

Baggywrinkles

Volume 2006,
Issue 2

May 2006

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Another lovely day on the Swan—OGA Regatta 2006

This year we have a number of different OGA regatta participants telling their stories!

Wyndham's crew for this year's regatta (correct spelling) consisted of three Roberts and Doug Firth, who signed on at the last minute having completed his duties in the marquee.

The interesting moments, for us, occurred early in the race. At the start I employed the same tactics used two years previously, steering us into the wind shadow beneath the start box. There we sat, motionless and cursing, as our rivals *Sunbeam*, *Hakuna Matata*, and *Mafalda* moved steadily across the line. Then a strange thing happened. Our sails filled, but with a different breeze to that enjoyed by our competitors. While they sailed out into the river, we were able to hold our starboard tack much closer inshore, almost fetching Mosman

on one board. As we did tack over onto port (and into a hole). *Mafalda* came up fast, with right of way, but kindly bore away, prompting a call of thanks. A few minutes later, as we jostled for space at the mark with

several other boats, the situation was reversed. It was our turn to luff. A couple of crew on each boat ran forward to fend off, and we sent *Mafalda* off on the next board ahead of us. "We're even

(Continued on page 10)



Gelasma sailing past Lochen—Regatta 2006

Committee Contact Details

| | | | |
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| Boat Rego | Geoff Howard | 82 Lymburner Dve Hillarys 6025 | 9401 2870 |
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Special points of interest:

- Regatta 2006—stories & photos
- President's log
- Labour day at Koom-bana Bay
- A little story about engines
- Jack Gardiner on Life-boats
- NEXT NEWSLETTER
DEADLINE: 14th August 2006



PRESERVING
AND PROMOT-
ING THE GAFF
RIG

PRESIDENT'S LOG

Our annual OGA Regatta at Royal Freshwater Bay YC, which we held on Saturday 29th April, has become something of an institution, popular alike with members and non-members as a not too serious way to end the summer season. Judging by the strength of 'B' Fleet, our corps of active members is as strong as ever, despite our diverse interests and geographical locations. It was a pleasure to see so many visiting boats tied up at RFBYC's jetty and to sail in the company of such a fine fleet of classic yachts. Long may it continue. My thanks to all those who put in the time and effort required to make this such a successful event.

The end of the season has prompted me to haul out early this year and get ahead with some overdue maintenance. Our annual November gathering in Rottneest is still months

way, but somehow it always catches me unprepared. This year I hope will be different. As I steered *Hakuna Matata* downstream to haul out at Victoria Quay, the river was looking particularly beautiful; an early morning haze hung over the water, with a hint of rain - and hardly another boat in sight.

The autumn and winter is still a great time to be on the water - I shall hurry to get H-K back to her mooring!

This time of year is

also one for reflection and change. Some of us are putting boats up for sale (some may even make a sale!), others must put their sailing addictions to one side to make way for more profitable activities. For the OGA, this is also the time for reflection, to review our activities and to plan for the coming season. Our plans are dominated as usual by the three R's - Rottneest, Rockingham and the Regatta. Is there something else we should or could add to this regular programme? Please let one of the committee



Regatta 06—Lochen from Hakuna Matata

have your ideas or come along to our next meeting.

"Judging by the strength of 'B' Fleet, our corps of active members is as strong as ever, despite our diverse interests and geographical locations"

This edition of 'Baggywrinkles' is the last for our long-time editor-in-chief, Mike Igglesden. I am sure you will agree that he and Fiona Hook have done a fantastic job in de-

livering a highly readable and individual journal which is at the very heart of our association. Fiona and John Dillely have volunteered to carry on the task and I am sure they will maintain the high standards which Mike has set. Now perhaps we will hear more from Mike about some of his epic voyages with *Oriel*. For these, as well for the unstinting support he and Mary have given to the OGA over many years, Mike received the 'Spirit of the Regatta' Trophy this year. Mike, thank you and keep on sailing!



Arrival of Götheborg in Fremantle—May 2006

EDITORIAL

Everyone should write their autobiography. I am accepting my own advice and it has taken fifty pages to record some of the doings of my mis-spent youth. It probably will make boring reading but I was inspired into the project due to the lack of knowledge of my parents' goings on in the early 1900's. My children have indicated that they would prefer not to be left in that situation. I have discovered that this memorizing business is good fun. We all have stories to tell. How about sending in some of your memories to 'Baggywrinkles'?

As most of you are aware this is my last editorial. And not before time, I hear you cry. Fiona is soldiering on with John Dilley making up the team. A big thank you to all the contributors to our newsletter over the last five years, not forgetting wife, Mary, my long suffering typist, and Fiona's deft fingers on the computer arranging and compiling the presentation. I have taken the liberty of bolstering

up the pages of this issue with one of aforementioned memories. Please make John's job easier by following my example and sending in your contributions.

Mike I.

If you are not aware the Swedish sail training ship Götheborg sailed into Fremantle on Saturday—some OGAs were there to greet her on shore and well done Mike Beck on *Rana* being the only Gaffer in sight on the day! Götheborg is in Fremantle (between C & D Sheds) until 25th May 2006. For more details



Arrival of Götheborg in Fremantle—May 2006

have a look at their webpage—
www.soic.se .

Fiona



Arrival of Götheborg in Fremantle—May 2006

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Précis of general meeting—28 March 2006

Welcome and Apologies

Members welcomed by President Jeremy Stockley. New member Rowan Chick welcomed.

Apologies received from Alan and Karel Abbott; Diana Hewison, Chris Bowman.

Present – 15 members; see Attendance Book

Minutes of Last Meeting

At the January meeting there was no quorum, so meeting notes were accepted as a record., as printed in last issue of Baggywrinkles.

Business Arising from November 2005 and January 2006 meetings:

Feedback from Australia Day Weekend – details in last issue of Baggywrinkles. Generally accepted as a very successful weekend, to be continued annually. One member stated that during the trying conditions of the Rottne Channel Swim on 18 February 2006, while aboard one of the support craft, she found herself tying a one-handed bowline, a new skill gained at the Australia Day Weekend.

2006 OGA Regatta, Saturday 29 April 2006, Royal Freshwater Bay Sailing Club– plans well under way, committee consists of Jeremy, Tom Roberts, Fiona Hook and Chris Bowman. Flyer is in process of being mailed to those who do not have email. Nominations fees may be increased by \$5.00. It is accepted that the Association may have to bear a small cost in the absence of a sponsor.

As most members will be keen to be out sailing, Mike Igglesden's kind offer of being shore-based information volunteer was gratefully accepted. Alan and Karel Abbott have kindly volunteered to undertake arrangements for Regatta pennants. Martine Firth kindly agreed to be available to take photographs of the fleet under sail, and Jeremy will seek assistance for her from Chris' daughter. Jeremy will organise a spectator craft through the Classic Powerboat Association. In response to members' queries, downwind sails will be permitted.

OGA Banner and Flag and other assets Doug Firth reported progress in locating and recording whereabouts of OGA assets and will provide a report of same to next meeting.

HMAS Perth Memorial Regatta. Only one member attended – Barry Glazier. No feedback available.

Feedback on JAM races at EFYC. Not as successful as hoped; weather was an issue at the December Race. 3 members entered in the February event.

Claremont Yacht Club - Commodore's Cup – no feedback available.

Koombana Bay Regatta 4-6 March 2006 – report in next issue of Baggywrinkles.

Correspondence In - Nil, Out – nil

Treasurer's Report

Accounts have balanced and there are sufficient funds from the Rottne Island Weekend to provide a small refund to some members who were unable to make it. Current total funds are \$2676 less approximately \$600 owing to creditors.

Baggywrinkles

Closing date for next issue – 15 May 2006. Call for articles – members please provide. Geoff Howard kindly agreed to provide a book review.

Other Business

Wooden Boat Festival Hobart 2007

Reminder to members who may want to attend this event.

Clubhouse. Discussed; at this time not needed; agreed by all to remove from agenda.

Future events, meetings, talks

Next meeting: Doug Firth offered to give a short presentation on leather treatment Clive Jarman agreed to demonstrate the Turks Head knot

Future meetings: Jeremy kindly agreed to provide an information session on his electric motor in Hakuna Matata, and some feedback on the performance of her copper-based long-life anti-fouling, probably after the AGM.

Membership dues: Reminder to members, due now, no change in costs from last year. A final reminder will go out with the next Baggywrinkles.

Committee nominations: Possible nominations for the official positions for next year were discussed. Most positions will be filled, but we still need a Treasurer. Please contact Jeremy if you feel the urge to get involved and help to ease the burden.

New Business

Colin Aburrows requested that copies of agenda be available for all members. Secretary requested that each member print from their own email – agreed.

Next meeting - Tuesday 23 May 2006, at EFYC, 1930hrs.

Meeting closed at 2050 hrs.

Presentation by Clive Jarman. Clive described how he made wooden blocks for his boat Merry Rose. Clive was very informative, explaining how he began from scratch after being encouraged by Robin Hicks. His finished products were a delight to see, meticulously crafted and finished and supported by clear diagrams. Clive was able to advise on the types of wood used, the angle of cuts, materials for pulleys, pins and strops, plus the required maintenance. Clive was able to answer many questions and members thanked him for an informative and well-presented talk.



Labour Day Weekend 2006 at Koombana Bay, Bunbury

At our Australia Day celebration at Mangles Bay Geoff Vardy from Bunbury mentioned he could use a crew for the Koombana Bay Regatta for his lovely Scruffie, *How Bazaar*. As usual John and I were easy meat.

We arranged to sleep over with some swanky friends on swanky Marlston Hill in Bunbury, and we set off on Saturday morning with our sandwiches and coffee flask, all set for a weekend of sailing in a new boat at a new venue, plus other planned fun.

We arrived at Koombana Bay Sailing Club in time for the skipper's briefing for the 1st of 4 races, Saturday afternoon, Sunday morning and afternoon, and Monday morning. We were hailed by Brian and Eileen Phillips who were there to put "Huey's Girl" through her fine paces.

There was a promising breeze but the day was getting very hot by noon. We set off with Geoff, making a reasonable start for Gaffers, but it quickly became apparent that the heat was going to become serious and the wind a non-event.

"As for the race, somehow we managed to weave about a bit and pass a few marks, in the correct order and always searching for Huey's Girl somewhere out on the horizon"

Koombana Bay is an interesting place to sail, notably because any course set has to cross the commercial shipping channel, the crossing of which is controlled by a very strict set of rules. Well, that's all very well, but the dinghies had no motors and no way of extricating themselves from rule-breaking situations. Thank goodness for rescue boats, some of those ships are massive!

The seat cushions on *How Bazaar* became too hot to make the slightest contact with, so Geoff kindly put up his all-weather can-

opy, a clever construction of telescopic camping poles, Velcro and fabric. This meant his crew was reasonably comfortable while the poor skipper braved it out in the sun of the hottest day of our strange Summer, even hotter than Perth.

John and I were very impressed with the ease with which Geoff handled his boat, due to the thoughtful arrangements he had made. As for the race, somehow we managed to weave about a bit and pass a few marks possibly in the correct order and always searching for *Huey's Girl* somewhere out on the horizon. However it was entertaining to watch the antics of the teenagers in their dinghies, trying to catch the wind and at the same time hang over the sides to get wet. Some of them were in wetsuits.

After a reasonable effort we decided to defer to comfort and motored effortlessly back to shore where we had a much-needed swim. We cooled off at the bar where we compared notes with Brian, Eileen and Brian's crew of regulars. We were impressed with the number of sails Brian managed to produce from his sail locker in an effort to maximise any puff of wind. Such a competitive spirit!

We spent the night having a swanky meal with said swanky friends and prepared ourselves for a very hot, airless night – no air conditioning, not even a fan, but we did resort to damp sarongs, which helped.

Next morning up early in time for an 0830 briefing for an 0900 start, with a bit more wind around. However the same con-

ditions and outcome prevailed, i.e. we retired early for a swim and Brian kept going to finish the



How Bazaar

course. Not quite as hot, but hot enough. After lunch, given the outlook and other pressing matters, Geoff decided to haul "How Bazaar" out and head for home, while we stayed with Brian and crew as they prepared for the next race. As it turned out there was a bit more wind later on, but we were napping in relative comfort, catching up on our beauty sleep.

That evening we took up the Club's offer of joining them for their carvery supper and presentations. Our swanky friends joined us and we enjoyed watching the local characters receive their prizes along with associated ribaldry and laughter. Well done Brian and crew for winning one of the prizes.

Thanks to Geoff for inviting us to crew, to experience his delightful boat and a new sailing venue.

Thanks to Koombana Bay Sailing Club for your hospitality and a pleasant interlude, a variation in our usual circuit of haunts.

Pauline and John Dilley

FOR SALE—MERRY ROSE!!

From Clive Jarman,

Shock Horror!!!! I am putting Merry Rose on the market. Details:

- 22 foot Gaff yawl to Iain Oughtred design.
- Launched Jan 03. On purpose built trailer.
- Asking \$40,000.
- Details contact Clive on 9344 3829 or 0423 131 767.

I need to cut down on hobbies; no time to do everything.



Crew Wanted

Bicton Bell, crew wanted classic gaff sailing EFYC and OGA events

Contact Barry Glazier 9337 7876



BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Everyone is useful, even if only to be a bad example.

Parmellia was the first merchant ship to arrive at the Swan River and was damaged by running on to a sandbank upon arrival.

The Perth Yacht Club, first on the Swan River, was formed in 1876. In 1890 Queen Victoria gave the club a charter.

This promoted a comment that "it was absolutely sickening nonsense —asking permission to dub a potty little Yacht Club in a fourth rate colonial city, that hasn't a ten tonner in the fleet, a Royal Yacht Club".

According to a recent survey, the percentage of US boat owners whose sex life has not

been improved by having a boat is 95%.

A nautical loophole is a small aperture in the bulkheads and other part of a merchant ship through which small arms could be fired at an enemy trying to board her.

Ship on the Brink of Mutiny

"She was a ship balanced on the sword-edge of mutiny on that last evening, 3 June 1629.

There was no outward sign of the catastrophe to come. On the contrary it was a treacherously sweet night as she dipped her red lion figurehead on a Northwest course through the long swells of the Indian Ocean toward the fatal point of time and place waiting for her below the horizon. Her masthead swung in gentle arcs across the early stars, a warm breeze filled the sails,

most of the 316 people aboard. Now their swords were sharp and ready, and they itched to use them.

The Batavia would be a rich prize. She was the newest and finest ship in the Indies fleet, heavy bellied with cargo, carrying besides cloth, wines, cheese and trade goods, twelve bound chests of heavy silver coin worth 250000 guilders, as well as a casket of jewels worth a mogul's ransom. And once they had taken her they could become richer still by pirating under the pre-



and the phosphorescent wake stretched back toward Africa. 'All's well!' cried the provost at the turn of the watch, striking the mainmast ceremoniously with his mace.

But below decks evil suppurated. As the ship rolled eastward from the Cape of Good Hope, a dozen men had been meeting furtively in a dark lower deck cabin to plan a mutiny and the murder of

tence of the Dutch East India Company flag. It would be a year or more before she was reported missing. Meantime they could trap and prey on sister ships like a cannibal fish, looting, burning, cutting throats, multiplying their wealth until they could match their own gross weights in gold, silver, and gems. This was their dream of greed. And on this night their plan was ripe" (Edwards 2000: 9).

Excerpt from Edwards, H. (2000). **ISLANDS OF ANGRY GODS: Murder, mayhem and Mutiny, the story of the BATAVIA**. HarperCollins Publishers, Sydney

Island of Angry Gods by Hugh Edwards is a subject in two parts that tells the horrific story of the wreck and subsequent mutiny of the *Batavia* in the Abrolhos Islands off the WA coast in 1629.

The first part deals with the planning of the mutiny and how the whole thing goes terribly wrong. Hugh Edwards has pieced together the story through journals, letters and trial records.

The second part describes the search and eventual discovery of the wreck by Edwards and his team over 300 hundred years later.

Fascinating story about an important part of WA history.

Geoff Howard



JACK GARDINER ON LIFEBOATS AND THEIR CONVERSIONS

The barge we lived on we bought for 100 pounds in Sittingbourne and sailed her round to Rochester, dropped the mast and gear and got a tow under the bridge. I later sold masts sails and gear for 45 pounds that paid for a lot of timber and hardware for the conversion. I also got an engine with prop and shaft but never got round to fitting it. At one time I worked for a firm that was converting barges into yachts and did about six or seven engine installations in a row so had it down to a fine art. The difficulty there was a light barge only drew 2 ft. or so of water and the props (from 40ft. landing craft) were 1ft 6 ins diameter so did not leave any room for error in lining up. The shafts had to go out of the quarter because the stern-posts were too thick and the prop would have had most of its area working in dead water behind the stern post and in front of the rudder. Both the stern post and the rudder post were at least nine inches square and the rudder pintle was unique to the barges, both the sternpost and rudder had gudgeons and the pintle was a bar of steel anything up to 2 inches in diameter and the whole length of the stern post and so arranged that the whole rudder could slide up if it sat onto anything hard on a mud berth. All this would have to be arranged if the shaft went through the sternpost apart from the bolts through the stern knee so it was easier to make an A bracket out of 3 inch x 3/4 inch steel cut and welded as required. I got to be quite good at doing it. The props and a 6-foot shaft could be bought for 5 pounds ex disposals.

It sounds cheap but it was a week's wages for a shipwright then. At this time there were a lot of boats and materials being sold off by 'small craft disposals' and even more being dumped out at sea somewhere. I once saw on London Docks a heap of ford V8 marine engines (petrol) with marine gear boxes as fitted in a lot of the smaller landing craft being loaded by a grab crane into tank landing craft and the whole (lot must have been 10 or 12 of them) taken out to sea and the plugs pulled out or sea cocks opened. They could not be sold because they were 'lend lease' from the U.S. A friend of mine who was in the navy waiting to be demobed had a job driving a truck and once had to shift six or more tea chests into Portsmouth Dockyard. On the way he and his mate stopped to see what the chests held and found they were full of !0-50 binoculars. They held a council of war and decided anything as valuable as that would be counted and checked so did nothing about it. They got into Portsmouth dockyard and were told where to deliver their load and it

was into one of the machine shops where the boxes were put one at a time under a drill press and squashed flat. All the pieces put back in the truck and told where the tip was. I bet neither one of them was fit to talk to for a week after that. I met him after he was demobed and he still had not got over it. A neighbour of ours in the White-wall Creek was living in a semi converted torpedo craft that he had got from S.C.Disposals. He was an ex navy, two and a half ringer and when the craft was sold he came out of the dockyard with the bos'n's locker full of paint and rope the wardroom stores full of tinned food, the petrol tanks 2000 gallons worth full of petrol, two dinghies and everything else in place. All this, at a time when most things were rationed or unobtainable! He sold the ex navy boat and bought a converted barge yacht and I gave him a hand to sail it down to Cowes. I missed him; he was a useful bloke to know.

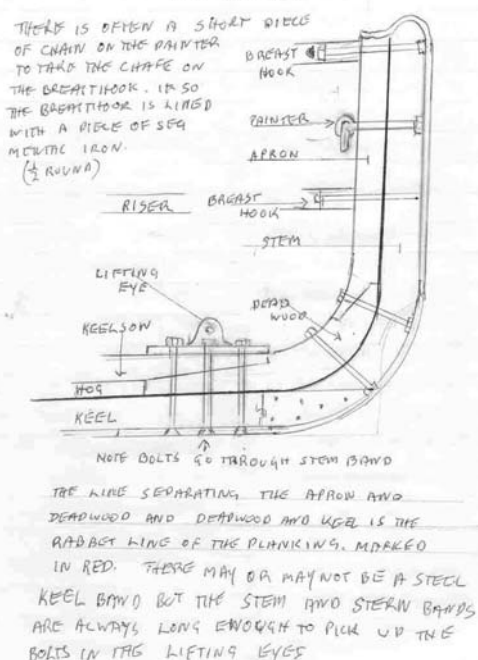
Reading this back, something I missed on buying a registered vessel you have to have a Bill of Sale, a form printed by the then Board of Trade which lists

length -
beam -
depth of hold(s)
etc.
boilers -
engines -
bunker-space,

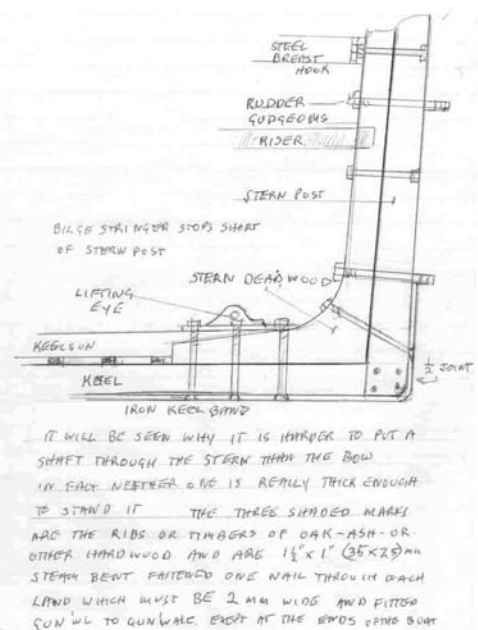
"One was an ex P&O steel lifeboat, the apple bow and stern type and the Fleming propulsion type, which had been cleverly made over into a Dutch botter"

masts, sails, spars, boats, guns, small arms and appurtenances there too. The same form is used for a large passenger liner or a small sailing barge. I kept it for a long time but don't know when or where I lost it. The ship was no longer registered when we sold it. There had been a .303 rifle aboard during the war, I don't know what for, shooting at mines or taking German prisoners? But it was not aboard when we took over. Anyway the Germans gave away the old mines with the horns on, in favour of magnetic and acoustic and other sorts. I would not try shooting the horns of a floating mine at any distance nearer than a chance of hitting it in a wooden craft. When the magnetic mines were first used

MID LINE FRAMING OF A 28' FT SHIP'S LIFE BOAT COURTESY OF NICHOLS SEAMANSHIP



one washed up at Southend Beach (the mud flat) and the mine disposal squad succeeded in dismantling it. We got a small motor coaster in the dockyard in No.2 Dock and converted her into a floating magnet with huge coils of wire in the holds and a generator to run the current through them. I don't know what they used for a compass because if you put a spanner on the ships side you had difficulty getting it off. She came back in with her bows blown off but still afloat. So the way of de gausing the ships was



worked out - the theory was way over my head all I know we were working night and day putting coils of wire round and round all the ships that came in. I remember working on one ship between the boiler room (with the boilers fired up) and the foc'sle head in a snow storm, and not only having to walk right round the dockyard basins because the bridges were lifted as an anti invasion device, but all the way home as the buses had stopped running in the snow, and the lateness too, but a lot of blokes had it much worse in those days.

I only ever came across two conversions that did not show their origins. One was an ex P&O steel lifeboat, the apple bow and stern type and the Fleming propulsion type, which had been cleverly made over into a Dutch botter. It had the inward leaning topsides with the fan shaped leeboards with the barn door rudder with more arch out of the water than in, the curved up cabin top and the little curved gaff. I don't know if you ever came across the Fleming gear? There was a T shaped lever at every thwart which could be pulled and pushed by two people this worked a shaft which ran the length of the boat and was connected to a prop which looked as big as a windmill. It looked funny in use with the whole crew moving to and fro with no oars out but the boat moving. The theory was anybody could pull or push a lever but could not handle an oar. Which made sense but was not widely used. Expense?

The other was an ex navy cutter - the motor type which belonged to a shipwright. He had gone to the trouble of doubling the planking with feather edged planks so she looked carvel built and carried them out to a canoe stern. Built the topsides up by two planks to reduce the height of the cabin top and had a laid deck with contrasting king and covering boards. All in all a nice looking boat gaff rigged of course. He even built an 8 foot pram dinghy to go with her. He and his wife used to sail her all the way from Maidstone up the Medway to across the estuary to Harwich and up to and beyond London. He had a sanitary tank so could go above the Teddington Locks up the Thames. If ever I envied a boat it was that one not that it would have done us a lot of good with three young children and a barge to finish converting over our own heads. I never ever got round to starting on the cutter or the engine in the barge either but still sold her at a very good cop.

Rebirth of a Stuart Turner or Four Make One

Members will be aware of Mike and Mary Igglesden's wonderful boat ORIEL and the story of her rebuild about 14 years ago.

I would like to relate a tale or two that most Old Gaffers may not have heard before or maybe you have, but a well developed sense of Stuart Turner lore prevent you from ever mentioning them, especially when you're within earshot of Mr Stuart, Mike's nick name for him.

While the Stuart Turner P55 engine fitted to ORIEL was made up from four very elderly engines "he" certainly has a sumpful of character - shrugging off all illegitimacy and multiple engine numbers with dogged determination to be contrary.

Mike the younger, known for his considerable patience, has cajoled Mr Stuart many times to perform the duties of iron breeze. After sailing with Mike a few times I soon realised that Mr Stuart was causing havoc with his lack of discipline and errant behaviour.

I obeyed Mike by never mentioning Mr Stuart's name in vain or speaking harshly when he played up, all to no avail. Woe betides anyone who disobeys this rule. There are some things you just don't do. My experience with vintage and veteran motorcycles has shown me that if you have a good magneto, carburettor and compression all old engines should run, or that's the theory! To see Mike control ORIEL under power when entering a pen for example is witness to a very well choreographed juggling act of throttle, gearbox and seamanship. If you think the above sentence is true of all docking procedures then you should experience it with Mr Stuart! Mike makes it look easy.

Too little throttle he stalls, too much and he rockets along pushing ORIEL towards danger. As I watched this and wanted to calm Mr Stuart so that Mike could concentrate more on boating and less on cajoling Mr Stuart. Was I expecting too much, probably.

Although I would normally love an engine that gives hull speed at ¼ throttle it can be a handful if the engine is as temperamental as Mr Stuart!

So where to start; his carburettor has received Clive Jarman's talents so we ruled that out and I suggested that Mike should have his magneto checked, so how to retrieve the magneto? Mr Stuart may not approve of such a disruption. On the day of action, Mike with tools wrapped in something to disguise them, rowed out to ORIEL and without hesita-

tion removed the engine cover, whipped out the tools and while Mr Stuart was smug with inactivity, removed his magneto and quickly rowed ashore.

Unfortunately the magneto was O.K. and with re-magnetism complete it was re-connected to Mr Stuart using a similar cloak and dagger method! Next, were the spark plugs. By now I was on a mission. On our way to Rockingham 2006, Mike and I were safely whisked down river by Mr Stuart only to have him cut out near the Maritime Museum. Did he want to have a rest or be put on display? He doesn't talk so I checked the plugs in ORIEL's toolkit and the elderly ones in current use while Mike prepared to raise the main and soon we were off - no need for a wretched engine now. Sorry, but I couldn't help that. I hope nobody reads this to him.

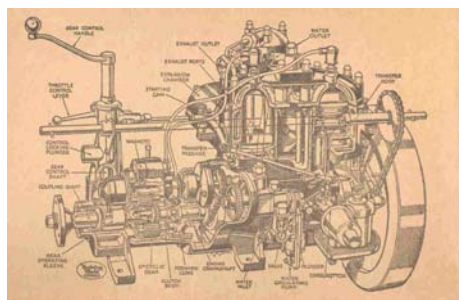
On return from Rockingham, I tracked down some new spark plugs and when Mike fitted them he had some success. At least Mary won't have to change plugs while Mr Stuart is running!! (Again like she once did in a moment of duress.)

If you don't know what it's like to grab a spark plug lead while an engine is running I suggest you try with dry hands first! You may not want to repeat the performance in a hurry. Mary, you are a very game first mate.

Well after all this I have to say that I am leaning towards sail and away from engines as my experience grows. After a life of making old motorcycles go, fast or otherwise I am now relying more on the ash breeze or the power of the wind. Maybe an electric motor is the way of the future? Who needs an engine when you have a fair wind anyway?

P.S. Spark plug salesmen leave a lot to be desired these days. Their memory seems to stop at a 1990's Holden or Ford; Mr Stuart was to prove too difficult (let alone a 1926 AJS). I was given the books and told to look it up! Luckily, plugs with the correct heat range for the engine designed in 1929 by Marmaduke Stuart Turner are still available.

Douglas Firth—Old engine enthusiast (retired)



OGA Regatta continued

(Continued from page 1)

now!" called her skipper.

After this excitement, Wyndham's part of the race settled into a pattern which has become familiar over the last three years, as we sailed around the course admiring the other gaffers of B fleet as most of them overtook us. And we did so in such wonderful leisurely fashion. Wasn't it a perfect day for gentle sailing? As for the individual duels that, as Chris Bowman has pointed out, make the race interesting for all competitors: Our good start meant that *Hakuna Matata* and *Sunbeam* followed Wyndham around all day; a nice change. We were waving goodbye to *Mafalda* when she hoisted her lovely red spinnaker, but it promptly split in half. We got away from them on the upwind leg and stayed in front to the finish. Wyndham does seem to go well to windward in these conditions, and makes me wonder how much better she would be if the centre board was put back (I hope Chris and Mike Rowe don't read this).

Well, those are my memories. Wyndham also participated in the wooden boat race at South of Perth this year. While it was good fun, the difference in the level of organisation of these two events, for irregular racers, was very apparent. Congratulations to Jeremy, Chris, Fiona and the crew at

Freshwater Bay for the excellent job they do.

Tom Roberts

From the viewpoint of the humble crew of Lochen owned and skippered by the fearless and determined Assistant Newsletter Editor Fiona Hook.

As usual the OGA teamwork was faultless as Fiona's young son Conall aged 2 years and 9 months was swept up by Diane McDermott and Mary Igglesden, while President

Jeremy Stockley had no need to press gang Geoff Howard and Peter McDermott into crewing for him aboard *Hakuna Matata*. *Lochen* absorbed Mike Rowe, John and Pauline Dilley, and we were off!

Our now regular magnificent venue of the Royal Freshwater Bay Yacht Club makes this a very special event, with the added dramas of the speedy Couta boats, river conditions, passing leisure and commercial river traffic plus, on this particular day, truly lovely weather conditions – sunny, warm, South Westerly breeze at 10 – 15 knots.

The skipper was obviously focused – it was quite impossible to engage her in any conversation that was not related to the here and now. Her goal was simple: "I just don't want to come last". Being a smallish, slowish (no centreboard, unable to point well) but beautiful and graceful craft, *Lochen's* handicap allowed an early start and so, for a while at least we had the heady sensation of being out in front. On the tack from Suicide Mark that feeling was enriched by the wonderful sight of almost the

entire fleet spread out behind us. It was then that it occurred to me that we would have 2 chances to enjoy such a sight; the current one and later on when

we were about to be lapped! However we enjoyed the moment and took photos. If they come out well perhaps we will do another round of celebratory T shirts.

The race continued, we hailed Tom and Helen Roberts and their son Giles in Wyndham as they passed and also Chris Bowman and crew on *Roulette*. The male crew members on *Lochen* got told off for sloppy handling of the headsails when tacking, and they finally got their act together about three tacks from the finish. Meanwhile I enjoyed a cruisey race being movable ballast in the companionway and being bag lady, in charge of drinks, sweaters and sunscreen.

As we neared the finish the skipper became more and more anxious about our final placing and we were no less than mortified to have Jeremy, Doug and Peter in *Hakuna Matata* sneak past us, leaving us in – yes, you guessed it – last place. The crew was quite happy with having had a delightful sail but we had to console and support our skipper, and declare that she had come first in her own "F" fleet, given that she was one of the few participants without a centreboard.

And so to the bar for refreshments and presentations where Jeremy heartily thanked RFBYC for hosting this event.

The Spirit of the Regatta award went to "Young Mike" Igglesden, in recognition of many, many years of involvement, commitment, hard work and Editor of our newsletter Baggywrinkles. On Regatta Day Mike had sailed his lovely *Oriel* down the Swan River to join us and although he chose not to compete, he was definitely with us in spirit. Well done Mike, we hope you realise how much we appreciate you, your special ways and your contribution. Many thanks.

Fiona, Mike R. and Conall departed in time for Conall's bedtime while seven of us remained to dine in style. Jeremy joined us briefly and we took the opportunity to scold him for beating us into last place – but NO, apparently not! Unbeknownst to us *Lochen* had finished ahead of one other boat – such joy! We phoned Fiona ASAP with the exciting news.

We said our farewells after yet another magnificent Regatta event, and from the skipper and crew of *Lochen* certainly, we say "Thanks OGA, roll on next April".

We really do wonder why more people don't do it. They miss out on so much.

Pauline Dilley



| Fleet | SailNo | Boat Name | Skipper | Fall No | Start Time | Finish Time | Elapsed Time | Position on Elapsed Time | Position Over Line | Finish Code |
|-------|---------|---------------|--------------------------------|---------|------------|-------------|--------------|--------------------------|--------------------|-------------|
| A | R11 | Thera | John Fitzhardinge | 9 | 14:26 | 16:49:08 | 2:23:08 | 1 | 1 | FIN |
| A | RF25 | Weeroona | Michael Pope | 28 | 14:07 | 16:51:23 | 2:44:23 | 4 | 2 | FIN |
| A | RF26 | Kasey | Julian Walter | 28 | 14:07 | 16:51:31 | 2:44:31 | 5 | 3 | FIN |
| A | RF19 | Eclipse | Jim Wilshire | 24 | 14:11 | 16:51:40 | 2:40:40 | 2 | 4 | FIN |
| A | RF188 | Swift | Jack Baxter | 20 | 14:15 | 16:56:05 | 2:41:05 | 3 | 5 | FIN |
| A | RF18 | Roulette | Chris Bowman | 24 | 14:11 | 16:57:54 | 2:46:54 | 6 | 6 | FIN |
| A | RF197 | Shannon | Mark Franklin | 36 | 13:59 | 0:00:00 | 0:00:00 | 7= | 7= | DNF |
| B | EF3 | Bicton Belle | Barry Glazier | 27 | 14:08 | 16:12:18 | 2:04:18 | 5 | 1 | FIN |
| B | RF14 | Nell | David Perlman | 15 | 14:20 | 16:12:47 | 1:52:47 | 1 | 2 | FIN |
| B | SP1922 | Marie | Andrew Hartley | 14 | 14:21 | 16:14:09 | 1:53:09 | 2 | 3 | FIN |
| B | R114 | Hebe | Rowan Chick | 15 | 14:20 | 16:15:24 | 1:55:24 | 3 | 4 | FIN |
| B | RF3 | Genevieve | Rory Argyle | 15 | 14:20 | 16:16:16 | 1:56:16 | 4 | 5 | FIN |
| B | BX103 | Rana | Mike Beck | 29 | 14:06 | 16:23:45 | 2:17:45 | 6 | 6 | FIN |
| B | C83 | Christina | Michael Horton | 34 | 14:01 | 16:26:51 | 2:25:51 | 7 | 7 | FIN |
| B | W | Wyndham | Tom Roberts | 36 | 13:59 | 16:27:44 | 2:28:44 | 8 | 8 | FIN |
| B | AK947 | Mafalda | Robert Bennett | 34 | 14:01 | 16:32:42 | 2:31:42 | 9 | 9 | FIN |
| B | OGA20 | Hakuna Matata | Jeremy Stockley | 36 | 13:59 | 16:35:46 | 2:36:46 | 10 | 10 | FIN |
| B | OGA68 | Lochen | Fiona Hook | 45 | 13:50 | 16:38:55 | 2:48:55 | 11 | 11 | FIN |
| B | PFS34 | Sunbeam | Bruce Prance | 36 | 13:59 | 17:06:16 | 3:07:16 | 12 | 12 | FIN |
| B | 1966 | Morna | Michael Sier | 45 | 13:50 | 0:00:00 | 0:00:00 | 13= | 13= | DNF |
| C | SCOUTEM | Trevor Leaver | Daniel Lucas | 50 | 13:45 | 15:23:40 | 1:38:40 | 2 | 1 | FIN |
| C | T144 | Thermopylae | Mike Lefroy | 40 | 13:55 | 15:24:58 | 1:29:58 | 1 | 2 | FIN |
| C | ROTARYS | Koh-I-Noor | Mosman Bay Sea Scout | 50 | 13:45 | 15:27:33 | 1:42:33 | 3 | 3 | FIN |
| C | 103 | Sea Wind | Sam Ingarfield | 50 | 13:45 | 16:40:43 | 2:55:53 | 4 | 4 | FIN |
| D | DKA116 | Solent | Jeff Sinton | 21 | 14:14 | 16:38:44 | 2:24:44 | 2 | 1 | FIN |
| D | RF1519 | Bacchante | David Stowell | 16 | 14:19 | 16:45:00 | 2:26:00 | 3 | 2 | FIN |
| D | RF71 | Gelasma | Keith Clifford/Neville Prosser | 9 | 14:26 | 16:47:08 | 2:21:08 | 1 | 3 | FIN |

Postcard from Diana

A postcard from Diana H. shows a corner of Saint-Malo harbour choc-a-block with yachts belonging to the hoipoloi of this word. No word as to when she will be returning to Perth.

Notice -

Annual General Meeting

Tuesday 25th July 2006

East Fremantle Sailing Club, 7:30 pm

Regatta Photos

Thanks to Pauline Dilley,
Geoff Howard, Tom Roberts
and John Fitzhardinge for

sending through photos of
the regatta.





A teeny weeny extract from Mike Igglesden's Autobiography

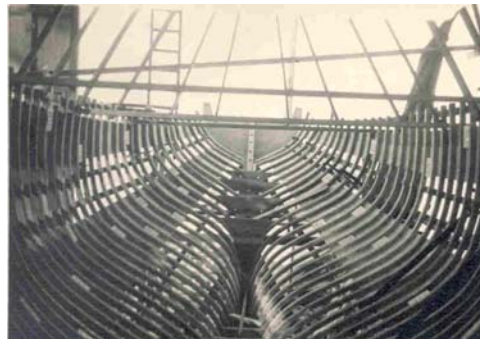
(He's been around for a long time! The then 20 year old had just arrived from the UK after a lazy four-week voyage to Hobart).

Looking around for work I was offered a position, of a sort, at the airport servicing, after some training, light aircraft. I was also offered a job assembling Ferguson tractors. I eventually came to my senses and found my way down to Battery Point, just along from Salamanca Place where incredibly skilled men spent their lives. The yards of Percy Cloverdale, Jock Muir, Max Crease, Purden and Featherstone were the Hobart boat builders of the era. They and their boat builder/shipwright employees led a life of little financial return but most of them I believe, enjoyed great work satisfaction. I was yet to realize they were a dying breed. In my wandering along the foreshore that day, negotiating a fascinating tangle of slipways, launching ramps, little wooden jetties, boats of varying sizes and condition, I also encountered the usual 'G'day' and comments associated with boat people the world over.

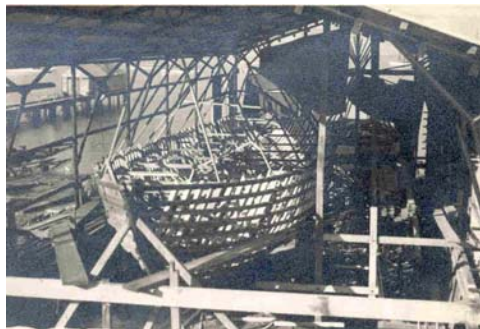
I was eventually pulled up short as my passage was confronted by a large motor yacht sitting on a cradle with her stem in the river and her bow inside a rough and ready shed. Beneath this boat, lying on the shingle and reaching up through the steel frame of the cradle, paintbrush in hand was the paint-bespattered form of a weary boat builder. "Looking for a job?" said this prostrate figure. "Yes" was my immediate answer in spite of knowing from experience (Seafarer) the work offered was

not the most pleasant of jobs. In a couple of minutes I had discarded my reasonable 'job interview clothes' and donned his overalls. Shades of the Tom Sawyer situation? I discovered that I was working for Jock Muir, one of the best-known and respected boat builders of his time. I remained in Jock Muir's yard for some three years - the most enjoyable years of my working life.

After being general dogs body for some months I was 'promoted' to handling tools every now and again. Making tea, sweeping up the workshop, holding a very heavy dolly above the head for hours on end, standing up to the waist in a very cool Derwent River levering errant boat cradles back onto their rails (You're best at doing that, Mike'), tailing out in the sawdust laden air in the 'breaking down' shed, supporting some heavy fitches were some of the jobs I



Lahara built at the same time as Van Diemen



50 ft ketch Van Diemen being built at Jack Muir's yard

was happy to relinquish, to an even more inexperienced addition to the workforce. During the time I spent at Jock's there were 4 or 5 shipwrights employed building two beautiful boats, together with some major rebuilds and repairs.

Jock designed the 33-foot Bermudan sloop *Lahara* (which in Papuan means North-West Mon-

soon). She was built, both planking and timbers of Huon Pine for a New Guinea patrol officer, Des Ashton. There are three types of Huon Pine, light, medium and a stronger variety containing more oil than the other two. The third type is ideal for steam bent timbers and will out last the other two. I traveled over to Strahan on the west coast one weekend where Jock selected the Huon

and the Blue Gum required for the yard. The track, cut into the mountain, from

Queenstown down to Strahan was one car wide, mostly unsealed, very windy, hairpin bends with a sheer drop of hundreds of feet one side and a sheer cliff towering above on the other. Even more memorable was the fight in the pub where we stayed the night!

After a sleepless night, we sallied forth with our array of preshaped plywood patterns. When laid over available logs they assisted in determining the suitability, or otherwise, for use in a current design, or a design he had in mind for the near future. Green Blue Gum was often used for backbones, smothered in grease until launching. Other timbers favoured by Jock were Celery Top Pine, Burma Teak and Beech for decking. Purchasing Burma Teak was something of a lottery as when broken down on the saw bench sometimes large hollow areas were revealed.

Van Dieman another of Jock

Muir's designs was built at the same time as *Lahara* whilst I was there. She was built for Len Nettlefold (Nettlefold's screws). She was a lovely 50-foot double-ended ketch and was also Huon Pine on both planking and ribs.

My memory, never having been the best in the world, is somewhat lazy regarding details of a project enacted in a very large shed almost full of Skoda motor-cars. I say almost full because the remaining unused section was ultimately filled with a mast of some size. It was between 90 and 100 feet long and took about 2 months to build. Ray Kemp, later to become one of Tassy's leading boat builders, who built, among other well known boats, the 'Lady Nelson', Tasmania's sail training vessel, and I, were given the task of building said mast. The first week was spent assembling the timber for the construction of the bench and then erecting a series of supports, uprights and cross members at a good working height, approximately 10 feet apart, to take the weight and the length of the spar to be. Zero deviation for the full length of this building bench was permitted.

This is where the hazy bit comes in; I do remember 16 twenty-five or thirty foot lengths of beautiful oregon pine arriving which we stacked alongside the completed bench, or it could be called a jig, I suppose. I do not remember the cross section sizes but they, of course, had to make up the box section of the mast. Scarfing (12 to 1 ratio) to make up the lengths required (3scarf's to each length) was a traumatic experience. We were given a new fangled electric

hand planer to use, the chain drive of which broke so often that it was cast aside (to put it politely), tempers moli-fied and the german jack, jack plane and tri-plane were brought into play. 'Beetle' glue, I've no idea of its formula-tion, was favoured for the job. One of its saving graces was the availability of hardeners which could give long or short shuffling times. A very big plus on a large job where assembly may take hours, as was the case when the final glue up time took place. But that was weeks away!

The mast design stipulated it to be hollow and tapered. Templates made up and each of the four lengths of scarfed up oregon scooped out to varying degrees depending on their relative positions along the spar. Some parts adjacent to the spreaders, for example

were left relatively solid with just enough timber removed to permit the access of electric light cables. The hollowing of the tapered section demanded extra care as the further up the mast we worked the less had to be removed. The next stage was to assemble in a dry run. Location dowels were placed every 10 feet or so and the four lengths with the help of six men, assembled. Prior to the glue-up the sealing coats were applied then a line was passed down the inside of the mast to act as a pull through. Dozens of cramps to straddle the

mast were made from lengths of 24"x 2"x 2" timber off cuts, 3/8" holes bored in each end to take threaded bolts — my job. I threaded enough 3/8" mild steel rods to last a lifetime. After the big glue up the traditional rounding up using a spar gauge 8, 16 and 32 flats followed by smoothing plane with abrasive cloth and papers to follow, and then 10 coats of copal varnish. I wonder how many years worth of my wages that mast cost. I believe it was for Alan

Payne's schooner 'Mistral 2' which Muir's were refitting at the time. A new sprung teak deck was overlaid and bedded down on Mistral's structural deck. We all became covered in 'black s.....t' every day!

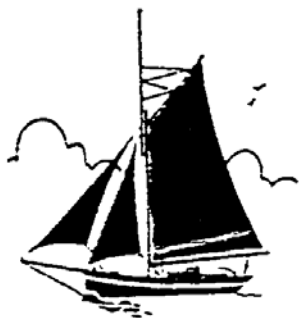
You may have witnessed, at least on television the stage show of 'sawing a woman in half? That, of course, was an illusion. Perhaps you are less likely to have witnessed a non-illusionary event in the shape of sawing a boat in half – athwart ships, amid-ships. This procedure of lengthening a fishing boat by approximately 8 feet was made by installing a new backbone to bridge this gap, then replanking. The owner of a small boat was thus enabled to have a 'wet well' and it was a more economic option than building a new larger boat. The discovery of scallop beds probably was the instigator of this, one of the more unusual demands on the boat builder's skills in the 1950's.

Ah! Those scallop pies! The same shop, opposite Constitution Dock, still sells them. Probably imported now?



Launching of Lahara

"Other timbers favoured by Jock were Celery Top Pine, Burma Teak and Beech for decking. Purchasing Burma Teak was something of a lottery as when broken down on the saw bench sometimes large hollow areas were revealed"

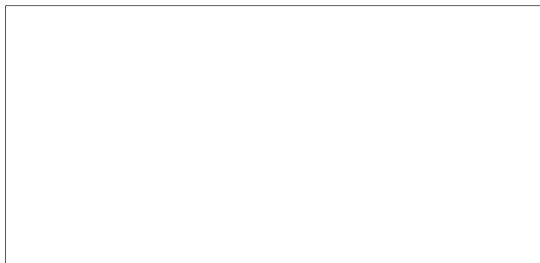


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Were on the Web!
www.oldgaffersassociation.org/westaussie.html



Dates to Remember

| | |
|---|--|
| 23 rd May 06 | General Meeting EFYC, 19:30hrs. |
| 25 th July 06 | Annual General Meeting at EFYC, 19:30 hrs |
| 14 th August 06 | Baggywrinkles article deadline for August edition. |
| 26 th September 06 | General Meeting EFYC, 19:30hrs. |
| 13 th —15 th October 06 | Mandurah Boat Show. |
| 17 th November 06 | Rottne trip (long weekend trip—details next newsletter). |
| January 07 | Australia Day Weekend. |
| 9 th —12 th February 07 | Wooden Boat Festival, Hobart. |

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

Raft up at Cicerello's;
Fairy lights parade;
Picnic Days; Mos-
man, Applecross
and /or Garden Is-
land; Yacht Club
Opening Days, *Any
more?*

