NATIONAL OSPREY ASSOCIATION

NEWSLETTER MARCH 1981

Welsh & Midland Championships 1980

Mumbles Y.C. hosted this event on October 18 and 19. There was a turnout of 19 boats from seven clubs all over the country, despite the poor weather forecast and the late season date. The overall winners were John Marsh and Malcolm Smith from the home club.

Saturday morning's race was started in a light breeze which picked up throughout the race. Tony Powell led for the first two laps, before being passed by Marshy. Alastair Mackay, resurrected after two seasons suspended animation, with John Gough crewing and maintaining his life support system, was third, and the nomadic marauding Marshall was fourth.

Special note of the rock and roll show on the run provided by Marshall, Oscar and Mike Murray, who tried to reduce the Picker to mirror size as he broached and capsized in a shower of spray and squeaking.

By the second race the wind had settled to a steady force four to five, coming off the land real dirty, all gusts and shifts. Alfie Hawksworth, who had arrived too late for the first race, led for the first lap, but was passed by Oscar on the second beat, and had to retire shortly afterwards due to a self-destructing gooseneck. Oscar sailed on, oblivious of the creeping evil that consumed first Marshall, then Phil Rees and Alastair, before menacing Oscar himself. Like the worst possible nightmare, worse than being in the same room as Nicky Willis and Roger Mant, the Mumbles space invaders were coming. Oscar could only keep firing as the grinning faces of John and Mal filled the screen, the end coming on the last beat, as they went past, higher on the wind and heavier on the wire. With the overconfidence reserved for walking home after closing time, John failed to cover, allowing Oscar to break off and come in from the unfashionable western side of the beat to regain the lead just before the finish.

On Sunday morning the wind was again a cold and nasty force four, which increased to a boat-breaking mast-bending Hooley by the end of the race. Alfie led from start to finish, with Tony Powell second and Alastair again third. The run was horrendous, with Marshall, Reeso (famous laser sailor and boat thief), and the great Marsh himself all ending up in the water. The wet space invaders pulled back to fifth, just behind Oscar who had been covered comfortably by Alastair.

The weather was continuing to deteriorate, and it was wisely decided that enough was enough, with both competitors and race officials realising it would be even colder, windier and rainier in the afternoon. It was decided to count all three races, which put a premium on consistent results in the heavy winds. The results are printed below.

Noted on, and in, the water were Phil Rees sailing Chris Stacey's Wildebeeste, Stewartby Water Red Flight, and Marshall, who has always gone fast but has started to go in the right direction as well, since he now listens to his crew. Saturday night entertainment was provided in the Pilot by the locals and Ron Brisling, while everyone talked about the simpering nancyboys from Poole and Lymington who were frightened at the prospect of getting wet.

This year the event is to be held at Datchet Water near Heathrow, and arrangements are being made for midnight Jumbo Jet racing.

Position	*Boat*	*Helm*	*Club*	*1*	*2*	*3*	*TOTAL*
1	1159	John Marsh	Mumbles	1	2	5	7¾
2	1145	Alastair Mackey	B.S.C.	3	3	3	9
3	1161	Oscar Chess	Mumbles	5	1	4	9¾
4	1085	Tony Powell	Mumbles	2	6	2	10
5	740	Richard Marshall	Mumbles	4	5	8	17
6	1110	Phil Mann	Stewartby	9	7	6	22
7	1186	Rob George	Portishead	6	8	10	24
8	1006	Phil Rees	Mumbles	7	4	R	28
9	1166	Mike Murray	B.S.C.	16	9	7	32
10=	686	Neil Carden	Mumbles	11	11	11	33
10=	745	Pete Shapton	Mumbles	12	12	9	33
12	629	Ian Freeman	Portishead	15	13	12	40
13	1184	Alfie Hawksworth	Blithfield	N	R	1	40¾
14=	1056	Stan Simpson	Mumbles	13	14	R	44
14=	669	Glen Wilbraham	B.S.C.	14	13	R	44
16=	1083	Dai Pugh-Bevan	B.S.C.	10	R	N	49
16=	1077	Hugh Pearce	Datchet	17	15	R	49
18=	919	Colin Evans	B.S.C.	8	N	N	51
18=	1112	Another Mant	Stewartby	18	16	R	51

Editorial

Well, here it is at last. I must apologise for the time it's taken to put this together; I don't think I knew what I let myself in for really; there always seemed a reason to hold back for something, and with Maureen involved with nursing Ken back to life, I was left a bit in the dark. (Moral: Never let anyone with long hair have a position of responsibility in any organisation). However, here it is and I hope you find it worth reading. Please pay your subs., and get fellow sailors to do likewise; the class needs your support badly, if only for me to pretend to be a newspaper owner. I hope that I will be able to produce a newsletter every three months this year; the next one should hit the news-stands just before the Nationals. The projected copy date is July 20, (my Birthday), so I look forward to receiving lots of things to include before then. It's your Newsletter, I only have the hassle of filling the pages up, so let's have a good response from fleet captains on club news and racing reports, and from everyone who has anything to say on any other subject. Next time I want to have details of all the early season meetings, and I've been promised a computer analysis of National attendances over the last few years as well. I hope to be able to defray the cost of printing by having more adverts; any contacts in the boat trade should be put in touch with me in Leicester.

I hope that 1981 will be as good an Osprey year as any before, and I look forward to seeing as many people as possible through the season.

All newsletter correspondence to me at: 28, St. Peters Road,
Highfields,
Leicester. (Tel: 0533-551234 Ext. 394)
(Preferably between 4.30 - 5.00 p.m.

and membership subscriptions and other business to Secretary:

Huw Pearce,
Flat 4,
115, Sydney Road,
Sutton,
Surrey. (Tel: 01-661-9421)

JULIAN (TIGER) BRIDGES

The Panmorra cup

A Very Biased Report by a Beer-soaked Denim Jacket

It was good to be in the sunshine again in mid September, for the Mounts Bay Open. Sitting on the Club balcony in teeshirt and jeans, made up for the 300 mile trip from the Midlands, and King James let us stay on the farm on condition that I wrote the report. I doubt he'll do it again!

First race was sailed over an olympic course, in light winds, and consisted of watching a worried Derek Cattran leading from Malcolm Woolcock, then us, by about three boat-lengths, with a slow-motion covering battle up the second beat; then we went one way and Malcolm went the other on the run, with Derek undecided as to who to cover. He came with us, but Oscar overlapped during the first part of the run, and gybed inside towards the mark, then realised the race was finishing there. Would we get there before Malcolm and Mike Corbin, coming from the other side? Yes, just. Would Derek? Yes, by a boat length.

Saturday night saw a gathering of the Andy Barker fan club; Derek told tall tales of 420 racing, Ken Gouch put his feet up on Malcolm, Mike behaved like any sailor in a foreign port, but got invited back to the farm with the big K and me, and the breakfast was fantastic, with fresh, e.g. still warm, milk.

Sunday; first race was held in better conditions, off the Mount, we led after one lap and bore off onto an olympic run, allowing the pirates of Penzance and the Movie Stars to reach over us. This was bad enough for the ego and the mastgate, so first us, then Malcolm, overtook Mike, and Derek's moustache started drooping as he covered us up the last beat. The finish was again to leeward due to the sludge effect, e.g. MBSC races shall finish near the club reducing the time before competitors get to the bar. With two reaches left, Cattran decided to luff us to Penzance, but I broke through, and Oscar gybed in front of Malcolm, who got inside Derek. We pulled out safely while they threw pasties at each other and we were clear to win, if only we knew how. (Moral: read the instructions before going sailing). There were lasers out too, so we followed the last one and fortunately he got it right. Meanwhile, Malcolm held off Derek, and Geoff Dean had pulled through to fourth.

Due to the distorting affect of Pils, I didn't see much of the last race but Derek led for three laps before his kicker broke; Malcolm was second, and Mike, with some impressive spinnaker work from his new crew, was third from Neville Noye.

Anyone who has been to the Nationals there will know what a great place to sail it is; it is well worth the trip. We will be there this year, and I hope a lot of you will be too.

Overall:	1.	Oscar / Tiger	Easy Picker	Mumbles
	2.	Malcolm / Ken	Insoluble	Mounts Bay
	3.	Derek / Gerry	Sally Jo	Mounts Bay
	4.	Mike / Steve	Movie Star	Lymington
	5.	Geoff / Mike	The Magician	North Devon

The Burnham Icicle 1981

Eight of us were delighted to have the chance to sail in this famous event, representing the Osprey class against impressive opposition in 505s, 14s, 470s, etc. I think I speak for all of us in saying that we wish we'd stuck to eating mince pies at home; or, at the very least, that we'd remained in the Royal Corinthian Bar. Well - we did have a chuckle or two during the weekend, I suppose, but not many of them were to do with sailing.

The tone of the weekend was set early on. Towing through Maldon we had to pull in to let the Coastguard through. As soon as Alfie Hawksworth arrived, he walked on to the club balcony to have a look at the scene of triumphs to come; his hat immediately blew off and floated towards Belgium. It may be there by now for all I know; we recognised the omen, but didn't heed it.

We had no ice on the rigging as we prepared the boats, but the wind did seem to be blowing up just a bit. It is one thing to get changed and put the gear in the boat so as to be able to decide what to do, but once a few others get in the queue for the slipway and a chap with a loudhailer starts calling 'Hurry up! Get your mens'ls on! We won't postpone y'know!' then either competitiveness or adrenelin or just herd instinct takes over, and you find yourself listening to the sound of sails flogging out of shape and battens destroying their pockets, realising only dimly that your own best sails are part of the chorus.

The four Ospreys preparing to go afloat were sailed by Alfie Hawksworth; by Oscar Chess and Tiger Bridges; by Robert Shaw and Dave Edwards, and by Roger Edwardson and Mike Jakeways. I don't know the name of Alfie's new crew, and I apologise to him for this, since he pulled a good stroke or two, as will be revealed. There was a Fireball swimming as we went down the slip, and we smiled patronisingly. Once we had our rudder down and had missed one or two moored boats, we saw a Merlin with a broken mast, and smiled a little more sympathetically. That is the conclusion of my report of the practice race, for shortly afterwards we were flung into the water, with genoa rolled and main eased. Consequently I can't describe Oscar's capsizes, although Tiger says they dried out the boat each time before going in again. Neither can I describe the way Robert's mast broke, because our own mast was stuck in the bottom of the Crouch at the time. I could tell you what Roger said about the mast, its new shape, the reasons for its new shape, and the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, while we were swimming after the boat and waiting for it to capsize again, and stick again, so we could catch up with it; but this, as they say, is a publication which might fall into the hands of minors.

A minute or two after the start gun, one boat - a Solo - actually crossed the line. I'm told this was the only boat still sailing at the time. I believe it. One Osprey was upright too, though on its trolley. Alfie had been unable to get his centreboard down on launching, and so had been still ashore when the squall arrived. He was trying not to look too smug during the rest of the afternoon as we queued for the hosepipe, the showers, the pop-rivet gun and the insurance claim forms.

After a Chinese meal and a drink or four in a pleasant hotel, all of which you don't want to know about but which was the highlight of the weekend for your reporter (well, Jack Knights writes like that), we found ourselves getting ready for the Icicle race on Sunday. The Edwardson mast had, as you will readily imagine if you've ever damaged one, been the focus of lots of kind advice. We rejected the 'stick the end under a minibus' method, and also the advice from a nice man with an International 14, involving fence posts. Eventually we built a structure with someone else's trailer and some boat covers; we then applied the principles of advanced Physics and a little judicious force - 'Come and swing on this end, Jake.' We finally got it to a shape which would look a bit less silly trailing home, but wasn't a great lot more use for hanging sails on.

A beautiful still morning at eight turned into a blustery prospect at nine, and by half-past-ten there seemed every chance of nearly as nasty a day as the previous one.

Had there been a seamanship prize it might have gone to Alfie and his crew. They went out early and rushed up and down in great style, much to the encouragement of the Osprey support in the clubhouse (the two of us, feeling every minute less upset that that mast was keeping us in the dry). After a while Alfie edged into a pebbly bit of shore, and clearly wanted to change his rudder. Leaving his crew up to his waist in the water and pulling 150 sq.ft. of flapping sail against the increasing gusts, Alfie dashed off to the boat park. Time passed; we spectators could only imagine the hunt which was going on for a spanner, but the man holding the boat was clearly tiring. Finally it seemed he tried to free a tangle in the mainsheet; the boat swung off the wind and headed off without him. A leap; a spluttering stroke or two of crawl and a grab, and our hero was hauling himself over the transom of the fully-rigged but rudderless boat, which clearly wanted to get in amongst the opposition. Shortly afterwards Alfie appeared on the bank carrying his number two rudder; by now his boat was halfway across the river, with his crew keeping as much cool as is compatible with yelling like blazes for a rescue boat in a rising force six.

Alfie hailed a nice forty-foot sailing cruiser, which pulled most impressively up to the jetty, took the rudder from his outstretched hands, and swung away leaving him still ashore. Even from a hundred yards away we could see him wondering whether to leap into the cruiser's dinghy as it bobbed behind, and deciding that he'd go straight through its floor if he didn't miss it altogether. The cruiser made another pass or two at the jetty and failed to get within six feet each time, then set off downstream as Alfie's boat was towed upstream by a rubber rescue boat. As the three different but mutually essential elements of the Hawksworth challenge seemed separated by an even greater gulf than a few hundred yards of blustery water, a ten-minute gun went off. Whether or not Alfie used some form of long-range E.S.P. I'm not competent to say, but finally the two rescue drivers headed for the same landing-stage, and the captain was reunited with his unharmed ship, his crew and his means of steering them.

After all that, the racing could only be an anti-climax. How long most boats lasted depended pretty much on whether or not they were on the run when the squall with the snow hit them. Some boats finished this time: David Pitman won in immaculate fashion; he happened to be sailing a 505, but he looked as if he could have gone equally fast trapezing on an upturned dining-room table.

The Ospreys? Alfie was about fifth and ahead of some very good 5-Ohs when he capsized at the top of the beat. Robert Shaw had rigged a replacement mast; Dave said they were dodging a wobbly International 14 under spinnaker when they plopped in with it. Oscar had outlived everything in the trapeze class but Pitman and a couple of 420s when he joined the swimming party.

So that was that. Thank the Lord (well, thank James Curnow anyway), we've got Mount's Bay to look forward to.

M.J.

All you ever wanted to know about Jib Furlers but.....

by A Lager Disposal Unit

The Furler has been with us for some time now, and unlike other classes, Fireballs in particular, they have remained in vogue amongst the Osprey Demigods like Blatchford, Powell and Marsh. The affect of raising the jib by adding a furler, causing drive to be reduced from the jib foot, does not appear to have a significant affect on an Osprey's windward performance, and is probably offset by a reduction in interference drag. The addition of a furler confers several advantages:

1. Extending jib life especially in strong winds and with hard sailcloth, e.g. C.Y.T.
2. Ease of sailing to start lines and waiting for delayed starts, particularly in strong winds and congested waters.
3. Ease of final rigging of boat before launching, as only the main has to be prepared.

O.K. so a jib furler makes sailing life easier, and can pay for itself in prolonging jib life. What about reliability? A furler, properly maintained, will function satisfactorily for years. It does require regular attention; I suggest a strip and grease once a year and regular check-ups. The drum type is preferable to the continuous line actuation unit, as it can be positively secured when stowed, instead of relying on friction. I still have memories of waking at the last Mumbles Nationals to the sound of shredding jibs in a force seven, fitted with continuous furlers. The upper swivel must be ball bearing type, and the stronger the better, although I have found the standard Sea Sure unit perfectly adequate. This again requires regular attention.

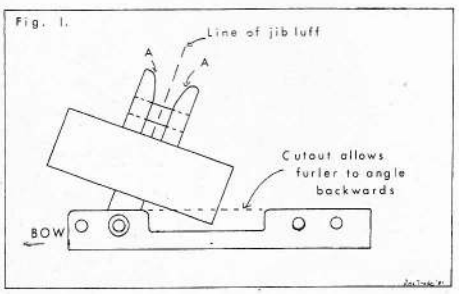
Allegations have been levelled at the furler as a source of jib halyard failure at the top sheave. I haven't suffered any problems here, but the use of a heavier halyard might be an advantage in giving greater twist resistance, whereas thinner ones, e.g. 3 mm, may tend to untwist over the sheave, and in time break up.

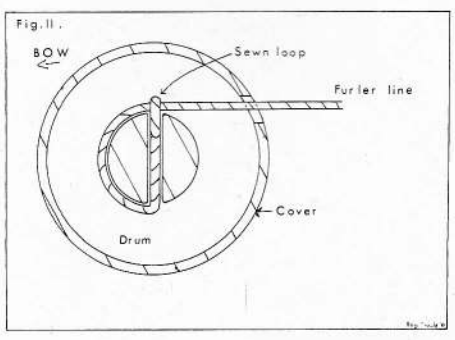
A few hints on how to get the best from a drum type furler may not go amiss. The most important point is to allow the unit to adopt a position in-line with the jib luff. In a typical bow fitting this is done by cutting the track away as in Fig. I. This reduces the rigidity of the channel section, and the forward bolt now takes most of the halyard tension, and needs replacing with a ¼" ø bolt. Several failures of 3/16" ø bolts occurred at the last Nationals.

Another modification to improve the standard Sea Sure unit is to grind down the internal faces of the tack attachment slot, (A in Fig. I). This will prevent chafe on the jib tack whipping.

Before bringing this extended monologue to a close, one other point concerns the actuation line. The Sea Sure unit has a tube through the drum as in Fig. 2. To eliminate knots and tangles, the line should be reeved as in Fig. 2, with the line passed through, and sewn in a small loop around the incoming line. By gentle persuasion, the stitched loop can be pulled back into the tube.

Using these modifications should result in a reliable furler system. Forestays are not recommended, but can be incorporated with care and shockcord. The stainless or plastic discs at the swivel are not really necessary as the cew carefully keeps the spinny halyard off the upper jib leach. Finally, when cutting the line to length, ensure there is enough to furl the jib in a strong wind, as it then requires more turns to furl completely.





Play it again Sam

The great news from South Wales is that John Marsh has sold his very successful glass boat "Marshmallow" to a rich elderly Laser fleet reject. A reliable source who has spent his life in a vocabulary black hole watching television and fiddling with model aeroplanes produced a more detailed description of the new owner "a well heeled old chap who looked as if he had just escaped from the embalmers parlour."

Further enquiries revealed that the new owner was none other than THE Harold Williams. Those of us in imminent danger of qualification for granny bonds will remember Harold from the mid-sixties when he campaigned with considerable luck Osprey 395 "The Guru" (where are you now?). This was a Plycraft boat with the best of everything and was the first, but regrettably not the last, sponsored Osprey. Those were the good old days when Ospreys were constructed from teak, bronze, concrete and iron and were altogether more robust.

Harold's well remembered cry of "Hold your course!" struck mortal fear into any starboard boat less than forty feet in length and although Guru's staple diet was Enterprises and Albacores it was not uncommon for it to savage larger prey such as committee cruisers, all-metal deep sea turning marks and the odd off-shore lighthouse.

At Meriden,which is as far from the sea as it is possible to get in Great Britain, there has been established for some years a sunshine home for Harold's ex-crews. Here the poor nervous creatures spin out their timid lives in an atmosphere of calm and tranquility. They play endless games of ludo whilst sucking 'speed' lollies. These pitiful broken beings have to be blanket bathed by force and then will only submit if wearing a bouyancy jacket and inflatable arm bands.

Perhaps the return of Harold should have been anticipated a month ago, when he turned up at the club with eighteen fresh faced boy scouts in tow and announced to the incredulous Osprey fleet that we would be allowed to take our pick AFTER he had selected one or two for himself.

Now that he is back he may be encouraged to recount golden blasts from the distant past. Such epics as "Guru v. nasty N*ck Sm*th," "Darcy-Roberts this is yours!" and "Robbo! Robbo? ..... what's Robbo?"

Welcome back, Harold! We've all missed you.

This will probably be my final contribution to these pages as I am moving to the Midlands ... as far from the seas as it is possible to get in Great Britain.

Bill Owen (832)

Results in brief

Poole Open

18 boats entered on September 13/14, from as far as Creeksea and Blithfield. Strong contingent from Lymington. Courses set inside Poole Harbour due to Force 5/6 increasing on Saturday afternoon, causing retirements and gear failure. Saturday's race between Oscar and Marshall, who wins, Trevor Brown third.

Sunday morning, in similar conditions, Hugh Carter pulls out from Oscar and Trevor.

Final race howling, against strong tide. Bob Alexander makes perfect start, leads to first mark closely followed by Hugh, Marshall and Brown. After communal swimming amongst leaders, Oscar eventually wins from Marshall and Trevor.

Overall:			
	Oscar Chess/Tiger	Easy Picker	Mumbles
	Richard Marshall/Don Whyte	Mercury	Lymington
	Trevor Brown/Phillip Angrave	Atomic Rooster	Poole

Jack in the Basket

36 boats compete in Lymington's long standing open, held on October 4/5.

First points race held in northerly force 4/5, giving many shifts. General recall due to Solent tidal rapids. Two hours later winner is Alfie Hawksworth, from Tony Powell and Marshall.

Sunday morning, little wind, fleet towed to start area; no wind at all, fleet towed back to club.

Sunday afternoon, force 3/4 comes up all gusty, allowing full olympic course. Lots of place changes, eventually won by Mike Corbin from Alfie with Tony third.

Overall:				
	1.	Alfie Hawksworth / David Major.	Nifty Shifter.	Blithfield.
	2.	Tony Powell / Glyn James.	Two Time Winner.	Mumbles.
	3.	Richard Marshall / Don Whyte.	Mercury.	Lymington.

Club news

STEWARTBY OPEN

23 boats at Stewartby Water end of season bash, late October.

First race light breeze turns into drifter. Local light weather hero John Balderson remains calmest, Oscar second, Glyn Adock third.

Second race postponed to Sunday in hope of wind, daylight, etc.

Second race force 2/3 Oscar sorts through fleet, followed by Terry Greaves and Trevor Brown, positions held until finish.

Third race starts immediately, becomes apparent that visitors are taking it seriously; winner is Terry, Oscar second, local medium weather hero Arthur Oakes third, leaving Terry and Oscar virtually equal on points.

Last race sailed in slightly less wind, clean start, Oscar "romps away" (quote from reputable fortnightly yachting comic). As wind dies, local wind dropping away hero Phil Mann has to fight off opposition for second place, Marshall third, Terry works up to fifth after his stopwatch broke just before the start.

Overall:	1.	Oscar Chess / Tiger	Easy Picker	Mumbles
	2.	Terry Greaves / Malcolm Clack	Dodger	Royal Yorks.
	3.	Trevor Brown / Phillip Angrave	Atomic Rooster	Poole

SUSSEX

We have 20 boats in the club, with a dozen regularly racing, and tactics such as blackmail and vice are used to get the rest out. The club champions during 1980 were Adrian Solly in Chemine 1176, and Frank Wilson in Think Tank 1004.

Our 1981 Open is May 30/31, and we hope to see as many of you as possible.

ROGER LILLEY 868

GORLESTON

Welcome to Casta del Gorleston. This year we have a fleet of nine boats, hopefully increasing during the year.

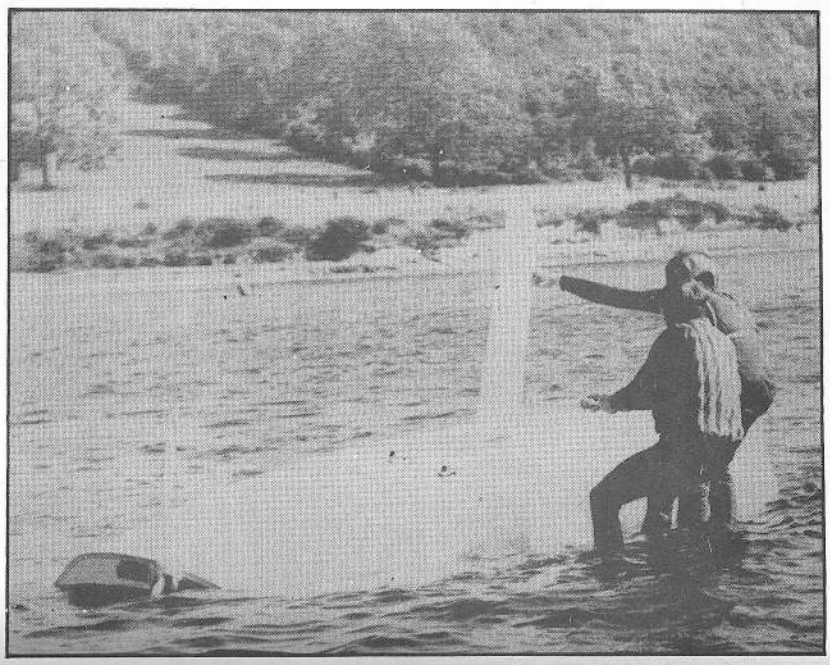
Our Open will be 11/12 July, and fleet members have offered accommodation to visitors.

The best race in this area is the Three Rivers Race on the Broads, a 52 mile, 24 hour epic which involves taking the mast down six times for low bridges. This year two of the club fleet will be representing the class. Hope nothing vital has dropped off during the winter.

JOHN STENBROWICZ 790

OGSTON

Look forward to hosting the Scottish and Northerns this year, and enclose the picture they claim shows the race committee laying the marks which will be used in the event. They have no problems with drifting marks but the two umpires seem to be disagreeing about something.



Open meetings 1981

This is only a guide; please check with clubs before travelling and see the lists published in Yachts and Yachting. Clubs please put your events in Y and Y; it's a free service.

April	18-20	Royal Lymington Easter Regatta
April	25/26	
May	3/4	
May	9/10	River Towy Three Rivers Open
May	16/17	
May	23/24	
May	30/31	Shoreham Open
June	6/7	Poole Open
June	13/14	
June	20/21	Ogston Scottish and Northers *
June	27/28	River Towy Regatta
July	4/5	Ullswater Handicap Trophy Meeting
July	11/12	Gorleston Open North Devon Open
July	19	Lymington Town Regatta
July	25/26	
Aug.	1/2	
Aug.	8/9	River Towy Open
Aug.	15-21	Mounts Bay NATIONALS
Aug.	22/23	
Aug.	29-31	Burnham Open
Aug.	29 - Sept. 5	Burnham Week
Sept.	5/6	
Sept.	12/13	Filey Chalmers Park Open *
Sept.	19/20	Mounts Bay Panmorra Open *
Sept.	26/27	Datchet Welsh and Midlands *
Oct.	3/4	Lymington Jack in the Basket Open *
Oct.	10/11	
Oct.	17/18	Stewartby Open

Events marked with * count towards the Wilkinson Sword Trophy.

Association news

Subscriptions were due on January 1st; please pay them to the Secretary as soon as possible; the Association needs your support. This year there is a change in that the boat joins, and only the owner needs to be a full member. As from the beginning of the year the R.Y.A. will only issue certificates to full members. Individual Support Membership is a new idea, and it is hoped that crews and interested Osprey people will join. They must be a full member for each boat sailed in Area and National Championships.

Huw Pearce, 1077, Tri Ardour, has taken on the job of secretary on a temporary basis, as Maureen and Ken have become too busy living to allow Maureen to continue.
Huw's address: Flat 4, 115 Sydney Road, Sutton, Surrey, SM1 2QJ.
Phone: 01 661 9421

Latest number issued is 1194.

Mounts Bay say arrangements for the Nationals are well under way; this year there will be no messing about with certificates, you have got to have one, don't forget it!

The Association still has the composite hull for sale and it needs to be sold as soon as possible.

Forthcoming Nationals:		
	1981	Mounts Bay
	1982	Filey (Probable)
	1983	Shoreham (Possible)
	1984	Poole (Perhaps)

MEMBERSHIP FORM

I wish to apply for/renew membership of the Association.

Full Membership (per boat)	£12.00	£12.00
Junior Membership (Full Member under 21)		£7.00
Support Membership (Individual)		£3.00

BOAT NUMBER ..... BOAT NAME .....

HELM NAME ..... CREW NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... ADDRESS .....

....

PHONE NO. ..... PHONE NO. .....

IS THE BOAT TO BE REGISTERED IN JOINT OWNERSHIP? YES / NO

Rule changes

New Rule

A distinctive coloured line, not less than 10 mm in width, shall be painted on the mast step spur so that the fore edge of the line shall be not less than 3480 mm forward of the aft edge of the transom. The projected line of the aft edge of the mast track in the stepped position shall not be aft of the fore edge of the line.

5A3.7

A horizontal strut may be fitted athwartship between the foredeck carlins at deck level. The strut shall be of metal where fitted to G.R.P. decks, or it may be of metal or wood where fitted to wooden decks. The wooden decks may be extended aft to the strut. No part of the strut, including bolts, flanges, brackets, etc., shall be less than 3370 mm from the aft face of the transom.

The strut shall be continuous across the aft end of the mast gate slot. The aft end of the mast gate slot shall be not less than 3395 mm from the aft edge of the transom. The slot may extend forward to the fore bulkhead.

5B3.7

A horizontal strut may be fitted athwartship between the foredeck carlins at deck level. The strut may be of metal or wood when fitted to wooden decks. The decks may be extended aft to the strut. No part of the strut including bolts, flanges, brackets, etc., shall be less than 3370 mm from the aft face of the transom.

The strut shall be continuous across the aft end of the mast gate slot. The aft end of the mast gate slot shall be not less than 3395 mm from the aft face of the transom. The slot may extend forward to the fore bulkhead.

The Committee have also discussed Mylar and similar new sailcloths, and loose footed mainsails, and both will be brought up at the A.G.M.

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Boats for sale

376	W 2	£475. David Mchugh. Castlemartin 269
567	G 2	£500. Les Wall. 01 651 1401.
577	W 2	Westerly, Proctors, Mustos, cover, trailer. £600 ono. David Barlow. 0533 713964
686	C 2	Wright/Plycraft, Proctors, Musto/ Mountifield, cover, trolley. £550. Neil Carden, 1 Friars Road, Newport, Gwent.
722	C 2	£650 ono. Malcolm Clack. York 56342
740	W 3	Trolley cover £800 or with trailer, new musto cover, Vick rudder £1000. Richard Marshall 0425 53137
1072	G 3	£800. Greg Goodrun. Brentwood 213599
1122	W 3	Needle, Leaders, Trolley, cover £1000. Ian Madeley 0742 587564
1153	G 3	Andrew Baker. Marizion 710452
1165	W 3	£2100. Mike Corbin. Lymington 75398
1167	W 3	Trailer and trolley £1500. Terry Greaves 04012 3864
1188	G 3	Offers to Derek Cattran. Penzance 710098
--	C 3	Association hull £1150. Mike Corbin. Lymington 75398.

W = Wood
G = Glass fibre
C = Composite
2 = Mark II
3 = Mark III