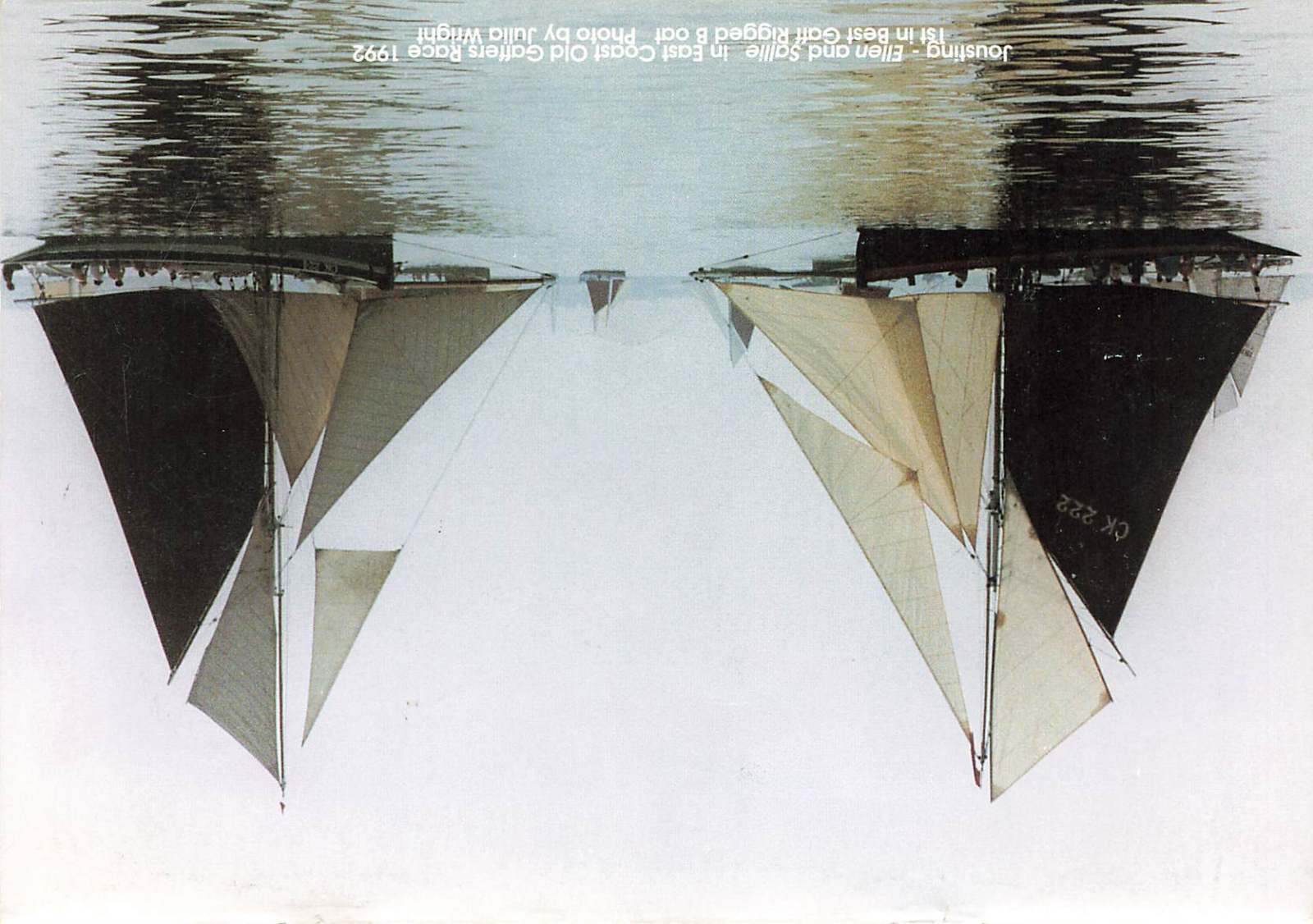


Gaffers Log

SPRING
/ SUMMER 1995

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION



Jousting - Ellen and Solle in East Coast Old Gaffers Race 1992
1st in Best Gaff Rigged B oot Photo by Julia Wright



an Iulllach Galway Hooker 1925 at Classic Carrickfergus 1995
3rd in Best Gaff Rigged B oot Photo by Alison Brennan

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

President:

ROB WILLIAMSON
Brick Kiln Cottage, Coggeshall
Rd, Great Tey, Colchester, Essex
CO6 1AG
Tel: 01206 211318

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 810303

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:

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

South West:

Paul Vincent, Brambletorre,
Dittisham, Dartmouth, Devon
TQ6 OHZ Tel: 01803 770653

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,
Tarporley, 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

Morecambe Bay:

Jack Miller, 5 Muncaster Road,
North Scale, Walney Island,
Barrow-in-Furness, Cumbria
LA14 3RP Tel: 01229 472135

Clyde:

Alistair Paterson, 3 Maxwell Court,
Glasgow Tel: 0141 429 4235

Overseas Liaison:

Sam Bayliss, 1 Landsdown
Avenue, Porchester, Fareham,
Hants
PO16 9NN Tel: 0705 384632

France:

J.C. Crepin, Le Veu Herve, 22360
Langreux, 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 North Wales

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	MB - Morecambe Bay	USA - U.S.A.
& North Kent	BC - Bristol Channel	CLY - Clyde	CAN - Canada
CP - Cinque Ports	WAL - North Wales	NI - Northern Ireland	WA - Western Australia

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

Laxey Gander - Tamarisk 29 gaff cutter. Fibreglass hull based on the Falmouth quay punt design, 4/5 berths. Wood interior and spars, full inventory. 20hp Bukh diesel. Contact Richard Bedford (01624) 822706 or (01624) 833162

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.)

Moonshine of Mylor - (OGA No 1683) Falmouth Working Boat. LOA 33ft LWL 23ft 6in, 8ft Beam, 4ft Draft. Built by Gaffers & Luggers in 1991 this lovely gaff cutter is reluctantly offered for sale. For further details contact D. Pearce - 189 Aldershot Road, Church Crookham, Fleet, Hants GU13 0JS

Gear For Sail

Tan gaff mainsail. Luff 12ft 3in, foot 11ft 3in, leech 19ft 2in head 7ft 9in. Very good condition. Mast 23ft, diameter 6in tapering to 3in. Mast 24ft 2in, diameter 4.37in. Boom 14ft 2in, roller reefing, spars, 11ft 9in, 9ft 6in and 11ft. Various galvanised fittings, cleats, sail track etc. Offers. Contact Chris Cooper (01797) 224483

For Sale. Mainsail, Jib, Staysail, Trysail & Various Other. Main, jib and staysail by Jim Lawrence. All made of falc and of good condition.

	Luff	Leech	Foot	Miter
Main	18ft 4in	29ft	14ft 10in	
Jib	31ft 1in	22ft 3in	18ft 7in	11ft 5in
Staysail	23ft 9in	20ft 6in	15ft 7in	13ft 8in

A small donation for the above for my ship would be nice but a worthwhile project which could benefit from the above will be considered favourably. Contact David Knight (01892) 82424

CQR anchor, 80lbs, good condition. Deliver Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambs, Essex £195. Contact David Mansfield (01603) 667106 - Daytime (01603) 23031 Evenings

Douglas fir mast - 32 ft 6.25 in. A few shakes but solid - £125. Douglas fir boom - 20ft 4in Solid £50. Spruce gaff - 10ft 4in. Hollow £50. Gaff mainsail, jib and staysail to suit above. offers. Contact Richard Ham (0171-701) 5923

Wanted

ELDERLY LADY REQUIRES EXPERIENCED MEN WITH GENTLE TOUCH.

Novice owner needs members help to take 1893 smack from Cowes toW Bristol by sea, while you show him the ropes. Ability to suffer an enthusiastic fool may be useful. Only those wanting a safe, pleasurable cruise need apply, thrill seekers please look elsewhere! Contact Colin Smith on (01746) 766980

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



Pictured at Baku, Azerbaijan in June, this former research schooner was built in Finland as part of the post 1945 war reparations programme for Russia. Pic: Jay Cresswell

Old Gaffers Association



PRESERVING AND PROMOTING GAFF RIG

FEW OGA members can have missed news reports of the loss of the *Maria Asumpta*, the oldest operational sailing ship in the world.

It took no time at all for the sea and rocks of North Cornwall to do there dreadful work following failure of the elderly brig's twin diesels on that final run into Padstow in quiet weather.

So ended *Maria Asumpta*, built near Barcelona in 1858 and rescued by Mark Litchfield from oblivion in the port of Malaga where she (then named *Ciudad de Inca*) had degenerated into a hulk. Litchfield was to buy her in 1980 as seen for £11,000 the price of the two Baudouin diesels in her at the time.

No-one can deny, the old lady enjoyed a great final decade as her owner and willing "slaves" tended to her every need. And she went the way of so many sailing ships, ground up on the West Country rocks with a loss of life.

Maria Asumpta was old but although considerable restoration had been carried out over the three years questions have been raised over just how seaworthy she was

at the time of the incident, which it is understood is now the subject of formal investigations. One wonders just how well found some boats belonging to OGA members who battle along on shoestring budgets really are.

I suspect many Gaffers have at some time sailed very close to the wind when it comes to safety. Perhaps the boat has just been bought out of some backwater ... a bit seedy looking but just about sailable though with an auxiliary motor that would be more at home in a scrapyard than buried in the bilges. And it's a long way to the new home port!

Or perhaps the boat has been part of the family for a long time ... a barely affordable gobble of money even when doing nothing and rarely a provider of real pleasure. Yet she is kept going.

Who? Us? Yes fellow OGA members who grudge an increase in the association's pitiful subscription ... you.

I hope this is not indicative of an attitude to safety best described as foolhardy. You know the sort of things I mean ... out of date flares, Very pistol useless for wont of a good emery job and a bit of 3-in-1 oil, liferaft past its service date, no storm sails, etc. because of a lack of cash or, worse, an unwillingness to buy necessities.

As the high point of the sailing year approaches swiftly have a care. Check your safety gear, ensure the engine (if you have one) is not a cripple or the next worse thing - unreliable, keep sailing gear and running /standing rigging in good order and ensure the hull is seaworthy.

On a lighter note, this issue sees the start of a four part feature by East Coast member David Hornbrook.

"A Most Pleasing Pastime" chronicles the cruise of the cutter *Barbara Agnes* from Burnham on Crouch to Cornwall; the D-Day beaches of Normandy and back.

Originally, this was the winning entry in the East Coast's annual competition for the best voyage log. Having been brought to the attention of yours truly it was decided that in an abridged form it would make an excellent four part series. The authors pen and ink illustrations together with a most easy style make this one to treasure. Part I begins on page 11.

Jay Cresswell Hon Ed.

OLD GAFFERS' ASSOCIATION



REPORT ON 1994 COMPETITION

THE judging of the 2nd International Photographic Competition took place on Sunday 5 Feb 1995 at Royal North of Ireland Yacht Club. Bob Hamilton of the Newsletter, a prize winning photographer himself, Libby Hunter, a local presenter from BBC Northern Ireland, and Andrew Jaggers, manager of Bangor Marina were the judges. They remarked that they had great difficulty in finding the winners because of the exceptionally high standard of photographs entered in the competition.



Boats For Sail

Nellie Mathilde (OGA No 1520) for sale. Steel ketch, Colin Archer type, designed by his apprentice Jac Iverson and built 1964 in Sweden (featured in P.B.O. May '95 page 99). 45mm Oregon decks, 52ft LOA, 40ft LOD, 13ft 6in Beam, 7ft 6in draft. Swedish pine masts and booms, stainless steel rigging. 220 gal water, 140 gal diesel. Ford 80hp (2000 hrs) engine. Excellent '94 survey.

Very beautiful, very strong, safe deep sea cruiser with five Atlantic crossings and currently doing her sixth. Four owner, (including present) have always loved and fully maintained her. Has 1990/91 tan Gown sails, new covers and awnings, new galley '91 and absolutely all live-aboard comforts and cruising gear too much to mention. £62,000. Contact Richard Ganley on (01732) 743228 (office hours).



Nellie Mathilde

Sue Too (OGA No 1374)- bawley type gaff cutter. Small ships registered. Foam sandwich construction to Lloyds approval built 1989, long keel, 10hp engine, wood spars. 22ft LOD, 21ft 6in LWL, 7ft 8in Beam, 3ft Draft, displacement 3.75 tons. Sail area 335 sq ft including topsail, cream terylene. The yacht is kept to a very high standard and can be seen afloat in Brightlingsea, Essex. Reduced price £13,900 for a quick sale. Contact R. Loram on (01206) 303560.

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 Austin on (01621) 773310 for full details.

Trasna - 40ft x 9ft x 6ft 1906 yawl by Hildreg for the RNYC. New mast in 1987. Complete rigging and fittings. Good sound hull needs refit. A classic. Write to: John Angus, 12 Ashford Drive, Donaghadee, County Down, Northern Ireland.



Adelle



Area Name	Address	Boat Name
MNK R Stone	10 Cannongate Avenue, Hythe, Kent ME17 1LP	<i>Thrift</i>
NE D Stangroom	126 Byng Drive, Potters Bar, Herts EN6 1UJ	
NI B McLaughlin	15 Browns Brae, Hollywood, Co. Down	<i>Feria</i>
NI D Barr	19 Grovehill Gardens, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 4NS	<i>Carina</i>
NI D Moffett	94 Mageraconluce, Hillsborough, Co. Down BT26 2PR	<i>Fintra</i>
NI F S Watson	20 Main Road, Glynn, Larne, Co. Antrim BT40 3HG	<i>Shareme</i>
NI J McKee	14 Rose Park, Donaghadee, Co. Down, Northern Ireland BT21 0BG	
<i>Ivanhoe</i>		
NI W Horn	Dove Cottage, New Road, Laxey, Isle of Man IM4 7BQ	
NW D Green	146 Sussex Road, Southport, Merseyside PR8 6DE	<i>Polly</i>
OS J Lewis	Zeeburgerkade, HS Amsterdam, Netherlands	<i>Grosso</i>
SOL A Chesshire	Alteza, Church Lane, Bursledon, Hampshire SO31 8AD	<i>Black Lady</i>
SOL D Fenwick	5 Glen Eyre Way, Bassett, Southampton SO16 3GD	<i>Octarine</i>
SOL E Class	Five Oaks, New Road, Wotton Isle of Wight PO33	<i>Victoria</i>
SOL G Dalrymple	1 Garfield Road, Netley Abbey, Southampton, Hants SP31 5DN	<i>Flugel</i>
SOL M Briggs	Coachmans, Westbourne, Emsworth, Hants PO10 2UB	<i>Little Apple</i>
SOL P T Rennison	Mulberry Cottage, 70 Midhurst Road, Lavant, Chichester PO18	
ODA <i>Larus of Sway</i>		
SOL R Allan	4 Orchard Lodge, Wilton Road, Shanklin, Isle of Wight PO37	<i>Ostreicole</i>
SOL R Wilderspin	5 Glen Eyre Way, Bassett, Southampton SO16 3GD	<i>Octarine</i>
SOL S Owens	Lovells Court, Marnhull, Dorset DT10 1JJ	<i>Grey Hersen</i>
SW C H J Daykin	Widey Cross, Newton Ferrers, Devon PL8 1HX	<i>Meganser</i>
SW R Allen	6 Silver Street, Lyme Regis, Dorset DT7 3HR	
SW W B I Small	Heath Cottage, Grubbins Lane, Speen Princes, Risborough, Bucks HP29 0SH	<i>Samantha Small</i>

KEEP 'EM COMING

MEMBERSHIP of the Association continues to grow. Another new crop of members help swell the ranks of the OGA and make our voice even stronger. Yet still there is much to do. Remember, if you see a gaff rigged craft that is unfamiliar to you, make contact with the owners and encourage them to join in the many and varied activities that the OGA has to offer. Make sure your area sec. knows their name and address so that we can send them an invitation to join the Association - better still carry a few application forms with you to give out.



After much deliberation and discussion, 1st prize in the Best Gaff Rigged Boat Category went to Julia Wright from the East Coast with her beautiful photograph of *Ellen and Sallie*, the photograph which is on the front cover of the Member's Handbook and Boat Archive. 2nd prize went to Peter Ford from Essex with a lovely picture of Golden Plover racing to windward in a golden sea. Alison Brennen of Carrickfergus took third place with a picture of an *Ultach* taken in Carrickfergus harbour with the magnificent Norman castle as a back drop.

1st prize in the Best General Sailing Category went to Stephen Clarkson from Donagadee with a magnificent action photograph of *Madcap* at the Howth Regatta last year. 2nd prize went to Robin Brennen from Carrickfergus with another action shot of the Galway Hooker *Star of the West*, again taken at Howth with 3rd prize going to Alan Hidden with a shot taken aboard a Thames barge showing the crew in action.

Both categories got the same prizes. 1st £60 of Techno vouchers, 2nd £40 of Techno vouchers and 3rd £25 of Techno vouchers. Techno also supplied six small prizes that went with the vouchers as a bonus.

I congratulate all the entrants for the magnificent quality of their entries, well done. I have arranged with Boatman magazine that some, if not all, of the entries will be published in the magazine and as last year, the photographic competition will provide the covers for the Gaffers Log.

The 1995 competition is being run again along the same lines as last time with the judging being done hopefully in London at the AGM, with a possibility of an exhibition on the Boatman stand at the Earls Court Boat Show. Get your entries in and keep the competition alive.

But this will only come about if you Gaffers take the time to photograph yourselves and send in the entries. One of the best ways to 'Promote Gaff Rig' as we are all supposed to do, is by ensuring that we get our photographs published wherever possible, but you must take the picture in the first place.

If anyone has any ideas for the competition that will improve it or change it, please let me know either by post or by ringing (01247) 453099.

The rules remain the same for this year in that, because it costs a little money to enlarge the photo to the correct size to enter the competition, we shall not demand an entry fee.

It is important to support this competition by sending in your entries to me as soon as possible so that the NIOGA can again lead the way in the Gaffers Log.

I repeat the categories from the competition rules shown those editions.

- Best Photograph of a Gaff Rigged Boat
- Best General Sailing Photograph
- Best Black and White Photograph of a Gaff Rigged Boat

Photographs should be a minimum of 5 x 7 and a maximum of 12 x 10.

Please let me have your entries as soon as possible.

Peter Lyons

Competition Organiser

All the cover photographs, front and back, are for this and the following three Logs are by winners or entrants to the 1994 competition. Remember, this season is not over by a long chalk; so get those lenses cleaned and snap away. Next year it could be one of your pictures adorning the cover of the Gaffers Log.



Restored Lowestoft
smack *Excelsior* will
be one of hopefully
many at the 1996 Fish-
ing Vessel Festival.



The Lowestoft Centenary Smack Race
A Grand 100 Year Revival

Dear Members,

The last Lowestoft Smack race was believed to have been held out of the port in 1896, and to mark its 100 year passing, a centenary event is preliminarily planned for the weekend of 22 June 1996.

It will be an event running in conjunction with the already well established Lowestoft Fish Fare, including many side stalls and attractions, at England's most easterly town.

Apart from the grand ketch smack rematch, of which at this early stage, a definite number of attending vessels is unknown, it has been put forward to openly invite all working or ex-working sailing fishing boats from around Britain.

There will be many prizes ranging from the best restoration, to the furthest travelled boat to the event, class prizes from smacks to luggers to beach boats, the fastest to the slowest completing the race plus many others.

So if you are the owner of an ex-fishing boat that would like to be informed further on what is most certainly to be the largest gathering of fishing and ex-fishing craft in the British Isles, contact:-

Martin Yardley Tel: 01394 411794
22 Oak Hill
Holesley
Woodbridge
Suffolk IP12 3JY

Area Name	Address	Boat Name
CWL M Stonell	11 Holly Close, Burnham on Crouch, Essex	CM0 8DL <i>Lorien</i>
DB D Magee	Carrig Lane, Blessington, Co. Wicklow, Eire	<i>Gleam</i>
DB D McNern	25 Sea Poui, Coutu, Bray, Co. Wicklow, Eire	
DB H Smith	Corballis Cottage, Donabate, Co. Dublin Eire	<i>Gipsy</i>
DB K C Crothers	19 St. Malachys Dun, Greenhills, Dublin 12	<i>Christina Hunter</i>
DB M Birch	Espanola, Preston Marina, Navigation Way, Preston PR2 2YP	<i>Espanola</i>
DB M Park	Carrick Breac, Baily, Howth, Dublin 13	
DB R Darcy	131 Sandyhill, Ballymon, Dublin 11	
DB T Glover	2 Manor Close, Highfield, Rathfarnham, Dublin 14	
DB W Murphy	Myrtle Street, Phibsboro, Dublin 7	<i>Ann Again</i>
EC A Close	Orchard House, High Street, Fen Drayton Cambs CB4 5JS	<i>Capriccio</i>
EC A Jones	Grange Cottage, The Green, Hatfield Peverel, Chelmsford, Essex CM3 2JG	<i>Redstrat</i>
EC A N Grafham	30 Valley Walk, Shirley, Croydonm Surrey CR0 8SR	<i>Widget</i>
EC D Brunton	Latchford Lodge, Standon, Nr. Ware, Herts.	<i>Irene May</i>
EC D J Cooper	The Empress and the, Pitstone Wharf, Nr Cheddington, Beds LU7 9AD	<i>Liberta</i>
EC D Quinney	17 High Street, Barkway, Nr. Royston, Herts	
EC D Ramsey	82 Farnbridge Road, Maldon, Essex, CM9 6AF	<i>Inanda</i>
EC E Ballard	Sideways, 21 The Paddocks, Witham, Essex CM8 2DR	
EC G Eustance	31 John Gooch Drive, Enfield, Middlesex EN2 8HG	
EC J C D James	Rose Cottage, 73 High Street, Burnham on Crouch Essex CM0 8AH	<i>Cotehele</i>
EC J D Flemming	Birch Hall, Kirby-le-Soken, Frinton-on-Sea Essex CO13 0EL	<i>Eagle</i>
EC J Forrest	Orchard House, High Street, Fen Drayton Cambs CB4 5JS	<i>Capriccio</i>
EC K Childs	The Old Rectory, Bramfield, Hertford, Herts SG14 2QJ	<i>Irene May</i>
EC L Morgan	11 Thurstable Close, Tollesbury, Maldon, Essex CM9 8SH	<i>Alan</i>
EC L Rumsey	2 Chapel Road, Great Totham, Maldon, Essex CM9 8DA	<i>Sunset</i>
EC M Lee	6 Broken Green, Standon, Herts	
EC P G Kruitwagen	Netherlands 8231 BH Karvell 33-11, Lelystad, Lillibullero	
EC P Keeling	29 Riverbank, Laleham Road, Staines, Middlesex TW18 2QE	<i>Ann Bonney</i>
EC R Angell	68 New Zealand Lane, Queniborough, Leicestershire LE7	<i>Betty</i>
MNK A W Ryan	Cowslip Cottage, Fairbourne Heath, Harrietsham, Kent ME17 1LP	<i>Ellen</i>
MNK G Leffek	11 Gun Street, Spitalfields, London E1 6AH	<i>Florya</i>
MNK J Creasey	33 Park Hurst Road, Bengoe, Hertford, Herts SG14 3AZ	
MNK R Blomfield	Trefoil, Upper Street, Kingston, Nr Deal, Kent CT14 8DT	<i>Galatea</i>
MNK R Ganly	Unit 9, Bartram Farm, Old Otford Road, Sevenoaks, kent TN14 5EZ	<i>Nelly Mathilde</i>



Linnaea

water up to the beam shelf. *Linnaea* and a few others ran back to Faversham. On *Emmanuel* we put two reefs in, furling the jib after a struggle and carried on under the requirement just to finish the course - racing for the time being was off the menu.

The supper and prize giving at Medway yacht club was very well attended with the retired crews coming in by car where necessary. Prizes were awarded to all those who completed the course. Because of the excess of prizes over participants this required a little manipulation of some of the prize titles. We are pleased to report that Ray Austin in *Adelle* scooped up the Kentish Beer prize and took it back home to Essex to educate brewers north of the Thames.

Thanks must go to Trevor Ryan and Richard East for their assistance as start and support vessels and to Yvonne Mitchell, our officer of the day. Thanks also to Medway Yacht club for the assistance in timing and the subsequent hospitality.

NORTH KENT OGA PASSAGE RACE 1995 RESULTS

Boats taking part: *Adelle*, *Alice & Florrie*, *Blue Jacket*, *Bonita*, *Ellen*, *Emmanuel*, *Joyce*, *Kailua*, *Maris Ranger*, *Mary*, *Nercissa*, *Olivia Mary*, *Prince of Wales*, *Rubicon*, *Sea Horse*, *Thistle of Rochester*

SPECIAL AWARDS

1st Start	<i>Adelle</i> (Ray Austin)	Shep's Beer
1st Home	<i>Rubicon</i> (Chris Ward)	Mowlem Cup
Last Home	<i>Joyce</i> (Robert Thorlin)	Davey's Tail
Longest Distance	<i>Alice & Florrie</i> (Tony Judd)	Petranelle Pot
Booby Brize	<i>Blue Jacket</i> (Tim Beckett)	Pink Pudd Paddle
Special Award	Yvonne Mitchell	Smack Alley Trophy

SMACKS AND BAWLEYS

1st	<i>Alice & Florrie</i> (Tony Judd)	Winter's Cup
2nd	<i>Bonita</i> (Mike Beckett)	
3rd	<i>Nercissa</i> (Ray Rush)	

CLASS 1

1st	<i>Rubicon</i> (Chris Ward)	Mowlem Cup
2nd	<i>Emmanuel</i> (Bon Holden)	
3rd	<i>Bonita</i> (Mike Beckett)	

CLASSs II

1st	<i>Adelle</i> (Ray Austin)	Vicking Trophy
-----	----------------------------	----------------

21 Victoria Road
Maldon
CM9 7HE

Dear Mr Cresswell,

The Gaffers Log is the main river of communication between the OGA and members. I like the new format, but would like to take you to task on the reporting of the East Coast Race for Class 3 (Autumn 94).

Most of the fault, probably arises from the fact that the guy who wrote the report sailed with the big boats, and was reporting second-hand so-to-speak.

I've been sailing in class three in *Rapunzle* for 20 odd years now - off and on.

As usual, the race was dominated by "Bateaux Plastiques" or in Queens Head-speak - tupperware. These guys seem to have telephathic communication with the "Bridge" and start five minutes before anyone else.

Contrary to Arthur Keeble's letter to the East Coast, about racing etiquette, try as we might, we can never get a "tupperware" speared on our bowsprit! They are just too quick.

So, off they go, like lightning into the wind. We wallowed along behind with Sam Simper, and a very pretty little wooden gunter rigged boat with blue sails.

On the run down from Bradwell to Osea, us oldies caught -up a lot on account of the fact that oldies run and reach well. My notes say that their lead was down to about 300 yards at this point.

However, the beat back to Thirslet against wind and tide definately favoured plastic. I think we finished about 15 minutes behind the plastic's, but cannot tell, as this year, the full results have not been circulated or printed.

This is a great pity, because I've always kept a record of how (badly) we did - but generally close to the front of the wooden trad. boats.

This record is particularly important for class three, because you can't sleep the night off the Stone while the rest of you party. One has to nip away back to Maldon while the tide is still running.

The new course was OK, but I wouldn't say we were excited about it. I think I would rather run down the river with the big boats, and turn back relatively soon if it's windy, rather than hang around for two or three hours at the Stone, waiting for the plastics to get towed over from West Mersea.

Come to think of it, how about a time bonus for any wooden boat that sails to the Stone?

Yours sincerely

Jon Howarth

Carrickfergus Marina

Rodger's Quay

Carrickfergus

Dear Editor,

I would just like to say thank you to all members of the OGA who attended 'Classic Sail 1995'. It was estimated we had 125 boats and between 40 & 50,000 visitors at this year's event, making it our most successful classic sail yet.

A special word of thanks must also go to those members of the NIOGA who assisted us during the event, helped by our brilliant sea cadets.

Yours sincerely,

Errol Murphy

Marina Berthing Master

The Saltings
Ferry Road
Fingringhoe
Essex
CO5 7BX

Dear Mr Cresswell,

My letter published in the Autumn/Winter 1994 issue stated the facts as long accepted and backed by many generations of seamen's experience with gaff rigged craft setting topsails. Information based on possibly limited experience with the gaff rig and its terms can mislead, hence my comments,

However, I am pleased that in his response in the Winter/Spring 1994/95 issue Mr Burger de Fremol acknowledges that jackyard is the generally accepted term for a spar extending the clew of a topsail beyond the gaff and also that the spar at the head of a gaff topsail is called a topsail yard. These were points made in my letter about his article.

Reference to a proposed alteration to a topsail of a spritsail barge, in which craft yard topsails were not carried, is rather lame and reference to the term "jenny" parochial.

I am uncertain on what Mr Burger de Fremol bases his remarks that my knowledge of gaff rig is based solely on reading. I built my own 24ft gaff cutter in 1949, having sailed for three years previous seasons on another which was keenly raced with a yard topsail at a time when such sails were very rare indeed. I subsequently sailed in many other gaff rigged craft, both yachts and smacks.

Later, for myself and for friends I designed, in spare time from my work as a naval architect concerned with ships, the following gaff rigged craft; six gaff cutters from 18 to 38ft length, three gaff sloops from 16 to 21ft 6in and other craft with Bermudian and lug rug. A total of 51 gaff rigged craft have been built from these designs during. Because of these relationships can connections I was able to sail with some men of long experience with the gaff and other rigs in British and other waters. Reading confirmed their and others usage of the terms topsail yard and jackyard, as set out in my letter.

Yours sincerely,

John Leather

There are minimal Area Notes in this issue of the Log. Area Secs. please remember that the Log is the official organ of the Association and as such should report the events within your areas preferably sooner than later.

Without your contributions the membership is unable to be kept up-to-date with the many varied rallies, races, festivals etc. that form the main function of the association. Please help. Ed.



SOUTH EAST BOATSHOW

BURNHAM YACHT HARBOUR 31 MAY /4 JUNE

by Brenda Jago

After last year's deluge, we were all keeping our fingers crossed for good weather for the 1995 SE Boatshow, and the first three days duly obliged.

Once again the public showed great interest in the OGA display afloat and ashore. The association's stand featured two 1870 charts of the East Coast and Solent areas, and continuously running videos showing Shotley Classic Boat Festival and the East Coast Old Gaffers Race from 1991- 1994. Sales of regalia reached £330, and books fetched nearly £50, of which the OGA gratefully receives a percentage from the author Frank Mulville. There was also interest from potential new members.

Down in the marina, most of the visitors were drawn to the eight OGA boats on display. Jane on smack *Ellen* did her usual excellent PR job, while Ian on bawley *Bona* took part in the "Try a Boat"

event. They also tried to execute our Area VP's phantom parrot on *Avola*, the J Francis Jones gaff cutter. Also there was the lovely Dunkirk Little Ship *Cachalot* (for sale), Deben 4 tonner *Janty*, and from the racing scene, the French 7.5 Metre *Sheena* and the ECOD *Chittabob IV*. Everyone took a turn pumping out last but by no means least ship's lifeboat *Sheba*.

Our thanks go to the Cruising Association for the stand, to Harwich Radio for the video, to Jon & Margaret, Martin & Julia, Ray, Dick, Dougal, Mike, Harry & Eddie for taking turns on the stand, and to George for all his help in setting it up.

MEDWAY AND NORTH KENT OGA PASSGAE RACE 1995

by Bob Holden

The passage race from the Swale to the Medway took place on Saturday June 17. What we had not planned was the strong wind which only allowed seven of the 15 boats that had started to complete the course. This was in marked contrast to the forecast giving SW 5 and the condition at 0600 being flat calm.

At 0730 a light breeze had set in to send the fleet off. By the time Columbine was reached it was a comfortable 4 and everyone rounded the mark swiftly and hardened the sheets for the fetch up to Spile buoy.

Many took the rhumb line course closer inshore and over the shoals but we on *Emmanuel* elected to stay offshore in the deeper water and to do so we had

to put a tack in just before the Spile. The wind was still freshening and our five foot draft must have been down to three feet six at times with the heeling over. Another gaffer, however, went a bit too far and came to an unceremonious stop.

As the wind increased more entrants retired. *Thistle of Rochester* handed sails and motored the rest of the way to Upnor having heeled so much that she had





Mersey Class Racer *Deva* leading *Shrimper Aussie II* at Burnham

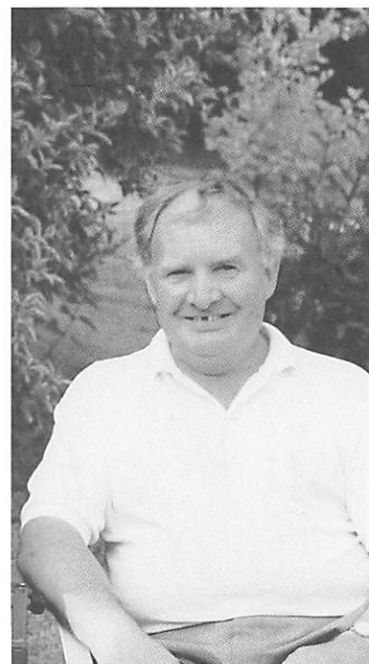
and *Pelican* all got off to a good start but, on the beat up to Canewdon Buoy, *Adelle* pulled well ahead. On the run back to Cliff Reach the bigger boats began to catch up and overtake and it was anybody's race as we did a triangle across to Cliff and up to Canewdon again before running all the way down past Burnham to Fairway No 1, and then finishing E - W across the RBYC line, a course distance of 13 miles.

The first two to finish were *Chittabob* and *Barbara Agnes*, with only five seconds separating them. *Mary Ritchie* and *Sauntress* were very close behind. Some 17 boats completed the course, with three retiring. Prizes were presented by the Commodore of the Royal Burnham YC on Sunday evening, results being based on the modified THCF. It was *Mary Ritchie's* weekend as she took the Ind Coope and Allsopp Old Gaffers Trophy for the first boat on corrected time in the race. We were delighted that

the second prize and the Skua Shield went to Vice Commodore Johnny James in his first OGA Race with *Cotehele*. The Teal Tankard for third place went to Godfather Ray Austen in *Adelle*. In the open boats race, all four of the scows unfortunately retired, not surprising in the strong winds. *Memory* did not complete the correct course, so the Peeler Pot therefor went to stalwarts Phil and Jo in *Ailsa*.

Every boat participating in the weekend's events received a commemorative plate from the Royal Burnham. Our OGA Area Vice President Brian Hammett then presented the Club with a framed original Mike Peyton cartoon to mark their centenary. However, this was not the end of the celebrations because at midday on Monday, 14 OGA boats led by *Ellen* and *Bona*, did a sail past in honour of the RBYC centenary and were very impressed to receive a three-gun salute.

Presidential Musings



IT is fascinating to consider the progress of the OGA since its inception.

In those early days 30 odd years ago, most gaffers were in poor physical shape. Sails were often original cotton or canvas, patched and badly misshapen - You think I exaggerate. Well look back at old photos and they will confirm it.

There were exceptions however, three of which were the original boats of that fateful 1959 race in the Solent. Sadly one of these boats and two of the owners are no longer with us, but we have a fine Association as a result of their "frustration".

I have now donned the mantle of the fifth president of the OGA and hope that I may be able to continue the considerable leadership of my predecessors. My immediate thanks must be to Rob Williamson whose enthusiasm and sound common sense will be missed round the committee table.

Whilst talking of committees, we have now set up the new committee structure of "head office" and indeed there has been an inaugural meeting of the

Finance and General Purposes Committee at the Cruising Association.

The Royal Victoria Yacht Club at Fishbourne on the Isle of Wight celebrated its 150th anniversary on May 20th and I had the pleasure of representing the OGA at their party together with commodores from most of the Solent clubs.

There was an inspection of the "fleet" in Wootton Creek and the considerable gaffer contingent made a fine sight dressed overall and later in a sail past. The Royal Victoria YC are very hospitable to the OGA and we thank them for it.

Next was a visit to Northern Ireland for Classic Sail Carrickfergus. Now I have spoken of this event before - read the health warning - minimum two weeks practice before arrival. I speak of dealing with considerable quantities of that well known dark liquid so beloved of Irishmen - and me!

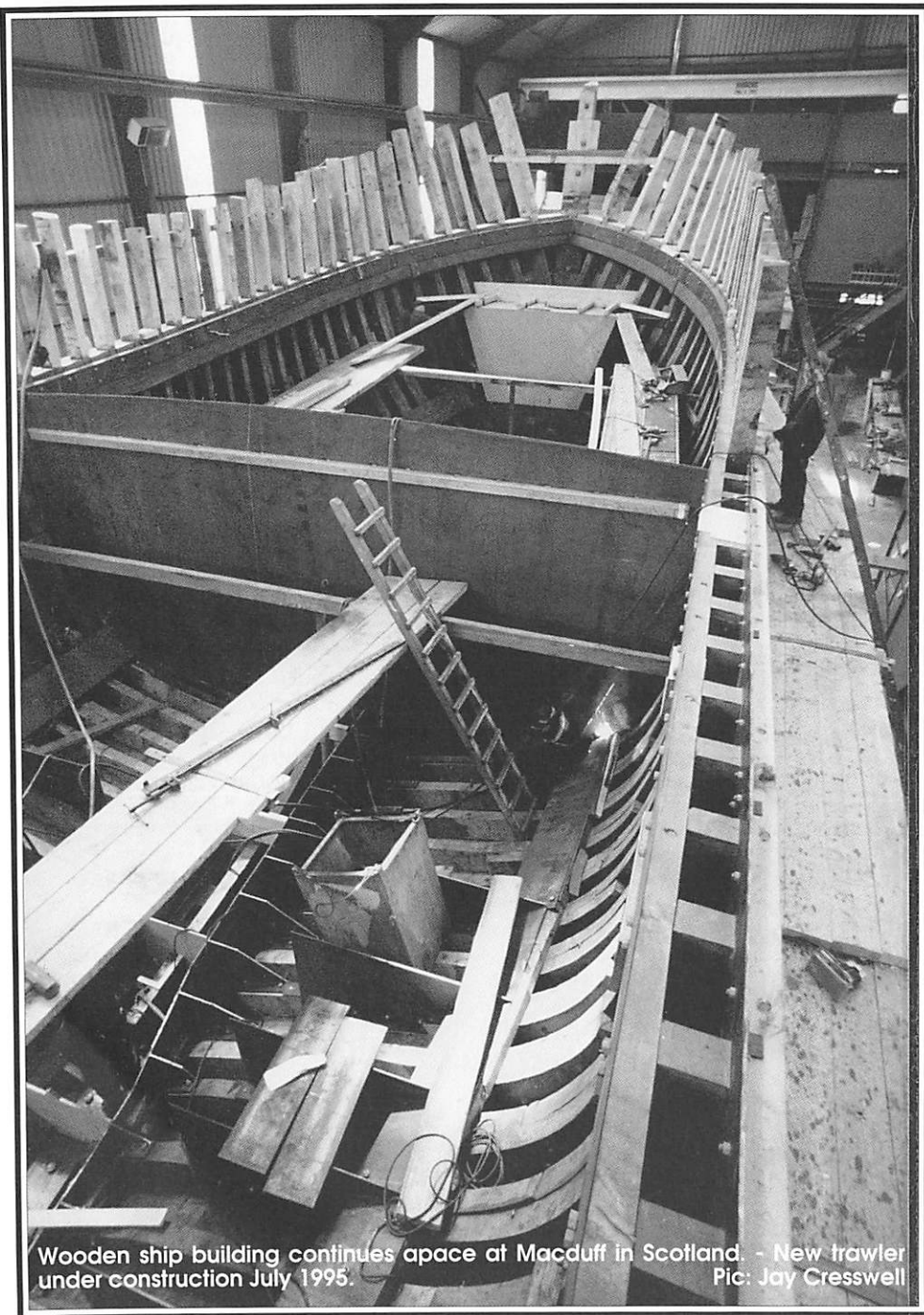
In a marvellous setting on the north bank of Belfast Lough there was fine sailing, a huge fleet of gaffers, much partying and excellent organisation by the OGA and Carrickfergus Borough Council. More will be written of this elsewhere.

Before leaving the Province I must mention that I had the honour of being a guest at the Northern Ireland area dinner last November, and my thanks are due to Alan and Irene Aston and Alan and Jane Hidden for their considerable hospitality.

Just before Carrickfergus I went to the Wooden Boat Show at Greenwich to show the flag. I was not alone - Dick and Pat Dawson (Association Hon. Sec and Register Ed.) and Brenda Jago (OGA publicity) were there and many other members, not least those on stands. Tom Cunliff opened the show and as always it was full of interest.

Clashing dates mean it was not possible to get everything into one year but it is my hope that, in my three year tour, I will be able to fill in the gaps, see all aspects of gaffing and meet as many members as possible.

David Cade



Wooden ship building continues apace at Macduff in Scotland. - New trawler under construction July 1995. Pic: Jay Cresswell

THREE GUN SALUTE FOR THE OGA

by Brenda Jago

TEN years ago I organised the first ever rally on the River Crouch over the Spring Bank Holiday weekend. The date has stayed the same though the format has changed considerably over the years. This time the OGA was invited to hold its rally as part of the Royal Burnham Yacht Club's Centenary Regatta.

The Committee arranged a new type of passage race for the Saturday to test the navigation skills of competitors, and the 13 boats who participating enjoyed the challenge. Best average speed on corrected time on passage was made by *Mary Ritchie* (Don Garman), whose course was Buxey Beacon and return to Burnham. Mike Peyton's *Touchstone* from Maldon came second, with third place going to the classic Bermudan Vertue *Maid of Tessa*, sailed single handed from West Mersea by Elder Gaffer Rob Williamson.

More than 40 members and crew sat down to supper at RBYC on Saturday evening, including two latecomers who had been delayed on the mud at Shore

Ends! We were welcomed by the Commodore, Nick Holland-Brown.

The Vice Commodore, a very new member of the OGA, joined me for breakfast next morning at the Club to discuss courses for the gaffers races. The main event was to start in two groups with the smaller boats going off at 11.00 hrs and the larger ones at 11.10. As we had only two open boats, it was agreed that they would race with the scows at 11.30hrs. In spite of the forecast of SW5-6 gusting 7, 22 boats turned up to race. The Met. Office got the strength right, but the wind was actually from the South, which gave the boats a good reach up to the first mark at Cliff. The two Cornish Shrimpers *Aissie II* and *Cotehele*, with *Adelle*, *Deva*



The French racer *Sheena* in pursuit of the Jago's *Janty* well re- both edel.

have delighted the eyes of all those who saw it. How could one not recreate this precisely. Ply ? No way. My decision to create an exact copy of the original and to lay it precisely as the original set the whole tone of all that was to follow.

Ply did not exist 90 years ago so was banished from everywhere it could possibly be seen and only used where such use could render the life of the structure longer - in curiously few places it transpired. It was important to replace as little as possible of the structure and alter the form of it not at all. It had survived well for 90 years and done honour to its creators so why change it?

What was renewed, therefore, was replaced in the same way and with the same woods if at all possible and if not (the Kauri deck) then in a contemporaneous timber of similar usage - no modern hardwood used anywhere. I believe anyone studying the structure today can see truly how it was actually done in 1905 and 1914 by the particular builders concerned - important for historical provenance and a delight to live.

Kauri is no longer available so Canadian yellow cedar was machined to the original detail with the addition of a square groove for a modern polyurethane caulking, and has been laid as the original, so no fastening plugs deface the sweep of the planks.

Many opined that such a tight sweep could not be achieved. "Why not compromise", they said, and snape into the covering boards. I had lived with the sweep created by those craftsmen at Foley's boatyard in Ringsend in 1914 and knew that compromise was a poor recognition of their skill, so we struggled.

A fully swept canoe deck, secret fastened onto the beams, as was then, cannot have been created for many years. It was very difficult and some had to be redone. But when it was closed and finished all one could do was gasp in orgiastic delight for it is exquisite. There is simply no other word for it. The visual delight of the closely packed swept beads as one lies in one's bunk is definitely

worth the sweat.

As mentioned, we restrained ourselves from 'improving' the structure, even though before the deck was replaced we ended up with a completely empty hull shell. It had survived 90 years intact without rot or trouble so what little we did replace was done as the original.

New knees and hooks were cut from oak crooks, as per the old ones, not fashioned from ply or even iroko. They lie in view, beautifully varnished, with the curved grain of English oak a wonder to the eye.

We have not been total slaves to absolute purity as, to have done so would have rendered the result less effective or more expensive than using a modern substitute, nor do I deem such sensible. Having had the heads come off almost all the original bronze screws we adopted stainless pozidrive self-tappers (I can hear the screams of traditionalist horror).

As an engineer I know how to use them and where to buy them for a tiny fraction (less than 1/10th) of the original's price. They are far stronger and far more easy to drive with power tools, cutting costs everywhere and allowing money to be put where it is more visible. On *Sheila* they have been mounted in and sealed with polyurethane and have strengthened the structure by drawing joints tighter. For heavy applications we used huge stainless coach screws cheaply available from the building trade. Even if the threads decay the tops will stay on so they can be removed for inspection.

Despite the above we have parsimonious in the use of the dreaded WEST epoxy system. Old boat structures do and have to move. To lock up such mobile structures solid in certain areas solid with WEST is merely to transfer the strains of sailing stress unevenly about the structure.

to be continued . . .

Photographs by Paul Janes, who was also the boat builder responsible for the fine workmanship carried out on *Sheila* extensive refit.



DICK DAWSON'S SCRANBAG

AFLOAT!

I have recently received a copy of this interesting publication. Aimed firmly at the small boat enthusiast, it is full of articles ranging from design, cruises, boating history, boatbuilding techniques, book reviews and show reports. Enquiries to Dennis Davis, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford, Devon EX39 1TB.

Solent Area AGM 1995.

The Solent AGM and supper was held on Saturday 25th March at Warsash Sailing Club. The formal part of the evening was efficiently chaired by George Beckett ensuring that this took no more than half an hour allowing plenty of time for socialising.

The past year's events were reviewed and plans for 1995 were presented. Mark Taylor stood down as Secretary. He has held the post for two years, but pressures of work now prevent him from continuing. George thanked him for all his hard work and presented him with a set of fine mugs for his new yacht *Chance*. Graham Benton will become secretary again. The meeting sent special congratulations to David Cade on his election to the post of Association President.

The AGM was followed by an excellent meal and a raffle to swell the area's funds. After dinner Tom Cunliffe had been persuaded in a weak moment to give an after dinner speech. This wide ranging and amusing talk was much

appreciated by all. Amongst his anecdotes he explained how having the fastest gaffer did not always bring in the pots in the races. He recounted how in *Saari* drifting around at the back of the fleet was the best place to be. When the wind filled in, *Saari* carried it through the fleet and won second prize! His discourse on the quality of second hand gear that can be had from skips in boatyards and marinas on a Sunday evening reminded us all we do not always have to pay Chandlery prices. Many thanks Tom for entertaining us.

Our thanks are due to Warsash Sailing Club for their hospitality.

Crew lists

It has been suggested that we could use the Log to promulgate lists of boats needing crews and crews needing boats. If you have such a need, please write to the Editor with details. If there is enough response, we could make it a regular column.

Yes, I Agree - Ed

English Nature

An enormously complex issue has arisen - quietly, as they always do - relating to the use of certain areas of foreshore around our coasts. As a result of an EU directive, English Nature, supported by the DoE, has served notice on councils that some coastal areas, mostly already Areas of Special Scientific Interest and Special Conservation Areas, are to be defined as new Special Areas of Conservation, RAMSARS and the like. I won't go into the detail, but basically it means that because of the presence of certain uncommon plant and animal species and unusual habitats, these areas can have new restrictions of access and use slammed on them.

The OGA is to become a consultee, together with the RYA, who have been doing sterling work on this for some time. Nobody knows what will happen, and an illustration of the confusion is that neither English Nature or the DoE are fully conversant with the processes required.

In case you think that this could be little more than minor legislation to protect a highly localised area in which a particular species of rare bird nests, be aware that some of these areas can stretch out to a depth of eight metres at MLWS and that, amongst others, it so far includes the whole Solent and south coast of the Isle of Wight, the whole of the Wash and every inch of the Scilly Isles coast.

We owe our knowledge of this to Dave Moore, who works for one of the councils on which English Nature has served notice. With his help, we have already represented our concerns, pointing out that the very reason that some coastal areas are suitable wildlife habitats is that the traditional boating use for mooring, slipping, berthing and the like has brought the habitat into existence.

Cowes Wooden Boat Consortium

This organisation is applying for Millenium funding to establish a centre in Cowes in which ordinary traditional boat owners can attend courses in boat building and repair and, unlike other organisations, take their boat there and do the work as part of the course. It is also designed to be a tourist attraction and Mystic Seaport in the USA is regarded as a likely model for what will be produced. An option has been taken on a wharf a little way up the River Medina, providing accommodation ashore, hard standing and tidal and deep water moorings.

The OGA has written a letter of support to help the bid for Millenium funds and wishes the organisers the best of luck.

Associated British Ports

The ABP is planning to extend its control of the Southampton Water area as far west as Hurst Narrows. No-one can convince me that this is not so that, at some future date, they can levy charges for the use of these waters. David Keller has risen to the challenge and is representing the OGA's interests during the consultation period, together with nearly every Solent organisation and marine business.

Old Gaffers de Bretagne Nord

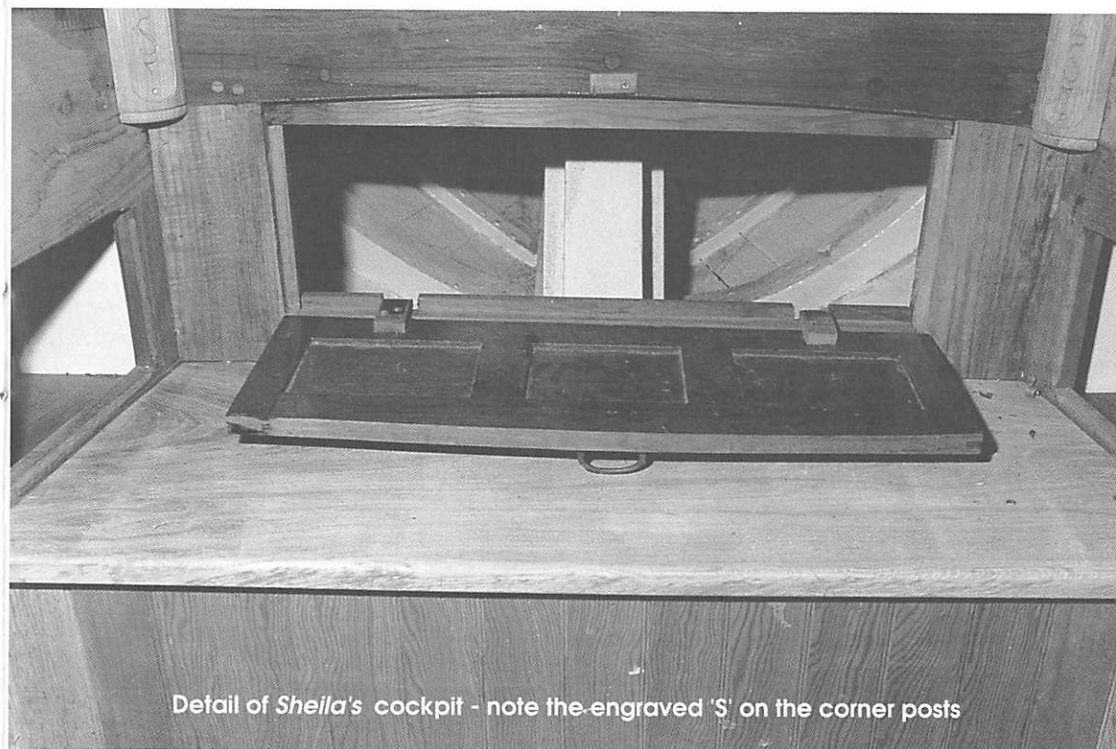
After some stunningly successful years in the 70's and 80's, the Vieux Greements de France and Old Gaffers Malouines, based in St Malo, went a little quiet. They have arisen, phoenix-like, to show a strong presence organised in a number of local bases along the north Brittany coast. They have an impressive programme of events for 1995 and produce a lively magazine full of interesting articles. I hope that we can establish stronger links with them, like the times of nearly 20 years ago when the St Malo contingent hosted a regatta and invited members from England. I was privileged to take part and recall a hectic week of racing through the rocks close inshore off St Malo (follow the nearest Frenchman) with first class hospitality making the following morning's early start to get out of the lock a little trying. This went on for five hair-raising days, after which we sailed to Alderney for a rest!

Boat news

Dirk II is a fine 42ft gaff yawl built in Germany in the 1920s. She has spent many years rigged as a Bermudan ketch and is now ashore at the Elephant boatyard for a major refit. Some renewed frames, part of a sheerstrake, new mast step and a new gaff yawl rig close to the original will make her a fine ship and one to look out for in the OGA races. I had the pleasure of a Channel crossing in her last year and even with the reduced sail area of her Bermudan rig she was easily driven and beautifully balanced. With Graham Benton at the helm, she could be serious competition.

Minx is an Itchen Ferry based in Yarmouth that has recently been converted back to Gaff from Bermudan. Although I haven't seen the conversion, her owner Paul Scivier explained the conversion to me a while ago and she promises to be a beauty.

Mark Taylor is approaching the end of his refit of *Chance*, a 38ft cutter which is the nearest yacht I have seen to a barge yacht that isn't. She only needs



Detail of *Sheila's* cockpit - note the engraved 'S' on the corner posts

successfully, losing their original provenance in the process.

This extends to modification too. If you don't like or can't use the boat you have it is not reasonable to destroy its original style and provenance by drastically altering it; raising cabin tops, adding deckhouses or raising topsides "to make the boat suitable for cruising for the family". Go buy a family cruising yacht and leave your original racing yacht as it was for others and history to enjoy as she originally was.

This destruction is distressing and can only muddy our image in heritage circles, apart from denying our children the delights of what was there before we spoilt it. An honest failure to achieve purity is one thing but the overt creation of bastards is entirely another. I do assure all that the attempt to recreate the original and savour all the delights of the past is worthwhile as I have proved, for the Nth time for me, watching work

progress, under my and more skilled hands, last year.

In the spring my little yawl *Sheila* (not one of yer fishing boats dear Ed) needed a 90th birthday refit. This little lady is of particular historical importance in her own right, has been remarkably little changed and is very well documented, so that action could genuinely follow intention - to retrieve the 1905 boat.

Sheila needed a new deck. At 90 she needed a facelift too for just like any old lady she needed to look much more like her youthful former self. Fifteen years ago I had done a lot of work, some much less good than the best so I decided that, with the deck off, I would bring her back to her 1905 glory in as much detail as possible.

The deck in place, of Kauri, dated from 1914, when *Sheila* had a noted rebuild after her 'obit' appeared in YM that year. It was of fully swept form with a bead planed into the underside that must

MARITIME HERITAGE AND ACCURATE RESTORATION

Part 1

By Mike Burn

THE OGA is, quite rightly, taking an active part in the Maritime Heritage agenda so I think it reasonable that we take an honest view of what this means for the way we restore and sail those of our boats that are part of the nation's maritime heritage - that is most of them.

In the 60's I ran Vintage (1920's) cars as my sole transport because they were so much more fun than new ones. The more original they were the more fun they were. Now I sail and old boat for the same reasons, the delights of the original artifact.

Why put modern brakes on a Vintage car and why modernise your Edwardian yacht with an 'improved' rig, modern additions and styles of interior and gizmos - for it is from the very style and simplicity of the original that one gains one's principle delight and, if you don't like such, buy a modern boat.

Now the OGA is taking such a high profile it behoves us also to recognise that we are trustees of the nation's sailing heritage. Those of us fortunate enough to own old boats own them in trust for later generations. We should not spoil them at our own free will for they belong equally to those who come after us.

We honour that trust by restoring them to, or keeping them in, the best of original condition that we can achieve, as a mark of respect to their creators. Most of us would not deface an old building; let us not deface our old yachts. Yea let us go further and undo the defacings of other years and make honest attempts to recover the original boat as she was built.

There was a dreadful habit in Vintage motoring, among people who did not have the original artifact in the form they wanted, of cutting up fine closed cars and building replica 'sports' bodies on the vandalised chassis, thus destroying some of the most beautiful coachbuilding from a period when it was at its finest, purely so that they could go racing. Regrettably I notice a similar habit creeping into the OGA but, in this case, good original boats of another rig, are being turned into 'gaffers' in order to go racing



Sheila's new deck showing the fine the inlaid kingplank

leeboards to convince me that she is. The internal volume is stupendous and with the stiffness of the flat-bottomed, hard-bilge profile, she will be a big problem to keep up with downwind.

I visited Maurice Wilmott recently. He is responsible for single-handedly building up a fleet of beautifully-restored classic motor boats, including Rivas and ChrisCrafts, together with some lovely riverboats. His latest project is a complete filleting job on a 25ft Fife day racer. Aided by the first-class shipwrighting work of Alistair Garland, I know that she will be a beauty.

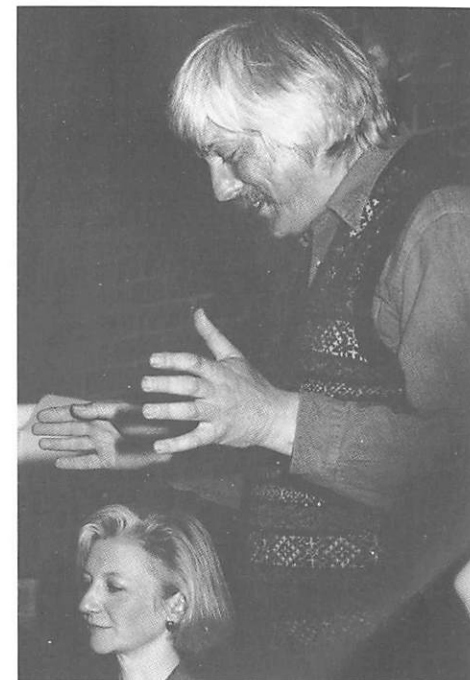
Iseult, my first gaffer love, now sports her third doghouse. Over the last few years, this splendid 1909 yawl has blossomed. Major refitting has given her a new deck, enhanced accommodation and a much-improved sailplan. Joe and Pat Lester now spend most of their summers living aboard and the new teak doghouse should have cured some of the leaks.

In the first of these columns, seven issues ago, I promised not to usurp my position and write endlessly of *Lone Wolf*. Enough is enough! After eight years of sailing and not much work other than painting, this year we've given her a serious refit. The old quarter prop (a nightmare in crowded Solent moorings) has gone and with the skilled help of the Elephant Boatyard, the sterntube now pierces the sternpost, with a promise of improved handling under power in tight quarters. Much thought was given to the problems of the prop cutout in the rudder and I hope that the new rudder, a slightly different shape and hung in new bronze fittings, will reduce the expected increased weather helm. A traditional spinnaker cut by Dave Spargo in Falmouth and Simon Richardson's cunning recutting of the mainsail should improve the sailing performance. I'll keep you posted. Anyone want a used Brunton's Autoprop?

A lovely old 8-metre named *Bryony* languished in the creek at the Elephant Boatyard until recently, filling with rainwater and generally neglected. The Elephant's wise soothsayer opined that

the deck needed replacing as it was made of old packing cases - Admiralty packing cases, mind! She is now hidden in the shed to be completely filleted, with a serious budget, and rumour has it that she will emerge from this chrysalis with a fine new gaff cutter rig of proportions sufficient to frighten the crew to death. Why can't someone build a new gaffer with a proper rig?

Dick Dawson

CAPTION
COMPETITION

Chris Scott-Francis took this photograph of Tom Cunliff doing, heaven knows what to Cathy. We feel it is a picture truly worthy of your most cryptic caption.

Send your answers to the Editor who will judge the entries and select a winner. Whenever!

A Most Pleasant Pastime

Part 1

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

by
David Hornbrook

'The advent of my young friend was a most enlightening experiment, since it showed, beyond doubt, that in such a boat an expedition of the nature I had been engaged in was safer managed alone.'

R. T. McMullen, in a letter to Dixon Kemp, 1880.

COOKING supper on the eve of my adventure, I began to feel the cosy world of *Barbara Agnes* closing around me. The lights on the quay and the sound of happy drinkers outside The Anchor already seemed along way off.

Earlier that day I had driven to Burnham in a car overflowing with all those peculiar necessities of extended life on board my 28ft Falmouth working boat. Extra bedding, embarrassing numbers of charts, boxes of victuals (hoarded on the odd but persistent assumption that shops become thin on the ground outside London), an iron, bundles of documents (passport, registration, proof of VAT payments - I was once caught by customs for this in Holland) and much else, useful and useless, all piled into my sparkling new lapstrake sailing tender, *Nye Bevan*, and bundled on board.

The oil lamp in the cabin flickered on the varnished wood and the smell of grilling pork mixed with that of marline and paraffin. Behind me, at the ready, my ghostly but constant companions - R. T. McMullen, Arthur Ransome, Hilaire Belloc, E. E. Middleton, Eric Hiscock, Erskine Childers, Claude Worth - sat upright in their shelves waiting to do service.

Although he favoured the open sea cruise, Claude Worth acknowledged that 'to sail from port to port by easy stages in picked weather is a most pleasant pastime.' My modest plan was to do just that. I had allowed two weeks of day-sailing to make Cornwall in time for the Falmouth Classics Race and was not too troubled that with prevailing south-westerlies my 3-cylinder Vetus might be called upon to make a contribution. After that I might blow across the English Channel at some point - probably to Cherbourg or St Vaast - and, in this anniversary year, make my way home via the Normandy beaches.

And so it was that just before dawn, anyone who happened to be about at that inhospitable hour would have seen the lights of a little gaff cutter making her tentative way out of the moorings to set a course across the banks and swatchways of the Thames Estuary towards Ramsgate.

As expected, the diesel was not idle for long. Ramsgate came and went and, by the time *Barbara Agnes* and I had left Dover and Folkestone behind and were in sight of Dungeness, the routine of motoring into light, south-westerly airs had been

is at the bottom of father-in-law's garden, and surprise him by knocking on his door for breakfast. The next three days were "family" days and it was not until Thursday that we put to sea again bound for the Helford.

Summer sailing at last.

Whilst it was not exactly a fair wind, we could lay the course and the sun shone. The Scillies were now out of the question so, after a night in Helford, it was off to Falmouth for the Classics weekend.

We did not even have enough time to enjoy this to the full but we did see the yachts, meet a few friends and enjoy a run ashore in the town, a favourite port of mine ever since I spent three weeks there in 1959.

With a week left to cover the 350 miles back to Walton we weighed anchor early on the Sunday morning and had a perfect sail back to the Yealm where we only stopped because our elder son and his fiancée were joining for the next leg to the Solent.

Next morning we regretted our overnight stay as it was wet and horrible when *Eliza Maude* poked her bowsprit out of the river at 08.30. However, things improved and we had a fast run across Lyme Bay and berthing in Lymington at 06.00 next morning. The crew left after breakfast and later in the day we sailed over to Emsworth to meet a friend who wanted a lift back to Essex and thought, quite rightly, that *Eliza Maude* was a better mode of travel than British Rail.

An early start had been planned with the intention of going non-stop to Walton, but it was not to be as the morning shipping forecast gave gales in Thames and Dover! We did not mind to much as we had been at sea every day for the previous week and a day in gave us the chance to catch up on the chores and the reading.

It was still blowing the next day and the crew were still in their bunks when friends arrived to "rescue" us and take us ashore for breakfast and a day out seeing the sights of Portsmouth. By the time we returned to the boat the weather was on the mend and we should have sailed



there and then, but we didn't, and paid for that night in our bunks with a lost fair wind, for when *Eliza Maude* nosed out next morning, it was calm at first until a light breeze came in from the East and stayed there for the next two days. So we motor-sailed home arriving on Saturday evening with a day in hand.

Looking back it was not the best cruise we have had and it was certainly hard work at times, but it did have its moments. The week in the West Country was very good whilst our enforced stays in Dover and Emsworth were opportunities for meeting other sailors and making shoreside visits which we would otherwise not have done. Perhaps we shall reach the Scillies another time.

P.S. *Eliza Maude* has just returned from another successful visit to the Falmouth Classics

ELIZA-MAUDE ... DOWN CHANNEL AGAIN

by Chris Guy

HEADING for the West Country is an easy decision for us, what with two sons, one father-in-law and a bunch of friends living around the Yealm, not forgetting the sailing to be enjoyed. The difficult part is getting there when one lives three hundred miles to leeward in Essex.

This was our fourth trip down Channel in six years and we had yet to reach the Scillies, so the plan was to make as fast a trip as possible to the Yealm, spend a couple of days with family, and then push on westwards. The problem was it didn't quite work out like that!

We got away from Walton early on the first day and were anchored in Dover in time for supper. Next morning we set off with a foul tide and a head wind - under such conditions when on passage with just the two of us aboard, I am not a purist and we motor-sail with only the mainsail set. Under this rig *Eliza Maude* points high and steers herself which partly compensates for the discomfort of bashing to windward.

As we made our way towards Dungeness, the wind gradually freshened to Force 6 and, as the tide turned, the seas began to build. The sight of two larger yachts turning back did nothing for our resolve and we soon followed suit. Six hours at sea found us back in Dover after an exciting run under staysail only - a splendid sail in the wrong direction.



It was Thursday before the wind moderated enough for us to venture out again. Our timetable was already looking a mess. The wind was still in the south-west, so we had to rely on the diesel to get us along. We had hoped to make Brighton but, by the time we were off the Royal Sovereign, we were feeling tired and so went into the new marina at Eastbourne for the night.

When we sailed next morning it was actually calm for a while but the wind soon came in from the west and so *Eliza Maude* settled down to another day of motor-sailing. We were about seven miles south of Brighton when I suddenly smelled diesel and discovered that the excess fuel pipe had cracked and was leaking badly. We bore away for Brighton and had another god sail in the wrong direction arriving at 16.30 on a Friday afternoon. The marina staff were very helpful and the pipe was repaired by 17.00.

We finally reached the Solent on Saturday evening, a week and a day from Walton and from here on progress improved. We spent the night at anchor in Osborne Bay and woke to a lovely summer's morning. We resisted the temptation to spend the day watching the big yachts racing, for it was the start of Cowes week, and instead got under way and, after fuelling at Cowes, carried on westwards towards the Needles and beyond.

There was little wind and progress was both easy and rapid as we carried a fair tide from Yarmouth to Portland Bill. We continued motor-sailing through the evening and night until 02.00 when we were able to free our wind off Start Point and at last stop the motor.

Our timing was perfect as we arrived off the Yealm at dawn and were able to go straight up to Bridgend Quay, which

Passage from *Ramsgate*
to *Brighton*

Time	Log	Wind	Bar	Course	Position	Notes
0710		SW3	1020		Ramsgate	left harbour
0720				190°	Queen B.	Streak log
0800	3.1					
0830		SW4-5			Dead Bank Dy.	
0935				235°	Off Dover	Sea getting up
1000	11	SW3				
1025		SW4			Off Toller's Cove	
1200	19.5					
1310				250°	Off Dungeness	Udder Range butty launch Tide runs east
1400	27.3					
1600	34.6					
1800	43				Off Hastings	Tide ebbing 2,200 rpm
1900	48				Off Eastbourne	
2000	53				Approaching Beachy Hd.	
2030				295°	Beachy Hd. abeam	Tide runs east
2100	58					Lighthouse
2200	63				Off Newhaven	Hand log
2245					Brighton Marina	Secure.

way of the chain plates must be devised if the cumbersome ritual with wicks and paraffin is to be foregone when under way under power at night. Attractive although they are, the faint glimmer of my two stalwart galvanised lanterns cannot remotely satisfy the regulations. The single bulb blazing from the masthead serves to indicate my presence but doesn't reveal much of my intentions.

Characteristically, the lights of Brighton marina separated themselves from their background of street lamps with tantalising slowness. Off Newhaven I handed the log but it was not until 2245 that *Barbara Agnes* passed behind the breakwater and secured alongside the visitors' pontoon.

For the single-handed sailor with a 12-foot bowsprit any marina can be a nightmare. Brighton, though, is grim for other reasons too. Behind the great encircling arm of concrete built out from the beach is the much-hyped 'marina village', an ugly speculation of Barratt 'Premier Collection Homes', complete with Disney-like 'piazzas' and private moorings. Not only does it not look remotely like any village one could imagine, but also, victim of a fickle market, it lacks that fundamental element of village life - inhabitants.

Of course, there are advantages in being able simply to step off one's craft onto a pontoon and walk ashore to the shops. The trouble is that there are no shops in Brighton Marina Village - unless you count the 'exciting variety of gift, fashion and specialist shops' quoted in the guide. These turn out to be handy for the odd Gucci handbag but entirely useless if you want a pint of milk and a morning paper. Friends who keep their boat there point loyally to the fact that you can get all you

established.

Dungeness has a certain bleak charm. I visited it by land once and was able to inspect those strange huts and shanty bungalows which seem long ago to have been stranded on the pebbles by some spectacularly high tide. The place really does evoke the end of the world, an impression only reinforced by the sinister presence of the nuclear power station, slabs of concrete so conveniently and unmistakably conspicuous that it is difficult to imagine pilotage along the coast without them.

Now began the slog across Rye Bay against a strengthening flood. I recalled the indomitable E. E. Middleton, struggling to make the same destination out of Ramsgate in the diminutive *Kate* in 1869. Using a combination of sail and oar, and at the mercy of winds which again and again blew him back towards Hastings, it had taken Middleton six days to round Beachy Head.

At sunset, and after very much less effort, *Barbara Agnes* was rounding the famous headland and I was lighting the port and starboard lamps before securing them to their boards in the rigging. Some satisfactory means of passing a cable through the deck by

want in the supermarket. The supermarket? Who wants to buy the morning paper in a supermarket?

The following day's passage to Portsmouth was uneventful. Frustratingly little sailing on the way, although there was the compensation of a visit to *HMS Warrior* and the *Mary Rose* after a comfortable night in Gosport, and when I slipped once again it was into a fine Solent day and a good westerly breeze. By 1430 *Barbara Agnes* was creaming across towards Ryde with jib and tow-foresail sheets well hardened in. It was exhilarating to feel my little cutter responding to the tiller like a sailing boat once more.

The wind now backed south-westerly so that my hope for a long tack to Yarmouth was thwarted. With no little disappointment, I handed the headsails and turned the key in the ignition. Then the seas hit us, as all the pilot books predicted they would, precisely off the Needles; wind against tide from two directions.

I reduced speed drastically and fought for control of the helm as huge waves tried to wrench *Barbara Agnes* from my grasp. Below, unidentified objects crashed about the cabin, while out beyond her stem, the bowsprit plunged deep and, with twanging shrouds, rose dripping far into the air. As the tide carried us westwards, the seas moderated and it was at last possible to lay a course for Poole.

Never having entered Poole Harbour before, the cockpit was more than usually cluttered with propped-open pilot books as *Barbara Agnes* made her way up the

Passage from Portsmouth
to Poole Harbour

Time	Log	Wind	Bar	Course	Position	Notes
1350		W3-4	1019		Gold Harbour	Slip up
1415		W3-4				Set sails + tow jib + F.W.E. Baiting westwards.
1500					off Woodbar Creek	Tide runs west
1600		SW3-4			off Gosport	
1715					off Salt Head Ledges	ROE. Hand sails
1745					off Yarmouth	
1825					Needles	Big seas. Hard course with difficulty
1850				280°		
2015					Entering Poole Hbr.	
2030					Entrance to Poole Hbr. & Bland Arley	Round with paler moon prop.
2120						Under way again
2145					Gosport Point	Get in 4.3 in



Portsmouth Harbour and H.M.S. Warrior

vessel broke the hard line of the horizon. At the Ray Yellow Buoy we found just enough water to scrape over. (12 inches)

Up went the reefed mainsail and *Shoal Waters* swept on into a lonely River Crouch. Just one yacht was at anchor under the north shore. The reefs came out as the wind dropped and we anchored in the Roach at 2100hrs, a few moments after a red sun sank below the sea wall.

Tuesday brought a perfect summer morning. The wind was vaguely northerly and we drifted through Maurice Griffiths' silent creeks to Havengore Bridge, helped by the strong flood tide running out onto the sands. We only met one other yacht which was anchored at Potton Point.

Four young ginger seals refused to disrupt their sunbathing as we stole up the Middleway. The poor old motor cruiser was still in place. We put a line ashore on the tip of Rushley Island to breakfast while we waited for the tide to run back inland, and for half an hour or so we sat on the sea wall and marvelled at the peaceful scene.

A carpet of sea lavender lay between us and the boat. Beyond was the bridge and a sparkling channel of water leading to the beacons on the sands with the wide Thames beyond. The top of the sea wall had been mowed recently and gave the sweet smell of hay. Grasshoppers jumped at our every movement and butterflies were everywhere. Behind us was a reed-filled dyke and a golden field of wheat, safe enough from the combine harvester at high water, for it would have to cross a muddy ford at low tide to get there.

The tides met out on the sands at the Broomway, the ancient road that was the only dry way to Foulness until the first bridge was built in 1919. The water that has crossed the three miles of sand from the West Swin is earlier than the water that has travelled via the Crouch, the Roach and the maze of Islands. The latter is overwhelmed, and water from the Thames floods inland to fill the creeks until HW. It was time to go ... we noted with satisfaction that the light northerly had gone southerly.



Shoal Waters rounded Rushley, sailing over the ford and past the Wakering boatyard with its strange mixture of craft from new yachts to ancient minesweepers. Potton swing bridge swung open for us promptly and we reached the old wharf in lovely Barling Creek on the top of the tide.

Paglesham was as unchanged and charming as ever. As the ebb gathered strength I chided an old friend on the Shuttlewood-built gaff yacht *Dormouse* for misleading me by suddenly changing the colour of his boat after 20 years.

As first the wind was gusty and variable, presumably because it had to pass over the scorching land on Foulness Island but, once we were clear of the shore, it settled down to a perfect southeaster giving us a glorious run back to the Blackwater, where we found the *Lord Nelson* at anchor. At 1700 we anchored in St Lawrence Creek for a meal and a nap, leaving at 2000 for the club and our mooring. The sun set ahead over No.7 buoy to leave a colourful afterglow as we waited at the jetty for my mooring to cover. We had sailed 55 miles in 35 hours.

Occasionally people ask me why I do not go further afield, in particular, to Holland. With this sort of trip on my doorstep why bother?

By the way, there were very high spring tides on 31st July/1st August that year and the stranded motor yacht was gone next time we went that way.

Sailing with Butterflies

Charles Stock reflects on the gentle act of sailing

MY favourite yachting writer, Francis B. Cooke, was wont to comment that there was something not altogether displeasing about other people's misfortunes. That I must confess, is the spirit in which Joy and I set off for the Crouch from the Blackwater SC at Heybridge just after the 1130 high water on the Monday of cadet week 1992.

Returning from Faversham three weeks earlier we had discovered a large clinker cruiser, *Lady Audrina*, probably a riz-up-on 30ft naval cutter, neaped on the saltings just inside Havengore Bridge. A check on the tide tables showed that the next spring tides would be 0.6m lower. Was he still there?

The wind was gusting in a lively manner from the north-west under a scorching sun. With one reef in, *Shoal Waters* set off from the club jetty to sail through a stream of Mirrors, Toppers etc. being towed back 'hors de combat. Progress was great but I realised that we would need another reef before crossing the open river mouth onto the Dengie Flats and therefore eased into sheltered water in the lee of the North shore beyond Thirslet Creek.

Once I would reef down in any rough and tumble without a second thought but now I seek a smooth patch. I suppose that in a way reefing is like making love. When you are young and virile you can

do it anywhere; as you get older one insists on more comfortable surroundings!

The visibility was superb and colours brilliant. When St Cedds little 7th century church, St Peter's on the Wall, cleared the scrub and stunted trees at Sales Point, all the familiar seamarks, the Buxey Beacon, the wreck beacons, the Foulness radar towers and the chimney on the Isle of Grain marched into view to guide us into the shallow Ray Sand Channel.

With drying sand to windward the sea was smoother and we altered course SE and then due south, guided by my six-foot sounding cane which I use like a walking stick. Of course there was no question of reaching the Crouch until half flood in the evening for the Rays'n dries at the southern end these days, but we needed an afternoon nap anyway.

We anchored in the lee of the SE wreck just in time to take in the 1355hrs shipping forecast. Soon we were high and dry in a desert of flat wet sand, alive with busy feeding birds. Later I walked over to the wreck and then to a small mooring buoy, which I found was attached to a bag of cockles!

Most amazingly, we were visited by a steady stream of butterflies.

Soon after the 1750hrs forecast the tide came swirling back to disturb our idyllic comfort. Under staysail only we sailed slowly south as the wind eased gradually. The Isle of Sheppey and the radio mast deep in the mainland beyond were clearly visible. To the SE, the top of a large container

Swash Channel in the fading light. We passed North Haven Point and turned to starboard into South Deep. Then, for reasons which remain a mystery - it all looks so simple in retrospect - I missed, or mis-judged, the first pile, despite its FIG 5s, and went aground.

Without thinking I put the engine hard astern. Immediately, the tender's painter, which had dipped beneath the surface when *Barbara Agnes* came to a halt, was whisked around the rapidly turning shaft. Poor *Nye Bevan* shot forward and capsized. There was a terrible hacking noise as the dinghy's stem made contact with the thrashing propeller. The engine stopped and there was silence. Upside down, close under the counter, wallowed my new punt, like flotsam from a torpedoing.

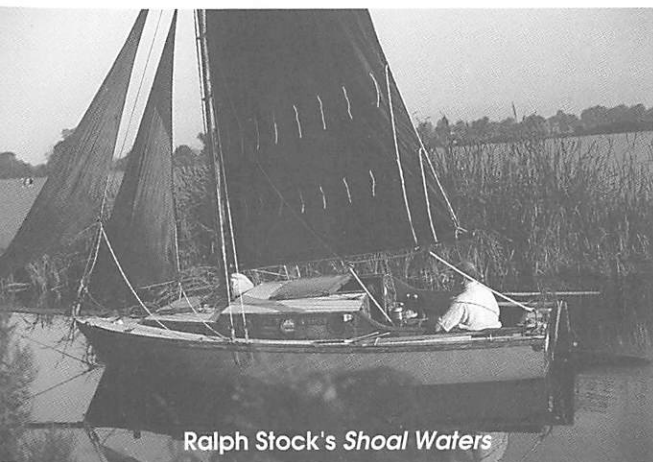
There was no time to contemplate what terrible carnage might be revealed when the wreck came to the surface. I rushed below and grabbed a knife. The short rope ladder, always ready and secure, was quickly dropped over the transom enabling me to lower myself into the water and begin frantically sawing away at the painter. This awkward job was made a great deal easier when I discovered, after a great deal of kicking water, that it was actually possible to stand on the sandy bottom.

As the last scraps of polyester were prized free, I flung the knife on board and turned my attention to the capsized punt. Summoning up a strength that surprised me, the waterlogged tender was somehow righted and lashed alongside. Back onboard, I leaned over the gunwale to heave as much water from the punt with a bucket as possible. When she had enough stability to tow in that position, with the help of little stern thrust, we were afloat once more.

By now it was dark, although an obliging moon helped me to negotiate my way slowly between the piles to an anchorage off Goathorn Point. I let the anchor go in four metres of water and went thankfully below.



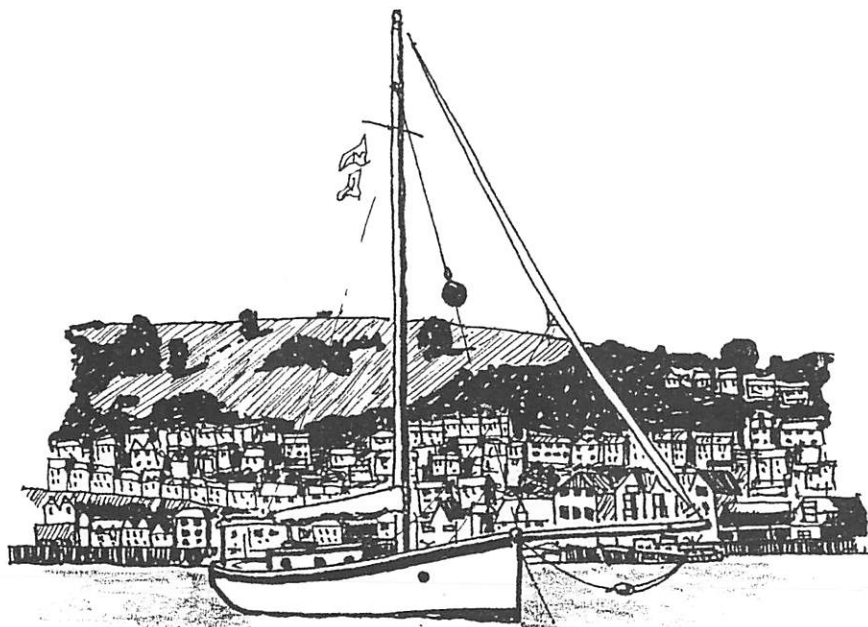
Weymouth - The Cove



Ralph Stock's *Shoal Waters*

In the morning the sun shone through the scuttles and reflected off the rippling water onto the deckhead as I lay wrapped in my duvet listening to the morning shipping forecast. The damage turned out to be far less than the awful chopping sounds of the previous night had suggested - merely a few chips off the punt's stem. I dabbed on a little varnish, tidied up and *Barbara Agnes* was soon on her way again as if nothing had happened, *Nye Bevan* surfing innocently along in her wake.

After a lumpy night in Weymouth Bay - an all too brief easterly - there was fog over the land as the anchor was weighed in the soft pre-dawn light and we steamed out towards Portland Bill. The dreaded race was quiet as *Barbara Agnes*, hugging the



Dartmouth

shore, crept around the infamous point and set a course for Dartmouth. By midday the cliffs to the south of Berry Head loomed up ahead and an hour later we were passing the castles and into the Dart. The high wooded cliffs and the avalanche of white houses tumbling down to the foreshore on both sides of the river were a sure sign that *Barbara Agnes* was nearing home and it was not long before the little cutter was swinging contentedly to her anchor off Kingswear.

Here I was in my beloved West Country at last - and with time to spare. In the evening, I pulled across to the hospitable Royal Dart Yacht Club and showered (just 50p). On Sunday morning, thoughts about motoring up to Dittisham. However, the inertia of being in a comfortable position close to the town held the anchor fast. The following day there were two other gaffers - *Chloe May* and Tom Cunliffe's *Hirta* - anchored upstream, doubtless pausing, like me, on their way to the race. Tuesday

dawned cold, windy and wet. Not the weather for me. *Hirta* vanished upstream, but most of our little anchored community battened down the hatches and waited for better things to come.

E. Keble Chatterton, in *The Yachtsman's Pilot* of 1933, describes the River Yealm as 'one of the most secluded and lovely spots to be found in Southern England'. It is difficult to disagree. After a trouble-free passage from Dartmouth, a lucky chance served up a vacant mooring in the Pool, right opposite the Yealm Hotel and close to the hard. As I was securing things on deck and making lunch, the local sailing school came round the bend, a gaggle of elderly half-deckers in tow behind the safety launch. There was the familiar scrabble for moorings, instructors shouting orders to terrified crews as they drifted up on the tide, that I remember so vividly from my own days teaching there.

That evening I called upon old friends and amid convivial reminiscence began to hear the siren voices of Newton Ferrers tempting me to stay another day, another week, another year....

Before temptation could get a hold for a second day we slipped quietly out past Misery Point in the early morning mist and *Barbara Agnes* was off the Mewstone on course for Falmouth before the sirens - notably tardy risers - were out of bed.

The wind blew gently from the south-west, but, with the help of a favourable tide for most of the way, we made a good five knots, arriving off St Anthony Head by mid-afternoon. At 1535, 12 days and 350 miles after leaving Burnham, *Barbara Agnes* secured to a Harbour Authority buoy just downstream of the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club.

It was Thursday; the race was on Saturday. Plenty of time to make ready and summon a crew. With a mixture of relief and anticipation, I boarded *Nye Bevan* and rowed ashore. We were here and the adventure was just beginning.

(to be continued)



The Pool - River Yealm