

Baggywrinkles

Volume 2007, Issue 2

May 2007

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IT'S A PARTY

The 2007 regatta was a great success yet again this year, with a fantastic after dock party that was enjoyed by all.

While the full results and some photos can be found on page 4-5, the summary of results is as follows:

Fastest Gaffer on the Swan: *Swift*.

1st Handicap A Fleet: *Eclipse*.

Fastest B Fleet: *Bicton Belle*.

1st Handicap B Fleet: *Minim Cove*.

Fastest C Fleet: *Leaf*.

Fastest D Fleet: *Gelasma*.

1st Handicap D Fleet: *Bacchante*.

Spirit of the Regatta: *How Bazaar*.



TiTu sailing in the 2007 OGA Regatta

As no juniors participated this year (this will have to be rectified for 2008) the Doug Rick-

man Trophy was not awarded.

Special points of interest:

- OGA regatta 2007, photos and results
- Tasmanian wooden boat festival
- Tasmanian boyhood
- Notice of OGA AGM
- Marie is for Sale

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**PRESERVING
AND PROMOTING
THE GAFF
RIG**

PRESIDENT'S LOG

Dear Gaffers,

I shall keep this short since most of you have received plenty of e-mails from me during the last few months. Many of you will know that our plea for help with Regatta was heard and from the response it is clear that this event has become a highlight of the sailing calendar. Thirty one boats participated in the racing and the celebrations afterwards on a perfect autumn day. My thanks to



2007 OGA Regatta

Royal Freshwater Bay Yacht Club for hosting the Regatta and to those who helped in so many ways to make the day a success.

Our Annual General Meeting will take place in July as usual. Several of our long-serving committee members have indicated that it is time for a change. I hope that we some of you will feel able to put up a hand to keep the Old

Gaffers afloat for a few more years.

Work commitments are restricting my sailing time at the moment. The autumn is for me the best time of the year to be on the water, exploring either our lovely coastline or the quieter parts of the Swan River. I hope you can enjoy it.

Good sailing.

"The autumn is for me the best time of the year to be on the water, exploring either our lovely coastline or the quieter parts of the Swan River"

EDITORIAL

As every edition of Baggywrinkles is due I go into bouts of fear that there won't be enough to fill the pages. As I then begin to build the newsletter the stories and pictures that members have sent me begin to fill the empty pages and I'm surprised that yet again we've filled another edition.

Thanks to those who have provided me with articles and I hope that more of you will contribute. Thanks must go to Jack Gardiner who keeps sending me great articles for our members! Keep them coming Jack they are fantastic and as you'll see on the next page they generate much discussion. To my surprise last night I went home and an-

other fantastic missive from Jack had arrived.

It was great to see so many lovely gaffers on the water during the Regatta. *Lochen* had a great sail and we once again enjoyed B Fleet sailing past us yet again—oh for a center-board!

See you on the water.



2007 OGA Regatta

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I was interested to read in the Feb 2007 issue of 'Baggywrinkles' (page 8) that Jack Gardiner had provided a calculation referring to lifeboat capacity, i.e. the number of persons a particular lifeboat was able (registered?) to carry.

The 75 year old OGA boat that I now sail, *Titu*, is a converted lifeboat from the *Cape Otway* (1932 – 1968) a 950 ton light-house supply vessel built at Cockatoo Island in Sydney. The origin of the name *Titu*, a name bestowed by previous owner John Horley, is a fascinating story in itself - perhaps the subject of a later letter.

As Jack's article described, carved into the stem of *Titu* is

the boat's length, width, and depth, followed by the number 310 together with the letters C and F (and several indistinct ones) and then the number 31 followed by the letters PERS.

How 31 persons would ever fit into a boat of *Titu's* size is a matter of some conjecture; most would be like sardines in a can with their knees around their ears. But of equal interest is the fact that Jack's formula,

with a coefficient of fineness of 0.6 as he described, is precisely correct for *Titu* if the carved figures for

length, breadth and depth are read as feet and decimals of feet and not as representing feet and inches (which I had



assumed).

Decimal measurements for boats in 1932?

Charles Knight

"How 31 persons would ever fit into a boat of Titu's size is a matter of some conjecture"



Bicton Belle

OGA 2007 Regatta Results

Results for Division A

			<u>Elapsed Time</u>	<u>Corrected Time</u>	<u>Position on elapsed time</u>	<u>Position on H'cap</u>	<u>Minutes Off</u>
RF19	Eclipse	Jim Wilshire	1:57:48	2:15:48	2	1	0:00
RF188	Swift	Jack Baxter	1:54:56	2:21:56	1	2	6:08
RF18	Roulette	Chris Bowman	2:06:00	2:22:00	5	3	6:12
RF2	Madelaine	Tony Unmack	2:02:16	2:22:16	4	4	6:28
RF9	Christa	Willy Packer	2:07:03	2:23:03	6	5	7:15
R11	Thera	John Fitzhardinge	1:59:07	2:32:07	3	6	16:19

Results for Division B

			<u>Elapsed Time</u>	<u>Corrected Time</u>	<u>Position on elapsed time</u>	<u>Position on H'cap</u>	<u>Minutes Off</u>
RF40	Minim Cove	Geoff Black	1:55:28	1:50:28	4	1	0:00
EF3	Bicton Belle	Barry Glazier	1:39:08	1:52:08	1	2	1:40
103	Rana	Mike Beck	1:42:28	1:53:28	2	3	3:00
R16	Fan	Leslie Valmadre	1:54:16	2:20:16	3	4	29:48
RF3	Genevieve	Rory Argyle	1:58:35	2:23:35	5	5	33:07
SP1922	Marie	Andrew Hartley	2:00:58	2:26:58	6	6	36:30
OGA4	Titu	Charles Knight	2:34:49	2:29:49	10	7	39:21
CR338	Hughies Girl	Brian Phillips	2:06:23	2:30:23	8	8	39:55
R114	Hebe	Rowan Chick	2:05:56	2:30:56	7	9	40:28
RF14	Nell	David Perlman	2:17:32	2:42:32	9	10	52:04
PFS34	Sunbeam	Bruce Prance	2:54:01	2:58:01	11	11	67:33
C83	Christina	Michael Horton	2:55:26	3:01:26	12	12	70:58
OGA20	Hakuna Matata	Jeremy Stockley	3:04:42	3:08:42	13	13	78:14
UNKNOWN	How Bazaar	Geoff Vardy	3:13:55	3:18:55	14	14	88:27

Results for Division C

			<u>Elapsed Time</u>	<u>Corrected Time</u>	<u>Position on elapsed time</u>	<u>Position on H'cap</u>	<u>Minutes Off</u>
RED SAILS	Leaf	Geoff Totterdell	1:31:22	1:31:22	1	1	0:00

Results for Division D

			<u>Elapsed Time</u>	<u>Corrected Time</u>	<u>Position on elapsed time</u>	<u>Position on H'cap</u>	<u>Minutes Off</u>
RF1939	Bacchante	Manfred Speicher	1:45:10	2:09:10	2	1	0:00
SP112	Sundowna	Colin Young	2:02:57	2:11:57	4	2	2:47
SP7	Carina	Vic Court	1:57:25	2:12:25	3	3	3:15
RF37	Gelasma	Keith Clifford	1:41:38	2:16:38	1	4	7:28
SP22	Alma	Bob Williams	2:10:56	2:21:56	6	5	12:46
SP47	Corella	David Locke	2:07:25	2:22:25	5	6	13:15
SP144	Napea of Carrick	Bill Solomon	2:13:21	2:24:21	7	7	15:11
SP27	Jindarra	Rob Male	2:16:07	2:27:07	8	8	17:57
SP331	Anna	John Wright	2:17:50	2:33:50	9	9	24:40
RF37	Carmonique	Brett Herron	2:23:07	2:40:07	10	10	30:57

Regatta photographs (courtesy of Charles Knight)



MEMBERSHIPS WERE DUE IN MARCH—HAVE YOU PAID?

Members are reminded that annual subscriptions WERE due before the end of March.

Rates remain unchanged at \$30 for family membership, \$25 for individuals.

Please make payments directly to the OGA General Account either over the

internet or at your local bank.

Account details are:

BSB: 806013

Account: 001327680

Account Name: Old Gaffers Association Inc.

And include your name as a

reference.

If your personal details have changed, please contact the president

NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

EAST FREMANTLE YACHT CLUB

24TH JULY 2007

19:30 START

PLEASE PUT IT IN YOUR DIARIES NOW;
SEE YOU THERE

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Flag signals to really concern vessels near by, sometimes used by the Navy?):

If you fly code flags O and L it means heave-to or I will open fire.

E and X means the bar is dangerous.

G and T, I require lemon and ice.

Phobias that may hinder you sailing:

Ancraophobia—fear of wind

Erythrophobia—fear of port hand markers

Thalassophobia—fear of the sea

Potamophobia—fear of rivers

Horse Latitudes refer to the regions of calm found at latitudes 30 degrees N. to 30 degrees S. It is said that sailing ships carrying horses to America, when becalmed in these latitudes, had to throw horses overboard in order to lighten their vessels and take advantage of any gentle breezes that might blow their way.

Round robin originated in the British nautical tradition. Sailors wishing to mutiny would sign their

names in a circle so the leader could not be identified.

Early warships had very cramped quarters. Sailors slept between the cannons because that was the only space available. They sometimes had female company on board. Some ships actually carried prostitutes. Other times a sailor's wife would be allowed on board so that he would not have to leave the ship, and potentially desert. In any case, many children were conceived between the cannons, or guns. Woman who gave birth on the ships typically also did so between the guns. The male children were thus called **son of a gun**.

7th Wooden Boat Festival 2007, Hobart Tasmania

9th – 12th February 2007

By John Dilley

(all photos in this article are from www.australianwoodenboatfestival.com.au/html/about.html)

Notification of the Festival came 18 months before the event and it was discussed at several OGA meetings. We put it on our own calendar, though how we were going to get there was yet to be decided.

We decided to take the plunge, metaphorically speaking, so off Pauline and I set in our newly acquired but fairly old HiAce campervan across the Nullarbor. This was our first road trip across, and the hook was the 2007 Wooden Boat Festival in Hobart. We just had to get there. There were lots of adventures on the way, which we shared with friends who travelled with us in their van.

And we did get there! On Friday 9th Feb at approximately 16.00 we sailed, yes sailed into Constitution Dock along with the gathering of craft large and small, from Kettering about 40 kms south of Hobart, up the D'Entrecasteaux channel into the Derwent estuary. We had scored a ride with our friends Adrian and Rosemary, who are live-boards on *Myfanwy*, their 30 ft Mottle design wooden monohull. They qualified as entrants to the festival.

A fascinating day. Boats of all sizes and descriptions – all wooden – came out of coves and inlets, to join the procession. Some of the smaller ones were even being rowed around headlands where the tide was against them. Weather – a lightish north-easterly under thin cloud cover, with the sun breaking through

often. Perfect!

The big boys were there too of course. *Endeavour*, *Duyfken*, *One and All*, *Enterprize*, *Lady Nelson* and *Windward Bound*, and emotions were stirred as we all sailed together in a common purpose, to celebrate messing about in boats.



Gradually the fleet funnelled into harbour. Cannons going off, smoke drifting, vessels manoeuvring for position and to avoid collision, the buzzing of media helicopters, sounds of good natured banter across the water, everyone looking for their pre-allocated berths. We found ours,

berthed bow on against the sea-wall, which was interesting, considering we had Adrian's 70++ parents with us, and looked up to see Brian Phillips, another Old Gaffer, berthing next to us, in a motorboat of all things! Good to see him. Next thing, Alan Abbott rang to say he had hired a campervan and was in the area. Small world!

The festivities began. Boats everywhere, in Kings Pier Marina, Constitution Dock, Victoria Dock: a forest of masts, everyone saying "Come aboard, come aboard" and such liquid supplies in evidence!!

Just a quick run down over some of the events over the four days:

Saturday from 0900

Dutch village – wooden shoe model boats

Shipwrights village – construction in action

Maritime marketplace - buy'n'sell

Music – Foley artists

Derwent skiff – boatbuilding demonstration

More live music

Theatre - *The Ship that Never Was*, the tale of the earliest convicts at Sarah Island

Model boat pool – kids sailing

Music – Billy Whitton

1200-1400 music, music, music, bars and food. Great!

1400 Quick'n'dirty boatbuilding begins – 12 teams of high school youths, boys and girls. Over three days they built, painted, decorated, launched and raced their boats. Two of them were even catamarans.

And so it went on. And that was just on the docksides.

On the water we had tours of *H.M. Bark Endeavour*, the *Enterprize*, *Duyfken*, *Lady Nelson* and *Preanc*



Rowing in Constitution Dock

Steam boat *Mary* taking passengers

Learn to row and scull a dinghy

Derwent skiff – rowing trials

Sea scouts – rowing boat

races in Sullivans Cove

Dutch music boat – an amazing vessel comprising an array of instruments all played by the

Hobart continued

crew of one.

Pauline's favourite was watching a 3 year old boy building his first wooden boat. A man had a pile of pre-cut boat shapes in various sizes and the little boy hammered

nails into a series of them, his face screwed up with concentration, until he had constructed his ship, and he was so proud of himself. How wonderful to start them off so young.

People are now coming from around the world to see this event and every two years it is held shows better attendances.

Incidentally we met Thedo Fruithof at the Dutch Village. He is an executive member of the European Association for Traditional Ships in Operation. His email: thedo@wxs.nl and we agreed to swap newsletters. It was also his 60th birthday and we were able to join in the eating, drinking, singing and cheering.

When we went for a row in an 8 seater boat, we were boarded by a "pirate" who wanted to commandeer the ship to reach his own destination, regardless of our



needs. Fortunately it was only across the dock, but all good fun and exciting, not knowing quite what was going to happen!

Imagine our surprise when we saw the front page of the Tasma-



nian Newspaper the next day...the main subject of the photograph was *Endeavour* with gun smoke billowing, but right next to her

was ..yes.. *Myfanwy*, with John and Adrian on the fore-deck. How cool is that?

Pretty exhausting stuff though. After four days we were festivaled out, our senses assailed by the smells of new paint and varnish, the glint of polished brightwork, the aroma of freshly cooked seafood, the lilting sounds of sea shanties and beautiful guitar work and above all the excited hum of excited people united in that common cause.

"Pretty exhausting stuff though. After four days we were festivaled out, our senses assailed by the smells of new paint and varnish, the glint of polished brightwork"

We had a fabulous meal with Old Gaffers stalwart Mike Igglesden in Australia's oldest pub, the Hope and Anchor. Scallops, Suffolk shoulder of lamb, complemented by the very strong and delicious local cool climate Pinot Noir.

A fitting end to a wonderful action packed event, run in an atmosphere of efficiency but at the same time warm hospitality. We met old friends, made some new friends and look forward to returning. For the record we have repaid Brian the \$10 we had to borrow for lunch at Salamanca markets, where I had spent all my cash on *The Hat I Have Been Waiting For*, apparently hand made locally. Well, that's what the bloke said.

We escaped to the sanctuary of Bruny Island, a real paradise, where we bush-camped for four days and re-connected with our travelling friends.

The Festival took only four days of our three weeks in Tasmania, of our six week trip. Next time, in 2009, we will plan it even better and take enough time to visit the Festival in Goolwa SA on the return trip. Who knows, by then we may even have a little gaffer of our own???

P.S. We should mention that this was the 7th Australian Wooden Boat Festival and had a Dutch theme, marking Tasmania's 365 year connection with Holland.

Word is that the 2009 Festival will be held from February 6th to the 9th and will have a French theme. There is more information in the latest issue of Cruising Helmsman.



Reminiscences of a Tasmanian Boyhood—Charles Knight

As a boy growing up in Hobart in the 40's and 50's (of last century!) the sight of classic wooden sailing ships on the Derwent River was common. Among a host of different craft the usual working boat was a beamy gaff rigged ketch of some 30 m in length, constructed locally, which made the trip from Hobart to the D'entrecasteaux Channel ports to collect fruit and timber for the larger freighters which docked in Hobart. Most of this cargo then went on to Europe.

One of these boats was the *May Queen*, owned by the Chesterman timber family, which until recently was moored as a tourist attraction in the Hobart docks. It would now be over 100 years old. The Chesterman's lived next door to us and when I was 17 years old I was offered a trip to the channel port of Southport, a round trip of some 70 nautical miles. That does not sound a lot, but on average it took a day to get there, a day to come home again, and three or four days to load up. Thus the trip was expected to take about a week – and I was expected to work my passage.

The *May Queen* sailed in ballast to Southport. This consisted of rough blocks of the local stone called dolerite (similar to our local bluestone). The blocks were extremely heavy and the wheezy steam engine on the deck grunted and groaned as the stone was slung from dockside to hold. Once in the hold it had to be trimmed, and pushing those blocks of stone around whilst bent half double under the deck beams was a task I still remember. The usual crew of one of these trading ketches being a skipper and two 'boys' (the 'boys' were usually men, some of them quite advanced in years) the opportunity to use a strong teenager as extra labour was quickly accepted.

Trading ketches such as the *May Queen* carried the majority of their cargo on the deck. The waters they sailed in were relatively protected so that the design was rather more of a barge than a proper sea-going craft. They only had about 5 ft headroom below at best, and the deck beams – heavy because of the heavy deck cargo – intruded into this. When fully loaded, particularly with boxes of apples, you could not see over the load and the person on the helm had to be guided as to where he was steering. They were loaded until only a small amount of freeboard remained, but since the prevailing winds usually meant a broad reach or run back to Hobart this was regarded as acceptable seamanship.

The *May Queen* carried her full rig of jib, staysail, main, mizzen and two gaff top-

sails down to Southport in a half Tasmanian westerly gale. It was a tight reach for most of the way, and exciting sailing for me. There were no instruments on board but experience tells me that the wind exceeded 30 knots in gusts. The weather helm was so savage it required two men on the wheel. With no keel the leeway was excessive but the skipper (and his crew) had done the trip many times previously and knew both the boat and the Channel. Even so, it took until dusk to reach Southport because these boats were not fast. It then took half the night, lit only by kerosene lamps, to stow the rig. The sisal ropes were heavy, the canvas (flax) sails were stiff and heavy, the dew was heavy and I was, in modern parlance, stuffed.

Early next morning I could see that our cargo was piled at the dockside. It consisted of a large heap of planks (the same sort of planks as had been used in the construction of the boat; a eucalypt known locally as Mountain Ash - now highly valued in WA furniture as 'Tassie Oak' – which was frequently rough sawn, hand adzed and crafted in-situ into robust trading ketches like the *May Queen*) and about 10 trees! Although Chesterman's had a sawmill in the district, and another in Hobart, this order apparently required large lengths of large timber, as may for example be required (in those days) as the stringers for a bridge. In fact, these trees stripped of their bark and foliage were longer than the *May Queen* itself.

The planks were stowed below deck. It took two days to get them there and was backbreaking work. The trees were then stowed on the deck; again the steam engine grunted and groaned, assisted by a bigger brother on the dock. To get them there the bulwarks were removed so that the trees overhung the boat. This was apparently common practice because the crew accepted the task without demure. Recall that this is a boat approx 100 ft long, but since Mountain Ash grows to over 250 ft high these were presumably saplings, and not worthy of particular concern. However, to me they appeared huge, and the removal of the bulwarks forward and aft made the boat seem particularly vulnerable, obviously ready to sink at the slightest ripple.

Memory dims with age, but it seems to

me that about 20 ft of wood extended both fore and aft. At the bow this was actually longer than the bowsprit. The logs were chained down to prevent movement, but on the trip back to Hobart they moved anyway, and we arrived with a notable list which put the starboard gunwhale under water. This apparently improved the sailing performance on a port reach so that the skipper was pleased with the result, but it really frightened me. I was young, inexperienced and well out of my comfort zone. Water leaked freely through the deck into the (primitive at best) living quarters, which were actually so bad that most of the living was done up on the deck. It was only the cold Tasmanian nights, or rain, or the need to eat that drove crew below. The cooking facilities consisted of a permanently lit charcoal

stove which gave off dreadful noxious fumes which would perhaps have killed on close acquaintance, but nobody stayed below that long, or so close, to find out.

One week after leaving Hobart we arrived back again. By that time *May Queen* had be-

come familiar to me; the groans of her timbers, the shudder of sails momentarily too close to the wind, the splash of water off the lee bow, the eerie sound of wind in the rigging, the thump of a bilge pump. I had learned how to go aloft, how to hand a topsail, in particular how to swear. I had learned of particular 'racy' establishments in Hobart which sailors knew of but I who had grown up there in a middle-class family did not. And I had learned to see the land at night was not to look at it directly, but in a sly sort of a way, sideways as if pretending not to see it so that the loom of the land became a recognizable blackness within a blackness.

And what of the *May Queen*, and her like? Boats built for a purpose, but a purpose soon to disappear in the turmoil of progress. Britain joined the European Common Market and the fruit industry in Tasmania was destroyed. Timber from Tasmania was displaced by steel from Taiwan. The need for trading ketches disappeared and in my lifetime have become a memory. But happily they stay firmly fixed in mine, just as a trip as a young man to Southport in Tasmania remains a reminiscence of boyhood.

"The May Queen sailed in ballast to Southport. This consisted of rough blocks of the local stone called dolerite (similar to our local bluestone)"

JACK GARDINER WRITES ABOUT BARGE HATCHWAYS

The hatch coamings at the sites are made of the heaviest and widest timber available. The big coasters have theirs in two pieces to give more height. The cleats are of cast steel 50-60 mm wide and shaped as in the left drawing. Note how the front is angled to take the wedge. This was always done with the wide edge at the forward end and on the head ledges (the thwart ships part of the hatchway which was not as heavy as the fore and aft pieces). The wide past of the wedge faced outboard. This was done so that theoretically a sea coming aboard would not wash the wedges loose. The cleats were no more than 600 mm apart. The hatch battens were of steel flat bar 50 mm by 15 mm and the wedges of hardwood cut out of 50 mm by 50 mm timber. The cleats were fastened with two 50 mm by 10 mm spikes with countersunk heads and the half beams with a 15 mm bolt, a half round steel capping was spiked down all round the top of the coaming.

Note how the cleats are let in flush with the face of the coaming. The hatch covers are made of the two beams 600 mm apart with 150 by 25 mm boarding nailed across. The tow end ones have a hand hold about 400 by 25 mm cut in on diagonal opposite corners.

The hatch covers simply sat on the rabbet in the coaming which was reinforced with a piece of 100 by 50

mm as shown in the centre drawing. The hatch tarpaulins, which were always called hatch cloths, were in three parts sometime more. They were put on and the edges turned up six inches or so. The first one was always the best one and the other older ones were cut so that they just overhung the corner of the coaming over the strip of half round iron along the top of the rabbet. The corners were folded in with the pocket so formed always facing in across the head ledge (the transverse coaming). This was so that (theoretically) a seam coming aboard would not force it open. The hatch battens were steel flat bar about 50 by 15 mm cut to lengths so the butt fell behind one of the wedges. These were cut as shown dotted in the right drawing. They were set in with one tap of a club hammer. One tap on the small

end would release them thereby hangs a tale. When taking them out you carefully put them one at a time into a sack, which was put down the foc'sle until they were wanted again. Now when you got the sack up to re-

wedge the hatch one of two of the wedges were missing. The bargemen always reckoned they evaporated.

The hatch coamings on the steel barges and coasters simply has the cleats welded on. The coamings were always deeper than the wooden ones as much as waist high on big

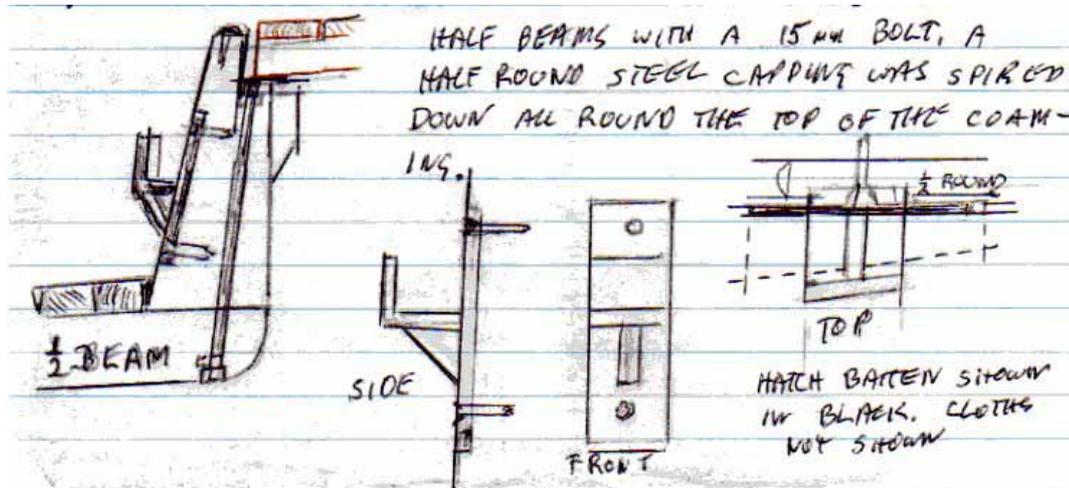
cargo ships. The same battens and wedges were used on big cargo ships and liners too as far as I know. It was always the carpenters job to go round and set all the wedges. The cloths on a big ship always had some eyelets let into one corner. The number was the number of the hatch where they belonged.

The hatch covers on a big ship were different to the ones on small ships. They usually had one or sometimes two strong backs fore and aft in the hatch way and the hatch covers were made of three boards bolted together sideways of softwood 25 by 75 mm. they had steel bindings on the end with a hemispherical handle hole with a steel bar across. It was a touchy job tarring them off over an empty hold as it was a long way down to the bottom of the hold. Not so bad it there was a tween deck.

The old sailing ships that used to carry coal out to South America and bring nitrates (guano) back had very small hatchways and their hatch covers were calked under the cloths. This was because their decks were often flooded going round Cape Horn.

Nowadays all the deep sea ships are fitted with McGregor hatches all worked by machinery or something even more modern. I have never worked on a big modern ship (never will now, if I last another couple of weeks I will be 90).

"Now when you got the sack up to re-wedge the hatch one of two of the wedges were missing. The bargemen always reckoned they evaporated"



BOAT FOR SALE—MARIE

Marie is a Plumb stem and stern, Swan river sailor built in 1922. She was designed by A.C. Barber of Sydney and built by Tom Rann in Nedlands – probably around the baths area near where Carnaby was building his star boats or at the bottom of William street.

Marie is entered in the registry of the Royal Perth Yacht Club, page 218. Owned at the time by J.R. Sharples with club No 111. However her distinguishing mark was R.2. At one time she was owned by Nick Sofilas and worked as a fishing boat out of Bunbury, Licenced fishing boat 17.

Marie is a Gunter rig center-boarder built with New Zealand Kauri as a carvel hull and originally had Kauri deck planks with canvas deck covering. Her ribs are of Tasmanian Blackwood and West Australian Karri and her keel is of 3" Jarrah. Her Statistics are:

LOA - 8.96m or 29' 4"

LWL - 7.21m or 23' 8"

Beam - 2.53m or 8' 3½"

Draft - 0.58m or 23", 2.1m or 8' 2" with plate down

Mast - 8.0m

Boom - 5.1m

Gaff - 4.4m

Forestay - 7.7m

Restored and relaunched in early 1998 she has sailed successfully on the Swan and around Rottnest over the last nine seasons. She has been used extensively for twillite

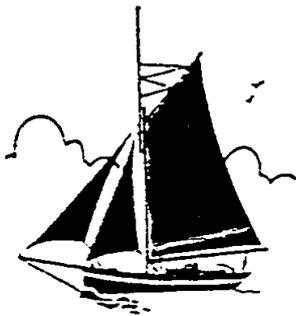
sailing and river cruising where she has comfortably carried up to 16 adults and children combined. Many wonderful late afternoon sails have been had with friends aboard.

Marie I regret to say is for sale. She comes with mainsail, No 1 & 2 traditional mitre cut jibs, staysail and ballooner (asymmetrical spinnaker). She has battery powered 27 Meg Radio and navigation lights, Two rudders (one for shallow water sailing) as she draws very little with centreplate up. She is located at South of Perth Yacht Club, first pen first jetty as you enter the club grounds.

I am asking \$24,000 for her and intend to sell before the end of this year.

Andrew Hartley



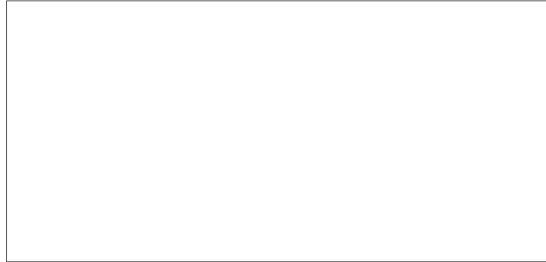


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Dates to Remember

20 th - 26 th May	National Archaeology Week—lots of Maritime Archaeology talks and events all week in Fremantle (www.archaeologyweek.com/states/wa.php)
22 nd May 2007	OGA General Meeting, East Fremantle YC, 19:30 hrs
24 th July 2007	OGA Annual General Meeting, East Fremantle YC, 19:30 hrs
October 2007	Claisebrook Wooden Boat and Jazz Festival, East Perth
8 th -10 th November	OGA Rottneest Weekend (phone Pauline for details)

