuits.

While awaiting the results of the official enquiries into the Nioulargue incident, all those responsible for organising events would do well to review their procedures to reduce the risks of a repeat performance next season.

Yours sincerely,
Jonathan Ward_Hayne.

Malvern
Mill Lane
Romsey
Hants SO15 8EQ

Dear Editor,

I am one of quite a few OGA members whom I hope will respond to Dick Dawson's suggestion about Crew Lists and your endorsement of it in the Log Spring/Summer 95.

Helping members of the armchair brigade onto foredecks instead seems, now, a great idea to me. Having at last decided that there will be more to life than work (that sort of work anyway) and remembering how short-lived were those flights into boat-owning fantasy over too many years, the idea of being able to sail awhile first with those more experienced and wiser would be a much welcomed opportunity.

With more time and even relishing the prospect of being able to help scrape and varnish. I wonder whether the rumours that skippers are sometimes short of crew may just be true?

It seems such a sensible solution. However, everyone knows the possible pitfalls between the ideas and the reality. A workable and utilised Crewlist scheme has all the challenges about it of running a dating agency!

Although well down-wind, the very bulge in the pocket of an old briar pipe was nearly enough to have me set adrift in the dinghy complete with manual about healthy living. On the other hand, three reefs and a dash for safety from a force three made me wonder why I'd bothered. And press gangs and pirates are a little out of fashion these days.

Tactful, even subliminal, mutual exchange of CVs, as appropriate, and one-off meetings with no sense of assumed obligations thereafter are probably essential rules of the game to make it work.

Anyway - if anyone else shows interest and as one lifelong wage slave sees the happy end in sight, he would be more than willing to help organize. Anything to get to Brest of Bristol 96 other than by car!

Terry Collins

I wannae' gang tae Brest too! - Ed



The imposing ferro gaff cutter *Sea Eagle*

use of the iron topsail for these occasions. With absolutely no wind the fleet drifted on the north going ebb to the end of the Cork Sand. A breeze was sighted, albeit from the south. By 1800 it was perking up so much that we handed the topsail, furlled the Jewit (outer jib), and sailed on under tow foresail, working jib and main.

With the ebb tide and the southerly wind we were being swept well to the north of the rhumb line. On *Deva*, we were experimenting with GPS, and it was going berserk with orders to steer courses that were impossible for an old gaffer to make. The trouble with GPS is that it can tell you what course to steer to the rhumb line for a set current, but it can not antici-

pate changes in tidal flow or direction. The tendency therefore is to always be sailing into the tide on a cross tide course. Thus the boat was wanting to go in the right direction, knowing full well that the flood would bring us back on course. If only we had listened to her.

Within the hour the wind had lightened again and, gone round to the SSW, *Deva's* shoal draft allowed her to clip across the tip of the Shipwash and draw level with *Mary Ritchie*. Setting the topsail, main, tow, jib and Jewit was giving us boat speed of 6/7 knots, giving quite a bumpy ride. Unfortunately it did my delicate stomach no good at all trying to sort out the stern light wiring and the radar reflector, and we were all feeling a little strange on *Deva*.

The big yachts were almost out of sight by now, but we were surprised to see *Callidus* the ocean racer returning to Britain. There had been some discussion on the VHF ... her garboards were leaking badly. She needed hauling out ASAP.

As dusk fell we nearly had a problem with a ship, which suddenly changed course, making us gybe to get out of the way. The

wind started to pipe up, so we handed the topsail and Jewit, sailing on the three lowers. The wind also drew aft, which did not help our boatspeed, allowing *Mary Ritchie* to draw away and *Elfreda* to come through.

By midnight the wind and seas had got up considerably. Fortunately my hangover had worn off, and I was able to put a reef in the main. The only trouble was that I had kicked the aerial off the GPS in the process, so we were without a proper brain on the ship.

Having been feeling non too well earlier, I had not backed the electronic navigation with the proper thing. The demands of the ship in the increasing seas in

back some of the old John Scarlet methodology back to the event, for both committee and entrants.

Rainbow, a centre board racer out of the Orwell won the coveted East Coast Old Gaffers Trophy for the first boat over 50 years old on handicap. *Emma of Bosham*, second on handicap, took the Hunt Trophy for first workboat in Class II, whilst third on handicap *Nancy* took the Britannia trophy and the Pussers Rurn for the first hotshot.

In smacks, *Laura* won the Tom Bolton, and *Charlotte Ellen* took the Sheave for the first East Coast workboat, after very narrowly beating *Sallie*.

Amongst the array of prizes we also (please note) cater for modern boats, and there was some fighting among the Crouch Mafia for the Shrimper Trophy, honours going this time to *Aussie II*. Although, regrettably, the EC Race has become almost entirely a local affair, it was pleasing to have two Dutch entrants in their magnificent barges the *Tjalk Luctor & Emergo* and the *Klipper Deinemeid*, which won the Tarka's Pin.

My thanks go to Stone Sailing Club and their officials, particularly Harry Elias, their retiring president, and Stan Atkins who assisted on the bridge again. Also on the bridge helping the committee we had Lt Matt Wring and Lorna Hammett who, together with some Class III volunteers, made an excellent job of boat identification.

Phil Wetheral must be thanked for laying out the Priory Spit mark, to such accuracy that even Arthur Keeble would have been happy. Thank you too to all the committee members who contributed - Sue for work on Class III, Trevor and Denise on Prizes, Brenda on Publicity and Brian on running the bridge, together with Sally and Julian. But particular thanks go to all the entrants, even the late ones, without who make the event so worthwhile.

NORTH SEA CLASSIC PASSAGE RACE
16 JULY 1995
FROM THE COCKPIT OF *DEVA*

THIS was the third North Sea Classic Passage Race, organised jointly with the Dutch Classic Yacht Regatta, and the OGA's longest race in the calendar. We all make out what good sea boats our old gaffers are, but this is the race that sorts the men from the boys! However it was the prelude to a quite outstandingly enjoyable and interesting week, and well worth the effort. A few more of you ought to try it next time.

The plan was similar to the 1993 race, starting in Harwich Harbour, going north about the Cork Sand, then over to the Roompot. This time the finish would be at the entrance rather than in the sluices. A briefing session was held at Shotley Marina, where the OGA explained the format of the race, and the DCYR told us of arrangements at the Roompot in Holland.

The race was scheduled to start at 1530BST. However, on *Deva*, one could hardly say that we were in the best of shape or spirit, as we locked out of Shotley Marina into Harwich Harbour and made our way to the line. The briefing session of previous evening had developed into a bit of a session, which seemed to have gone into the morning and merged into the lunchtime!

The wind, having been fairly brisk, decided to fade almost to nothing at the start off the Dovercourt breakwater. *Avola* was committee boat to race fleet of 14 assorted classics. *Noorderzon* a big steel pilot cutter, was preparing a huge kite for the occasion, as was the big smack *Sunbeam*. *Mary Ritchie*, a lovely West Country boat, was looking good with her stripey topsail and light weather jib. There was 30-Square *Korybant*, requiring no wind at all to move, competing with 8-metre *Pinta of Gouda*. At the smaller end of the classic scale there was the Hillyard *Aquilla* and the YW 5-tonner *Elfreda*. Somewhere, a long way in the background, was the magnificent *Hardy*, a 50ft Summers and Payne cutter.

The first mark of the course was Landguard Buoy, and it was almost the last for some boats as the tide swept them on to it and the busy shipping lane beyond. Fortunately the rules allow a brief

6 Parkside
Lower Road
Gerrards Cross
Bucks SL9 8LD

Dear Mr Cresswell,

Tom Cunliffe Caption, with sympathies.

I could not resist entering this suggestion for the caption competition:

"My head was about this size when I wrote to JC, but its shrunk a lot since - never thought he had the guts to publish it" <grin> (see Gaffers' Log Winter '93 p14)

Ken Moss

PS I can't agree with Mr Cunliffe - the Gaffers' Log is wonderful

Clovelly Bay Marina
Turnchapel
Plymouth PL9 9TF

Dear Mr Cresswell,

A chance walk in Dun Laoaghaire, Co Dublin four years ago resulted in the finding and restoration of a yacht which we later discovered to hold an integral place in Ireland's maritime history.

Unbeknown at the time to Sean Cullen and Nail Keaveney, the boat they describes as having 'sweet lines' was in fact the *Eithne* (1893), precursor of the Howth Seventeens, reputed as being the world's oldest surviving single keel boat class still sailing under original rig.

Stripped of any doubtful timber, *Eithne* was carefully restored with special attention paid to the hull shape, being her very distinctive feature.

It was described to go back to gaff rig so the search began to find enough reasonably priced old blocks which, as you can imagine, wasn't an easy task.

Four years later, *Eithne* was relaunched in the Autumm of 1994 (using a jury rig belonging to her sister ship, *Marguerite* also recently restore in Dublin). *Eithne* is now sailing again in the bay but desperately needs to be properly rigged to her own specification.

What we are looking for are blocks:

11 Singles (7 with single beckett and 4 morticed

5 doubles with beckett on both sides.

4 fiddle blocks (2 with beckett on big end and two with beckett on both ends)

All blocks to take 1/2in diam rope.

Good sheaves @ +- 3-3.5cm diam.

Bronze wire blocks for 5mm wire rope.

Bronze sheet block and track for the deck.

Perhaps a fellow member has recently found some of these treasures during a clean-out. If so, I'd be delighted to hear.

Yours sincerely
Gillian Mills



A Most Pleasant Pastime

Part 2

Cruise of the cutter *Barbara Agnes* to Cornwall and the D-Day beaches

by
David Hornbrook

'Now my children, we are getting near St Albans Head and the tide race off the headland, which extends a good mile out to sea. It's not as bad as Portland race, nothing like so rough, so surprising or dangerous and horrible as Portland race, but still we'll try and avoid the worst of it by keeping close to the land...'

Hilaire Belloc's address to the crew of the Jersey as recorded by Dermot MacCarthy - 1931.

IT WAS the day before the Falmouth Classics Race and the harbour was beginning to fill with gaffers of all kinds. Two or three oyster boats from *Barbara Agnes's* own stable moored nearby - Angus Field and *Fields Folly*, Paul Vincent and his flush-decked *Bethany* and the Dadd family on board *Corncockle*. Over on the Flushing shore, Martin Heard, progenitor of our little flotilla, whose distinctly Cornish way of doing things is an endless source of anecdote when we owners get together, picked up a mooring in his newly-restored Belgian fishing boat, *Donna Capel*.

In the evening, a trip ashore to meet my 'racing crew'. Mike and Sally live in Constantine and sail a *Halcyon 27* out of the Helford River; Lynda had managed to take a break from a tight production schedule at the RSC and driven down from Stratford. The four of us go back many years and there was a happy spirit of reunion as we sat with our drinks on the terrace of the Royal Cornwall.

Next day, Lynda and I were able to enjoy a civilised breakfast in the morning sunshine before collecting Mike and Sally from the Prince of Wales Pier. Once out in the Roads, the first navigational challenge was to find the start. After a while Mike thought he had spotted the committee boat amongst the sails but by then the tide was beginning to flood and the wind died to little more than a light air.

That large part of the fleet that had not earlier slipped across the line with slack water and the last of the breeze now began the tedious process of tacking backwards and forwards in an effort to claw to the south. A sort of routine was established whereby we made a little on the starboard tack, those boats that could give way to us, and then lost it all on port as we, in turn, gave way to them. To add to the confusion, some of the larger old gaffers simply stopped dead in the water when their skippers tried to put them about. *Heptarchy*, with Mike's brother on board, was one such danger to navigation as Mike lost no time in loudly pointing out as we drifted by.

It was an hour and a half after the starting gun that Mike reckoned we had crossed the line.

dropped to nothing on the 10 minute gun! This was fine for a few hotshots, but many were forced to anchor. Some went into the shore to avoid the current. Centenarian centreboarder *Rainbow* went so shallow that her boom was in danger of knocking the sun hats off the spectators on the beach.

But a light breeze set in as the tide went on the ebb, and the long beat out to sea began. First mark was off Bradwell power station, where boats then turned for the Mersea shore, before heading off to Bench Head and rejoining the traditional course out to the Knoll and Wallet Spitway.

The wind took a long time to fill in. However, when it did, there was some interesting sailing and handling of big reaching sails at gybe marks, as the returning fleet went up the Colne Estuary before rounding Bench Head and running for home.

Sean Clatworthy's ECOD *Nancy* had used her early lead wisely, and led to the finish, just beating sailmaker partner Gayle Heard in Morecambe prawner *Laura*. She in turn beat the other ECOD *Chittabob IV* and *Hardy* into a very creditable joint third place.

Considering the length of the race, it was very pleasing to note only two retirements. Several boats such as Maldon smack *Alando* and the Deben 4-tonner *Janty* made excellent time round the course, even if the OGA THCF did not always work out. Great credit must go to the heavier craft, such as the Boston smack *Telegraph* or the Whitstable yawl *Stormy Petrel* nicely refitted for the occasion.

In Class Three, entries were down at 14 boats, but most enjoyed the new course set by Sue Taylor. Again it was pleasing to note only two retirements in the trying conditions, and most got round the course in reasonable time. The Mersea Winkle Brigs with their well-tuned hulls and highly competitive crewing did very well as expected. Short of bringing in some 12-sq metre Sharpies as we did a few years ago, few will ever beat them. First in was *Joanne*, followed by *Wanderer* and *Na-*

tive. Close behind were the other specialist brigs *Forge*, *Hush* and *Jack*. The little *Aid* did well to be amongst them too.

Regrettably, as the race was ending, the wind piped up making it very uncomfortable for small craft at anchor and several boats started to drag anchors or swing round wildly on their cables.

Several people started leaving to save their ships, so there was a mad panic get the results out and the prizegiving done. Unfortunately in the pressure I made some mistakes in allocating the prizes, for which I apologise.

Apart from the human error element, the late entry factor meant that we did not have boat details readily to hand. Couple that with trying to think straight in the rowdy bar environment, the single handed secretarial guesses weren't all right on the night.

The prize criteria are incredibly complicated, and one mistake will lead six others in many cases. We will have to review procedures, and perhaps bring



Sauntress Penhale Bay Race

Apart from the racing, there is, like the other festivals, a concourse prize for the best turned out boats. *Chittabob* won best racer, *M A Solitude* best bermudan and *Snippet* best gaff. *Thumper* won a special prize for the rabbit logo on her stern.

Then came the time for the computers to crunch the data from the week's racing to decide the winners of the major trophies.

In the hotshots class, the racer's cup (presented by the Marina) was won by *Nancy*, whose form had been consistent through a whole range of wind conditions. Other G U Laws classics *Chittabob* and *Atahualpa* took second and third. The Bermudan Overall Winner Cup went to *Forelle*, followed by *Peut Etre* and *Jiffanix*. The highly contested Gaff Trophy went to *Victoria*, second was *Deva* with third prize going to *Emma of Bosham*.

But doing well at Shotley is not only about racing round the cans, it is contributing to the classic boat movement as a whole. The Victor Ludorum Trophy went to *Chittabob*, whose skipper had carried out a wonderful restoration and maintenance job over the winter.

The festival, however, is not just cruising or racing. A tremendous effort needs to be put into the shore side. With 500 plus people on site at times, toilets, showers, rubbish collection, catering are major difficulties to overcome.

The standards at Shotley outshine anything I have seen or heard of on the classic circuit. And with a long festival, an entertainment programme is not easy to devise. All these things cost money and, unlike Brest, Bristol or any other sponsored festival, Shotley has to be self-financing.

Particular thanks must go to the marina staff and the residents who have to tolerate us. On the sailing side OOD's Matt Wring and Brian Hammett put a tremendous amount of work in during the week. They were assisted by John Krejsa in his 1921 RNLI lifeboat *Stadats*, and Phil on his RIB. Ken Self again gave expert advice and help as official timekeeper, whilst Brenda Jago (publicity), Trevor &



Denise Rawlinson (prizes), Sue Taylor and Sally Hepher (regalia) assisted in other fields.

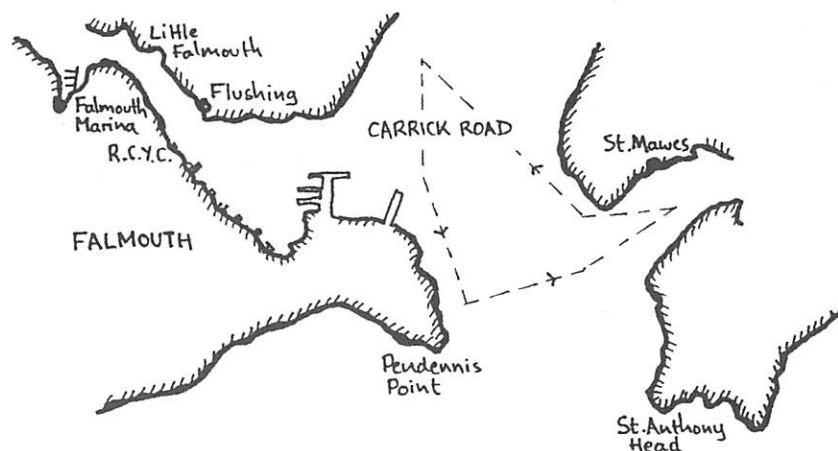
Next Year's (1996) festival starts June 29.

1995 EAST COAST OLD GAFFERS RACE

Some committee members had mixed views on this race. However a large number of gaffers met up at Stone Sailing Club enjoying a fine day's sail in each other's company, as they have since 1967.

However, from an administrator's standpoint, it was a nightmare. The race entry forms had not gone out with the Log. By the official closing date for entries, there were only four boats entered. Because of Stone SC's inability to accommodate us, the event was staged only a week after Shotley. The Secretariat had hit "Meltdown"!

Because of the possibility of an up river start, the big boats race started whilst the tide was still flooding, and the wind



To keep out of the tide we crept up the western shore before making a dash across to the Castle Buoy. Reaching into St Mawes Harbour we found that we had made up on *Corncockle* and so we had the pleasure of a little class competition. The Dadds showed us their transom as we rounded the mark off St Mawes, though, and we failed to catch them on the run up to the Vilt Buoy.

By now it was getting late. In the distance, the committee boat seemed to be flying the entire contents of her flag locker and there was much shrugging of shoulders across the water as puzzled skippers tried to ascertain whether the course had been shortened. As we passed what we assumed was the finishing line, no-one seemed to take much interest, so we made our way back to the mooring. Despite the lack of wind, the general view of the ship's company was that it had been a grand day and ours was certainly not the only rubbish bag to clink revealingly as it was heaved ashore.

Being so late, we missed the prize-giving but arrived in the marquee in time for the pasty dance and a performance of the infamous Falmouth Marine Band appearing this year as Red Indians. The only recognisable talent displayed by the FMB is in drumming and drinking; any musically able members are quickly weeded out. Mike and Sal are familiar with the joke but poor Lynda was a bit baffled. Two years before I had jammed into the same regatta marquee to listen to the Trevvra Choir. This unpromising collection of men in dinner jackets really could sing. They stood and delivered harmony in that damp tent which set our spines tingling. Most of all - and I shall never forget it - to cheers and half choked shouts of 'Encore!', the wind banging and thumping at the canvas above them like a square-rigger coming about, they gave us Robert S. Hawker's, 'Song of the Western Men'.

Passage from Falmouth
to Dartmouth

Time	Log	Wind	Bar	Course	Position	Notes
0635		N3-4	1022		Falmouth Marina	First of flood. Slip up
0725		E2		090°	Round by St. Aust. Rd.	Hoist Rain.
0800		NNE 3-4			Bolt Hd. 64-5M	FWF. 5.0 + stage 1. Nav. by GPS
0900					38-8M	
1000		N4			32-8M	
1100					26-5M	
1230				100°	3-2M N Eddystone	
1300		N2			Bolt Hd. 15-3M	Ground Speed 3.4kts.
1330						Rail N.B. ROE
1400					11M	Motor sailing
1500					6-4M	
1540		N3-4				FWF.
1600					2-4M	
1640		NNE 3			Off Salcombe	
1715		NNE 2			Round by Prawle Pt.	ROE.
1805					Round by Start Pt.	Hand sails - race
2000					Houstone Bdy.	
2045					Old Mill creek.	Secure to RN buoy.

magnificent *Marigold* swinging on her buoy, and leaving the town behind. The tide was nearly high, and although the wind below Flushing was fairly ferocious, upstream it was just right for the dinghy's single lugsail.

That night it blew up to gale force, gusting eight or nine from the southeast - just about the only point from which the moorings were not sheltered - and there was much noisy creaking and bumping as my new neighbour heaved and rolled alongside. I remembered the Falmouth skipper's ominous injunction to RT McMullen - 'If the wind should come from the south-east, get under way as soon as possible and go out to sea'.

Not having heeded his advice, shortly after midnight I was suddenly woken from a fitful sleep by a terrible crash. Rushing up on deck, I discovered that *Mizpah's* stern line had severed and that her bow had swung in violently against *Barbara Agnes's* starboard bowsprit tackle. It was too dark to check the damage. Clambering onto the little yacht's slippery and wildly tossing deck to secure another stern line, I had just made it fast when a particularly frantic roll pitched me over the side between the two boats. Somehow I managed to keep my head above the dark water slurping between the two hulls and contrived eventually to grab hold of a spring and pull myself back on board. Scrambling into the cockpit, I shortened up on the new

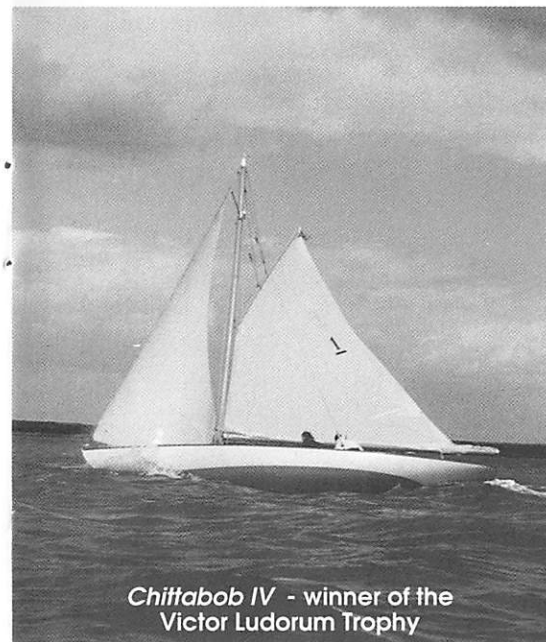
Trelawney he's in keep and hold,
Trelawney he may die;
But here's twenty thousand
Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Not a dry eye in the tent.

On Sunday, the wind blew up from the south-east making the prospect of the promised barbecue at St Mawes not terribly attractive. Lynda left at lunch-time to rejoin the real world of dress rehearsals and first nights and I joined Mike and Sally on the Helford River.

The following day was still breezy and the forecast looked far from promising for the rest of the week. It was a day of domestic duties, including a visit up the hill to the launderette. With walking and rowing one's only means of getting about, even these simple tasks take an age and seem to fill the day. Back onboard with the washing, I found *Barbara Agnes* was sharing her buoy with Pete Nash's beautiful day-boat *Mizpah*.

After tea, deprived by the weather of any other form of sailing, I rigged Nye Bevan and embarked upon a voyage of exploration. The wind on the moorings made the little punt go like a rocket, and we were soon passing RG Allen's



Chittabob IV - winner of the Victor Ludorum Trophy

The first was a Sail a Classic, where customers are taken out in a RIB, out to one of several boats sailing up and down the harbour. To sail on a 50ft Summers and Payne cutter like *Hardy*, or a 30-Square like *Korybant* is quite an experience.

The other special event was the trawling competition. Bawlies *Good Intent* (1860) and *Bona*, together with *Telegraph* with borrowed trawls fished the local waters until a set time. Each had an ex-professional fisherman on board and, for *Telegraph*, it was the first time she had fished under sail for over 50 years.

The afternoon was given over to the usual regatta games, including assault courses, rowing and sculling competitions. A speciality of Shotley is the Classic Crufts dog show, which does give the ordinary sea dog a chance to shine. The day's activities were beautifully finished off by a fine display of oarsmanship from the Naval whaler *Lutra Lutra*.

Thursday saw the fleet making for the Walton Backwaters for a picnic and the Swallows and Amazons race round the islands for open boats. Coincidentally, Arthur Ransomes's old boat the *Nancy*

Blackette was also in attendance at the festival. *Meg* won the race from *Gremlin* and the others, and also won the open boats race back to Shotley. The big boats meanwhile had their Pennyhole Bay pursuit race out to sea and thence back to Shotley. First home was the little *Kestrel Jiffanix*, followed by the traditional bermudan cruiser *Damaris* and *Victoria*, yet again in the prize list.

Although the Stour is not popular with yachtsmen, it is a beautiful river steeped in history. Despite its poor write up in East Coast Rivers, they did build Wooden Walls for the Navy and the last Ironpot sailing barges were built at Mistley in the 1930's. It was a gentle east wind that wafted another huge fleet up to Rigby's 18th Century Mistley Quay, where the classic boatmen went ashore in their hundreds to eat and drink at the Thorn Hotel.

The race back, entirely to windward, was bound to give the bermudan boats the edge. The 1939 Norwegian built *MA Solitude* showed the way to *Cherry of Porchester*, a Robert Clark ocean racer, to win the Thorn Trophy. But locally based gaffers *Gremlin* and *Deva* were able to make use of the currents to keep in the prizelists.

The hotshots sailed an extra leg up the Orwell, the bermudan rigged Buchanan-designed *Rising Hope* not quite being able to catch *Nancy*.

The last racing day shadows the Pin Mill barge match. The winds being strong again, an inshore course had to be set for the OGA President's Race. With worry about getting back before the wind turned, the entry was down but the competition was fierce, with the points' series at stake as well.

Victoria again proved best boat for the conditions, beating *Adelle*, *Emma* and *Deva*, to take the Harwich Haven Cup. There were several retirements through gear failure, Folkboats *Iken* and *Forelle* with *Kestrel Jiffanix* to name but three!

In the Racers class, *Chittabob* won on handicap against *Korybant* and *Vashti*. *Dirty Girly* capsized and *Benita* broke her rudder.

over the waves whilst other boats were stopped. The 1900-built *Victoria*, sporting for the first time for several decades her centre board, sliced up to windward, reminiscent of the days when such boats used to have to chase after much bigger errant smacks poaching oyster layings.

Folkboat *Forelle* made her bermudan rig count before running downwind. Handicapping was by the pursuit system, small or slow boats starting first, followed by faster ones at 10 minute intervals, but no handicapper could take account of shipping movements off Landguard, which caused considerable consternation to the middle order. But the finish was close with *Adelle* holding her lead from *Forelle* and *Victoria*, the bulk of the fleet crossing in 15 minutes.

Back at Shotley, a good day had been had by all, *Gremlin* winning the open boats, the 1908 Tate cruising gaffer *Wyona* winning the inshore cruisers, *Bona* the smacks and *Nancy* the classic hotshots.

The Two Rivers Race for some reason

has always been one of the most popular events at Shotley. This year it was more so because of the incentive to finish at the pub rather than start from it.

The media were there in style, including Anglia TV, and the *Capriccio's* collision at the leeward mark off Holbrook ensured we had plenty of coverage for the wrong reasons.

The massive Dutch *Morgaine* led the way, but it was local boat *Victoria* who saved her time on *Sauntress* and *Deva* to win the coveted Two Rivers Trophy. Other craft that figured well were the classic bermudan cruiser *M A Solitude* and the 1880 plank on edge cutter *Beroe*, which is due to be sailed single handed across the Atlantic.

Midweek the festival has a fun day without the stresses of serious racing, but that doesn't mean to say that the day is not a very full one. There was a Treasure Hunt up the Stour (won by *Sandpiper*) but, in addition, there were two 'unique' events.



Mistley quay gathering

sternline. For the moment, at least, we were secure.

At first light the wind showed no sign of moderating. Little *Mizpah* was still bouncing and straining at her lines alongside. It was clear now that the force of the impact had carried away her port bowsprit shroud and bent the crane iron. My own bowsprit tackle was undamaged but a chunk had been taken out of *Barbara Agnes's* rail. Conditions really were becoming untenable and the early forecast predicted no early abatement. With no little difficulty I managed to arrange the lines so that the mooring could be slipped, leaving my erstwhile companion to ride the storm out alone. There was no doubt in my mind that we would both be safer that way. After a frightening balancing act on bobstay and heaving bowsprit to replace my primary mooring line with a slip rope, I cast off with great relief and headed up the Penryn River to the shelter of Falmouth Marina.

Later that morning, I made a final perilous trip out to *Mizpah* in a rolling RCYC launch to return some fenders and to leave a note for Pete explaining what had happened. Many gaffers had left the moorings that night, and those that did not join me in the marina had retreated up the River Fal to the relatively calm waters of King Harry Passage. Back in the marina, I put some filler where the rail had been gouged and dabbed on some quick-drying primer. Soon, the only evidence of Monday night's drama was the red smudges of anti-foul on my pyjamas!

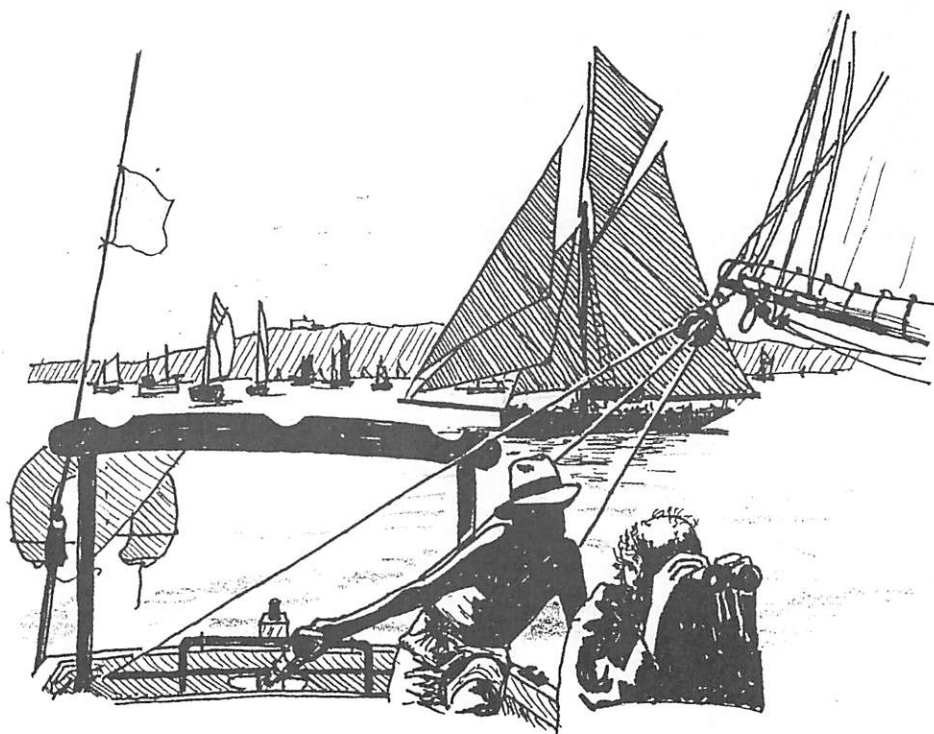
By Friday the wind had moderated enough for me to begin my passage to the east. Out in the bay it was a fine day with a slight chop, while a light to moderate northerly meant that *Barbara Agnes* was able to fetch Bolt Head with no difficulty. Enough puff for a good six knots over the ground with the fair tide and excellent visibility. At 1230 I plotted us three miles north of the Eddystone and went below to prepare lunch.

The plan was to follow the English coast back to Poole and, time permitting, make my crossing from there to St Vaast la Hougue. Single-handed, it seemed sensible to spend as little time amongst Channel shipping as possible.

The race off Start Point was definitely in business. Struggling to keep *Barbara Agnes* on course, I was not a little surprised to find myself passing two open boats with men happily fishing from them. I have never understood the attraction of sea fishing - bouncing about in a little anchored launch is my idea of pure misery - but to choose

Passage from Dartmouth
to Poole Harbour

Time	Log	Wind	Bar	Course	Position	Notes
0625		N2-3	1027		Old Mill Creek	Slip up
0645					Sailing out of R. Dart	Five set main & jib.
0740		N4-5		085°C	Rounding Newstone Point	Set stays'l
1000					Pot Head Bill 29-2M	Man. by GPS
1200					18 M	
1330		NE3				P.B. in sight. Heave to for bail N.B.
1450				075°C	5M SW Pot Head Bill	After for L.P. off Anvil Pt.
1600		N1-2			Anvil Pt 16-5M	RoE. Tide shift to ebb.
1700					12M	2,200 rpm strong ebb
1730						
1800					8-5M	In St. Albans Race
1900					6 M	
2000					3-5M	Code 2 upper
2045					Rounding Anvil Pt at last!	2,000 rpm light lamps
2130					Hand but Pt. to Pt.	Hand main
2240					Gotham Point	let go.



The race - Marigold astern

to fish in a tidal race seems beyond comprehension. There was little twilight left as we motored past the Royal Dart Yacht Club once again. This time, a huge French barge was moored beside my favourite anchorage and so on up river to the RNSA buoy below the Royal Naval College in the mouth of Old Mill Creek.

Next morning, a brisk northerly enabled me to hoist main and jib and sail off the mooring. There is something particularly satisfying about running down a beautiful river under sail when no-one else is about. Then, with staysail set, I rounded the Mewstone in a rising northerly wind and laid a course for Portland Bill.

Barbara Agnes made rapid progress across Lyme Bay with the tide; having missed the tidal 'window' to pass close inshore, I had opted instead to give the Bill a five mile berth. The wind moderated slowly as the miles slipped by, but the sun was out and Verdi's La Traviata on the radio. I heaved-to briefly to bail the punt, reminding myself again to do something about sealing the centre-board case, and settled back in the sunshine. After lunch, with the Bill abeam and the tide beginning to ebb, I altered to a course which I calculated would take us neatly to seaward of the race off St Albans Head, and started the engine.

Unfortunately, it became rapidly apparent that Verdi and the easy weather had led to some silly errors of navigation. At 1900 the sea became choppy and confused and I realised that we were actually well in both race and strong adverse tide. This

round the coast were present, together with a fine range of classic racers and cruisers. And then there were the specials Maine peapod, steam schooner, the Montague whaler....

Day one, Saturday June 24, was the day for boats arriving, but to add interest the OGA staged their special passage race. This year it was won by *Rosemary*, a beautiful William Fife designed sloop, sailing out of Orford Haven, the Paul's Cup for first gaff going to *Tidebird*.

This year, for the first time, our Dutch friends were able to stage a proper passage race to Shotley and by all accounts it was an excellent race with strong favourable winds. The Hillyard *Soma* made the best time on handicap, and gave her skipper Hugo his first ever win. *Morgaine* was second, followed by *Mazahua*.

Arrival at the marina also brought home the need to develop classic constitutional skills in handling daily attendance over a prolonged period at a beer festival with nightly entertainment. The phrase 'hair of the dog' was uttered knowingly on several occasions.

Locking into the marina is not only a great spectacle for the public, but also a major challenge for participants and lockmasters, especially with big engineless boats like the 50ft Boston smack *Telegraph*, one of a mere handful of survivors of this once numerous type of craft.

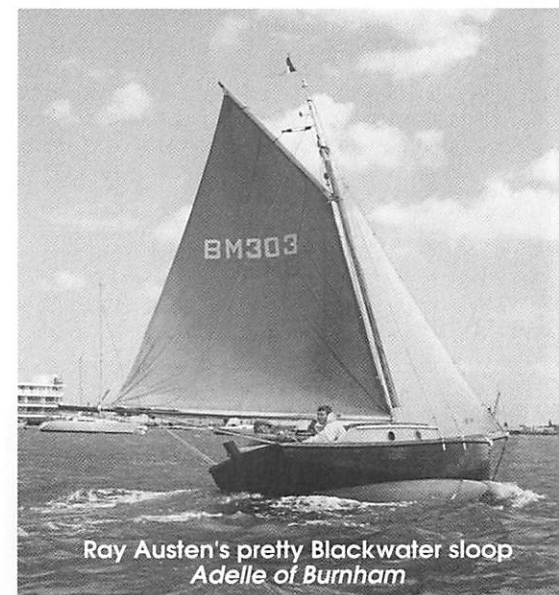
And, having taken all day to lock them in, the boats had to be locked out next day for the Parade of Sail up to Ipswich.

In the Vanguard sailed the magnificent stowboat smack *Ellen* and the Leigh bawley *Bona*, two examples of boats that served the local fishing industry well for over half a century.

Afternoon saw the start of the racing. The classic racers or "Hotshots" as they referred to at Shotley were squaring up to each other as might be expected. The sleek GU Laws East Coast One Designs were matched by larger stablemate *Athahulapa*, the pride of Burnham classic ocean racer *Vashti* and Dutch sharp yacht *Pinta*.

The smacks and dinghies had their races too, but the "All In" Classics class comprising workboats and cruisers saw some of the keenest racing with New York scow *Emma* fighting off police boat *Victoria*, Blackwater sloop *Adelle*, gaff cutter *Sauntress* and several other fine vessels.

The course made good use of the wide Stour estuary, a fine river immortal-



Ray Austen's pretty Blackwater sloop
Adelle of Burnham

ised by Constable, but for some reason unloved by pilot guide authors.

Monday opened with the fleet splitting up, some going off to the Deben, others staying to race in the harbour. The Deben saw several classics anchored for lunch, awaiting the start the Scandinavian Seaways Passage Race back to Harwich. Vintage motor cruiser *Lady Dorothy* was an appropriate committee boat, starting the mixed fleet of boats from the "Rocks", about half way up the Deben. The breeze went from a moderate northerly to a rip snorter of a nor'easter. This gave a lumpy ride over the bar on the spring ebb and a very uncomfortable beat out to the Cutler.

Adelle, despite her size, just bobbed



Ex Royal Naval 27ft whaler *Lutra Lutra* shows her paces at Shotley's fantastic festival

EAST COAST

by Jon Wainwright

1995 SHOTLEY CLASSIC BOAT FESTIVAL

THE original East Coast Old Gaffers Race of 1963 has lost its uniqueness on the River Blackwater. Other societies, yacht clubs and local regattas having jumped on (or even taken over) our bandwagon.

However, the classic boat festival held at Shotley Marina on the site of HMS Ganges is another matter. Started originally as an "infill" between the OGA Passage Race and the Pin Mill Barge match, it is now the greatest festival of its type in the country.

Unlike the majority of classic boat festivals like say Brest or Bristol that are sponsored and commercially run, this one is run by the participants for the partici-

pants. Over 20 sailing events are staged on eight of the nine days and, unlike the average regatta, the festival goes out to various locations in the region, such as Pin Mill, Mistley, Walton Backwaters and the Deben.

The festival also has strong links with the Netherlands and a joint passage race across the North Sea to link up with the DCYR at Hellevoetsluis is staged every two years. Shotley Races also count in the VKSJ European Challenge Cup, and some very useful contacts have been established with our Dutch friends.

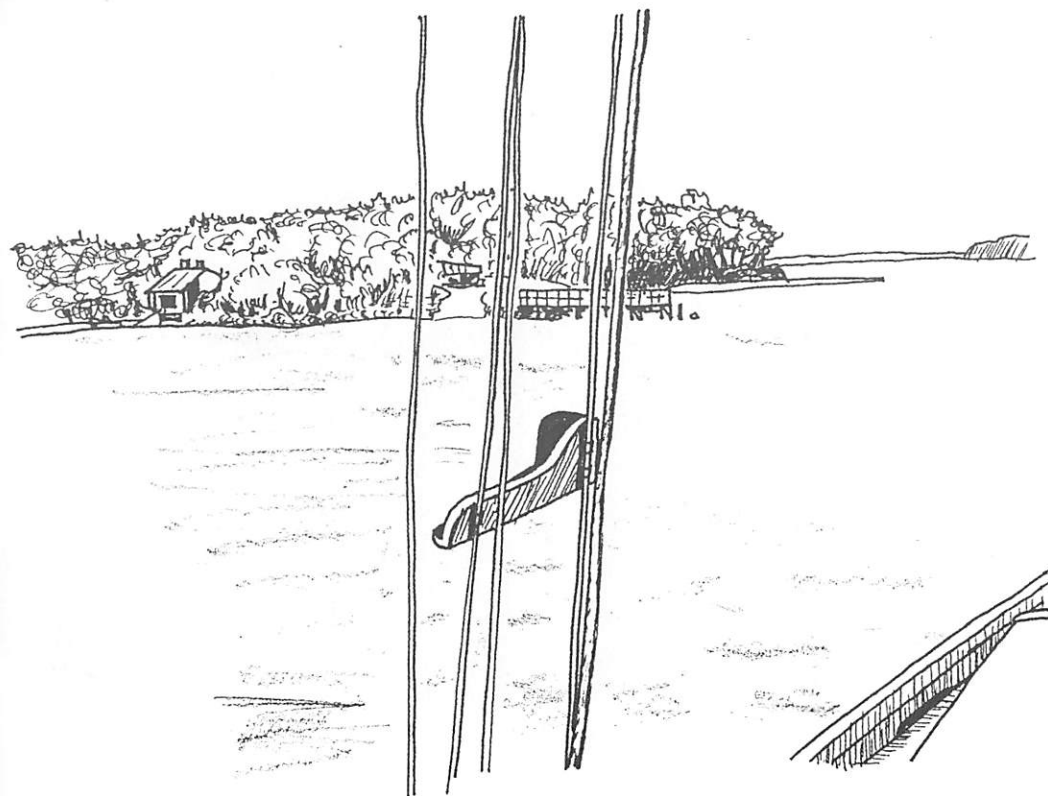
We have never had a poor Shotley since we started in 1989. 1995 was a superb festival with 211 classic craft ranging from 80ft Brixham Trawlers to 12ft smack's boats taking part. Indeed there were over a hundred different types of craft, and, being classic, they certainly look different too.

Generic inshore craft types from all

would be a long haul, although, as Hilaire Belloc noted, the race is irritating rather than dangerous. Still, I wished I had heeded his advice and gone inshore.

In the event, *Barbara Agnes* finally rounded Anvil Point just as it was getting dark. I lit the navigation lights and began buoy spotting, handing the main off Handfast Point while concentrating on keeping out of the way of a ferry coming up fast astern for the Swash Channel. No problems entering South Deep this time and at 2240 the anchor hit the bottom of Poole Harbour off Goathorn Point once again.

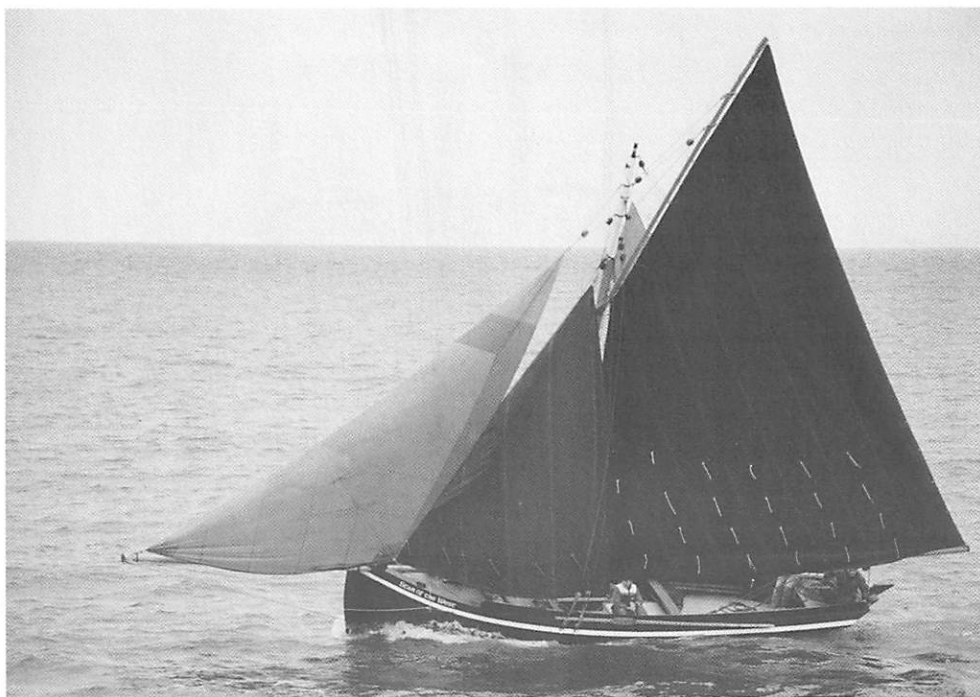
As tucked myself into my pit that night, I felt confident that we really were on the move. The proposed trip to France and the D-day beaches, so dependent on having sufficient time, was slipping from the realm of the possible to that of the probable. Fuelling and stores next day, and barring catastrophes we would be off.



Goathorn Point

HOWTH HOSTS COLOURFUL TRAD SAIL WEEKEND - JULY 7/8

by Gillian Mills



Hooker *Star of the West* - newest addition to Ireland's east coast fleet

It was a lovely Friday evening and the Met. Office had predicted fair wind and sunshine for the second Howth Traditional Sail Festival.

Organised by Dublin branch of the Old Gaffers Association with the cooperation of Howth Boating Club and Howth Yacht Club, 50 classic craft were expected for a weekend of sail, song and sumptuous pints of creamy Guinness.

Friday night witnessed a flurry of last minute preparations at the club house by committee members Ben McDonagh, Mick Hunt, Arthur and Declan Hughes, and many

others. In the adjoining long shed, Mick Bentham had set up tables and extra barrels of thirst quenching liquids in anticipation of the demand. Outside, local

safety of Carrick Harbour, the crews made their way to the sailing club for the prize giving where sponsors P&O European Ferries and the Newsletter gave away a blistering array of prizes. *Vilia* took gaffers Class I, *Morning Star* took the hooker's prize, *Oread* took gaffers Class II and *Gillhooley* gaffers Class III. *Lola* took Classic yachts Class I, *Freemew*, Class II and *Lassitude* took the Folkboat prize with *Shannagh* the Class III prize.

After the prize-giving all present agreed that the 1995 Classic Sail was without a doubt the best yet. We had a good representation from gaffers outside Northern Ireland this year. Next time will

we see more of the mainland boats make their way to Ulster waters for a super event, won't we! The date for Classic Sail 1996 is June 7-9. Come on Gaffers make Carrickfergus a must for 1996.

I must end on a dismal note. Poor Vaughan decided to stay in Northern Ireland for the rest of his holiday and hitched a ride on *Vilia* to Bangor, where he had arranged to borrow a bicycle. You must know what comes next. As *Vilia* did a controlled gybe outside Bangor harbour, the mainsail ripped. Sorry Vaughan, but I tell no lies. Come back next year and we will get you to sail on a boat that won't break down.



Carrickfergus Harbour packed out for the 1995 Classic Sail event

pic: Peter Lyons

seeing.

Saturday dawned bright and breezy with the prospect of good racing in the afternoon. Crews queued up in the Gaffers Bar for the breakfast provided. It was an opportunity to meet the walking wounded from Friday evening and hear the number who were never going to drink again!! At 12.00, dinghies participating in Classic Sail, had a jig about in the harbour.

The skippers' meeting hosted by Jackie Finlay of Carrick SC, who kindly provided the OOD and rescue boats, explained the course. There was an opportunity to get lunch in the club before the racing started. Gaffer in Chief, David Cade had shown up by this stage and was as usual making sure the Guinness was not going off.

The race started downwind, the big boats heading off first. The biggest of all *Vigilance*, the Brixham trawler owned by Ken Harris, looked spectacular as it led the fleet towards the first mark. *Madcap*, the 1975 Bristol pilot cutter; *Villa*, 1910, Belfast-built gentleman's racing design; and *Mildred* the Falmouth oyster dredger were the rest of the Class I gaffers. There were a further six Class I bermudan yachts on the same start: *Lola*, *Yavanna*, *Lady Grey*, *Maid of Skye*, *Hilary* and *Orania*.

Vaughan Taylor went sailing with Ben McDonagh on the *An Lady Mór*, recording the first of his breakages when the Galway hooker broke her tiller. After cries of "Oh XXXX" the big boat rounded up and Ben McDonagh's usual calm returned. I believe he opened the on board bar at this stage.

Dick and Pat Dawson had by then also arrived and I believe had a run out on *Vigilance*.

Villa came out in front of the Class I gaffers after showing everyone her name emblazoned on the anti-fouling two feet below the waterline. Good one Stephen.

The Class II gaffers race was won by *Oread* (a 1935 cutter), followed by *Blue Chip*, (a Shrimper) and *Guillee* a Drascombe Coaster.

Gaffers Class III was won by *Gilhooley*, another Drascombe, followed by *Ebb*

Tide, a North Sea skiff, and *Sean Murphy*.

Lola was the winner of the Saturday race for the Class I bermudan race. Class II was won by *Freemew* followed by *Tjaldur* and *Erlin Mór*. Class II was headed by *Shannagh* followed by *Polka*.

Three more hookers arrived during the afternoon - *Morning Star* skippered by Johnny Healion, *Star of the West*, skippered by Cain de Buitlear and *Saint Patrick*, the most travelled of the hookers, skippered by Jimmy Conlon from Kinsale.

There was a free barbecue of sorts for the crews followed by a reception in Carrickfergus Castle hosted by the Mayor, who thanked the sponsors and all crews for coming to make Classic Sail such a successful event. We were all invited back again in 1996.

There was another musical fireworks display at 23.00 on the castle battlements and again a musical interlude in the sailing club until late. I believe that there were various parties aboard some of the boats. I went. Must be something to do with my old-timers disease.

Sunday started much the same as Saturday with bright sunshine but a promise of even better winds. Breakfast was followed by the dinghies sailing in the harbour again. At 13.00 the boats started leaving for the Northern Ireland Old Gaffers Race.

Again a downwind start. The Class II gaffers race was very exciting down to the first mark with about 10 vying for position to get round the first buoy. The beat sorted them out and *Oread*, the Larne based gaffer came out in front, followed by *Blue Chip* and *Guillee*. Class I was a repeat of Saturday's race with *Villa* winning the gaffers race and *Lola* the bermudan event.

Lady Grey was a casualty with a broken main mast, sustained in a particularly heavy gust on the Co. Down side of Belfast Lough. Classic yachts Class II was won by *Erlin Mór* from *Freemew* and *Dream Twister*. Gaffers Class III honours went to *Moth*, the Ballyholme Insect, from *Storm* and *Jabble*. Classic Class III, again *Shannagh* led *Polka* home.

After all boats had returned to the

boats were rafted broadside on the pier wall to accommodate the visitors.

Following the marvellous weekend at Portaferry two weeks earlier, three west coast Galway Hookers, *American Mór*, *Mac Dara* and *Blath na hOige*, were persuaded to attend the Howth festival before being transported home by road from Dublin. Not only had these boats come from the west coast, the *American Mór* had won the big race in Strangford Lough, and was hoping to make it a second at Howth.

The local challenge was led by the oldest resident east coast hooker - *Morning Star*. Also participating were: *An Lady Mór*, *Star of the West* - the newest addition to the east coast fleet, *Glásóg*, *Duninver*, *Pellóg*, *Widgeon* and *Fág an Balach*, making this event the largest display of various sized hookers ever seen along the Leinster coast.

Additional classic boats included the 1910 Manx nobby - *Vervine Blossom* - owned by local Howth man, Mick Hunt; the Howth Seventeens, (reputed to be the world's oldest surviving single keel-boat class still sailing with original rig); the recently restored *Eithne* - precursor to the Howth Seventeens; Cornish Crabbers, a Morecombe Bat prawner, Folkboats, Kestrels, *Asgard II* - the Irish sial training Brigantine; *Mad Cap* - the oldest surviving Bristol Channel pilot cutter and *Vigilance* - a 1925 Brixham Trawler, whose owner Ken Harris had heard about the event on Manx radio and had decided to "pop across".

Once the boats were safely moored, the crews got down to the serious business of catching up on the latest news. Although it had only been a couple of weeks since the last event, it was obvious many adventures had since taken place.

A sunny Saturday morning greeted us as we made our way to Adrian's Restaurant for a hearty Irish breakfast. "Just the sustenance needed before a gallop around the bay", I heard someone say.

The skippers' meeting later on confirmed the course to be a reach to the north mark, around the back of Ireland's Eye and, depending on which class you were in, around the Rowan Rock or the

Balscaddon Mark - twice. With an expected Force 4 the large crowd was not going to be disappointed.

Half an hour before the first gun, the boats tacked up and down jostling for positions. It was a colourful sight with Ireland's Eye in the background from where daytrippers watched the boats sail by.

Officer of the Day Jim Maguire gave 10 minute intervals between each class. By 1500, all boats had crossed the start line on a reach towards the north mark. Some took the course seriously whilst others appeared only to be out for the fun and made their own course, last to cross the start line were the 'bad mór' (full size hookers).

A good north-easterly kept their dark sails filled as they disappeared around the back of the island. Tension mounted whilst we waited to see who would be first back into view and to local delight it was *Morning Star* by one boats length.

At the final mark, *American Mór* took advantage of a sudden drop in the wind to gybe inside *Morning Star*, crossing the finishing line just a few seconds ahead. Meanwhile, *An Lady Mór* and *Mac Dara* completed the course at a more leisurely pace but were every much a joy to watch.

With spirits running high, a second challenge was mounted - this time in the form of currah racing. East took on west and south took on north in a spectacle which saw the boats spin in circles until the crews came to terms with their oars. All along the pier, spectators cheered through their tears of laughter. Once again, the west coast men proved too strong and rowed home in confident style.

Meanwhile on shore, OGA representatives Aurthur Hughes and Yves Chevanne were busy checking the race results whilst Mick and Mary Benham tempted hungry mouths to the barbecue with the sizzle of sausages and burgers. Gradually the sun disappeared from view leaving the harbour bathed in a glorious glow as the sound of conversation and music took over until the early hours of Sunday.

The afternoon's parade of sail was followed by the presentation of prizes by the Lord Mayor of Dublin. A keen advo-



cate of Dublin's maritime culture, her was encouraged by the large gathering of classic craft. He thanked the sponsors and paid tribute to the organisers, both

those he knew and the others behind the scenes who had worked tirelessly to ensure that the event was put firmly in the OGA's calendar of events.



American Mór - just made it first over the line

CLASSIC CARRICKFERGUS 1995



by
by Peter Lyons

CLASSIC Sail Carrickfergus, the biggest event in the Northern Ireland OGA calendar attracted over 120 boats.

The June 1-4 event started on Thursday evening in Carrickfergus Sailing Club when about 30 stalwart Gaffers and friends got together for a few drinks and a singsong. We met Vaughan Taylor from the East Coast OGA who had flown in for two weeks holiday to include Classic Sail. Poor Vaughan left Carrickfergus with a reputation because all the boats he sailed on during the weekend had a breakdown, but more of this later.

Also at this first night were Andreas and Hand from Kell in Germany who had sailed their 1989 Falmouth oyster dredger, *Mildred* into Carrick having seen the notice in Classic Boat about the event.

Friday saw nine boats sail from Carrickfergus up into Belfast Harbour to view the new weir, we were the first sailing boats to do this and were made very welcome by the Belfast Harbour Authorities. On our return we went straight into Carrickfergus Harbour and joined the gathering of boats that were beginning to fill the harbour.

and Irene Cree who had converted *Golden Nomad* into a hanging garden of Carrickfergus with an assortment of potted plants. Third prize was won by *Taynish*, Robin and Alison Brennan's Folkboat, which was dressed overall with cardboard underwear.

There was also a prize awarded for the Most Musical Boat. This went to Ben McDonagh of the Galway hooker *An Lady Mór* from Dublin Bay OGA, for singing the Galway Shawl, which had never before been heard in such distinguished company. We had another great



Ken Harris' Vigilance slips past Peter Lyon's camera

There was a boat fancy dress competition, which was won by Terry Needham who had converted his little gunter-rigged clinker sailing dinghy, *Fanny Crossfield* into a Viking Longship by adding a huge dragon to the stern and shields along the gunwales. Terry topped this off by wearing a woollen Viking helmet.

Second prize was won by Alan Aston

singsong on Friday night with many musicians playing until thrown out of the sailing club in the early hours of Saturday morning.

There were many side-shows and carnival attractions shoreside and the fireworks on the castle battlements on Friday evening were accompanied by music all very spectacular and worth