

# Newsletter of the OGA Western Australia

## The Association for Gaff-Rig and Traditional Sailing



March 2016

[www.gaffrigsailinginwa.org](http://www.gaffrigsailinginwa.org)

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Welcome to the OGA newsletter. In many ways it is more of a 'story letter' rather than a news letter. Thank you to those who contributed articles. We have a dinghy cruise of Geographe Bay, a boat history, a boat shipping saga, and a ripping yarn that Mother never heard about! I hope these inspire you to extract some stories that are lurking in your memories and write them up for us all to enjoy in future editions.

Cheers  
Peter Kovesi

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## Upcoming Events

Date	Event	Location	Contact
10 April	OGA Regatta	RFBYC	Jeremy Stockley <a href="mailto:jeremy@stockleys.net">jeremy@stockleys.net</a>
17 April	Retro Race 7	RFBYC	Jeremy Stockley <a href="mailto:jeremy@stockleys.net">jeremy@stockleys.net</a>
23 April	Wooden Boat Rally	South of Perth YC	Jeremy Stockley <a href="mailto:jeremy@stockleys.net">jeremy@stockleys.net</a>
30 April	Peel-Harvey Raid		James Bennett <a href="mailto:jamesb@austal.com">jamesb@austal.com</a>
24 May	OGA General Meeting	UWA Centre for Learning Technologies	Pauline Dilley <a href="mailto:paulinedilley@hotmail.com">paulinedilley@hotmail.com</a>

Don't be shy! If you want to enjoy any of these events please do not hesitate to get in touch with the contact person. Crewing places are also often available.

Something to think about for the future is the 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Dirk Hartog's landing at Cape Inscription on 25<sup>th</sup> October. Some of us are contemplating a Shark Bay dinghy cruise to join the celebrations. The Duyfken and a number of other tall ships will be there. See [www.duyfken.com/voyages/2016\\_Hartog\\_400th\\_Anniversary\\_Voyage](http://www.duyfken.com/voyages/2016_Hartog_400th_Anniversary_Voyage)

If you want to see what dinghy cruising is like in Shark Bay visit  
[www.gaffrigsailinginwa.org/shark-bay-001](http://www.gaffrigsailinginwa.org/shark-bay-001)

## President's Log

It is with great pleasure that the OGA restarts its newsletter after a break of some years. Peter Kovesi as editor has created a very interesting and rewarding read in this first of the new edition and with the input from members will continue to keep OGA members up to date with news, activities, events and articles of interest to the gaff-rig community.

Distribution will be electronically with a small number of copies mailed to members without internet access.

Initially we plan to publish the newsletter biannually perhaps moving to quarterly if sufficient material is received. OGA members are invited to submit articles for publishing in the newsletter. Suggestions as to content will also be welcome.

We are approaching the end of the formal sailing season with the OGA Swan River Regatta to be sailed on 10th April from RFBYC. The Swan River Retro Yacht Se-

ries also concludes with the final race (#7) on 17th April. The OGA will also be represented at the SoPYC Wooden Boat Regatta on 23rd April, in all a very busy month after the Walpole Yacht Club Regatta where OGAs C Fleet were prominent followed by the first Albany Traditional Small Yacht Raid over Easter.

In July we have the OGA AGM when election of office bearers for the next year will take place. Your committee has been extremely busy this year and plan to continue this high level of activity in the coming year.

Our key objectives for the coming year will be to involve more of the larger gaffers in OGA events and to further increase membership.

Chris Robinson  
President  
OGA of WA



# How to Camp on the Beach at Old Dunsborough

**Peter Kovesi**

In January Paul Rickets and I took our boats down to Geographe Bay for some camp cruising. The idea was to explore around Dunsborough and Eagle Bay to see what the place offered for dinghy cruising. Noting that setting up tents on the beach in this part of the world would be likely to attract the attention of a ranger we had spent some time improving the sleep aboard capabilities of our boats. Paul had updated Araluen's boat tent and had improved his sleeping platform arrangements. Meanwhile I had spent some time designing a boat tent for Whimbrel and getting it made. We were both keen to try out our new gear.



We rigged up our boats at the Quindalup boat ramp and after the usual launch ramp conversations with curious onlookers as they watched us load food and camping gear into our boats we launched and set off. Just down from the launch ramp was the summer time flotilla of yachts and power boats at the Quindalup anchorage. We had a very enjoyable time weaving our way through the anchorage chatting to people as they lounged on their boats, and collecting arm waves and smiles as we passed through.

Not wanting to get caught up in the metropolis of Dunsborough we stopped short of the town and found a quiet spot to anchor just off the shore. We had plenty of daylight left and used the time to fiddle with our boat tents and get our sleeping arrangements just so.



The following morning we set off again cruising back up through the Quindalup flotilla for fun and then, in a dying breeze, sailed across the bay past Dunsborough towards Meelup. Here the easterly filled in and we enjoyed a lovely run past the beautiful coastal scenery into Eagle Bay. The beach was packed with holiday makers and we did a lap around the bay wondering where we might set ourselves up for the night. We picked out the quietest section of the beach and went ashore. There was a bit of a surge on the beach so we anchored out a bit and swam in. As we stood on the beach looking around and wondering what we were going to do we were approached by a local who introduced himself as Chris.

"What wonderful boats you have. You looked marvelous as you sailed round the point. I've been watching you come in. What are you doing with your boats tonight? See those two moorings out there, they're mine. You can hang your boats off them tonight. Where are you staying? What? on your boats! My wife

has built a boat like yours. Come up to the house for a beer. Look, that one there just behind us with the steps that lead down to the beach.”

Wow! Soon Paul and I found ourselves clutching a beer and being shown through Chris and Anny’s magnificent house. Out the back in Anny’s huge workshop we inspected her beautiful Oughtred boat that was currently being refurbished. We were not quite sure of the design but perhaps she was an Acorn 15.

A short while later our kind hosts were inviting us to join their family picnic dinner on the beach. We were overwhelmed by the generous welcome we were receiving. The food was delicious and was made even more so by the fact that we were spared the task of having to negotiate the small shore break to get food and cooking equipment from our boats only to prepare something that would have been very bland in comparison.

The sun was setting, the easterly was building, and we needed to sort ourselves out for the night. After thanking our wonderful hosts we swam out to our boats and motored out to our respective moorings. The easterly breeze that we had enjoyed for our sail to the bay was now a major liability that we should have anticipated. We were quite exposed and our boats were rocking violently as we set up our boat tents and sorted out our sleeping gear. Goodness knows what our new friends on the beach thought of our folly.

What followed was one of the most uncomfortable nights on a boat I have ever had. The wind howled and the waves battered us, it was horrible, it was dark and there was nowhere to go and nothing we could do but sit it out. We were, at least, very grateful to be securely attached to moorings and not relying on our anchors, the wind was that strong. Sleep was impossible, every wave threw us from side to side on our sleeping platforms. We both wondered if we were going to be sick but

fortunately we were spared that misery. Somehow we endured the night and at first light we slipped our moorings and sailed out to get to the shelter of Dunsborough. We were troubled not to have said goodbye to Chris and Anny but there was now an awkward shore break and we could not endure our unsheltered position anymore. We subsequently sent them a thank you card.



It was a relief to be sailing again but we had to punch our way into a solid easterly all the way back to Dunsborough. Eventually we beached our boats and after making them secure we headed into town. It was now late morning and we were famished and somewhat shattered from our uncomfortable night. Our mission was to find a cafe and have the largest possible breakfast we could order. Fortunately there is no shortage of cafes in Dunsborough and an hour or so later we were back at the beach sitting under a tree feeling much better.





We had parked our boats in the shallow waters at the corner of the bay in front of the old part of town simply because that was where we had ended up. Looking around we realised that we were, in fact, in a rather good spot. The very shallow water ensured that we would not be troubled by the easterly chop, we were close to cafes, we had trees and grass, a public toilet and showers not too far away, and a nice lagoon to swim in.



Around us people had set up their umbrellas and sun shelters on the beach, we could do that too. So we set up our tarp lean-to, got out our chairs and cooking gear, and made ourselves at home. With our floating accommodation anchored just a few metres off the beach we had the perfect camping spot! In this manner we stayed for a couple of nights. Locals walking past

would stop for a chat, admire our boats, smile at our arrangements and carry on.

Sadly while we were enjoying the good life in Dunsborough the disastrous Yarloop bushfire was taking hold to our north. After our two nights at Dunsborough we realised we should be heading home. With the sky grey with smoke, and ash falling into the water around us we packed up and, as the wind was totally still, motored our way back to the Quindalup ramp. Both the Forrest and South West Highways were closed by the fire and we had a long, slow drive home picking our way across to Albany Highway via Collie and Williams.

We certainly hope to be back in Geographe Bay but in future we will be avoiding the easterlies and looking for south westerly forecasts!



# Importing a Golant Gaffer

Dave Cliff

I have had a soft spot for the Roger Dongray designed 19ft Golant Gaffer for a number of years now. It was a combination of being an avid fan of Classic Boat magazines' numerous adverts for old gaffers, and having sailed a Cornish Shrimper (also Roger Dongray) on a couple of nostalgic trips back to Cornwall where I grew up. I found the Shrimper too plastic and unresponsive and was told that the Golant Gaffer, which has a hull shape similar to Falmouth working boats, was the boat for me. Importantly it had lots of retro character and is a modern strip plank built wooden yacht. In September last year, my occasional searches online came across an obviously well cared for, 1998 built, Golant Gaffer (G3) moored a stones throw from where my brother lives in Cornwall. The price seemed very reasonable although it was increasing as the dollar dived against the pound. My brother went around to inspect her (Arietta) and even managed to get a test sail, which he raved about over the phone and sent more photos. After years of being banned from even mentioning "Golant Gaffer" to my wife she very kindly decided it was now or never to let me live my dream and so an offer was made and accepted and the work began to get it shipped to Perth. I had thought that by buying a 19ft boat it would fit in a 20ft container but I had forgotten the mast, which was 24 ft. So a 40ft container was ordered from the shipping agent. You would have thought that I could have shared the extra container space and cost with a reputable person, but that is now very complicated for security reasons and strongly discouraged by the shipping agent. The local St Just in Roseland boatyard, Pascos, cleaned the boat up, inside and out leaving nothing for our quarantine guys to complain about. Then Robin Edwards at RMS Transport, who was also only a few miles from St Just

in Roseland, fabricated a cradle, picked up the boat and organized a final wash-down as it was delicately slid into the container with only an inch to spare on either side.



I used an Australian shipping agent, Famous Pacific Shipping, to organize the container and its transport to Portsmouth where it was loaded on a massive container ship, MOL Quartz. I could follow the ship online but I had a nervous couple of days when, after going to Singapore the MOL Quartz headed off to China. My container was trans-shipped in Singapore to the much smaller OOCL Norfolk and continued its month long journey to Perth. It arrived in mid November but took about 10 days to get through customs and be transported to a licensed quarantine yard where it was unloaded and inspected. Very minor extra cleaning was called for and it was released by quarantine to be transported on a truck to Nedlands Yacht Club where we lifted it off with a Telehandler.





The question that I am always asked is how much does it cost to ship a boat this way. The answer is that I have been trying not to add it up! However, when I did there has been no change from \$20,000 when you include the GST and Import Duty, insurance, cleaning and loading on top of the \$12,000 for the actual shipping. But hell, I would not be able to buy or rebuild a Golant Gaffer in Australia with full sea going kit for the total price, so I'm still happy.



Since Arietta arrived she has had a paint job as, although I liked the black, it at-

tracted rather too much heat in our sunny country. After many delays and difficulties getting insurance, until SGIO came to the party, we finally launched Arietta on 25th January and put her on a mooring at Nedlands Yacht Club. Sailing her has been magical, she seems fast but we will have to see how she goes against the other gaffers. She's light on the tiller, with a responsive feel, despite the long keel and is very controllable under power from the Yanmar 1GM 10 inboard diesel. It has been worth the wait and the hassle and I now have a lovely gaff rigged, seaworthy, character yacht to sail with the other old gaffers. I am just under a lot of pressure to sell my Ian Oughtred 17ft Fulmar dinghy, which is also a beautiful boat.

Arietta:

LOD 5.71m 18 9

LWL 5.41m 17 9

Beam 2.13m 70

Draught 0.83m 2 9

Displacement 1497kg 3300lbs

Total Sail Area 24.8sqm 267sqft

Ballast Ratio 45%

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## SILVER GULL

## For Sale



Silver Gull is an Iain Oughtred designed 17ft (5.2m) Fulmar built (2005) in clinker plywood and epoxy and coated in fiberglass. Sloop rigged for ease of use and on a licensed trailer and stored undercover. Ready to sail and can be raced in cruiser division 3/4 at Nedlands Yacht Club. Easy to sail singlehanded, stable and comfortable or up to 5 people. A beautiful boat that always attracts admirers. \$9,000 ono

Contact: Dave Cliff

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# Vagabond

Robert King

Vagabond has made a reappearance again at CYC after many years in obscurity and so I thought it might be of interest for members to know something of the history of this boat that started her life at CYC.

I'm relying on a lot of my information from her previous owner Tony Larard who was a junior member at CYC 1951 - 59 and has restored and worked on a number of boats including Vagabond during his lifetime, and of course from our own Club archives run by indomitable Sylvia Boykett.

Judging from when she first started appearing in CYC races, I believe Vagabond was built in about 1950 in the yard of K.Brown on the road running along the railway line in Cottesloe near the old flour mills. The business was apparently joinery or cabinet-making.

Robin Gourley, a prominent yachtsman and boat builder from the Raters era, told Tony that Vagabond was either based on Robin's yacht Wangara or he had actually lent the moulds of Wangara to the builders. Both were similar of the plumb stem and stern type, with centre plates and a low cabin with rounded coamings at the front.

She came to CYC as a new vessel and is mentioned under the Windward Trophy Master Mariner in 1952, won the Patrons trophy in 1953 and 54 and again is mentioned in the Windward trophy in 1957, all when still in Brown's ownership. After this, ownership passed to Jack Legge, who again is mentioned in relation to the Windward Trophy in 1970. Jack Legge was still the registered owner in 1974. She took part in the Bakke Trophy in '75 under the ownership of M.Bond, and the Tropical Traders in March '76 and the closing Day Race in April '76. Club records are silent after this but she had been in the

Club for over 25 years.

After she left CYC, she was for a number of years moored off East Fremantle Yacht Club. Her history then becomes sketchy: she was taken out of the water at some point to be given a major refit but as sometimes happens in these situations, the big refit was a long time in coming and after something like 15-17 years in the open and out of the water the hull was in a fairly poor condition!

After this period it seems a good samaritan shifted her to the wooden boat repairs shed in Slip Street on the Fremantle wharf where a substantial refit was commenced: a new stem and stern post were fitted, along with a number of new ribs and a new transom. She seem to have lost a foot in length at this time and was now 24 foot (Tony had remembered her as 25 foot).

Work stopped yet again and it seems she sat (still in the shed fortunately this time) for a number of years with no progress.

In 2009 the tenant of the shed was given an eviction notice and the various vessels therein in different conditions from derelict to completely restored were offered for auction. Tony Larard eventually purchased Vagabond as a retirement project: in spite of the earlier work, she still had no deck or beams and the planking (although of New Zealand Kauri) was in poor condition. He spent a year getting her back to sailing condition: his boat-building apprenticeship came into its own now. The forward half was raised two planks to try to give a bit more headroom below, and a small cabin added. The centreplate was not replaced and a fin keel added in lieu. Restoring the planking was going to be too much work and expense so the alternative was to sheath the hull and new deck in fibreglass, done professionally.



Finally she was fitted with a gaff rig similar to her original though the bowsprit was shortened for convenience of berthing and she had a corresponding smaller jib than she would have had originally.

She was re-launched in 2010 and Tony had 4 years of sailing her out of Challenger harbour. Unfortunately, he was then hit by Parkinson's disease and had to sell the boat as he could no longer handle her. We were fortunate to buy her in March 2014 and having a preference for River sailing rather than the ocean, were delighted when we were able to bring her back to CYC. Tony still enjoys coming out on her from time to time.

We find her an enjoyable boat to sail though she can be hard work in stronger winds as she has pronounced weather helm doubtless not helped by the smaller jib. Whilst her race winning days are over - the extra weight of engine and superstructure and her older hull design can no way compete with more modern lighter yachts - we still find her a pleasant day sail boat with a mature air to her. Like her current owners, she is enjoying a quiet retirement,

taking life at a leisurely pace but hoping that she has many years ahead of her yet - after all, she seems to have a knack of survival!

PS In the fifties she raced under the number C11. When we joined the Club I enquired if this number was available but the then secretary explained it was already taken and initially offered C111. She then phoned me back to say C1 was available - would I like that? Why not, I thought, as she is one of the older yachts in the Club, so accepted. I've since wondered if I've trodden on any toes but hope I would have been told if I had!



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## The Wave

### Mike Igglesden

Yes it was puppy love. Yes it was love at first sight. And although this was a one-sided love affair, it strengthened and blossomed into a passionate obsession over the ensuing two years. Her indifference to his attentions spurred on his devotion to such a degree that life for this 17-year-old boy would have become meaningless without her.

The restoration of his very old 16-foot ship's boat was now almost complete. The launching and berthing in the Dover Harbour Tidal Basin had been accomplished, not without incident, and her life of ad-

venture was now to commence. Her mast was yet to be stepped and remained at home, together with the boom, gaff, sails and rudder, all demanding attention of one degree or another. Attention they would receive but not today. The harbour was out there, its sparkling blue waters inviting exploration.

Just the gentle rocking of 'Seafarer', responding to the proud owner and his younger brother stepping aboard from the iron ladder set into the harbour wall, was enough to set the heart racing. The pair of oars was shipped into their rowlocks, one

oar, sporting a short sleeve of copper tubing, a 'temporary' repair which had been administered to its cracked shaft - a repair which was to be found dangerously wanting, later that day.

Making the most of the last of the ebb, the boys rowed the old boat, strongly towards the Western Entrance, a kilometre row, where, when conditions were favourable, good fishing was assured if lines were dropped into the hold of the old sunken anti-submarine block ship, a relic of the war days, concluded only three years previously. The goal having been reached, the tide now only running at  $\frac{1}{2}$  a knot, a line was made fast to the barnacle covered foremast of the ship. Hand lines were baited (scraps from breakfast) and lowered tentatively, since the price of a good catch was often the loss of a line, having snagged on the distorted hull. Towering each side above them were the granite guardians of the harbour, the end of the Admiralty Pier on the one hand and the Detached Mole on the other, each surmounted by their lighthouse and Lloyds signal station, and each proclaiming that the entrance was now closed.

In 1947 fish were plentiful and within half an hour the bailing tin was  $\frac{3}{4}$  full of herring-more than enough for their needs. The fishing knife was withdrawn from its sheath and each fish received a merciful cut behind the head, flapping ceased, eyes glazed over, beautiful silver scales rapidly dulled in the warm sunshine. The English summer can occasionally produce a magnificent July day. This was such a day.

The light southerly breeze picked up very small whitecaps in the harbour. Out to sea the English Channel gave the appearance of a grey-green carpet, almost as flat as a billiard table; a view the boys had seldom previously witnessed. This benign scene was to prove to be a prelude to a near fatal experience.

"The tide has turned. We have a long row home ahead of us. Lets pack up now and

make the most of the flood tide to help us on our way."

"O.K."

Chris, whilst hauling in his hand line, suddenly felt a very large tug.

"I've got something big."

His line commenced shearing around in every direction at a great rate. What ever it was on the hook, it was something not at all willing to be brought to the surface. In order to take some of the strain now on the line a turn was taken around the jib sheet cleat. Then, over a period of probably four minutes, the cod line was shortened until the head of the monster was visible just below the boats gunwale.

"Its a moray eel."

Although good eating, the reputation of moray eels caught in the harbour was one of the hunter, the fisherman having his role reversed and becoming the hunted. One bite from its snapping jaws and a finger could easily be lost whilst extracting the hook from its gullet. Cutting the line would ensure its freedom but it would also endure a slow lingering death, being unable to hunt or swallow.

"Bring it aboard."

Once aboard, the metre-plus-long thrashing, squirming, bashing length of fighting animation defied any attempt at a 'mercy killing', but wrapped itself around the open slats of the floorboards, displaying incredible strength and zest for life.

This little saga had engrossed the fishermen to such a degree that a roaring, hissing noise had not been noted. Their enquiring heads were now raised from the activity being enacted in the bottom of the boat to behold, rising from the flat Channel sea, a wall of green water bearing down on them, 100 metres away and probably nearly two metres in height, threatening to entirely swamp their little ship. The new tide was now on the flood, causing swirls and eddies around the base of the Admiralty Pier and holding the boat, made fast to the wreck, broadside on to the advancing menace.

Young Chris, summing up the situation, grabbed the fishing knife leapt to the bow, cut the boat free and jumped back to join his brother on the centre thwart, shipping the starboard oar in almost one movement. The elder boy was now in charge of the situation.

“Back your oar Chris. Our only chance is to run before this wave. I will pull on my oar to turn us around.”

Seafarer was resilient to a change of direction, especially when not under way. With one oar pulling and one oar pushing she slowly began to turn. All the weight of the 17 year old was thrust into his frantic pulling effort. Life jackets! What life jackets?

‘Crack!’ The aforementioned repaired oar had given way. Now no port hand oar. Impossible now to turn away from the towering (from their perspective) wave of death.

There was no sculling notch on the transom but there was a short brass traveller designed to give the mainsheet clearance from the rudder when sailing. He had seen pictures of Australian surf boats utilizing a long steering oar over the transom. He grabbed the starboard oar from Chris, shoved it under the traveller and desperately tried to paddle the stern towards the wave, which by then was upon them.

‘Woomph!’ The port quarter was hit and the boat was swung back to presenting a broadside aspect to the wave. Up went the stern, down went the bow and up climbed the boys to cling to the upper gunwale which was now over their heads since the boat was on her beam ends, and was being carried bodily along for 10 metres or so. Water was being scooped up over her submerged starboard side as well as tumbling aboard from all directions.

The boat was now left wallowing, and she slowly returned to her natural upright position, although water was up to thwart height, in the wake of this onslaught

“Throw out the ballast” - small sacks of

pebbles were carried as ballast for stability when in sailing mode. Those floor boards which had not yet washed overboard were crashing about the boat. The bailing tin complete with its contents of dead herrings and other bits and pieces of little consequence were no longer aboard.

Calm returned as quickly as it had been broken. The two boys were only too happy to sit, shivering amongst the surging chaos in their boat, thankful to be alive.

“What on earth happened?”

“I think it must have been wash from a ship in the Channel, and since it is such a calm day it travelled unimpeded and built up in height, forming a freak wave as it funnelled through the Entrance. Thats all I can think of.”

“What next?”

‘What next’ was the arrival alongside of one of the Dover pilot boats. The boys plight had been noted by the Signal Station and a radio call made to the boat as it was then in the vicinity. ‘Please render assistance.’ Two bailing buckets were thrown down to the swamped boat, the boys told to utilize them vigorously, make their towline fast around the centre thwart and sit well aft in the boat. The centre-board case top was stuffed with a shirt and the long slow tow returned them to the Tidal Harbour from which they had set off in high hopes of a good day, that morning.

Mother was never told of this incident. Some things are best left unsaid. A new oar, to be made next term in the school woodwork centre, was put on top of the replacement list. This is a job which should have been done in the first place, instead of the ‘dodgy’ repair which contributed to the eventful fishing exercise just recorded.

The moray eel which had been forgotten in the melee and hubbub of the day was found next morning floundering around in the bottom of the boat and was swiftly converted into delicious eel steaks.



# For Sale

## WEEDY SEADRAGON



Caledonia Yawl for sale, launched 2010, professionally built and maintained. Sadly has had little use in the last few years, comes with licensed trailer. Price \$15000 ono.

Contact: Tony O'Connor

0423 284502

[oconnorwoodenboats@outlook.com](mailto:oconnorwoodenboats@outlook.com)

[www.oconnorwoodenboats.com](http://www.oconnorwoodenboats.com)

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[www.gaffrigsailinginwa.org](http://www.gaffrigsailinginwa.org)

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