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Just a few crays

From page 6

his pace and then stopped rowing. The dinghy coasted on, then bumped hard against something and Paddy grabbed hold. It was only then I realised we were up against some structure, a bit like a wooden wharf, but it couldn't be, because we were right out in the bay.

"Hold the skiff" Paddy ordered and shipped the oars.

I clung onto the wet, slippery structure as Paddy climbed out taking with him a pitchfork. He clambered over obstacles and I began to make out the shape. It was like a great barge, maybe ninety feet long, but waterlogged and lying very low in the water.

I heard Paddy grunting and could make out that he was tugging at something. Suddenly there was a sharp noise and Paddy drew back a large hatch cover, which rumbled as he did so. He then began poking around with his pitchfork down in what I assume was the hold and which must

have been full of water. Then without a word, he proceeded to swing the pitchfork with what-ever it was impaled on it, into the dinghy, where something crashed and then started making violent thrashing noises. No sooner had I registered the first, than another came crashing into dinghy, then another, then another. Suddenly I realised what they were - the largest crayfish I had ever seen.

The deluge of crayfish eventually stopped after five minutes or so. Paddy closed the hatch and was working at another. It too yielded to his efforts and soon after, the crashing of struggling bodies began again; only this time lobsters - not as big, but with enormous, long claws.

I didn't count but I would say Paddy stripped out 25 to 30 prime crustacea that night. Slowly realisation dawned upon my alcohol-fogged mind - we were robbing the local fishing cooperative's under-water warehouse!! Retailing at about 10 pounds sterling each, this represented a 250 to 300 quid heist! A lot of money in those days. And I was

an accomplice. "Oh my God! I could go to jail for this!!!"

Paddy closed the last hatch, climbed back into the dinghy and started rowing. All I could do was to stammer "Jesus Paddy!!"

Paddy's only comment was, "Sure, tis just a few crays!"

We had no further conversation after that; I was speechless.

Quite soon, it seemed, we thumped up against the side of our yacht. I was so glad to get back on board.

Paddy called after me "How many of ye on board?"

My reply was followed by familiar crashes on the cockpit floor. There lay two lobsters and two crayfish. I did not know how I felt about this. I think I mumbled "Thank you".

Paddy held my gaze for a moment and said "Yer a nice fella, Mike. Good luck to ye."

And then he was gone. I called after him "And good luck to you Paddy!" But I never saw him again.

Just then Dave and the others were coming up from below and started slinging off at me. Where

had I been? Why didn't I say I was leaving the boat? Did I know what time it was? They thought I'd been abducted! Eventually they shut up and I explained.

"Blimey" was all Jack could say. "Why do think he involved you?" asked Keith quietly.

"Well that's just it" I replied. "He didn't need my help to do it. I am sure he just invited me along for the ride; like he was thanking me for something."

Needless to say, at dawn we hightailed it away from Killcary as fast as our sails and engine would take us and we put as many sea miles as we could between ourselves and the scene of the crime.

No - I was not caught and brought to justice. And yes - the lobsters and crayfish were delicious.

But since that day, I cannot eat seafood without thinking of Paddy Rooney...and just a few crays.

With thanks to Tony Curtis who must be proud to have sea food poachers, tall story tellers and engaging word smiths in his family.

Members' Monthly of
The Wooden Boat Association
of NSW, Inc

August 2008

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Next meeting

Tuesday 12 August 2008

1930 hrs, The Auditorium,
Gladesville Sporties,
corner of Ryde Road and
Halcyon Street, Gladesville

Guest Speaker

Paul Smith, yes, our Paul Smith,
and some others

Scuttlebutt

Up a muddy creek with Westwind

The Westwind cruise north
continues - by Chris Dicker



WE WOKE IN THE MORNING to the howling of dingos, there are plenty of them still on Fraser despite a campaign of relocation and I dare say a little culling. After stretching our legs along an overgrown sandy track we continued north up the Great Sandy Strait navigating around shoals and islands and promising Westwind's old engine that we would treat him to a favourable tide. Of course we didn't tell him that half way along the strait the tidal flow changes direction as Hervey Bay is also keen to add it's contents to the flood.

One would think that this influx of water from opposite directions would cause great confusion and turmoil but the area is so vast that the water just dissipates almost unnoticed.

We were able to motor sail against the two knot current until dropping anchor half a mile from the nearest shore in four meters of water at Yankee Jack Creek.

The next big number on our itinerary was the 20 mile trip up the Mary River to catch up with 'Westward', winner of the 1948 Sydney to Hobart and the ship that Jock Muir built after Westwind.

We rendezvoused with the 81 year old owner, Stan Field for a raft up and photos before continuing upstream to

Maryborough, an interesting and very friendly town. If you stand on a corner long enough someone will come along to ask if you are lost, then proceed to tell you their life story.

The tides on the Mary are up to three and a half meters and the current can run up to five knots. We had a very fast trip back downstream so it was a pleasant surprise to be spewed out with the muddy waters into the Great Sandy Strait again in time to sail across to King Fisher Bay where we found excellent anchoring,

Just a few crays

by Michael J Marsh

This is a true story. Only names have been changed to protect the guilty. Four Englishmen, three in their twenties, the fourth, Jack at 45, their 'old man of the sea', had found their way into safe anchorage inside the breakwater at the village of Killcary, on Ireland's southwest coast.

They had chartered a little Folkboat for their annual holiday, in the summer of 1966. The trip from Kinsale had been more than rough and eventful - the Stuart Turner petrol engine had saved them at a crucial moment but later had run out of fuel. Here follows their story.

The next day was sunny and calm. We decided to venture ashore in search of beer, hot food and petrol. First stop, the only pub in the village, 'Donaghy's Bar'. We sat on our stools, in a row, along the bar, with our huge glasses of Guinness in front of us and considered the first bad news of the day - the pub served no food at all, unless you counted the potato crisps and peanuts we were munching.

We downed the first pint and as the refills were being drawn, a slow and meticulous job, making sure the creamy head was just right, we enquired where the nearest petrol station might

be. With our second glasses of Guinness in a row in front of us, we considered the second piece of bad news of the day - the nearest petrol station was in Schull, eight miles away.

The barman, presumably Donaghy himself, was no great conversationalist when it came to Englishmen, but he was listening intently to our conversation as he washed and dried some glasses. "Rooney lives over that way," He said, nodding his head towards a figure sitting on his own, in a corner of the bar. "Hey! Paddy! Could you give these fellas a lift over to Schull?"

And that is how we came to

meet Patrick Rooney, the most notorious petty thief and rogue in the district. At age 37, jail was like his second home. He was so well known to the Garda, that whenever a crime was committed they used to pick up Paddy just on principle. And they were right, more often than not. Of course proving it was another matter. But, even if they couldn't, the magistrate often gave him a bit of jail time anyway. Even the locals didn't like him much, because he had cheated or stolen from most of them at some time or another. No one, who knew him, would dream of trusting him with so much

Continued on page 3

President's message

by Chris Goddard

Some phrases in the English language are simply loaded trouble. With children and puppies, it's "Can't I keep him for just one night?" With the alcoholic it's "One drink won't hurt." With wooden boats it's "It can't hurt to just go and look." Seemingly innocuous, they are the first step down a slippery slope of deliberately inflicted self deceptions; invariably leading down a road one knows perfectly well should remain untravelled.

Although not generally acknowledged by any psychiatric association, wooden boat attraction is an incurable addiction. Intensity of the affliction does vary and although the regular



This photograph depicts one of our WBA members with his first vessel, obviously of steel construction, but with a wooden transom. With his hands to his mouth, he appears elated at either the successful launching of the boat or the fact that he has convinced the young lady in the picture to remove her top, a feat achieved with his passengers/crew on only a few occasions since.

perusal of Wooden Boat magazine, attendance at shows, and books of old Rosenfeld prints may be panacea for many, in advanced cases, the urge to own and minister to a wooden boat may strike unexpectedly, and uncontrollably.

Temptation is always beckoning, flitting past at unexpected moments, like the trout fisherman's fly, setting on the water's surface for but a moment, a second's wrong choice catapulting you from water to frying pan.

From the Editor

by Lars Frostell

It is purely coincidental that three of the pictures on the colour centrefold of this issue have connection to the country of my origin. It just so happens that Charles Larson built the Wayfarer, that Fågel Grip originates in Stockholm and the viking style koster boat that Jerry Bengtsson is shipping to Sydney also comes from that "pink country at the top", as Barry Humphries called it. (It was too socialistically pink

A Sense of Past

As you start foraging through an old boat, you develop a sense of her past. Solidified bottles of suntan oil, a child's tee shirt and an inflatable boat, suggest lazy afternoons at anchor in quiet coves. Fitted racks for her dishes, a cocktail table custom made to fit on the bronze compass bracket, a layer of soot on the smoke bell of an oil lamp and an assortment of marked up charts ranging from Bundaberg to Twofold Bay suggest she'd been well used. An anchor in chocks on deck, a second hawser pipe and chain rode, with an anchor in a cockpit locker, and a third one in chocks under the cockpit, of such a size that you know you would not want to be on board in weather that it might be needed - what would you read into this?

You sense the boat is sizing you up, as well, while you climb around, poking in lockers, muttering positive things that you are no longer certain you felt, like, "maybe we can be in by Christmas", and "this layer of mildew isn't too deep."

As you walk around studying the peeling paint on the bottom, ferreting out lumps of mildew and rust from the lockers, generally trying to come to grips with what you had gotten into, some phrases keep rolling around the perimeter of your subconscious, like the steel ball on a roulette wheel, "It can't hurt to go and look" alternated with the former owner's passing along the information that "It just needs to be refastened."

"It just needs to be refastened"

The words "just" and "refasten" ought not to be joined in the same sentence. Together they illustrate a strong ability to deny reality and readjust an improbable series of facts to fit a desired situation. However, as a project progresses, a strong ability to deny reality may be a healthy asset, if not a requirement, when

undertaking such a project.

One of the finer pleasures of owning a boat is that of maintaining, repairing and upgrading it. Oh, I've cursed at many inanimate objects that have stubbornly defied me. I've lamented having to work on the boat when there was a good sailing breeze. I've scraped knuckles on a stubborn engine bolt, gotten jammed in inaccessible places and lost sleep trying to solve difficult problems. I know the down sides of boat maintenance, too.

Still, I think the balance tips toward pleasure. There's the sense of accomplishment when you finish a job. There's the sense of independence at knowing you can do it. There's the sense of confidence in knowing that if you break down out on the water, there are options other than calling for a tow. It's boat maintenance that makes boating more than a pastime - it's a way of life.

It's also a bond of brotherhood. The sailors that I've known have been more than willing to share advice and the benefit of their experiences. Many have also been willing to jump in and help with the job.

But you must remember, you are still the master of your own boat. Advice is often worth what you pay for it, sometimes less. Situations may be different and the advice may not be applicable. Or the advice may be one way of approaching a problem, but others may be better. It may even be bad advice. Just as the prudent mariner does not rely on a single aid to navigation, the prudent boat maintainer does not blindly follow the advice of others. You must question the advice, convince yourself of its worth, and proceed with your eyes open to possible problems or complications. Ultimately, you are responsible for your vessel, whether on the water or in the boatyard.

when we left Sweden in 1968, I can tell you that much).

The centrefold represents the passion and dedication that we admire among lover of wooden boats. I think readers will follow the progress of these ventures with much interest.

We are starting a new section in Scuttlebutt, a report from the "Ask someone who knows" session at the monthly meetings. Peter Smith and Chris Goodard recorded the

questions and answers from last time, see page 7. I would think that we need someone from the audience to take note for us and pass on to the Editor. Any volunteers?

Hal Harpur Award nominations

The deadline for this year's entries is on September 30. Please contact Chris Goddard to get your entry form, or ask any committee member.

For sale

WBA members may place a non-commercial ad free of charge if the member's name and phone number appear. Non-members are charged \$10 for a text ad (maximum 25 words), \$15 with a picture. Ads will run for two issues, members' ads longer if you ask for an extension. Submissions close on the 20th of each month.



FLAMINGO

Classic 22 Square metre built by Jeff Clist in 1959 for Peter Cole. Regularly maintained - topsides repainted May 07, some planks, floors and frames replaced Sept 04. Splined Bolly Gum planking on spotted gum ribs, dynelled ply deck. Alloy rig, main, three gennys and spinnaker, 4 hp o/b. \$16,000. Call Chris Morris 0414 669 451 or cmorris1@bigpond.net.au



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MOORING SWAP

Would like to swap my mooring in the Hawkesbury for 6 months and go to Sydney Harbour. Boat is 38' long, *Georgina*, 13 tons. Phone Rick, 0411 624 679.

On the horizon

9 - 10 August
Rozelle Bay raft-up and barbecue.
Call George or Chris on 9819 6701

19 October
SASC Gaffers Day Regatta

8 - November
Bantry Bay Tea dance. More info to follow

November 1 - 2
RMYC Timber Boat Festival Pittwater

March 2009
WBA Cockle Bay Raft Up

New members

The Secretary reports that the following gentlemen have joined the Association:

Phillip Prior	Woolwich
Roy Howard	Point Piper
Michael Richardson	Balmain
Liam Timms	Balmoral
Jerry Bengtsson	Balgowlah

WBA meetings

	General	Committee
Aug	Tue 12	Mon 18
Sept	Tue 9	Mon 15
Oct	Tue 14	Mon 20
Nov	Tue 11	Mon 17

Disclaimer

Opinions and advice expressed in this publication and at the Association's meetings are those of the individual originator's only. The Editor and the Association's Committee do not necessarily endorse views expressed at such forums.

WBA merchandise

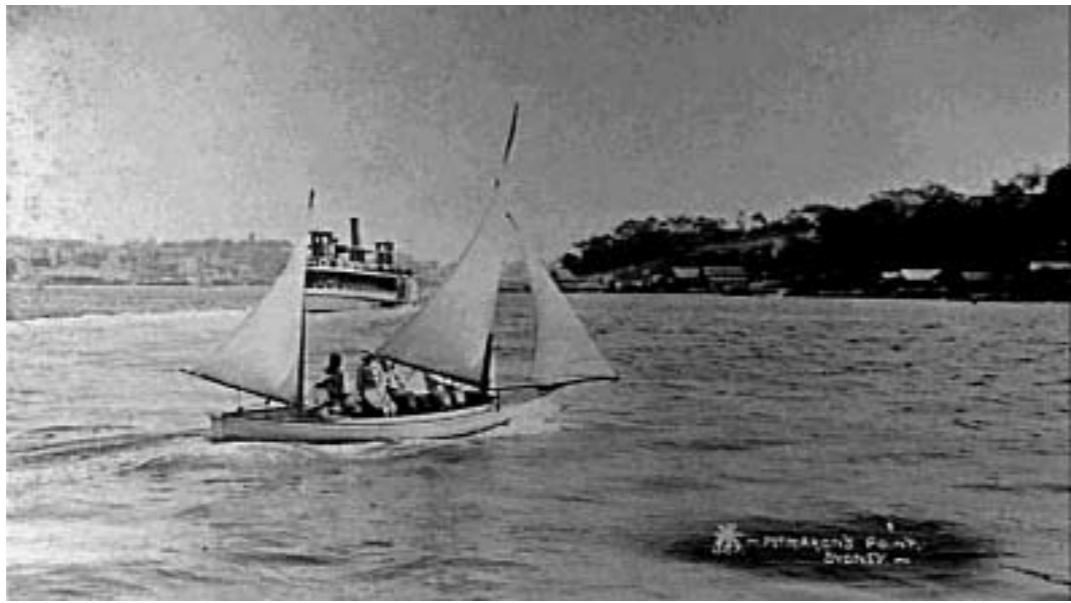
Polo shirts	\$25.00	Australian Wooden Boat Book (incl postage)	\$15.00
WBA burgee, small	\$20.00	Rugby shirts, by order	\$45.00
WBA burgee, large	\$25.00	Business shirts, by order	\$40.00
Caps	\$12.00	Jackets, by order	\$75.00
Enamelled badges	\$10.00	See Dick Branson at the meeting or give him a call on 9520 7557	
Cloth badges, iron on	\$5.00		

From the archives

By Mark Pearse

An outing is underway and a small open boat reaches into Lavender Bay under a south-westerly wind, 5 friends enjoying a sail in a way that reaches out to us across the generations.

The boat to my eye is unusual for Australia – the hull shows a very fine canoe stern instead of transom, plus the multiple masts. I wonder if the design is an American one, they developed a myriad of small boat designs to the extent of



making smallness in boats a virtue. Strangely, small boats, or open boats today aren't so common in Sydney – and the

charm of this photo is that we know they're having a great time gadding about in a small open boat.

Photo supplied courtesy of the State Library of NSW photoarchives, which can be viewed & ordered online at <http://www.sl.nsw.gov.au/picman/subj.cfm>.

Our finances by Tony Curtis

At the July general meeting I gave an overview of how we were travelling this year, and where we are likely to be at the end of our financial year on the 30th of September. I indicated that a number of events were self-financing and revenue neutral. Below is listed the positive and negative money flows based on cost per member based on 280 members.

On the basis of starting the year off with \$13,963.17 (funds of \$49.87 per member) we should end the year with say, about a shade under \$17,000 (or \$64.00 per member).

Positive		Negative	
Membership	35.00	Scuttlebutt	9.00
Joining fees	1.00	Watercraft	1.40
Regattas	1.00	Mailing	8.00
Raffles	5.00	Membership admin	2.00
Advertising	4.00	Printing and stationery	4.00
Totals	46.00	Donations	1.60
		Hal Harpur Award	1.00
		Insurance	5.00
		Total	\$32.00

A member from the floor raised an excellent question of what we get for our \$5 we spend on insurance (down from \$8.82 over the last few years). Basically, peace of mind on a financial basis in the unlikely event anyone or their lawyers pursued a member or the WBA participating in an event we organise where there is a perception that we are even remotely responsible for an occurrence. As you well know I am not a lawyer, but having bred two of them I have vested interest in their continued wellbeing.

The Silent Fart

An elderly couple was attending church services. About halfway through, she leans over and says to her husband, I just let out a silent fart what do you think I should do?

He replies, 'Put a new battery in your hearing aid.'

Just a few crays

From page 3

that's great. Thank you very much. Now please take this for your trouble." I handed back five shillings "And you're not paying for any drinks tonight! What'll you have? How about a Jamieson's to chase that Guinness you have there?"

There followed one of the rowdier evenings I can remember. Being a Saturday, the pub was soon full of locals. Much laughing and singing. They had some great singers amongst their clientele. I remember solo versions of 'Wild Colonial Boy' and a beautiful rendition of 'Danny Boy' which was heard in reverential silence and nearly brought us all to tears. "Aah Sean me boy you've the voice of an angel – that you have!"

Of course it wasn't long before there was a cry of "Let's have a song from the Ingalishmen!" We couldn't possibly refuse of course. I must say our barber shop quartet made a pretty good show of 'Clementine' which justifiably brought the house down.

But all good things have to come to an end. Everyone was tanked of course. There was a great deal of back slapping and cheerful goodbyes and everyone went their separate ways; Murphy to his wife who was 'expecting a conception'; we, with our can of petrol, to paddle our little dinghy out to our little yacht, singing 'All things bright and beautiful.'

It seems incredible to me now – how in those days we had such remarkable endurance – but the truth is, no one wanted to go to sleep. Instead we opened up a bottle of Irish whiskey and settled

down to a nice game of cards; Black Maria I think it was.

It must have been after midnight, and by then we were starting to feel a bit sleepy, when there was a loud bump of something hitting the side of the yacht. I dashed up into the cockpit to see what was going on and there was a face looking up at me from a rowing boat, illuminated by our kerosene anchor light.

A voice said, "Is dare a Mike on board?"

"That's me" I replied. "Is that you Paddy?"

"Do ye like crayfish?"

"Sure I do, but..."

"Get in the skiff!" Paddy ordered.

So I climbed down as instructed. Where upon, to my astonishment, Paddy pushed off from the yacht and started rowing. There was no moon and it was pitch black. After a few strokes I could not see the yacht anymore, just the anchor light.

"Where are we going?" I asked. The only reply I received was to keep my voice down and to stay quiet. As far as I could judge we were heading out of the harbour and into the bay.

Paddy just kept rowing, with the smooth rhythm of the professional. After about fifteen minutes and with apprehension rising in me, a motor car on the distant peninsular swung around a bend and its headlights illuminated the bay – and us!

"Get down!!" Paddy urged in a stage whisper and the pair of us flattened ourselves in the bottom of the dinghy. After a few moments the car was gone and Paddy resumed his rowing. I was now very puzzled as to just what was going on.

After about half an hour he slowed **Continued on page 8**

Pittwater news and views

There are a number of boating clubs in the Pittwater area which collectively will satisfy practically everyone's taste.

For the dinghy enthusiast there is a club at Bayview, if your pride and joy is a motor boat there is a large licensed club at Newport, which incidentally hosts a Timber Boat Festival every year, also a huge twilight series and offshore racing for sailing boats. There is a well established club at Mona Vale that is a cooperative with an unlicensed club house and slipping facilities. Avalon boasts a club that has dinghy and keel boat divisions.

There are also clubs or groups without premises that organize races and social occasions. It is one of these that is the subject of my scribbling;

this club is unique in a number of ways. I would however point out that I am not a member, my information is based on hearsay.

This club was formed for drinkers that had a boating problem. It is restricted to 100 members, they have no premises and their only assets are a BBQ and a Temprite (this is a refrigeration device for dispensing beer).

The Commodore is elected for one year only and the Treasurer must ensure that at the end of each financial year the bank balance is zero.

The club conducts a race around the buoys on the first Sunday of each month and during daylight saving a point score twilight series every Wednesday. Both of these

events are very well supported. For the putt-putt enthusiast a rally is held in January, plus a number of social occasions throughout the year.

But the most unusual aspect of this club is the number of members who race regularly in their timber boats. The results of last season's twilight fleet recorded that 78 boats raced, of which 32 were timber, and a very diverse group they are. One 24ft trimaran, two 5.5 metre, one 30sq metre, 3 Rangers, 4 Jubilee, a 25ft Colleen, a Swanson 37ft, one Diamond, two Couta Boats, a schooner, plus an assortment of others.

They use a handicap start so the last leg to the finish is a great sight. Throw in a further 46 plastic boats and you have a handicapper's nightmare,

but it all gets worked out and at the AGM in April a winner emerges. Are you wondering how the Treasurer achieves a zero result? Well at the aforementioned AGM the assets of the club are brought into action, especially the Temprite, because to enable the Treasurer to reach his goal any excess monies are converted into beer and consumed.

A number of our association members belong to this club, three have served as Commodore: Ross Barnett, Paul Burchall and Bob Major, who is currently in office. Long may they flourish and attract wooden boat owners.

Well after all, Barbara, it was formed for drinkers with a boating problem.

Robert Tullett

Just a few crays

From page 1

as a penny of their money. We of course knew none of this.

Paddy was a big, ginger headed man and his face was weather-beaten and ruddy. His eyelids, due to some birth defect, were permanently half closed, which gave him a look, which was cross between dopey and cunning. He didn't, or perhaps couldn't, smile.

After we had introduced ourselves and bought Paddy a pint, I explained that, as we had other things to do, rather than going to Schull ourselves, we would prefer it if he could get the petrol for us. Jack wagged our five-gallon drum at him encouragingly. Paddy seemed resistant to the idea and said he hadn't any money. "Oh that's no problem," I said "Here."

And I gave Paddy a crisp new five pound note. Paddy looked at the note with some astonishment and then up at my face. A strange look passed across his features. "Alright then," he said, looking at the note again, "But I won't be back till late!"

"That's OK." said I, enthusiastically. "See you back here this evening."

With that, Paddy finished off his pint, took the empty drum from Jack and left; still holding the five pound note in his hand.

"I wouldn't have done that, if I were you" the barman said, still polishing a glass. "That's probably the last you'll see of that five pound note and of Paddy."

It was then the barman told us about Paddy's colourful history.

"Bloody great!" said Keith,

banging his glass down on the bar in disgust.

"Look I'm starving" said Jack. "Isn't there somewhere around here where we can get some food?"

"You could try Mrs O'Neill" offered the barman. "She sometimes does meals."

"Good. Where do we find her place?" asked Dave.

"She's in Berry Street. Number 27" replied the barman and gave us directions.

"Come on then!" urged Jack "Let's go."

So we gulped down the remains of our stout and went in search of Mrs O'Neill.

"This can't be right" said Dave "Are you sure this is the right street?"

We were walking along a rough cobbled street of terraced houses. No front gardens, the front doors of the houses opened directly onto the street, one step down.

"This is number 27" announced Jack. "But it's just a house."

"Go on then" said Keith. "Knock anyway."

After a few minutes the door was opened by a small, harassed looking woman wiping her hands on her floral apron. She looked with astonishment at the four anxious faces peering at her.

"Mrs O'Neill?" asked Dave. "Yes?" was the doubtful reply.

"We are looking for a meal... and back at Donaghy's they told us you sometimes ... umm... you know...do meals...." Dave's voice trailed away, still not sure we were at the right place. Suddenly a thought struck him: "We will pay, of course!"

"What sort of food were ye looking for? I've only got lamb

chops. I suppose I could do a few peas and taters."

"Aaah!" chorused the four hungry urchins. And Dave, like a man in love, said "Mrs O'Neill, that would be absolutely wonderful!"

We were shown into a small room, immediately to the right of the front door. It had a window, which looked out onto the street. I suppose it was the room usually kept for best – for formal occasions, but which had been pressed into service during those difficult times. There was a fine old polished sideboard against the wall which barely left space for the round dining table and chairs, but which was just right for the four of us.

There we had one of the most enjoyable meals I can ever remember. Mrs O'Neill came and went bringing plates piled with food, but beyond that she said very little. However, after she had delivered up a wonderful apple pie with fresh cream, she was so encouraged by our rapturous response that she became less shy with us and we talked a little.

Through her, we learnt a little more about our Patrick Rooney. Apparently the reason he always drank at Donaghy's, even though he lived near Schull, was because he had been banned from his local pub for fighting in the bar.

"Ye don't want to have anything to do with him" she warned us sternly. "He's a bad lot. Him and his whole family. D'ye hear now?"

"Right Mrs O'Neill" we chorused, with the others giving me a dirty look.

Having paid the very reasonable charge asked, plus some extra and after exchanging warm good wishes and thanks with Mrs

O'Neill, we spilled out onto the street feeling wonderfully full and content with life.

Back on the boat, we spent the afternoon cleaning up the mess caused by the previous day's storm and brought things back to looking a bit more shipshape. But I was fretting to see whether Paddy was going to turn up at Donaghy's and I didn't want to miss him. The others all reckoned there was no chance and that I had lost my money. Oh yes – it had now become my money not our money! Still, we all fancied a pint or two and what else was there to do in this village.

What a surprise then, when we arrived at the pub and the barman, on seeing us, pointed towards Paddy sitting in his usual spot. "Hullo there, Paddy!" I cried, greeting him like a long lost brother.

Paddy stood up and his face creased, which was the nearest he ever seemed to come to a smile.

"Oi've got yer petrol here" he said, pointing to the can under the table.

"It was foive shillin and noine ponce a gallon and dey put in foive gallon..."

As he was saying this Paddy was pulling out a piece of paper from his trouser pocket and consulted it as he spoke, with great deliberation... so dat come to one ponce, eight shillin and noine ponce... An here's yer change."

Paddy, with great ceremony, then paid into my hand three pounds eleven shillings and three pence, the exactly correct amount of change due.

With soaring spirits, I said "Paddy **Continued on page 6**



Fågel Grip, Jerry Lees' 30 Squaremetre yacht (featured in Scuttlebutt July 2007) will arrive in Phuket, Thailand at the 'Boat Lagoon', where her hull will go through a complete rejuvenation. Hard racing on Sydney Harbour and elsewhere, plus many years of ferry wash, have affected the slender craft and Jerry is determined to have her restored to prime condition. A small detail: so that she would fit into a shipping container, a few feet of the stern had to come off - no major difficulty, say the shipwright experts, it can hooked back on again.



Thirty tons of bluegum, 15,000 volunteer hours, hundreds of kilos of screws and a million dollars investment... a remarkable achievement by a tiny community on the banks of the Snowy River is coming to its conclusion in late October. The story of the replica paddle steamer Curlip II, being built in Orbost, Victoria, was covered in Scuttlebutt in November 2006.



At the July meeting one of our visitors, Jerry Bengtsson, told us that he recently inherited, after his father, the boat on which he learned to sail, the Koster style Delfin. What do you do with a well maintained, nearly 100 years old, solid oak yacht, which is moored back in Sweden, 10,000km from your home in Balgowlah NSW? You travel back to your birthplace, build a cradle for the family treasure and ship her out to Sydney, Australia. That is not Jerry, sitting in the delightful cabin - you will be able to meet Jerry himself at our next meeting; he has been roped in as member.

Refitting a legend

THE MONTH SINCE THE purchase of Wayfarer has been a steep learning curve and we are becoming very aware of the complexities encountered caring for a deep keeled ketch with a historic pedigree gained during the 67 year ownership of Peter Luke, compared to a similar vintage motor cruiser.

The 200km separation at present between our regular abode and Wayfarer's mooring is also an issue at times, particularly when we make the return trip three times in seven days.

During the slipping we fitted five new ball valves, two skin fittings after checking the hull and an upgraded bilge pump. She has been anti-fouled in a rich plum colour and our friend at Tanilba Bay, Peter Moore, painted the topsides. We have learned of the need to chose a slipway and surveyor sympathetic and understanding of vintage wooden boats.

The sails have been checked and nav lights fitted. The electricals are being overhauled and new house batteries fitted.



An aged and weathered timber hatch on the foredeck has been replaced with a substantial new hatch with a large glass area to allow light into the forward section of the hull. It's interesting our regular sleep-overs always result with a sleep in a comfortable bed.

A brief motor across Port Stephens showed how people friendly Wayfarer is and the

diesel is more than sufficient for the hull shape.

A new mooring has been allocated in Glades Bay, 3 cables from her place of construction at Charles Larson's slip, and we are aiming to sail Wayfarer home towards the end of August.

In the mean time we have been fortunate to receive a substantial quantity of memora-

bilia from the Luke family, from the original purchase order and deposit receipt through to the current time. Included are photos from the 40s and 50s and a wealth of interesting adventures through the decades.

We can see the summer of 2008 will be a sea change for the Smiths and we will experience a Wayfarer life. "

Peter Smith