

# Baggywrinkles

Volume 2006, Issue 4

November 2006

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## Wooden Boat and Jazz Festival at Claisebrook Cove, East Perth

Sunday 29 October 2006

The notification forms from East Perth Redevelopment Authority came weeks ago, the event was discussed at meetings and mentioned in *Baggywrinkles* and we knew that some members had registered for spaces so, after a few last minute phone calls, it was just a matter of turning up to see who else was there.

The weather was perfect for a day near and/or on the water, not too hot, not cold, just right. The first concern for the Dilleys and McDermotts was for parking, the location seeming to be a bit limited in that department. The outing for us included celebrating Diane's birth-



day, which meant her family came too. However it seemed to work out alright and we were able to bag tables and chairs, drop off the ubiquitous esky and take a stroll around the Cove, and what a treat that was!

Firstly, the location – a wonderful amphitheatre which reminded us of a European port, plenty of space for strolling, sparkling water, lots of boats, sev-

eral stalls for exhibiting and hopefully selling art works, model ships and the excellent book *"Messing About In Earnest"* (which just makes you want to get out there and DO it.)

Soon we flagged down Fiona, Mike and Conall and swelled our numbers.

Wandering jazz ensembles entertained us with music, I particu-

(Continued on page 10)

## Special points of interest:

- Claisebrook Wooden Boat Festival
- Rottneest Weekend
- Jack on dry docking
- Electric Motors
- Tales from Ceylon

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PRESERVING  
AND PROMOTING  
THE GAFF  
RIG

## PRESIDENT'S LOG

Dear Gaffers,

Summer is here again and those peaceful winter days on the water are giving way to warm and congested weekends. Luckily for those of us who can sail during weekdays, the water stays relatively peaceful, at least until Christmas.

Work and travel commitments have kept me apart from *Hakuna Matata* for most of the spring, but I have high hopes for December, when I plan to sail away early to catch the easterly and get beyond Rous Head before the crowds of motor boats can catch me.

I read recently that this year is the twentieth anniversary of the Slow Food movement. The article went on to say: "If you live to eat good food and take pleasure in preparing and sitting down to a good meal with family and friends, you are unlikely to see food simply as a means of survival". I think it is time to promote the Slow Boating move-

ment, along similar lines. Certainly the pleasure can wear a bit thin after several

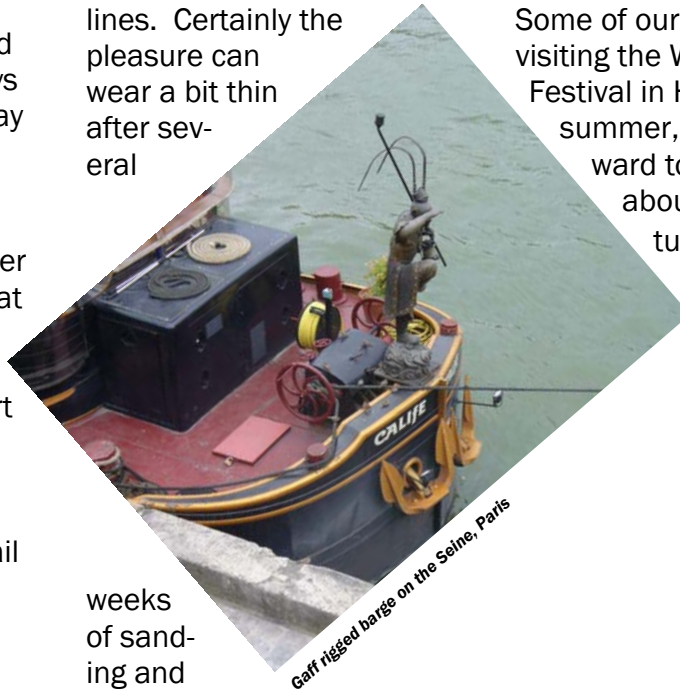
weeks of sanding and painting, but just being out on our beautiful waters on a well prepared and beautifully finished classic wooden yacht makes the effort worthwhile. How do we get the message across to our fuel-consuming cousins?

Maybe the recent surge in debate on global warming will turn the tide. Somehow I think not, at least until the cost of fuel rises significantly. Meanwhile, we slow-boaters must carry the message for the next generation. Tasmania seems to do a better job at this than

anywhere else in Australia. Some of our members are visiting the Wooden Boat Festival in Hobart this summer, and I look forward to learning about their adventures.

Now I must get down to the pen, have a chat with H M and her neglected decks!

I wish you all a lovely Christmas.



Gaff rigged barge on the Seine, Paris

*"Work and travel commitments have kept me apart from Hakuna Matata for most of the spring, but I have high hopes for December, when I plan to sail away early to catch the easterly and get beyond Rous Head before the crowds of motor boats can catch me"*



Goteborg, Fremantle



## EDITORIAL

Ah another edition of Baggywrinkles. It's a bit delayed as we wanted to bring you some of the highlights of the Rott-nest week-end.

Having returned from a lovely holiday in Europe (some photos of Paris are included in this story) in September we were

all enthused about the upcoming season. Great plans were afoot to get *Lochen* spruced up for the Rotto trip.

So out she came in early October into C Shed, and there she still sits. Work is progressing (thanks to the tireless efforts of Mike R.) but thoughts of "lets pull the engine out and give her a paint" and "oh we should do a compression test" should have been avoided at all costs. I know that in the end its good to have the engine that you know is working

well but with parts coming from Japan for an diesel engine that Yamaha in Fremantle didn't even know they

made, sailing to Rott-nest in *Lochen* become an unattainable dream.

To the few Old Gaffers who could make it to Rotto thank you for your

lovely company, for those of you who were intending to come but for reasons couldn't make it we missed you. For those of you who have never come across you don't know what you are missing.

Former editor Mike I. used to go on about getting OGA members to participate in the Association;

events are usually attended by the stalwart few. All I can say to those members who receive the newsletter and don't attend our events that its MUCH better to join in. You read about us all having a lovely time so why not pop down and say g'day at our next event, because unless you're careful the OGA may just disappear .....



*Conall or is it Fi, sailing pond yachts in the Jardin des Tuileries, Paris*



*Gaff rigged barge on the Seine, Paris*

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## UPCOMING EVENTS

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### Wooden Boat Invitation Race

13 January 2007

Start at 14:25 hrs Jib and Main Race, South of Perth Yacht Club.

Last year there was a great OGA turnout to this one.

Contact SoPYC Sailing Operations Manager on 08 9364 5844 or  
sailops@sopyc.com.au

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### East Fremantle OGA JAM Race Series

17 December 2006

21 January 2007

25 March 2007

We would be very pleased to see you at EFYC for the gaffer races. EFYC can assure you of a warm welcome. Details of a short course option will be available when you nominate or you may phone Mike Beck on 0412888926 for more info.

We hope that there will be a better turn out to the next race. Well done Mike on *Rana* and Barry on *Bicton Belle* for racing in November.

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### OGA Australia Day Weekend

26-28 January 2007

This is a great long weekend for relaxing and enjoying the summer in Mangles Bay. The weekend is hosted by the TCYC at their hard stand where the facilities include a kitchens, shoers and toilet block. There will also be an OGA General Meeting held during the weekend. Last year's activities included sea boot throwing, one handed bowline tying and a small sail past.

Even if you don't have a boat you are welcome to come down and camp in the TCYC grounds.

Contact Jeremy or Fiona for details

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### 10<sup>th</sup> OGA Regatta

April 1007

Planning for this event is about to commence and given its our 10th one we'd like to make it a little special. We are therefore looking for members to assist us in planning the regatta. Please contact Jeremy or Fiona if you are willing to help.



*Bicton Belle getting ready for the start of the first EFYC OGA races on the 5th November 2006*



*OGA Regatta 2006*



*OGA Regatta 2006*

## SCOOPED UP AND DROPPED IN IT

How did I get myself into this?

One minute Scott of *Scoop Magazine* was listing his requirements and the next it was all finger-pointing at me. You know how it goes; first there's the backslapping—you're the one, right on the spot, just up your street, been in the business, know how to talk to journalists; next the guilt thing—there's no one else available, can't let the side down!

Demur as much as you like but they won't listen. Override all your reasons why not!

Caved in, but not without threats of getting even.

Tried to take my mind off the problem by wrestling with hull-speeds, deep-throat batteries, talk of

torque, boring deadwood, and, horror of horrors, dollars and cents.

Driving home brought the horrifying prospect to the fore again and then—brainwave!

Next morning—not too early—on the phone. Engaged signal. Give it a few minutes try again. And then again, and again. Slight panic sets in. Try the mobile. Not answering. Try the landline

again. Still engaged. Really panicking now.

In desperation try the mobile again.

'Wally Cook here.'

Salvation!

"Look, Wally, I need your help. I've got myself in a spot of bother. Didn't know where to turn and thought if Wally can't get me out of this no one can.'

After explaining the situation he replied 'No problem, Alan. Of course I'll do it.'

So, that's how, on Thursday

morning, 28 Sept., I met Wally and *Karina* at the Point Walter boat ramp and gave him a hand to rig and drop her in the river. We took her over to the jetty and I walked back to the car park to await the Scoop team that had increased from the expected two to four. After safety discussions with Wally it was decided that the photographer (Rob) and Heide would set sail with Wally for Black-

wall Reach and the rest of us, in three cars, would head around to Blackwall



Raftup—Karma, Lochen, Karina, Roulette on the Swan in October 2005

Reach Parade and I would ferry them out to *Karma* by dinghy and await *Karina*. We rafted up and after a few more pics had been taken, all the visitors except Scott were taken ashore to meet other deadlines. Scott then had a lengthy interview with Wally about some of the history connected with Blackwall Reach in particular and the Swan in general.

Wally then departed solo for Point Walter while Scott and I returned to shore.

Met Wally at the boat ramp later and gave him a hand to load *Karina* on the trailer and de-rig.

Smooth operation, hey!

Alan Abbott

*"So, that's how, on Thursday morning, 28 Sept., I met Wally and Karina at the Point Walter boat ramp"*

## FOR SALE—LONGSHOREMAN

OGA Member Mike Hampton is selling his 5 m GRP traditional Scottish design long keel double ender, standing lugsail and jib.

Boat comes with trailer and 2 hp Suzuki outboard.

Lots of teak and ash in cabin, built 1989 UK.

Excellent condition, suit new buyer, always garaged, the only one in Australia,

\$13,500.

Details of boat:

L.O.A. 16' 5" (5 m)

L.W.L. 13' 5" (4.1 m)

Beam: 6' 2" (1.9 m)

Draft: 1' 6" (.450 mm)

Sail Area (Main and Jib) 101 sq ft (9.4 sq m)

More photos available from Mike.

Tel: 9302 4970

Mobile: 0404 724 026



## BELIEVE IT OR NOT

The following conversation is alleged to have taken place between two radio operators—one American one Canadian.

**Canadian:** Please divert your course 15 degrees to the north to avoid a collision.

**American:** Recommend you divert your course 15 degrees to the south to avoid collision.

**Canadian:** Negative. You will have to divert your course 15 degrees to the north to avoid a collision.

**American:** This is the captain of a US navy ship. I say again, divert your course.

**Canadian:** No. I say again, you divert your course.

**American:** This is the aircraft carrier USS Lincoln, the second largest ship in the United

States Atlantic fleet. We are accompanied by three destroyers, three cruisers and numerous support vessels. I demand that you change your course 15 degrees north—I say again, that's one-five degrees north—or counter-measures will be undertaken to ensue the safety of this ship.

**Canadian:** This is a lighthouse. Your call.



## HAKUNA MATATA'S ELECTRIC MOTOR

When I bought *Hakuna Matata* from Chris Bowman, she had no engine, and smelt as sweet as a piece of freshly sawn timber. I had no wish to change this, and I sailed her from her mooring in Blackwater Reach for four years before deciding to change things. The mooring was fine and my skills improved with every excursion. But there was Chidley Point in one direction and the Fremantle Road Bridge in the other. These were my nemeses – a lull in the wind and a foul tide, and I could be stuck for hours trying to negotiate these bottlenecks. Something had to be done! A motor was required.

An outboard on a stern bracket would have been the easy option. But I have never hit it off with outboard motors; I can seldom get one to start, and I detest the smell of two-stroke fuel. Of course, there were electric-start four-strokes but, I distrust all the extra weight on the stern. Visions of being pooped as I run into the Fremantle with a following sea come into my mind. Outboard motors were definitely out.

An inboard engine would take up too much space and would also bring its own pungent odours aboard. I wanted a compact, central installation and no fuel smells – could it be done?

Somewhere I had read about electric-powered launches, and I started my research. One manufacturer specialised in riverboat installations but, just as I was ready to order, wrote to say that he would no longer supply a full kit, only the motor. Another product was not suitable for our sea-going conditions. Eventually I resorted to engineering the system myself from individually purchased components.

The electric motor is the key to the puzzle. I found a what I needed, made by LEMCO, a small company in Southwest England, designed for use in small vehicles. It is extremely compact, as you can see in Photo 1, and

weighs just a few kilograms. It operates at up to 48 volts and 200 Amps DC, and can put out over 10kW (14HP) at peak load. Figure 1 shows a typical performance curve.

The next step was to match the motor to the hull and propeller.

H M is about 19 feet LWL, so has a

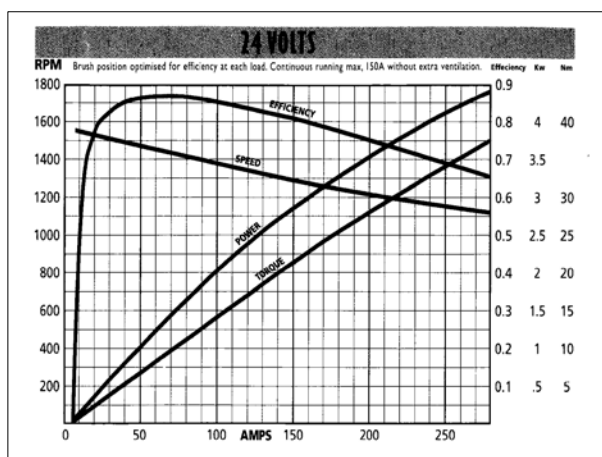


Figure 1. Motor Data

theoretical maximum displacement speed of about 6 knots. M & J Engineering in Fremantle helped me to estimate the shaft power requirements at about 5HP (4kW) at 5 ½ knots, based on H M's hull form and displacement. I was now able to find the operating point for the motor. Running at 24 volts the motor gives the required 4kW at about 200

Amps, and runs at about 1450 rpm. M & J were able to match this to a Mikado 11 inch, 2 blade propeller with a six inch pitch. This was a great outcome since I did not need a gear box. The resulting electrical and mechanical performance is summarised in Figures 2 and 3. Since most displacement hulls require very little power to glide along

at low speeds, I estimated that 20 to 30 amps would be sufficient to cruise at about 4 knots, which is also the most efficient operating region for the motor (Figure 1).

(For the technically minded, DC motors are simple beasts: speed equates to volts, torque to current: since current is limited to a fixed range by the rating of the windings, more power means pushing up the voltage and increasing the motor speed. A major advantage electric motors have over combustion engines is that they can deliver maximum torque at very low speeds, and thus can do the same job as a larger combustion engine.)

I still needed to find a few more pieces to complete the puzzle:

**Motor Controller:** Modern motor controllers use MOSFET's (metal oxide field effect transistors) to control the current to the motor with virtually no losses. They do this by chopping the DC current into very short pulses and so adjusting the torque. They work like an adjustable transformer, controlling the power output of the motor and matching this to the current from the battery bank. Bylong Industries in NSW supplied a Curtis motor controller sized for my needs (along with a forty page manual!), the size of a four inch cube. The traditional throttle and gear levers are replaced by a small variable resistor connected to the motor controller, and

two solenoid switches to reverse the current direction. The lever and switch to operate these are mounted safely under the stern-deck next to the steering position.

**Batteries:** I estimated I needed about six hours range, say 180 Ampere-hours. Battery capacity changes according to the current drawn from it, so care is needed when looking at



Photo 1. The electric motor in its support frame

(Continued on page 11)

## JACK GARDINER ON DRY DOCKING

Jack sent this letter and detailed information to Mike Igglesden asking if he wanted a bit on DRY DOCKS: *"Would you like an (essay) on the workings of a dry dock or would anyone be interested do you think? I never got to work on a floating dock but they are the same in principle except instead of the water going down, the dock and the ship comes up.*

*I did work at one yard where they had a floating dock come to think of it. It was a wooden lighter with the swim end cut off with an ordinary port light fitted in the cut up part of the swim.*

*Floating water line in red, mud line in black.*

*If the port was open the rising tide flooded the dock and boats, up to work boat size, could be floated in and shored.*

*When the tide ebbed the whole thing sat back in the mud and the water left in the bilges was siphoned out and the port shut so on the next tide she just floated up. I don't know who did the calculation of where to cut the swim but the idea did work. It was all right working on sailing boats but was a bit hard on motor yachts because of the very limited height of the blocks and antifouling paint was put on with long handled brushes to reach under. I suppose it was cheaper than a slip and had the big advantage in the case where I saw it that it could be tied up along a quayside wall in a narrow creek where there was no way to build a slip.*

*The lighter was probably got for*

*nothing as a hulk. There was no way a wooden lighter could work among steel ones. This was in a place called Pelican Creek just above Rochester Bridges. There were two, one road and one rail side by side. There was a factory that made concrete mixers on the river front and this creek was round the back. Last time I saw it, a few years ago, the creek had been filled up so presumably the dock was buried."*

***"If the port was open the rising tide flooded the dock and boats, up to work boat size, could be floated in and shored"***

instead of gates like a lock. They were floated up by compressed air, which simply blew the water out of the ballast tanks.

< dock floor level i.e. base of blocks (note drain round edge of floor), wood facing shown in red. The wood was 15 inches across the face and about 12 inches thick and cut out of green hart. The bearing face had to be 100% flat as it was the only interface which held the water out. Depending on the size of the dock and depth over the sill would be

20 – 35 feet deep.

If the caisson did leak after the docking, the pump house crew used to tip a couple of barrow loads of ashes down to get sucked into the leak. It usually worked but the ashes had to be got out after the ship was undocked before the next one went in. The divers had a shovel with a sort of box built



over the blade so that the ashes did not get washed off when it was moved sideways. Sometimes the yard foreman wanted the blocks checked or maybe two or three taken out (or replaced). This meant a long walk to the end and back, which meant extra air hoses had to be connected to the three lengths we normally used. A 45 foot and two or three 30 foot lengths. (The 45 foot was a floating hose so that it kept up out of the way and the 30 foot were sinkers so they didn't float up on the surface).

The caisson was tied up on the quay wall adjacent to the dock entrance, with its air valves closed of course. When the diver had reported all was as it should be – no blocks out of place, the caisson groove clear of ashes and other junk, the ship was very, very carefully moved in. Two head wires off the bow port and starboard and breast wires moved from bollard to bollard then two check wires from the



quarters.

Shown is a simplified drawing of the finished placing of the ship. The big three fold tackles enable her to be accurately placed side-ways. Checked by the two plumb bobs worked in a thimble on a wire across the dock marked off from each side and the wires of the bobs give the fore and aft placing both of which need to be within narrow limits.

While all this was going on the shores were being got ready. Each pair of shipwrights were given the number and size of a shore and had to get it organized out of the heaps in various lengths. Then cut it to length if required and bevel the ends also if required put on the rope to hold it at the ships end and wait for the crane to carry it along to its place chalked on the dock side the corresponding marks were already on the ships side usually where a bulkhead or other strong point was.

These drawings are not to scale. The big steps were called altars and were about 4 foot each.

They also collected several packing pieces cut from an eleven inch plank about 2 ft. x 2 inches, also 3 hardwood wedges each.

Meantime the dock was being pumped down when it was to about 3 or 4 ft. the pumping was stopped and the diver went down again to check that the asdic dome (if any) and the propellers

were in the gaps in the blocks that had been left for them. When he had given the all clear the pumps were restarted till the ship had sat down by 3 or 4 inches. Then the yard foreman who stood at the end of the dock (not the caisson end) with his whistle blew two blasts which meant 'Make up all shores' which meant move if necessary to touch the ship and then pack out between the shore and the dockside with the 12x2 inch packing pieces and set in lightly the three wedges. When this was done one man held his arm up to show ready. When all the shores were ready the foreman at the head of the dock blew two blasts on the whistle that meant 'stand by'. Then one blast which was the signal to start setting up. It was a point of skill, if you like, that all the wedges were hit at the same time by all the shipwrights right round the ship in the order of the top middle bottom middle top until all were tight then just lightly tapped to keep the rhythm until the next blast

shaped pin.

Now most of the shipwrights went back to what they were doing before the docking but left one gang to put in the bilge shores. They were lowered down to the dock bottom in a bundle as soon as there was only a foot or so of water in the dock bottom and floated along to where they were to be set. Always with wood packing between the shore and the dock bottom it was surprising how a ship settled on them so were never set in hard. The wood packing often had to be slit out to release them before the undocking and all had to be accounted for on the dockside before the dock was flooded up. One of these that floated up under the ship could cause a lot of damage to a prop when it was swept back when the ship got under way.



which meant 'stop'. The wedges were set up with a shipwright's maul which was evolved for hitting wedges and driving trunnels, it had most of its weight behind the handle and weighed 6 or 7 pounds and had a pyramid

## Wooden Boat and Jazz Festival continued

(Continued from page 1)

larly took a fancy to The Purple Pirates and their particular brand of sea shanties, well sprinkled with "Ar-Harris!" Some stilt artists came into view and we witnessed the male do a spectacular

tumble. At first we were cruel and uncaring enough to assume it was part of his act. John and a few others rushed forward and hoisted him

back in spite of his cries to the opposite! He was later seen escorting his much taller female partner, safely on foot!

Then there was Brian Phillips and crew on *Huey's Girl*, then Wally and Shirley Cook plus crew on *Karina*. After catching up on some gossip we continued round, admiring the beautiful wooden motor launches, some old and some new so, thank goodness, they are still being made.

At the Eastern end of the Cove we found the place to board the gondola, an elegant craft which we had noticed and admired making its way in and out of the Cove for the heady sum of \$10 per person. So we boarded and, in the comfort of the plush red velvet seats and to the tunes of Italian opera, we were taken out into the river, then back to do a circuit of the Cove for all to see us and be impressed, regal waves and all! What also impressed us was the builder's nameplate on the gondola –

Brian Phillips! Well done Brian.

Once disembarked we met Bill and Pat Swanson, former OGA members of the Rockingham branch, who had just returned from a 12 week trip around Australia in their recently acquired

camper-van, declaring the vehicle and the trip a success, and they certainly looked very well on it. We happily com-

pared notes on grandchildren, campervans and blood pressure and carried on.

The next surprise was to see the little clinker-hulled dinghy which we borrowed to row our daughter

to her wedding at Nanga Bush Camp 3 years ago, rowed today by none other than owner-builder/artist Ross Shardlow. More chatting and

catching up.

And as if all that wasn't enough, Ross told us where we could meet Nick Burningham, author of *"Messing About In Earnest"* AND meet *Earnest* as well. This was all getting too much for one day! Sure enough Nick hove into view and we were able to congratulate him on such a charming book, and then we were able to go and visit *Earnest* in person so-to-speak, take photos and admire his/her minimalist approach to sailing. Mrs Shardlow was also there doing lots of organising; it was good to see her again, first

time since the last visit to Barry Hicks' museum in 2003.

All in all it was a delightful outing, well worth the trip from Rockingham, especially as the sleep-over at the McDermott's helped to break the journey for these ageing members! A letter of thanks has been sent to EPRA, on behalf of OGA.

On reflection, our two regrets were:

1. we didn't meet the Project Coordinator Acushla Felix, and
2. we didn't take the opportunity to promote OGA as we should have done.

Ah well, next year....

Pauline Dilley

(Photos courtesy of the EPRA)



***"Wandering jazz ensembles entertained us with music, I particularly took a fancy to The Purple Pirates and their particular brand of sea shanties"***



## Hakuna's electric motor continued

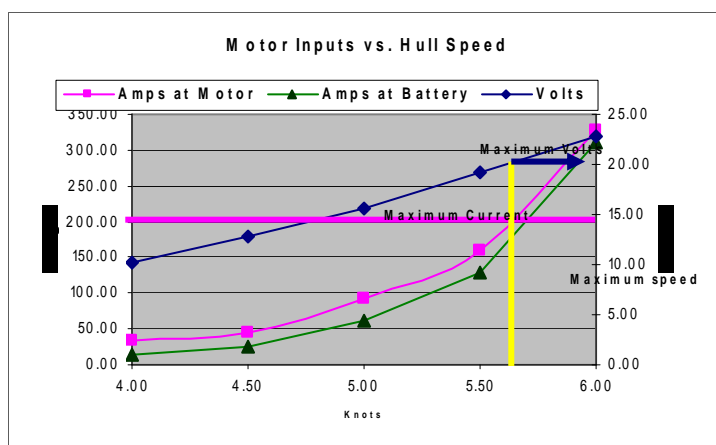


Figure 3. Electrical Data

(Continued from page 7)

the specifications. Eventually I selected two 12 volt Sportline sealed, lead-acid gel, deep cycle batteries from Sonnenschein; the same as used by the Volvo ocean racers. I had to compromise on 135 AH units to get a good fit in the boat, and for ease of handling. Even these weigh 50 kg each but they fit low down, close to the mid-point of the hull, and so replace some of the internal ballast. It is a two-handed job to get them in and out of the boat.

At this stage we were ready to start work. H M took up residence in C Shed at Victoria Quay, where Chris and Janis took on the job of installing all the bits, while I got on with some overdue maintenance. They bored out the deadwood to take the stern tube and installed the bearing, shaft and traditional stern-gland. Janis designed and built the frame you can see in Photo 1 which holds the motor

that the motor could operate without an additional thrust bearing so the layout was kept very simple indeed. Chris installed the motor cover and battery frames, and modified the cockpit floor to take the shaft. You can see the result in Photo 3. The cover provides a useful additional seat-cum-step in the most sheltered part of the cockpit.

Scotty from Cully Marine in Fremantle took on the electrical installation work and did a superb job in very cramped conditions. A bigger boat would make this much easier. 200 Amp cable is nearly 20 mm in diameter and does not bend much. Scott had to plan the layout to fit the various components in water-tight cabinets around the batteries, and find space for the turning radii of the cables.

and allows the fine adjustment needed to line it up with the shaft. No flexible coupling was needed. LEMCO confirmed

switches and fuses mounted around the starboard battery position. Apart from the motor itself, the whole installation is fully watertight. It includes power to lights and radio, so this is a useful precaution to deal with emergencies.

The electrical installation was a much bigger job than I expected, but once it was done we soon had H M back in the water and settled in her new home at Pier 21 (Photo 3), where we have access to shore power, the other critical ingredient.

Four years later the system is as good as new and working well. Next time I will describe how the system performed and review what I would do differently.



Photo 2. Electrical installation in progress

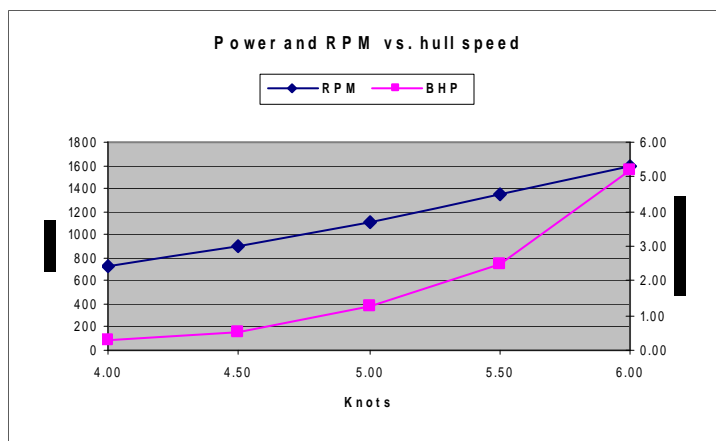


Figure 2. Mechanical Data

for the turning radii of the cables. Some of his handiwork can be seen in Photo 2, which shows the cabinets for the solenoid



Photo 3. Back on the water



## Rotto Sailaway 2006

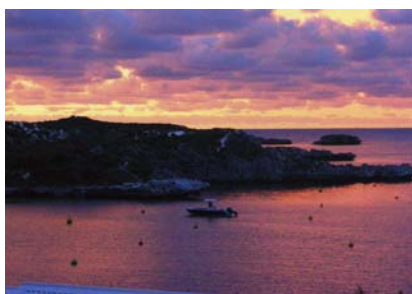
The chalet was booked in November 2005, the calendar was marked for 17 – 20 November 2006, the moorings were booked in August 2006, spare beds were ordered and cancelled, the flurry of last minute phone calls, then the Countdown began...

In the event, the only attending vessel was OGA Honorary Hospital Ship *Spirit of Esperance*. Sadly, no gaffer boats were able to attend, for various reasons, including illness, work commitments, engine failure, family commitments and unexpected visitors. Geordie Bay did look rather bare compared to previous years.

However, we proceeded from Mangles Bay with Peter and Diane McDermott plus what seemed to be a small mountain of baggage, food and drink, and had a pleasant journey in light winds assisted by motor, to Fremantle Sailing Club where we had blithely advised stalwart Gaffers Firths and Fiona/Mike/Conall to expect us at 1200 hrs. First stuff-up! When we checked with the Club, 1 hr before arrival, we discovered that the Club was jam-packed with Etchells for their World Championships! No dramas; we found a jetty to hang off (No Illegal Moorings on this Jetty) until our manifest was complete and we were off. Watching the Etchells racing was one of the treats in store for us.

After a great, if rather rough, sail to Geordie Bay amid discussion about who would have collected the key (hopefully) we set our passengers ashore. However all was well, Alan Abbott had addressed this matter and had dealt with the inherent difficulties, given that his name did not match the name in which the chalet was booked. Two phone calls later it was sorted, and the chalet was ours. That night we had a communal barbeque, watched a lovely sunset, pondered the future of the OGA and were entertained yet again but the antics of Conall. We looked forward to the arrival of Diana on Saturday and we missed Young Mike Igg, Jeremy Stockley, Wally and Shirley Cook, Clive Jarman and Linda Jennings.

Next day we pursued various activities of snorkelling, cycling, walking and relaxing to the Rotto traffic-free sounds of happy voices and bicycle bells, notwithstanding the baby next door who was going free to a good home on account of its tendency to cry incessantly. My notable incident was with a large black stingray. I was having a much-



anticipated early morning swim and came up behind the aforementioned. These lovely creatures usually slowly lift and swim off at a safe distance of their own choosing, but not this one...he lifted like a hovercraft, turned 180 degrees and slowly came

straight for me! I did not hang around, but headed straight for shallow water at a fast clip. I turned once to check and he was still there! Eventually I reached the shallows and was glad to see he had gone, leaving me with a noticeably increased heart rate. A most unusual incident and quite unnerving. On Saturday night John and I went into the Settlement for tea, and watched the seemingly endless photography session of a beach wedding. Then on to the Picture Hall to watch "The Devil Wears Prada", a fashion tale set in New York City, which brought back wonderful memories of my three years there, in particular a magnificent aerial shot of Herald Square on the West Side where I came off my bicycle in 1972, after putting a deposit on my first electric sewing machine at Macy's. A van load of building site workers picked me and my bike up and transported me in their van to my apartment on the other side of town, and disappeared into the city traffic, to my stunned amazement.

On Sunday morning we said farewell to Doug and Martine, spent the day in individual pursuits and that evening six of us met at the chalet for a stirfry; chicken and rice provided by Peter and Diane, vegies by Pauline and John, spicy paste, garlic bread and potato wedges by Alan, cooked by Pauline and Diana and washed up by the rest. It was a great meal and reminded us of the big pasta meal cooked by Jeremy,

Alan and Bruce several years ago. To our delight Alan suddenly produced 12 copies of three songs he had downloaded from an OGA site. John was game to sing all three songs and the song sheets were committed to OGA assets.

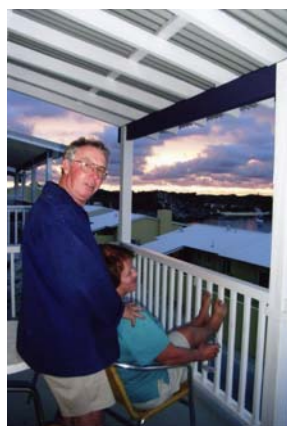
Monday was farewell time for Alan, Fi, Mike and Conall, and we learned that Alan was in fact riding a bike this weekend for the first time for over 50 years! Very impressive, and he obviously hadn't forgotten how. He had even made it out to West End. Peter, Diane, John and I had several practice rounds of one of Alan's songs as we motored ashore, and we entered the chalet singing as follows, to the tune of Black Velvet Band, and with a broad West Country accent:

"Oi loike to be an Old Gaffer,  
Moi trousers are toied up with string.  
Oh Oi spreads Stockholm Tar on mo sandwiches  
and Oi drinks port with everything."

As the mob prepared to leave the chalet they were invaded by staff bent on removing all bedding and pillows prior to Schoolies Week. "We would remove the windows too if we could". Sobering information. Yet the 6 year owner of the Geordie Bay café said she had experienced very little trouble and it was usually just a few who spoiled it and fed the media with sensational reports.

We remaining five caught the Bay-seeker Bus, and during a short wait at the Settlement Diana showed us the public keyboard in the church, available for the playing of simple tunes between 1500 and 1630 hrs daily and please keep it tuneful for the public's enjoyment. One day, maybe next year.... We then continued on our way, admired views, the Ospreys nests, the anchorages and laughed at the driver's corny jokes (What's the name of that quokka? Barry.), Peter and Di got off at Mary Bay while Diana, John and I got off at Roland Smith Memorial to enjoy the walk to the West End. On the way we spotted a beautiful shed

snakeskin, a rare treat. The views and birds were lovely and the weather just right for that sort of walk. Back at the bus stop we met a King skink who greedily ran off with an apple core. We



got off at Geordie Bay to enjoy yet another snorkel in Longreach Bay where I spotted several sea hares in the sea-grass, and also several brilliant blue and orange nudibranchs, just metres from the shore in very shallow water; another rare treat. Incidentally, there were quokkas everywhere, as usual, but this year there seemed to be lots of baby quokkas, some seen hopping in and out of Mum's pouch. Diana carried on to catch the 1600 ferry and then it was just Dilleys and McDermotts for a final night before sailing home.

Tuesday morning provided more wild-life treats; first a small flounder in the shallows as we returned from sharing our ablutions with a rather large family of four welcome swallows crammed into a tiny nest in the Ladies loo, then on returning to *Spirit* we realised we were being surveyed by a pair of Ospreys on the rocks above our mooring. Magic. A word about the rocks above our mooring...we had mooring number 51 in Longreach for our 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> nights and it came as something of a shock to see how close it was to the said rocks. It seemed that on an Easterly we would be able to simply step ashore on said rocks. However our fears were unfounded and of course there was plenty of room, but the sound of breaking surf did disturb our slumber at times! After that it was an easy day of motor sailing and then sailing, again with treats of dolphins at the bow and a flying fish alongside, then dodging a submarine and a naval mooring (oops!) and those dratted mussel farms, and so back to traffic and rush, shopping and commitments.

#### Special thanks:

To Alan for collecting the key, providing goodies and terrific songsheets,

To Diana for booking the chalet and for delicious date slice,

To Martine for providing starter pack of essential household items,

To John and Peter for getting us there,

To Doug for entertaining us with his tales,

To Diane for her quiet but consistent attention to details of diet and hygiene,

To Fiona, Mike and Conall for their YOUTH!

To Mother Nature for providing more or less perfect conditions for the time of year.

And to Rotto, what a splendid place to visit by boat, and it is especially good to see the facilities being upgraded all the time, like hot public showers!

Heigh Ho, roll on next years OGA Rotto Sailaway, BUT WITH MORE BOATS, already booked for Friday 8 November 2007. I dare you to be there, just look what you missed.

Pauline and John Dilley

The minute you step foot in those crystal blue waters the worries of life on the mainland wash away like memory filed; another magic Gaffers' Gathering has begun! The lucky participants this year were Fiona, Conall, Mike (not young!), Pauline, John, Peter, Diane, Alan, Doug, Martine et moi. A pleasantly renovated bungalow overlooking the cool Geordie Bay was home to seven of us with the added delight of linen and towels supplied.

#### Memorable Moments:

Conall's face as he held up the shining, and only, fish caught by Mike and him.

The joy of motherhood captured as Fiona lay relaxed in the super hammock reading, with feeling, to her gorgeous son.

John singing, really quite in tune, a cheerful ditty we should all learn; next year let's have some sea shanty instruction – we need

you Clive! Who else could bring an instrument?

Pauline's close encounter with a large, and rather too friendly, stingray. THANK YOU, Pauline for all your hard work, phone calls and time you put in to making the weekend so, so enjoyable.

John's wonderful descriptions of the beauty of the underwater forest; we should all take up snorkelling, no bet-

ter site than Rottneest.

Diane and Peter's great enjoyment of the whole event – thanks for the finance tips!

Martine's splendid ability to keep the kitchen shining and tidy while still looking relaxed and Doug's stories of bikes and books!

Alan gave us some marvelous snippets of his interesting life and produced enough mashed potato to feed an army, or at least hoard of hungry Gaffers!

Next year we have booked an 8 bed bungalow at Geordie (and there were two empty visitor moorings this year!) so do try to make it a date, it really was the MOST enjoyable event

#### OATY DATE BARS FOR THOSE WHO REQUESTED

##### FILLING:

1 -1/2 cups chopped dates  
Finely grated rind of 1 lemon and juice of 1/2  
1/4 cup brown sugar  
1/3 to 1/2 cup water to make paste spreadable

Mix all together and cook on low heat until paste is formed, stirring occasionally. Allow to cool.

##### BASE:

125 grams butter  
3/4 cup brown sugar  
1 egg  
1/2 tsp vanilla  
1 dstsp Golden syrup  
1 1/2 cups plain flour  
Pinch salt  
1/2 level tsp bi carb.  
1 1/2 cups quick cooking oats (I used normal)

METHOD: Cream butter and sugar, add egg, syrup, vanilla and beat well. Sift flour, salt and bi.carb. and add to mixture with oats. Mix well. Spread half into greased Swiss roll tin, pat out and spread with filling. Dot rest of mixture over filling and spread lightly.

BAKE: Moderate oven approx. half an hour (less for fan forced ovens). May ICE if wished, with a runny mixture of lemon juice and icing sugar (pure).

See you in 2007 on beautiful Rottneest

Diana Hewison



## Letters from Ceylon

As you all know our recent past President is in Sri Lanka helping locals to build boats after the tsunami. Chris can write a mean email so here is a taste.

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May 2006

Hola todos mis amigos!

Yes ,well another week has washed under the bridge, and things seem to be settling down. The smoke is beginning to clear. We have been hard at it all week getting the workshop set up. I have got ten boys aged 18 to 20 that I have to work with, and none of them have ever used tools before, except maybe the odd go with a handsaw or something. I have to say they are quick on the up-take...you only have to show them once, and they are away. We have built shelves for the store room, four carry-all toolboxes, work-benches, etc. They are very attentive and really quite bright.

Of course I have had to set up some guidelines, and for this I have drawn extensively on my past experience. Rule number one I have old Loren Dewar from Bequia to thank for, and that is LEAVE THE LINE. It has been written in tall letters on the workshop wall. (For those of you non woodworkers I can fill you in later). I know Mark will appreciate that one. Rule number two I have to thank Janis for: NO HANDS IN POCKETS! And number three is: FOCUS! For disciplinary action I have to thank the Nordhaven boys. If I see anybody messing around in the workshop they get a yellow card. On the third yellow card they get a red card and they are expelled from the workshop for a week and are given all of the crap duties. It has really worked! One boy I call Mr. Bean is

on one yellow card and it sure straightened out the rest of them!

They really are a good group of kids. A couple of them have real potential, but all of them are talented and really like to see a good job done. Communication is not always easy, but hey, my own family has problems understanding me sometimes, especially upon my late night return from the Maritime Heritage Precinct! Their names are hard for me to remember, but they all are

slowly developing nick names. There is Tall Boy and Babyface and Rabbit as well as Mr. Bean. They were all given shirts yesterday and I've written their proper names on, so it will slowly come along. But I have to say again that I don't think I have ever met a group of kids this age so well mannered and attentive, and basically always smiling. They will make a good crew.

Life on the home front has gotten much better since I found out I had a state of the art air con unit in my room! What a moron! I never noticed the thing, although I have to admit it the ceilings are quite high and it is fit well up there. Anyhow, it sure makes a difference! I just close the shutters, windows and doors and my room is cool and quiet. At least I have been getting some sleep!!! Course there is nothing I can do about the train, but it is only a couple of times a day, so I

can live with it ... My biggest problem is trying to stay awake past nine o'clock at night. Washington is a great guy, but conversation is limited to smiling and yes sir, thank you sir. Oh well, I have a few more books I can read...

It looks like I am finally getting some plans of the boat this week-end, so we can actually make a start on Monday. We will loft the amas, out outriggers, first and build one jig that will build both of them. The boys still

can't comprehend how we are going to build this thing without a fiberglass mould, but they will see.

---

June 2006

All and Sundry,

Three weeks have now gone, I am starting to get used to it all, or at least as much as is possible. I have seen a few things that have been out of my normal field of vision for a long time now, and here are a few of them...

Fisherman's quay. At the waters edge the scum of floating debris. Sea foam and plastic of every description ... On shore an old dog, the oldest dog on record, skin gone and pink with mange, wobbly stands on three legs and scratches, buck teeth protruding and dribbling in ecstasy. How is the



Photograph by Frederick Fiebig from an album of 70 handcoloured salt prints, showing Sinhalese boats in Sri Lanka (Ceylon) - [www.collectbritain.co.uk/personalisation/object.cfm?uid=019PH0000000249U00010000](http://www.collectbritain.co.uk/personalisation/object.cfm?uid=019PH0000000249U00010000).



creature still living, I wonder? Running on pure memory. Next door, a fishing boat hauled out, not unlike the old dog. Three arak\* soaked fishermen on their haunches, tattered old sarongs. Eyes yellow from too much of something. Or not enough of something else. Stench of old fish guts wafts past on the back of the sou'west monsoon...

The monsoon. From my doorstep I sit shirtless, cold beer by me side. A real King Brown. Watching for hours The Rain, vertical in sheets, falls out of the jet black heavens. Lightning lights the sky, 30 m palms illuminated against the jumbled clouds, skew-whiff at all angles silhouette against the doomsday sky. Wait for it...the early rumble and then explosive crack of thunder. Immovable. Transfixed. Drenched in sweat. Electric...

Morning time drive to work...insane. No rules, like West Indian boat race. Turn off from focusing on me eminent demise and check the surf. I can see in the right season this place will crank. One day long clean lines. I just have to discover the breaks. Imagine, an old fart like me checking the waves! I guess some things are just always in you and will never disappear. You can take than boy out of Laguna, but you can never take the Dewey Weber outa da boy .... Old man on broomstick

legs. Dressed in rags. Grey hair and beard and a black face. Carrying a huge load of faggots (you look that up!) on his back...like that guy on the Led Zepelin cover. I swear, the spitting im-



age!...Dogs, cows, people, bicycles, motor scooters, tut-tuts, vans, trucks, BUSES...I think the drivers are suicide bombers that the Tamil Tigers have rejected. Passing on curves. Always on the horn. So many close calls I can't count them. There should be carnage daily littering the roadside, crows picking over the bones, but somehow, I don't know how, there isn't....Ran over a dog the other day though. Poor dumb mongrel. Evolution at work, I suppose.....

Saturday last and a trip into Galle to find some tools. Madness. Kilombo in fact! No Super Cheap Auto, that's for sure!

Giant golden statue of Buddha in the square. Tiny little dingy cubbyholes for shops. Crammed full of ... you name it! Wait at the curb for a shop to open. Cool of the tropical morn. But its getting hotter by the minute. Eyes wander. Double take!!! There in the open gutter lays the biggest frigging rat I have ever seen! Its body as big as a Sherrin!!! Guts hanging out. Flies having a field day. No cat I know of could have killed that thing...Maybe a leopard...Name of that place will be forever "Dead Rat Alley"...

La Casa. Le Mason Blanc. Well situated except for the noise, of which you are well acquainted Tissa or Washington. My manservant. I'm not kidding. Great guy, always smiling. Fantastic smile! Reminds me of Nero, only not as shift. Lord Devine...That brings back visual images...I digress...My man Washington. Serving, cleaning up. Running for more tea! Fresh roti for breakfast. Fresh fish for dinner... I see him sitting on the shore when I go for a swim after work. Loyal. What he could do if something happened I wouldn't have a clue...Can't swim. I'm teaching him tai chi, though. Imagine that! And he is a natural!

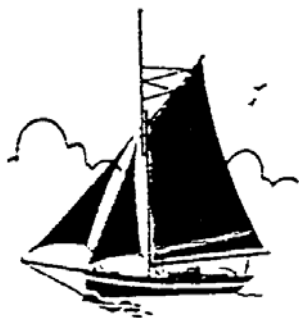
Work. Unbelievable really. Communication skills are taken to the boards.. But they understand the Bequia School of Boatbuilding...It must be subliminal. Very talented boys. I'm blown away! Show them once, and they know! Lofting. Measuring. Molding. Skelphing. They don't miss a trick! And talk about accurate! there's no she'll be right, mate! 87 mm is 87 mm, not 85! These boys are on the ball. And to believe that they have no experience with woodworking or tools at all...

Monday morning. More rain. Go and get stuck into it. See if we can't get the first outrigger planked up this week. See how we go...

Gahilla Enne

\*arak: some local firewater that I haven't tried yet, but I am sure Vanessa wishes I never knew about.

*"We will loft the amas, out outriggers, first and build one jig that will build both of them. The boys still can't comprehend how we are going to build this thing without a fiberglass mould, but they will see"*

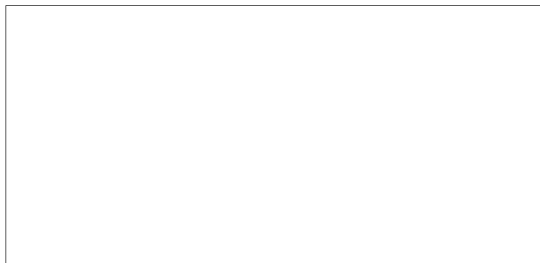


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## Dates to Remember

17 <sup>th</sup> December 2006	OGA JAM Racing, East Fremantle Sailing Club (see page 4)
13 <sup>th</sup> January 2007	SoPYC Wooden Boat Invitation Race (see page 4)
21 <sup>st</sup> January 2007	OGA JAM Racing, East Fremantle Sailing Club (see page 4)
26 <sup>th</sup> —28 <sup>th</sup> January 2007	Australia Day Weekend and General Meeting, Rockingham (see page 4)
February 2007	HMAS Perth Regatta (see next Baggywrinkles for details)
9 <sup>th</sup> —12 <sup>th</sup> February 2007	Australian Wooden Boat Festival, Hobart, TAS ( <a href="http://www.australianwoodenboatfestival.com.au">www.australianwoodenboatfestival.com.au</a> )
10 <sup>th</sup> -12 <sup>th</sup> March 2007	South Australian Wooden Boat and Music Festival, Goolwa, SA ( <a href="http://www.woodenboatfestival.com.au">www.woodenboatfestival.com.au</a> )  Geelong Wooden Boat Festival, Melbourne, VIC ( <a href="http://www.rgyc.com.au/wooden-boat/woodenboat.asp">www.rgyc.com.au/wooden-boat/woodenboat.asp</a> )
25 <sup>th</sup> March 2007	OGA JAM Racing, East Fremantle Sailing Club (see page 4)
27 <sup>th</sup> March 2007	OGA General Meeting, East Fremantle YC, 19:30 hrs
28 <sup>th</sup> or 29 <sup>th</sup> April 2007	OGA Regatta, Royal Freshwater Bay Yacht Club (see page 4)
October 2007	Claisebrook Wooden Boat and Jazz Festival, East Perth
8 <sup>th</sup> -10 <sup>th</sup> November	OGA Rottneest Weekend