

OLD GAFFERS ASSOCIATION

WESTERN AUSTRALIA
INCORPORATED NEWSLETTER

Australia Day Weekend a Roaring Success

The DAY arrived, some up at dawn,
Sailed early- the big event was born!
Australia Day - the great Weekend
Old Gaffers gathered, sailing friends.

Clive stayed up late, and later still
Each night he slaved, each task to fill
The day drew near and nearer yet
Will she be ready- lay your bets.

“- it doesn't matter if the rigs not up
it would be nice if the rig was up!
I'm going to get the rig up!!”

We hurried, waited, waited still
When will the virgin boat be here?
Excitement grew, the shout was shrill
And through the gates the dream ap-
peared!

“What a beauty!” filled the air
Her lovely lines, unblemished deck
Shining masts so true and fair
With fluttering sprigs around their necks.



Geoff Vardy wins the OGA Transom trophy as the fastest gaffer during the Sunday race



Three peas in a pod—Wind-A-Way, Oriol and Merry Rose

Young Mary stood and voiced her praise-
Power, precision and pretty too!
The champagne poured, glasses raised
The MERRY ROSE, now here's to you!

Indeed a merry, merry craft
With paint a-gleam and rigging trim
A joy to view, from fore to aft
The skipper's Clive, all hail to him!

Sunday saw the fine ships race
A splendid sight as crews were tried
Mains stretched taut, all halyards laced
The lovely trophy claimed with pride.

A flash of foam, was that a fin?
A second passed and all were in!
Eyes were peeled- it's there - no, there!
It's one! no, two- definitely a pair!

Hearts raced, excitement grew,
Then someone came who really knew
Shark? no way! D'you see that head?
A sailfish it is- we've been misled!

(Continued on page 2)

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Special points of interest:

- Australia Day Weekend fun and participants
- History of a great yacht *Thera* in the President's report.
- Two lovely Gaffer's for sale.
- 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.
- Next newsletter deadline: 15th May 2003.

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President's Report

Hello to all out in Gaffer Land! It is my pleasure to open this issue of the news letter with the positive news of numerous boat launchings and launchings to be, of projects nearing completion and the welcoming back of an old legend, all of which bodes well for the continuing success of our Association.

Several weeks ago it was my pleasure to attend the launching of the *Merry Rose* at the Cruising Yacht Club in Rockingham. It was an excellent day, and very well attended by OGA members. Clive Jarmen and Linda Jennings have to be congratulated on the brilliant job they have done in building their beautiful little yacht. All went exceptionally well at the launching despite the usual "builders jitters", with the *Merry Rose* sliding easily off of her trailer and "floating like a dove" in the aqua-marine waters of Cockburn Sound. The next day it was reported that she sailed like a dream in the annual Australia Day sail to Garden Island. Well done Clive and Linda!

Moving from the new to the old... last Friday a glittering, sparkling, breathtakingly beautiful yacht was wheeled through the doors of Traditional Marine Services to be rigged and finally fit out. She is the locally famous *Thera*, the fastest boat on the Swan for many years, and now ready for re-launching. Not only does this classic gaffer possess a most noteworthy and interesting history, her present story is equally as exciting.

Thera was built by the Peel Brothers in West Melbourne in 1911. She was designed by Charles Peel, and was quite a revolutionary yacht for her time. *Thera* was 37 feet on deck, but with her long, overhanging stem and stern she was only 26 feet on the waterline. With a beam of nine feet, she was quite typical for a yacht of that era. Two aspects of her design made her most unique. Firstly she was of only moderate draft, but possessed a large centreboard that pivoted through her substantial lead keel. What made her most remarkable, however, was her extremely light displacement. The main consideration in her design and construction was how to keep her light. Her framing was web-like, her planking only five-eighths of an inch thick (similar to that of a 15' dinghy!). All up *Thera* only weighed 3 1/2 tons. (In comparison a cuta boat, which is ten feet shorter, weighs 4 tons). And she proved to be a flyer. Sailed by a motley crew of boat-builders, she was the scourge of Port Phillip Bay, winning almost every race she entered, right up until the early 1930's. much to the chagrin of Melbourne's gentleman yachting fraternity.

Thera was purchased in 1935 by Peter Plowman, and brought to Western Australia. She was sailed out of Royal Perth Yacht Club, and according to Bill Wreford (an unsurpassed authority on all things nautical in WA, and a member of R.F.B.Y.C. for seventy years)

(Continued on page 10)



**Rolling Home
"Call all hands to
man the capstan
See the cable run
down clear
Heave away and
with a will boys
For old England we
will steer"**

Diana's Australia Day Poem continued

(Continued from page 1)

The nights were fun, tall tales were told
Of spam sandwiches for Goolwa gold!
Of trouser-less in Bangkok nights!?
Sea Shanties-Clive's a rare delight!

Young Wally danced, sunnies intact
The guitar strummed a joyous song
Shirley's a GEM, now that's a fact!
Thanks to her and all who came along.

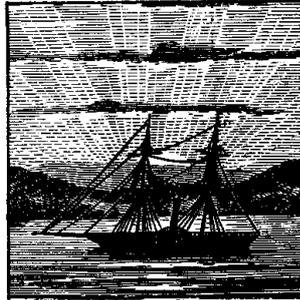
*My sincere thanks to Mike for a wonderful sail
back on the wings of the sea breeze; gratitude to
Shirley for all she did- wonderful organization,
great food and cleaning up par excellence!
THANK YOU SHIRLEY! Warmest congratulations
to Clive and Linda, for the production of a superb
and beautiful "New Gaffer"!*

*Thanks to all for the opportunity to participate in a
memorable weekend—Diana Houston*



Editorial

Welcome to our pictorial edition of the Newsletter! If a picture speaks a thousand words no more need be said of Clive's meticulous, dedicated workmanship, which has resulted in a beautiful little ship, the perfect boat to absolutely suit Clive and Linda's needs. The wish that Mary Igglesden made at the launching "may 'Merry Rose' bring joy to all who sail in her", was enthusiastically applauded by the 50 or more wooden boat addicts, assembled in Rockingham for the great event.



'Merry Rose' is popping over by road to Goolwa Wooden Boat Festival in March. I expect a full report on her adventures in time for the next Newsletter!

After all this excitement the remaining two days of the Rockingham OGA gathering were spent in the traditional laid back manner. After the Sunday morning champagne breakfast and much lolling around and yarn telling, Geoff Vardy took off the beautiful trophy, made years ago in the

shape of a small transom by past member and President Brian Phillips. This is a trophy presented each year over the Rockingham weekend to winners in various categories decided by the committee, (best kept boat, most contribution to the Association, most travelled boat etc.) Jim's claim to fame for this year was winning the 'race' held on Sunday afternoon. I had the great pleasure of

participating in an Old Gaffers race some years ago in Ireland in which no-one really knew or cared of the exact start line, the starting signals, the exact course or finish. It did not matter. It was a great sail. I suspect our Sunday race was of similar ilk. Fantastic!

Sunday evening. Virtuosos on the tin whistle (Clive) and guitar (John) came to the fore in order to accompany the 'singing' of sea shanties...

Home time on Monday. Lunch at Garden Island then a long sail (six hours for 'Oriel') back to the real world.



Secretaries Report

The general meeting of the OGA took place at the TCYC hard-standing on Australia Day. Wal Cook was Chairperson, Shirley Cook as Minute taker. Thirteen members present with four apologies.

Kay West has relinquished position of Minute Taker, Shirley Cook will take up this position until the elections at the 2003 AGM.

Invitations to attend the 43rd HMA's Perth Memorial Regatta have been received (see details on page 11 of this newsletter for more information).

Shirley Cook (Secretary/Treasurer) will be away for the next General Meeting. Pauline Dilley has gratefully put her hand on the tiller and will be minute taker at this meeting.

A new motion to be voted on at the next AGM to change the constitution was put forward at the meeting. The motion is that "Any new membership to the association must be approved at a General Meeting".

Now to other secretarial business...

Vanessa Bowman has agreed to be Treasurer for the Regatta.

Membership fees are due on the 1st April 2003. Forms included in this newsletter, so please fill them out.

Several members have shown interest in attending the crab festival, see page 12 for details.

New Members

George Horton—sails with his son Michael aboard *Christina*.

Gavin Reid—lug sail canoe yawl *Peri*, moored Moore River.

Peter & Sue McDermot—sail a trailer sailer.

Till next newsletter, Shirley.

**"And we'll sing in joyful chorus
In the watches of the night
And we'll sight the shores of England
When the grey dawn brings the light"**

Gaffers and friends who participated in the Australia Day Weekend

Karina	Shirley & Walley Cook	Oriel	Mike & Mary Igglesden
Mayflower	John & Pauline Dilley	Vanessa	Don Vidler
	Fiona Hook & Bruce Veitch	Escapee	Frank & Ros McAuly
Merry Rose	Clive Jarman & Linda Jennings	Marco Polo	Adrian & Mary Edwards
	Neil Hadfield	How Bazaar	Geoff Vardy
Herrischoff Design	Robin Hicks	Bubbles	Peter & Dian McDermot
Wind A Way	Geoff Howard	Ibis	Mike & Susie Leadbrand
	Diana Hewison		Kay West

Life Member Jack Gardiner writes of the days on the Barges

At least we know, from comments received, some people read the Newsletter or, anyway, Jack Gardiner's extraordinary account of his life on the barges in a sailing era which has now gone forever. Here is part 2. Many thanks again Jack.

I joined the 'Will' in Southhampton. I had just left a yacht and saw her topmast over the transit shed so walked through and got the job of 3rd hand. The crew was skipper, mate, 3rd hand and a boy for a cook and we sailed light for London next morning's tide.

The first time I took the wheel I was wringing it to and fro to keep a straight course and the mate said that I would not last a half hour, he showed me how to stop her from doing what she wanted with a couple of spokes. I tried it and it worked but I had to give another couple

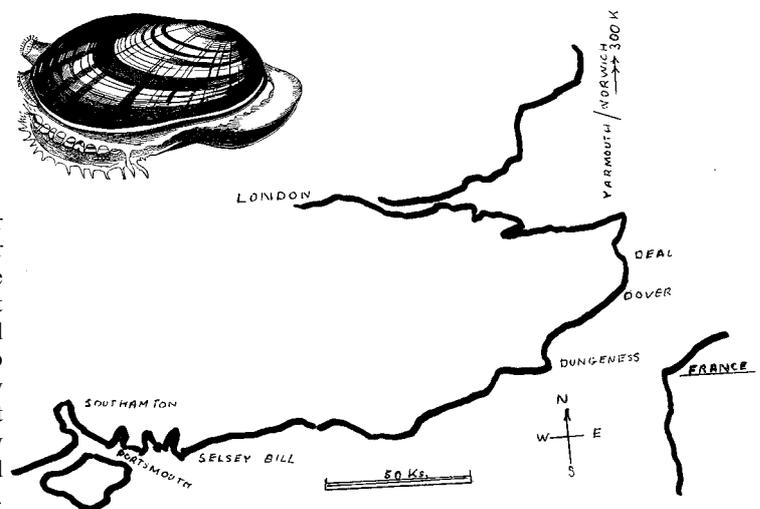
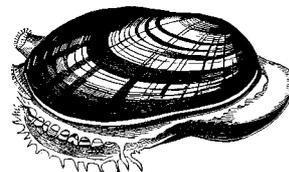
of spokes to stop her swinging back again. I learned a lot in the next couple of days as we had a light westerly all the way and had to tack all the way up London River. I remember we all ran out of cigarettes off the north foreland and when it came onto rain I found a packet of French Caporals in my oilskin pocket. They still tasted horrible but better than nothing and shared between the three of us did not come to much anyway. We went back to the firms yard at Greenhithe (where the Cutty Sark was moored at the time) and next day got orders to load cement at Grays's nearly opposite Greenhithe. The cement works had their own jetty where they loaded foreign going ships and we laid at the shallow end. The cement in paper bags came down on railway flat tops with two pallets on each and were lifted out by a little steam crane, one pallet of 5 tons at a time into our holds. It was then carried by hand to the stowage on board. The crew had nothing to do with all this and the stevedores stacked the bags in neat layers. When the whole 275 tons was stowed the foreman threw a bundle of empty bags down before we put the hatches back on. The whole job only took about a day and a half and we sailed on the tide and finished putting the hatches back on, on the way down the river. When we left and got out to Spithead on the way back the weather was closing in and the skipper decided to carry on. By the time we got to the Nab light tower it was blowing a hard southwester. Too hard to comfortably turn back and by the time we were at Selsey it was blowing a gale and by this time we had shortened sail down to the jib alone.

The wind was on the quarter and was tending to put us into the land and by this time the sea had built up. I know it was in the English Channel but it was rough enough to have two men on the wheel as we were sailing with the rudder set off, trying to hold her off as much as possible. Every time the bow went down the stern came up and the rudder came nearly out of the water and when it sliced down again we were going so fast it gave the wheel a tremendous kick up through the steering gear and it took two men to hold it. Anyway we got past Dover and headed north and anchored in the lee of the land with all the chain out and a rope spring on it. The skipper said he had never before gone from Dungeness to Dover (I think it was about 15 miles) in just over the hour. Anyway we stayed at anchor off Deal for 2 days till the gale blew itself out.

I thought to myself if this is barging it is a bit rough, but stuck it out and it was never so rough again while I was on her. We took another freight to Southhampton then picked up a load of wheat at Rawks Flour Mills in Millwall Docks. Ships came in from Canada and Australia and unloaded there. It seemed queer to me to pick up a cargo to take it away again but the reason came out. The little flour mill at a place called Norwich on the Norfolk Broads (whole system of lakes and rivers) was built to mill locally grown wheat and when a lot of farms changed to growing sugar beet they did not get enough grain to carry on, so had to import it. Norwich is (by memory) about 15-20 miles from the sea up through these lakes and rivers. It was wintertime so all these were full. Anyway we had an easterly wind so it was behind us and away we went and finished up in a little river too narrow to turn round but we went hard aground in the berth and stayed there till unloaded. We floated easily then and the skipper hired a bloke with a little motor boat. She had a 10 horsepower petrol engine to



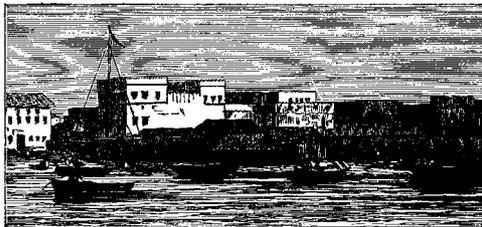
***" Rolling home,
rolling home,
rolling home across
the sea
Rolling home to
dear old England
Rolling home, dear
land to thee"***



Yacht Grot
NEW AND USED CHANDLERY BOUGHT AND SOLD

tow us out stern first. We got to where we could turn round and the skipper arranged with the bloke to take us all the way down to Yarmouth. I don't know what it cost him but it must have taken the shine off that freight because it came out of his pocket not the owners. I forgot to say that, after we had unloaded the cement at Southhampton the mate and I armed with a big soft broom and a shover had to start at one end of the hold and sweep to the other, filling up 4 or 5 bags (the ones the stevedore foreman had given us). Then sweep back the other way and filled 2 or 3 bags, then back again and again till the hold was clean. The price of a bag of cement in those days was 25 cents and we got 20 cents a bag for the sweepings but the Skipper took one third of what we got. It does not sound much these days but 25 cents was nearly an hours pay for a tradesman.

I don't know a lot about freight rates but do know the rate was six shillings and eight pence per ton. Gray's to Southhampton with three days allowance for unloading after which the ship charged demurrage or waiting time, one odd cargo we got was 300 tons of palm nuts (whatever they were), which were crushed for oil for making soap. A ship come in with a parcel of them I don't know how many tons and anchored in the river opposite the factory and unloaded into a collection of barges and lighters over both sides, not to take them anywhere but simply to get them out of the ship. When she was gone we went in two at a time to unload at the factory (a parcel was one part of a mixed cargo).



Another freight was rolls of news print paper, which were surprisingly heavy. Then coal to a local factory and a load of castings, lampposts and drain covers away from the same place up to London. Stone from Portland for buildings. Slate for roofing. Sand for all sorts of things, foundries, concrete, scrubbing floors, were all carried by sail. China Clay from Cornwall was a regular job for the coasters. Fortunately we did not get one, it is a white paste used besides making porcelain in high-grade paper and in toothpaste and probably other things too. It sticks to everything it touches and is nearly impossible to thoroughly clean the hold afterwards.

Eventually we were in Millwall Docks near the drydock and a 10,000-ton ship was in the dock. The cook and I went on board and got a job on her. It was very different to sailing. Regular hours and watches, the officer of the watch was SIR and the bosun was MR and no back answering. Two hours at a time on the wheel and two hours lookout was as boring as you could get and after three trips to Canada I left and went back to barging and working in the barge yard in Roches-

ter. Then the war came and I was drafted into Chatham Dockyard and that is another story.

Maybe a description of a barge will help. She had a very bluff bow and a transom stern with a heavy rudder hung on the transom. Starting from the fore end the bowsprit (only carried on coasters) was made to hinge up and stand like another mast, in order to get it out of the way for working in the docks. Next aft was the anchor windlass, a massive affair with a wooden, eight sided drum with the wood alternating in oak and pine faces, designed to reduce the wear of the three turns of the anchor chain. To let go the anchor the mate threw over a heap of the chain so there was only two turns on the drum. He then chucked a couple of buckets of water over the two turns and on the order 'let go' gave the turns a kick to start them running. If more chain was needed the operation was repeated. To get the anchor up, the windlass handles were chipped and the crew started turning.

As the chain came in it walked across the drum. When it reached the side, a claw on a short chain was hooked onto the chain cable in front of the drum, then the turns of chain were thrown back across the drum and the process repeated till the anchor was up. To save using the anchor as a fender coming alongside it was always dropped to hang under the forefoot, the coasters used to hoist the anchor tight to the hawse hole then drop a loop of chain round the flukes and haul it in high as possible. This stopped it from swinging about. The wooden barges all had the bows doubled with sacrificial timber where the flukes rubbed.

Next thing aft was the rack on which the cable was stowed. This was against the fore hatch with the focsle hatch on the port side. The fore hatch itself was roughly square and just behind it was the fore sheet horse, usually of steel pipe and just the right height to cop you shins if you walked into it in the dark.

Next aft was an area of deck that the bargemen called the mast case. The mast case itself was the big cast iron tabernacle. It was open at the back to let the mast lay back and the mast itself had a half round on the bottom so it could roll round in the shaped bottom of the tabernacle. Mounted on the front of it were two winches with wooden drums one high geared and one low, used for warping or any use where an extra pull was needed. The main brail winch is on the port side and the coasters had a winch with three drums on the starboard. This had a very complicated brake on. It was simply a short end of help rope with three turns round the shaft. The three drums held the wire halliards for the tops'l-fores'l and jib to lower any of these.

(Continued on page 9)



**“Up aloft amid the rigging
Blows the loud exulting gale
Like a bird's wide out-stretched pinions
Spreads on high each swelling sail”**



HILL SAILMAKERS
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Are we Having Fun Yet ?

It was one of those idyllic summer days, about 2 pm on a dying Easterly, then WHACK, in comes the sea breeze with a vengeance.

“Mayflower” our recent acquisition was anchored under what we call Captain Stirling's look-out, but is actually known as Cliff Head on the charts, on the East side of Garden Island, about halfway up. Weighing around 5 tons our carvel plank gaff cutter was about to ask us a few questions...did we have the answers?



**“And the wild waves
cleft behind us
Seem to murmur as
they flow
There are loving
hearts that wait you
In the land to which
you go”**

Firstly we had no engine power because the starter motor was defunct. “No worries” I said. Secondly the chain on our anchor line looked a bit puny. “No worries” I said, it’s calm. My wife, son and his girlfriend had gone ashore in the dinghy with the outboard motor, taking with them the only motorised power I had. As a good captain I had stayed on board. One thing right anyway.

And of course, you can guess, as the sea breeze strengthened she started to drag across the weedy bottom. The more warp I let out the faster we dragged. We were bearing down fast on a boat moored astern. In as calm a voice as I could muster I informed him we had no engine and were dragging. He saw the length of our bowsprit, informed me he would be standing by, and promptly disappeared.

Next looming was the ammunition jetty. Our anchor line was completely out now, having no effect.



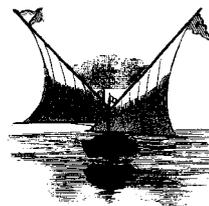
Got to get the sails up. We're veering on and off the wind, the main is thrashing and then the topping lift breaks and the boom comes crashing down onto the cabin top. By now I am getting angry.

Somehow I get the main up but we're still going astern. Got to get the anchor in. How far to the jetty now? Frenzied activity on the foredeck. I feel something go in my back. It still wakes me at night. I didn't mention did I that we have no anchor winch? At long last, everything in a heap on the foredeck, up with the staysail. At last we are sailing even though the main looks a bit like an old lady with her bloomers halfway down.

The crew appears on the shore having enjoyed their relaxing walk and start out towards me under the outboard. I've read somewhere about heaving to, so try it, and it sort of works. Just as the dinghy nears us, the outboard conks out. I'm yelling to my son to check that the fuel tap is on, and he's yelling “what?”. Pauline's rowing into the sea breeze like a galley slave, everything's flapping and it suddenly occurs to me...

NO, I'm not having fun yet!

PS We did make it back, the starter motor's fixed and we have a new topping lift. Now if I could just fix the leak



John Dilley, Captain and Commander, The Good Ship Mayflower.



Beaufort Scale

Beaufort Scale	Description of Weather	Effect on Sailing Vessel	Knots	Km/H
Force 0	Calm—mirror-like sea (seas 0 m)	No steerage	0-1	0-1
Force 1	Light air—slight ripples (seas 0.1 m)	Little steerage	1-3	1-5
Force 2	Light breeze—small wavelets (seas 0.2 m), crests have glassy appearance	Wind fills sails and yacht travels about 1-2 kn	4-6	6-11
Force 3	Gentle breeze—large wavelets (seas 0.6 m), crests begin to break	Yacht begins to careen, travels about 3-4 kn	7-10	12-19
Force 4	Moderate breeze—small waves (seas 1 m), fairly frequent white horses	Yachts sailing with all canvas have good list	11-16	20-28
Force 5	Fresh breeze—moderate waves (seas 2 m), many white horses, some spray	Yachts begin to list too much and shorten sail	17-21	29-38
Force 6	Strong breeze—Large waves (seas 3 m), white foam crests prevalent, spray	Yachts reduce sail	22-27	39-49
Force 7	Near gale—Sea heaps up (seas 4 m), white foam from breaking waves is blown by wind	Most yachts remain in harbour	28-33	50-61
Force 8	Gale—waves up to 6 m high	Head for safe harbour	34-40	62-74
Force 9	Strong gale—very high (up to 7 m) rough waves, crests begin to topple		41-47	75-88
Force 10	Storm—High waves (seas 9 m), low visibility, sea surface becomes white from spray		48-55	89-103
Force 11	Violent storm—Exceptionally high waves (up to 12 m), visibility difficult, sea covered with foam		56-63	104-117
Force 12	Hurricane/Cyclone—Air is filled with foam, sea completely white with driving spray		63+	117+



*“Rolling home,
rolling home,
rolling home across
the sea
Rolling home to
dear old England
Rolling home, dear
land to thee”*

Pauline Dilley (Mayflower) provided the information for this table as she was having trouble easily deciphering the different terms used by the papers and television. The scale definitions mostly come from the Bureau of Meteorology 1993. *Wind Waves Weather—Perth Waters (Jurien Bay to Bunbury)*. Australian Gov-

ernment Publishing Service, Canberra. In addition Pauline also provided a table compiled from various sources.

Pauline suggests that this guide is cut out (photocopied first?!), laminated and kept on board for future reference.



TRADITIONAL MARINE SERVICES
Ph: 9336 6667
C SHED VICTORIA QUAY FREMANTLE
PO BOX 333, FREMANTLE WA 6160

Merry Rose successfully launched

On Saturday afternoon 24th January 2003 Clive Jarman and Linda Jennings' 'Merry Rose' was successfully launched. A large crowd of well wishers were there to see her hit the water.

Mary Igglesden has the pleasure of launching her



Just kissing the water

with a modest splash of bubbly (didn't want to waste too much as there was a thirsty crowd waiting).

Clive and Linda have promised to write us some more stories about Merry Rose, perhaps on their return from Goolwa.



Merry Rose afloat



Raising the mast

**“Many thousand miles behind us
Many thousand miles before
Ancient ocean have to waft us
to the well-remembered shore”**



Mary Igglesden christening Merry Rose



Arrival on the trailer

Believe it or not

If, when meeting up with sailing friends and you can't for the life of you remember their names try 'injecting' into the conversation. "Well, what are your plans for this season?" Your victims will launch off into their favourite subject – their boat - and you will be home and dry.

A wind is said to veer when it moves clockwise. It backs when it moves anti clockwise.



“In May 1903 the survey ship 'HMS Dart' complained that the salt beef issued to the ship had been in brine since 1863.” According to MHA Journal of March 2001.

Our word 'dinghy' originates from the Hindi language of North India.



Jack Gardiner continued

(Continued from page 5)

You shipped the handle and turned it enough to lift the pawl then pulled the end of the brake and tightened the turns on the shaft and jumped the handle off. The sail, which might weigh anything up to half a ton, was then lowered gently by just easing the rope brake. The big forestaysail was permanently sheeted to the horse and the sheet was not adjustable as to length.

Next aft came the main hatch with a sailing beam half way. The steel barges could lift theirs by unbolting the ends but the wooden ones it was built in with massive knees at each end. Behind the hatch came the main horse sometimes of wood and sometimes steel. It was held in big wooden chocks at the ends and the wang falls were belayed onto cleats on them. On the river barges the next thing aft was the cabin coach roof with a sliding hatch to the cabin steps. The coasters had a flush deck with a square skylight. The back edge of this was just in front of the wheel. The double-sided compass was mounted in the top so that it was possible to read the compass from down in the cabin as well. It did not need a binnacle light as the cabin light always burned all night. On the port side was the cabin hatch usually a scuttle. The wheelhouse had an open front but a small return at the sides. Behind it was a kerosene and deck locker to starboard and the toilet to port. The galvanised bucket toilet was not new but the place to use it was unique on the barges.

The bathroom was a bucket of hot water by the stove in the foc'sle. That stove was a big cast iron thing with two ovens between a coal fire, through the winter it was never allowed to go out. The foc'sle was quite big with a gear locker forward of the windlass posts which went right

down to the keel. Then there were two bunks on the starboard and one and a big clothes locker to port. The ladder was on the port side of the hold bulkhead with the stove and a table on the rest. There was a carpet made of sugar bags on the floor. Very elegant!

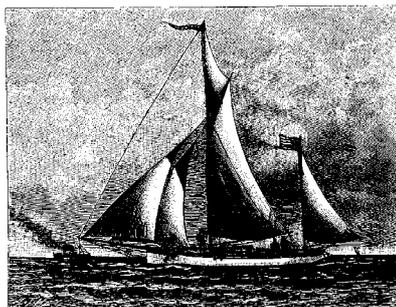
The cabin at the stern had a little lobby at the foot of the ladder with a big fresh water tank behind the steps and a door leading off to the mate's cabin to port. He never slept there, always in the foc'sle where it was warmer. The captain had the cabin on the other side with the lobby door and a fancy tile stove on the for'd bulkhead. The middle of the cabin was taken up by a big U shaped table with built in locker seats, where the coal was kept and a row of lockers across the after end, where food and dry stores were kept. The skipper always sat on the starboard side of the table where he could look up through the skylight and see the BOB, the house flag which flew at the topmast head to see which way the wind was blowing and also the compass was over his head. There also was a large space under the cabin floor for the future engine room, there was about two tons of coal there. I suppose carried for ballast because I never saw any of it used. All heating and cooking on board was by coal fires and all lighting by kerosene and it was the cooks job every morning to fill and trim all the lamps. There were a lot of them too. Two cabin coach lights and one overhead lamp with two burner wicks. Two in the foc'sle, port and starboard, stern lights and a big riding light used while at anchor. The navigation lamps were bucket sized things and all fitted with glass dioptric lenses, must have cost a fortune. The cabin and foc'sle lights kept alight all night.



**“Cheer up Jack,
bright smiles await
you
From the fairest of
the fair
And her loving eyes
will greet you
With kind welcomes
everywhere”**

REGATTA 2003—Preliminary Notice

OGA members are reminded that the OGA Regatta is on 26th April 2003 at the Royal Freshwater Bay Yacht Club. We want an even better turn out than last year, so even if you don't want to race come and bring you gaffer for a sail. RFBYC welcomes all members and space is available for mooring if required. If you can't bring you boat there is the chance to catch-up/meet fellow



Gaffers ... SO BE THERE, WRITE IT IN YOUR DIARY NOW!!!!

The regatta committee are preparing a flyer detailing all the information, which will be sent out to members in the next few weeks.

If you have any questions regarding the Regatta please ring either Chris Brown—9339 5785 or Fiona Hook—9337 4671.



Presidents report continued

(Continued from page 2)

"immediately became the scratch boat at Royal Perth, and was easily the fastest yacht on the river". It was at this time that a young John Fitz-Harding began his love affair with *Thera*. The 24 year old was asked to skipper her, and continued to do so for W.J. Lucas, who bought her in 1938 and owned her until 1955, when he sold her to her long time skipper. Throughout this time she was the fastest boat on the river. Lucas' new yacht *Panamuna*, another light displacement flyer, proved to be faster. John Fitz made some changes to her at this time, adding a cabin to make her safer for off shore races, discarding her centerboard for a deeper lead keel, and replacing her gaff rig with a bermudian. These changes were only marginally successful, and so *Thera* was sold to Aub Berryman, and a new yacht built. "Thera" sailed for many more years out of S.P.Y.C., until she faded into obscurity.

In 1995 the bones of *Thera* were found languishing in the sun at the annex of the WA Maritime Museum by John's son, John Fitz-Harding jnr, himself a keen yachtsman and naval architect. John jnr acquired the wreck and trucked it to Dongara, where he set about her careful restoration. The result is

awe-inspiring. She is beautiful. *Thera* has been lovingly re-built with modern materials to her original specifications. Her long, lean hull and graceful gaff rig with her old R11 on her peak will once again be seen scudding across Perth waters. After being launched earlier in the week, *Thera* will be sailed alongside the jetty for a reception at Royal Perth Yacht Club. At the helm will be John Fitz-Harding snr. On that day, February 15, he will be turning 92, the same age as *Thera*. As he said to me the other day, "If only they could rebuild me as well as they did *Thera* I'd be laughing..." I only hope I will be doing as well at 92!

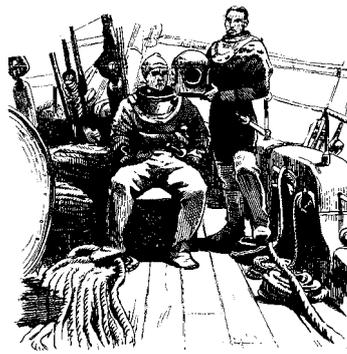
Thera will be a definite starter at this years OGA Regatta on April 26, which is shaping up to be bigger and better than ever. Information and nomination forms will be sent out soon, so get them in early. (Remember there is a prize for first entry received!) Brian Phillips, our ex president, told me the other day that he is hoping to have his new boat ready for the day, and if it is anything like his last boat will definitely prove to be a challenge to the handicappers!

Smooth sailing to you all for the rest of the summer. I look forward to seeing you all at the Regatta!

Chris Bowman



*"Rolling home,
rolling home, rolling
home across the sea
Rolling home to dear
old England
Rolling home, dear
land to thee"*

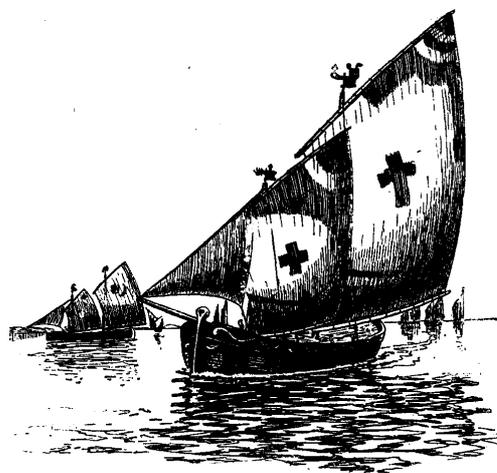


Barry Hick's Museum

If you have never visited Barry Hicks' Maritime Museum, (if you have, you will know the treat in store) do yourself a huge favour on Sunday 2nd March and come along to 49 Lacey Street, East Cannington at 10 o'clock.

The most incredible private maritime museum in WA will be open to OGA members to view, and sample an out of this world morning tea! I have attended many of these open days – they are something extra special.

Editor



Notice of Race—The 43rd Perth Memorial Regatta

On Sunday 23rd February 2003 Nedlands Yacht Club, in association with the HMAS Perth Survivors Association and the Naval Association of Australia (Fremantle sub-section) will conduct the annual HMAS PERTH MEMORIAL REGATTA as a tribute to the memory of Captain Hector Waller, DSO, RAN and the crew of the HMAS Perth, lost in action on 1st March 1942.



Y.C. Entries close 13:00 hours on Sunday 23rd. Sailing instructions will be available from race headquarters on the day of the regatta at least one day before the first event.

Fiona Hook (9331 4600) and Mike Igglesden (9386 4128) have copies of the Notice of

Race and Entry forms for anyone who is interested.

Other contacts: NYC 9386 5496; Organiser, Chris Waldie 9409 7659

Gaffers have been listed as Division 7. Entry Fee is \$10.00 payable to the Nedlands

For Sale—Fresa

GAFF CUTTER

Bruce Roberts design Spray 25' overall. x 22' over deck x 8' beam x 2'6" depth.

Construction is 1" x 1" American Cedar West System.

20 to 25 oz. cloth outside and 10 oz. cloth inside.

Teak cockpit and two pot coach roof and deck.

Oregon mast and near new Red Hill Sails.

Extras include VHF Radio 27 Meg and Garmin 75 GPS.

Two man Sevylor (Fish Hunter), Blow up tender, with pump.

All on a tandem Roadmaster Lic. Trailer.

Asking \$22,000.00

George Brown 9447 3049



*"When the glass falls low
Look out for a blow"*

For Sale—Senang

'Senang' - a beautiful classic day boat.

Built by Thornycroft in 1950. All teak hull in excellent condition. Stuart Turner P55 motor. Reverted to sliding gunter rig with new spars and mainsail last year. Sister ship to 'Oriel'.

Length O/A	18 feet.
Beam	6 foot 9 inches.
Draft (plate up)	1 foot 2 inches.

A "must see" for anyone with a yearning to own a delightful wooden boat.

Comes with mooring at Crawley.

Contact Geoff Shellam on 9386 5241





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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

23rd Feb 2003

HMAS Perth Memorial Regatta—Nedlands Yacht Club. See page 11 for more details.

8th to 10th Feb 2003

Australian Wooden Boat Festival, Hobart (www.woodboatfest.com).

2nd March 2003

Barry Hick's Museum visit. 49 Lacy St, East Cannington. 10:00 am (more details on page 10).

14th to 16th March 2003

Goolwa Wooden Boat Festival (www.woodenboatfestival.com.au).

15th to 16th March 2003

Mandurah Crab Festival. Fireworks display on Saturday night, mooring facilities available overnight. Contact John & Pauline Dilley *Mayflower* for more details (ph 9527 5363).

20th March 2003

General Meeting, E.F.Y.C., 7:00 pm for drinks and a chat.

26th April 2003

O.G.A. Regatta R.F.B.Y.C. See page 9 for more details.

4th May 2003

Ladies of Variety/Gaffers Children's Day—Mounts Bay Sailing Club. Ready to sail at 10:00 am. Bring extra life vests if possible.

Some suggested activities. When would you like them? Ring us and let us know.

Rottnest weekend.

Racing (at E.F.Y.C.?)

Fairy lights parade

Picnic Days. Mosman, Applecross and /or Garden Island.

Yacht Club Opening Days

Any more?

