

OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION

Western Australia
incorporated Newsletter

OUR BEST REGATTA YET!

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Special points of interest:

- Annual General Meeting—18th July 2002 at the E.F.Y.C. at 7:30 pm. See you there.
- Office bearer nomination forms enclosed—go on nominate!
- Send in those stories and pictures—to either Mike or Fiona via snail mail or email. If you send photos via snail mail, we'll post them back to you.
- Email Fiona and let her know if you would like an emailed colour digital copy of the newsletter .

By Adrian Edwards

Perfect weather and a record number of boats and spectators were features of the Old Gaffers Association's fifth annual regatta on the Swan River on Saturday, April 27.

Hosted by the Royal Freshwater Bay Yacht Club, 20 old and "new" gaffers and classic boats made a spectacular sight as they responded to the starter's gun off Keanes Point, in perfect sunshine and light winds.

Visitors to the Royal Freshwater Bay Yacht Club enjoyed one of Perth's most beautiful views—across the bay.

They refreshed themselves from a carnival-style beer tent, from which regatta sponsor J Boag & Sons served several varieties of international beers.

As always the majestic and fast Couta boats looked graceful with their perfectly filled gaff sails, contrasting with the variety of smaller and



unusual little craft.

This year, light winds meant the course has to be shortened and as always the race committee and handicappers earned their beers.

Overall the day was a huge success, with excellent trophies and a big crowd staying on for the presentations.

RFBYC Commodore John Anderson thanked the Old Gaffer for turning on a great event and said he would like to see an expanded regatta next year, including more old wooden and classic craft.

Mr Anderson said he would also like to see boat-building and static boat displays on the lawns for the public to enjoy.

See page 4 for the regatta results and more pictures.



Committee Contact Details

President	Chris Bowman	20 Bristol Ave Bicton 6157	08 9339 5785
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Presidents Report

The Fifth Annual OGA Regatta has come and gone, and from all accounts it was a resounding success. An unexpected job in Europe came up, so unfortunately I couldn't attend. This put added pressure on the rest of the committee members at just the wrong time. I would therefore like to congratulate Shirley Cook, Mike and Mary Igglesden, Clive Jarman, Adrian Edwards and Dianna Hewison, and all other volunteers for their hard work in making the Regatta a day that all members of the OGA can be proud. I would also like to thank the Royal Freshwater Bay Yacht Club for providing such a fantastic venue, and in particular Rear Commodore Sail John Anderson and Sailing Secretary Jill Slawson for their invaluable assistance in making this years Regatta the best ever. R.F.B.Y.C. were extremely pleased with the event, and are looking forward to an even better Regatta next year!

I never cease to be amazed at how easily sailing, and boats and the water can bring people together. Wander down to a port or harbour or marina or yacht club almost anywhere in the world and I bet it won't take long before you will find yourself engaged in an earnest conversation with someone who shares a common bond and similar interests to yourself, and that is...boats, hopefully and most probably gaff rigged ones at that. My recent trip to Europe had me arriving in Copenhagen early in the morning. Having a few hours to kill before meeting up with my friends, I decided to go for a walk and have a bit of a look around. It was a beautiful, crisp, sunny Sunday morning. After enjoying a pleasant breakfast in a small cafe, and a stroll around the Tivoli Gardens, I found myself in Colin Archer

Heaven! If you are in love with double-enders, then this is the place! Copenhagen is crisscrossed with narrow, picturesque canals, and tied up alongside were literally hundreds of examples of beautiful Scandinavian craft, most of them wooden and most of them sporting some sort of gaff rig.

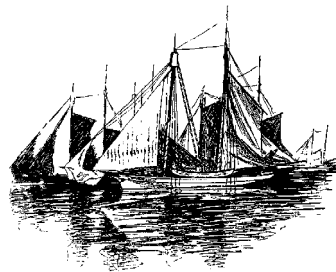
As I stood admiring the mast head details of one of these craft, a fellow wandered by and we struck up a conversation. I was asking him about some of the finer details of the different vessels. He was most knowledgeable and informative. Eventually I asked him if he owned a boat, and he replied he did, and that in fact we were looking at it! The fellows name was Bo, and his yacht was a steel Colin Archer design that he built himself. And what a vessel it was! 44' x 14' x 7', and without a doubt the biggest gaff rig I have ever seen on a boat that size. The mast was solid Oregon and 14" in diameter through the partners. It was 60 feet from keel to masthead, and she carried a bowsprit that must have been 20 feet outside the stem! I was invited aboard, and spent over two hours talking boats with this pleasant fellow. The interior was very comfortable and practical. An oil stove heated her up nicely, and we drank cup after cup of strong black tea, which warmed up the insides!

Eventually I bid farewell to this friendly gaffer, and wandered back to my hotel. It was only a brief encounter, but it was one of the highlights of my stay in Europe. By the way ... Bo, who is 65, told me that he had finally decided to sell his beautiful vessel. So if there is someone out there who would like to buy a great cruising boat in Europe (and improve their muscle tone in the process) then let me know and I will point you in the right direction ...

Chris Bowman



"Once I was in Ireland
Digging turf and pratties
And now I'm on a Yankee ship
Hauling on sheets and braces"

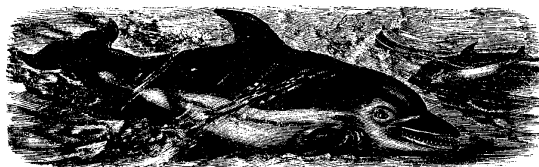


Rottneest Island Visit 7th to 9th April 2002

'Karina', 'Mayflower' and 'Oriol' transported eight OGA members and friends to Rottneest on Sunday 7th April. Fiona and Bruce had arranged to lease a chalet for the couple of days— a brilliant idea. The fleet was anchored in Geordie Bay. John and Pauline Dilley with friends Peter and Diane had voyaged up from Rockingham, having spent the night of the 6th at the visitor's berth at Fremantle Sailing Club.

On the second night John entertained us with his guitar playing and singing. (?) After supper and a couple of reds, Wally and Mike,

who were both determined to sleep aboard their respective vessels, although there were empty bunks available in the chalet, enjoyed rather an intermittent sleep. I will draw a veil over the exact proceedings of that night. I am contemplating writing a series of "Are we having fun yet?" articles describing some of my maritime follies. The first exciting episode appears elsewhere in this newsletter. If you have an event which would qualify for this segment please bare all and let us learn from others mistakes!!



Editorial

A sense of history and tradition probably plays a large part in many Old Gaffers psyche. Not only old boats but ancient buildings, cultures, civilisations, engender a fascination for us which, I believe, enriches us to a point where tradition, possibly surreptitiously, becomes an important factor in our lives.

In the boating scene many of us have been inclined to see tradition as 'old'. Traditional ways of thinking and the people who promote it are seen as folk who don't want those ways to die. I have to say that I am a dyed in the wool traditionalist. I also believe that evolution, formed from the traditions and wisdom of the past happens gently, becoming, as it is formed, a part of our everyday lives.

Our vision for the future should not be trapped in a time warp of yesteryear. Some of the materials and techniques we now enjoy, our grandfathers would have killed for in their boatbuilding days. Our passion for gaff rigged boats is and will be largely kept alive by the use of these building trends.

Many years ago John Wilson, publisher and first editor of the 'Wooden Boat' magazine wrote "It is important to keep in mind that our task is not just keeping the past alive but using our imaginations to create new traditions out of old ones." I believe this professed philosophy is one we could easily embrace as a further aim of our association. One way of keeping this, our heritage, alive



is through the annual Old Gaffers Regatta. A combination of hard work by 9 or 10 members of our Association and fantastic co-operation and assistance from Royal Freshwater Bay Yacht Club resulted in a very successful 2002 Regatta. We are indeed indebted to the Club, especially Jill ('anything you need to know about Freshy sailing'), John Anderson (Rear Commodore Sailing) and the start/finish team. They seem keen for us to return next year.

OUR SPONSORS, Yacht Grot, Hill Sails, Traditional Maritime Services, Cicerello's, and Alec's Marine ensured a fine display on the trophy table whilst our major sponsor J.Boag & Son kept the hoards happy with their stand in the marquee. Their 'six pack' prizes handed out at presentation time each consisted of 24 bottles of their famous beer. Some 'six pack' .!!! Boag also donated \$500 to the Association so ensuring we did not finish the day 'in the red'.

Other comments and results on the Regatta appear elsewhere in the Newsletter.

"Winds of Change?"

Please complete the enclosed Nomination Form for a position on the OGA committee. On a personal note I will not be standing for re-election as Vice President, or any other position on the Committee.

I am happy to carry on with the newsletter, with the incredible back up of wife Mary and Fiona Hook.



"Our vision for the future should not be trapped in a time warp of yesteryear"

Ladies of Variety Day

How lucky can you be? Our Ladies of Variety Day was blessed with beautiful weather. Next day gales and rain had arrived, which would have had a dampening effect on the sailing and barbecuing activities to say the least! The fifty or so disadvantaged children enjoyed the day and we enjoyed our time with them. Wyndham, Karina, Marco Polo, Christina, Sunbeam, Oriel and Restless [a RPYC member] had rallied to the call and although there could have been a little more in the way of wind they motored, motor sailed, or sailed

around the bay to the delight of the children, some of whom asked for an extension of their time afloat. A rewarding experience.



Regatta Photos and Results



'A' Fleet

Fastest	Christa	Willy Packer
1st Hc'p	Genevieve	Roy Argyle
2nd Hc'p	Kasey	Julian Walter
3rd Hc'p	Marie	Andrew Hartley

'B' Fleet

Fastest	Marlene	Syd Bignell
1st Hc'p	Oriel	Mike Igglesden
2nd Hc'p	Christina	Michael Horton
3rd Hc'p	Swallow	Mike Robins



'C' Fleet

Fastest	Haven	David Morse
1st Hc'p	Kohinoor	Mosman Bay Sea Scouts



'D' Fleet

Fastest	Gelasma	N. Prosser
1st Hc'p	Freydis	Jim Mitchelson
2nd Hc'p	Haze	Bill Leonard
3rd Hc'p	Gustel XI	Andrew Johnson



'Spirit of the Regatta' Trophy and Plaque

Kasey Julian Walter

Doug Rickman Trophy

(donated by the Rickman Family is to be awarded to the fastest boat anywhere in the A, B or C fleets which is completely crewed by under 16 year olds)

Billy Buoy Pelican Point Sea Scouts



"Hail ya ho boys,
let her go boys
Bring her head
'round, and all
together
Hail ya ho boys, let
her go boys
Sailing homeward
to Mingalay"



Additional Regatta Info

- A video of the Regatta is available from Mary Edwards on 9457 2117.
- If any one wants the times for each boat please contact Mike Igglesden see page 1.
- Additional photographs of the regatta will be printed in the next Newsletter.



AUSTRALIA'S PREMIUM BREWER

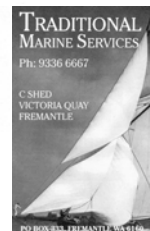


HILL SAILMAKERS

12 Grey Street, Fremantle 6160
Tel. (08) 9430 7685
Fax (08) 9431 7685
Mob. 0417 964 844



Cicerello's
W.A.'s No. 1 Fish 'n' Chips



Memories from Jack Gardiner

The diving boat at Simonstown Dockyard had dimension of approximately 23' x 6'9". The middle thwart had been taken out to make room for the hand driven diving pump. She was rowed by the four native pump hands unless we were wanted in a hurry, at which time the harbour master's department sent a workboat to tow us to the job. She lay in the water like a log and the diver worked off a ladder, which hooked over the gunwale 'midships. The diver stood on the ladder to have the helmet and breast weights put on and then stepped back off the ladder to get afloat and onto the shot rope. In about 1942 they gave us a new boat, a standard 32 foot cutter, clinker built and adapted for diving.. It was the worst thing that could happen. It was only about half the weight of the old one and used to dance about like Fred Astaire. Coming up was quite an affair. One had to come to the surface and float quite easy then approach the side of the



ladder and when the bitch rolled toward you, swing yourself onto the ladder and get lifted out on the other roll, otherwise the bottom of the ladder came up and hit you in the guts. We were all sorry to see the old one go. Somebody told me once that that type of boat had not been built after 1850 and as far as we were concerned she was good for another few years. Anyway when they broke her up I made an excuse to go over to the boat shed with a crosscut saw and cut the thwarts out of her. They were 9 inches by 3 inches teak (the whole boat was teak) and got them ripped down to 3/4 inch boards, and made a matching tool box and sea chest. The toolbox was dropped out of a crane sling and ruined but I still have the sea chest with carved lid and brass corners. The timber is at least 150 years old and as good or better than new.



**"Oh! Give me a wet sheet, a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast"**



HOW TO COME UNSTUCK— (A farce in one act)

By David Bamford

Swallow is a gaff ketch [otherwise I wouldn't be telling you about this], 36ft long on deck, 10ft beam and 5ft draught. She was built in 1917 by A.J. MacFarlane, in Port Adelaide. The whole hull is Jarrah except for the topside planking, which is New Zealand Kauri. She was built for a Victor Harbour fisherman, who presumably used her around Kangaroo Island. When built she was rigged as a cutter but in 1952, she was taken ashore into Searle's yard and lengthened with the addition of a four foot counter. It may be that she was also rigged as a ketch at this time. She was given a new deck and cabin in 1987. I bought her in 1991 and have continued to work on her since then.

In February of this year the bicentenary of the discovery of Port Phillip by Lt. Murray in the *Lady Nelson* was celebrated, as these things are, by a re-enactment, assisted by the replica of the *Lady Nelson*. To this end, my brother and I sailed from Williamstown for the southern end of Port Phillip. A northerly gale chased us down there, although I chose to motor-sail in order to give my new diesel a hard run to bed the rings in. We had just entered West Channel, one of the many channels which cut through the sandy shallows at the south end of Port Phil-

lip, when we noticed that all was not well in the propulsion department. In spite of the engine continuing to run as usual, there was no activity at the propeller. "Oh dear!" [or words to that effect].

Not a problem; the gale was dying down, so we hoisted main and mizzen and sailed on [as you would]. At its south end West channel empties into South Channel, the main thoroughfare for the Big Boys. The wind died completely at this stage, leaving us drifting across the shipping channel. Let me tell you, this is an uncomfortable feeling! Away to the west, the sky was becoming an ominous shade of black. Approaching the southern limit of the shipping channel, we hung on to our canvas to get clear.

"All ships, all ships, this is Melbourne Radio! A strong squall is imminent in the vicinity of Port Phillip!"

I sprang at once to the main halyards, and began to haul on the luff of the mainsail. It would not budge! The squall hit us like a Mack truck, and *Swallow* heeled over past 40°. We just hung on, and became soaked in the deluge which came with it. A loud "BANG" nearby, and the after shroud beside me went limp. I looked out ahead of me to the top of the mast, to find that it was no longer there. The jib had stopped flogging, because it was in the sea, and *Swallow* rose to a more normal heel. The wind died to a complete calm as it went elsewhere to wreak more havoc.

My brother and I began to bring all the wreckage aboard, and to figure out what we were going to do next. *Swallow* drifted past a small green nun buoy on the last of the flood. I know it was the last, because the buoy then began to drift past us as the tide began to ebb and carry us toward Bass Strait. This was starting to



Swallow



"Melbourne girls,
they have no combs
Heave away, heave
away
They comb their
hair with cod-fish
bones
And we're bound
for Australia"



look like a bad day getting worse! It was clearly time for Old Cold Nose to go for a swim, so I fitted the stock to the shank, and lowered him over the bow. The chain ran out and we were secure.

“What else can go wrong?” we wondered. It was obvious that we were going to need a tow if we were not to stay there for a long time. Right on cue, a large cabin cruiser approached us from the shore. We waved energetically to the skipper of the cruiser [as you would], and he circled closely to find out what we wanted. Sure, he could tow us to the nearby marina. Our bad luck had run out and finally turned good! The following day we were able to get a tow back to Williamstown [30 miles] behind a fishing trawler converted for cruising.

When I look back with 20/20 hindsight [isn't it a wonderful thing?] I realise that I had done all the wrong things in the heat of the moment. My growing up with bermudan rig had let me down. I should have:-

1. Slackened the running back stays before we left Williamstown and secured them to the after [cap] shrouds. They were not going to be needed that day, and ended up being a liability.
2. Before the squall hit, cast off all sheets to allow the sails to billow out to leeward and flog, if necessary.
3. If time permitted, it would have been advisable to haul down on the leech of the mainsail to scandalise the sail; as it was, the peak halyard was being

caught in a tight block and would not reeve freely. We only discovered this when we dismantled the rig much later. This has since been corrected, and all blocks are being checked carefully.

The mast broke because the main gaff was bearing hard against the leeward running backstay. The gaff was pivoting on the backstay, which was causing the gaff jaws to push the mast to windward, while the backstay, secured at the masthead, was pulling it to leeward. An old bolt hole through the mast had been dowelled, but not glued, [not by me] and this was the point where the mast broke. Without this weak point, the whole rig may have survived. Who knows? *Swallow* carries insurance, thank goodness, and they look like paying for a new Oregon mast.

The whole episode has illustrated to me the need to forget the lessons of my trailer-sailor years and learn to think like a “Gaffer”. It is quite different, requiring different responses. I also need to practice this, so that in the heat of the moment, these responses are automatic and natural, because there is no time in a crisis to wonder what to do. It has also given me a much greater confidence in *Swallow*, her strength and her stability. “Great ship, shame about the skipper!”



“Heave away, my
bully bully boys,
Heave away, heave
away
Heave away, why
don't you make a
noise
And we're bound
for Australia”

Some times you win, some times you loose

A colleague of mine and I had just finished our shift and decided to go for a sail (location a secret). It just happened to be on a Monday morning after a weekend of very pleasant weather and I presume a lot of traffic on this particular launch ramp (location a secret). After rigging the boat I left my crew to remove the trailer lights and proceeded over to the ticket machine to see if it was actually working for a change. This particular machine had, in the past, taken my money and not delivered a ticket leaving me to spend my day on the river (whoops, I'm narrowing it down already) wondering if I was going to find a parking fine on my car upon returning. The cost

was \$3.00 so I thought I would test it out by putting in just 20c, which went straight into the reject tray. You can imagine my surprise when I put my hand into the tray and pulled out coins totaling the grand sum of \$5.80 (including my 20c of course), but wait there's more, the machine produced a ticket giving me parking time till 5 pm, BONUS.

Thank you Nedlands City Council, Doh, I just cannot keep a secret can I?

Anonymous Gaffer



Are we Having Fun Yet ?

"We'll make fast just to windward of that corner pile and then ease back to leeward of the jetty after checking depth of water."

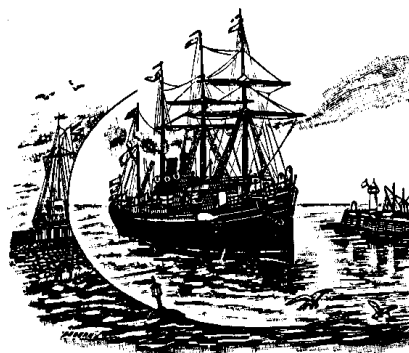
"Right." Said Mike B.

Luffing up, Oriel nosed into the jetty. She lost way a metre short of the desired position, her fore deck was alongside the pile, which by its very bulk, now prevented reaching across with a line to the object of our desire, a beautiful black bollard.

The 12 – 15 knot easterly was not making Mike B's job of both fending off and holding on to the pile any easier.

Mike I. grabbed the bow line and made a valiant, if foolish, attempt at an actual landing. The sequence of events has since, probably mercifully, become unclear. This attempted landing was a failure. Instead he found himself feeling for a foothold with his left toes, eventually locating a large bolt hole. Bare arms and legs then supplemented this tenuous foothold flattening his body, spiderman like, round the pile and holding on with a desperate tenacity, left hand still holding the bow line. Mike B. commented afterwards, although an unusual looking stance it appeared to be quite a comfortable position. For a man who had passed his three score years and ten this was not the case. The boat by then, sails shaking and crashing, drifted astern and was only being held from a fate on the rocky beach twenty feet down to leeward by the tentatively held bow line. Mike B. on the foredeck of Oriel was vigorously encouraged by Mike I. to return the errant boat back to a position where sliding down the rough timber pole to an immersed state, and consequently the release of the line, could be avoided.

Gingerly pulling on the rope, hoping the process did not result in wresting it from the skipper's hand, Mike B. relocated the bow of Oriel alongside the exhausted Mike I.,



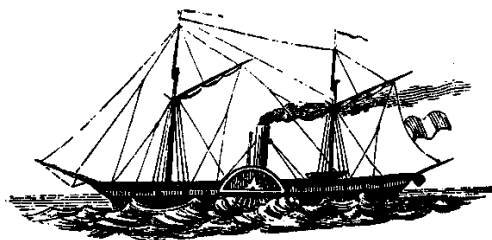
whose right leg was fortunately not trapped between an immovable ex tree trunk and a bouncing 18' boat. The relief of regaining the fore deck was very brief. 'Captain Cook', a river tour vessel, was seen approaching in order to make fast to the jetty. It was very obvious that there would not be enough room on the end of the jetty for both boats. A move was imperative.

Somehow, a bollard round the other side of the now well documented pile was lassoed. Somehow, the end of the line brought back to the boat slipped overboard.

Somehow, with mainsheet hardened in Oriel was sailed back to the jetty, clear of the waiting rocky beach and 'Captain Cook'.

The passengers and crew of 'Captain Cook', would have enjoyed the little saga which had been enacted a few metres from them whilst the two Mikes later enjoyed a quiet lunch under the lee of the jetty and a good laugh, now that the incident was over. With just a legacy of scratches and bruises on the inner side of the legs and arms and a much-dented ego, Mike I. would now be able to relate yet another of his boring anecdotes to unsuspecting sailing mates. "I remember when....."

M.I.



"Bare arms and legs then supplemented this tenuous foothold flattening his body, spiderman like, round the pile and holding on with a desperate tenacity"

For Sale

3 CLINKER DINGHIES

One ten foot,
one nine foot,
one eight foot pram.

All going cheaply. "I'm getting too old for little boats."

Jim Gilmour 20b Forum Way Bunbury 6203
Phone 9721 4441



Election of Office Bearers 2002/03

Long may all this go on but do not take the Association for granted. Being a part of the OGA (WA) Committee team you do give up a small part of your time to keep this Association going. This is not a back patting exercise, but a reality statement on the running of an organisation such as ours.

Nominations are invited for the following Office Bearer positions for the year 2002/03

1. President
2. Secretary
3. Treasurer or Secretary Treasurer

4. Sailing Master or Vice President/Sailing Master

Nominations are to be signed by the Nominator and the Nominee to signify their willingness to stand for election. Forward in sealed envelope, marked "Nominations 2002/03" addressed to the Secretary, Shirley Cook, 6 Baskerville St, Mundijong 6123, by Thursday 4th July 2002.

To be opened at the AGM 18th July 2002

Nomination Forms included in newsletter

NOTICE—Annual General Meeting

EAST FREMANTLE YACHT CLUB

THURSDAY 18TH JULY 2001 7.30 pm.

Believe it or Not

A man who works with his hands is a labourer.

A man who works with his hands and his head is a craftsman.

A man who works with his hands, head and heart is an artist.

Thank you Jack for this contribution.

A dinghy sailing club in northern England utilised a set of old traffic lights to start

The Truth Will Out

A man and his boat is a sight to behold, as is the loving care that he lavishes on it. Oh if only he would strip, smooth and touch his wife as lovingly as he does his boat.

Not caring if she is beginning to show her age – so what if she sags a bit? A boat shows her age and sags too, but he remembers her graceful lines.

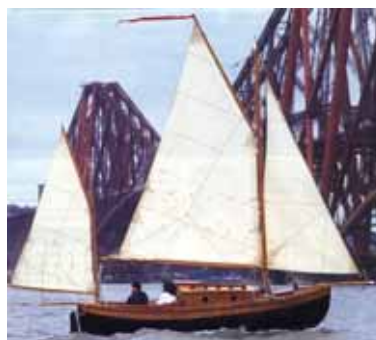
He goes out in the rain to pump her out, and check her moorings to keep her safe. Then comes home and says that it's "your turn to pick up the kids love". Only the best paints will do to recoat her hull and freshen her up. Then will moan if his wife needs a new coat. After all, she had a new one only five years ago!

Show you his baby's photos? Not he. Boat

their races. The lights were difficult to see when the sun came out – but that was not very often.

If the wind's before the rain soon we may make sail again.

If the rain's before the wind your sheets and halyards you must mind.

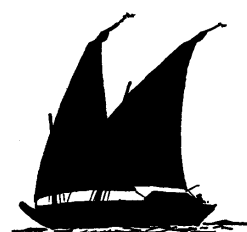


plans and books are his heart's delight. He never reads a book unless there are boats in it. The children's school reports are never read. "I'll leave it with you dear".

A man and his boat are a sight to behold, like a boy and his dog – never apart.

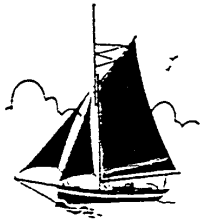
A wife? Well, she just doesn't understand ... a man and his boat!

Carole Whitfield from Watercraft No.10.



"There's a flash packet, a flash packet of fame, She belongs to New York and the Dreadnought's her name; She's bound to the westward where the strong winds blow, Bound away in the Dreadnought, to the westward we go"





Old Gaffers Association
Western Australia Incorporated

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Preserving
and Promoting
the Gaff Rig

Were on the Web!
[www.oldgaffersassociation.org/
westaussie.html](http://www.oldgaffersassociation.org/westaussie.html)

Dates to Remember

- | | |
|--|---|
| Thursday 18 th July 2002 | Annual General Meeting East Fremantle Yacht Club at 7.30 pm. |
| Tuesday 28 th May 2002 | 8:00 pm, Royal Perth Yacht Club Junior Section, Crawley. The Amateur Boat Building Association have invited us to a talk by Mike Lefroy on the new Maritime Museum. |
| Thursday 19 th September 2002 | General Meeting East Fremantle Yacht Club at 7.30 pm. |
| Thursday 21 st November 2002 | General Meeting East Fremantle Yacht Club at 7.30 pm. |
| February 2003 | Australian Wooden Boat Festival, Hobart (www.awoodboatfest.com) |
| March 14—16 2003 | South Australian Wooden Boat Festival, Goolwa (www.woodenboatfestival.com.au) |

