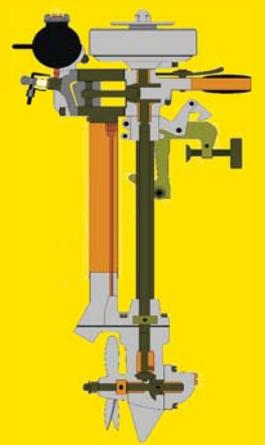


The

GULL



SPECIAL ISSUE: 2016 AUSTRALIAN SEAGULL NATIONALS - NELLIGEN NSW

Nelligen Nats

March 2016





EDITORIAL

Well, it's been a while between drinks, as they say in the classics, but hopefully it's been worth the wait.

Alas, the effort of extracting stories and pics from international events saw the demise of the truly 'international' issues of *The Gull*, but we soldier on producing an issue whenever the mood, inclination or availability of material presents itself.

So thanks to a couple of intrepid photographers at this year's Australian National Gathering, on the Clyde River at Nelligen on the NSW South Coast, we have for you what amounts to a 'Special Edition' of *The Gull*.

As it features only Aussies, the rest of the world will simply have to like it or lump it. You have been warned!

Cheers! 

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Cover photo of Rob in Green Bean on the Clyde River with Stephen in Jessica Joyce (obscured) beyond taken by Jenny from Cindy J.

Where the f* * * is Nelligen?

It isn't often these days you can get away with using an expletive in a headline, but this one was inspired by at least one Australian Seagull group member who asked that very question.

So where is Nelligen then, I hear you ask? It's a good question, and one the author had to satisfy for himself by a Google search, even though being vaguely aware of having ridden a motor-bike through it at various times in the distant past.

Nelligen is a small village, a hamlet really, sitting astride the Kings Highway, route B52, between the coastal fishing and holidaying village of Bateman's Bay and the pioneer settlement of Braidwood, on the road to the country's capital, Canberra.

The road climbs from close to sea level up to the 781m height of the Clyde Mountain, via the Currawan Creek Gorge, to fall back to the tableland town of Braidwood at 643m above sea level.

The winding road up the Clyde Mountain has long been a favourite of east-coast motorcycle riders, and the author had cause to visit it many times on a variety of motorcycles during an allegedly misspent youth.

Several mid-winter trips from Sydney while a member of the

University of NSW motorcycle club culminated in a trip up the gorge to an overnight stop and formal dinner at a hostelry in Braidwood. The trips up the gorge are memorable, the night after them something of a blur.

Yet for all its strategic location, Nelligen is something of a whistlestop, minus the train line, being merely the point at which the road crosses the River Clyde as it descends from the mountains.

Pommie readers may recall that the Mick Jagger-starring version of the movie about Australian outlaw and bushranger, Ned Kelly, was filmed in and around Braidwood back at the beginning of the seventies.

The general consensus is the late Heath Ledger's version was just a tad superior. Though it should be pointed out that Ledger was never going to be a rock star! Movie star, maybe.

So how did we come to pick Nelligen as the base of operations for the 2016 Seagull Nationals?

It's all Greg's fault, really.

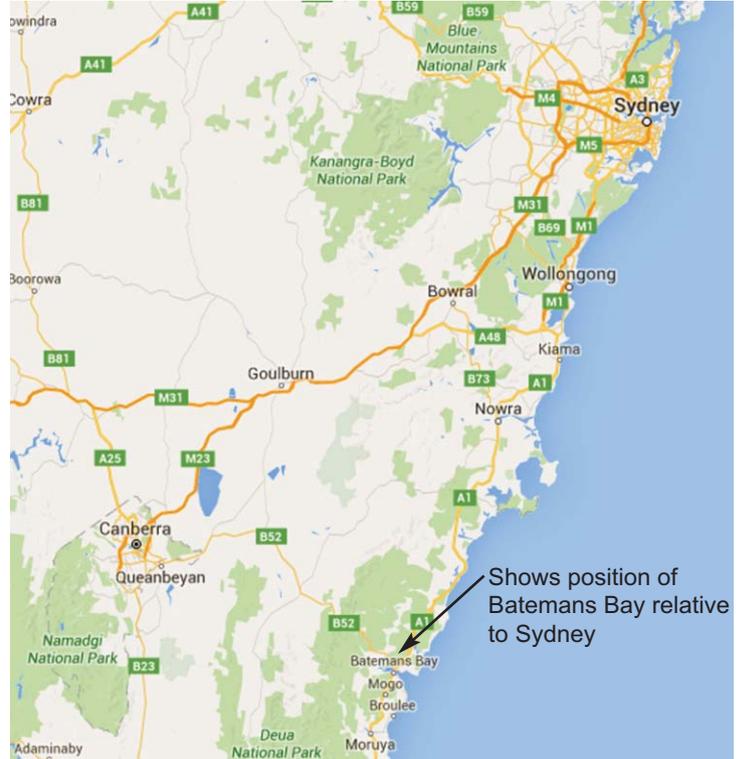


Nelligen (circled) is 8km inland from Batemans Bay

After the previous successful Nationals in 2015 at Goolwa, members were tasked with suggesting a location for the next event. On his way home from Goolwa SA to Huskisson NSW, Greg and wife Margie passed through Nelligen and decided to stop and do a bit of a recce.

What they found was a pleasant, almost new, well-cared-for caravan, cabin and camping park - what the Kiwis call a motor park - with a decent boat ramp to the Clyde River and plenty of choices of accommodation types and cost.

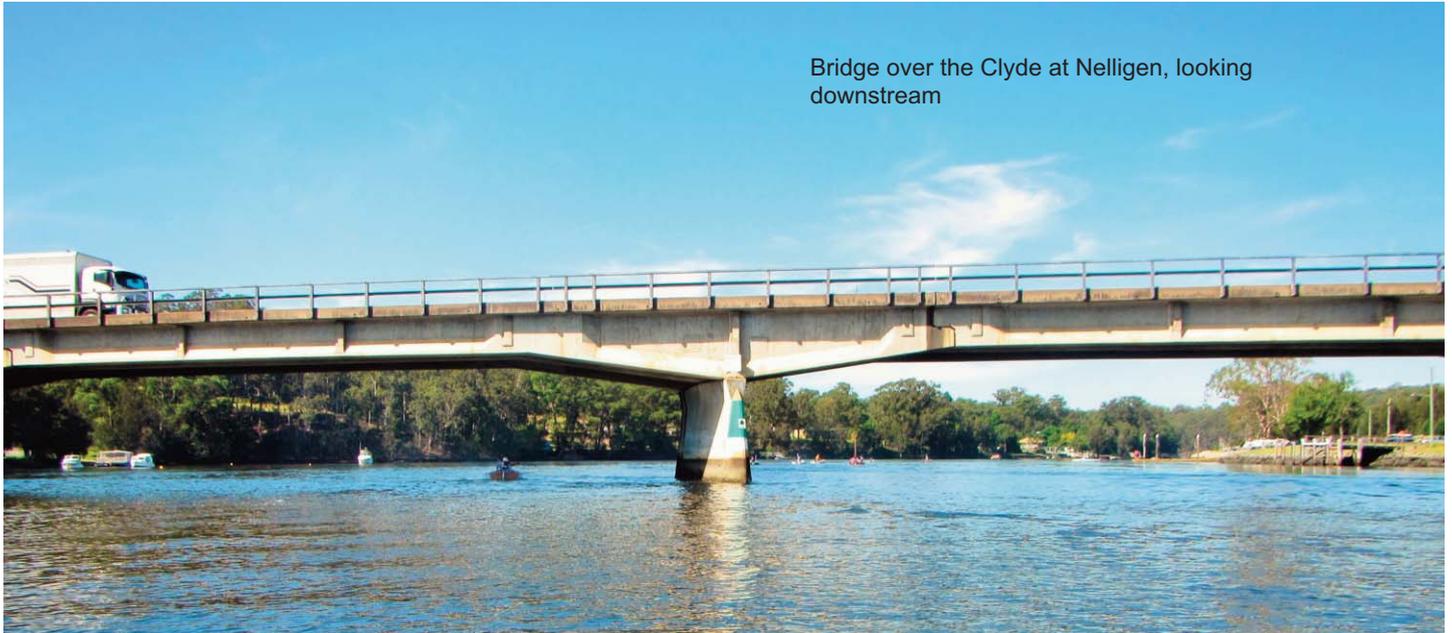
Having suggested it to the Nationals organisers, and after



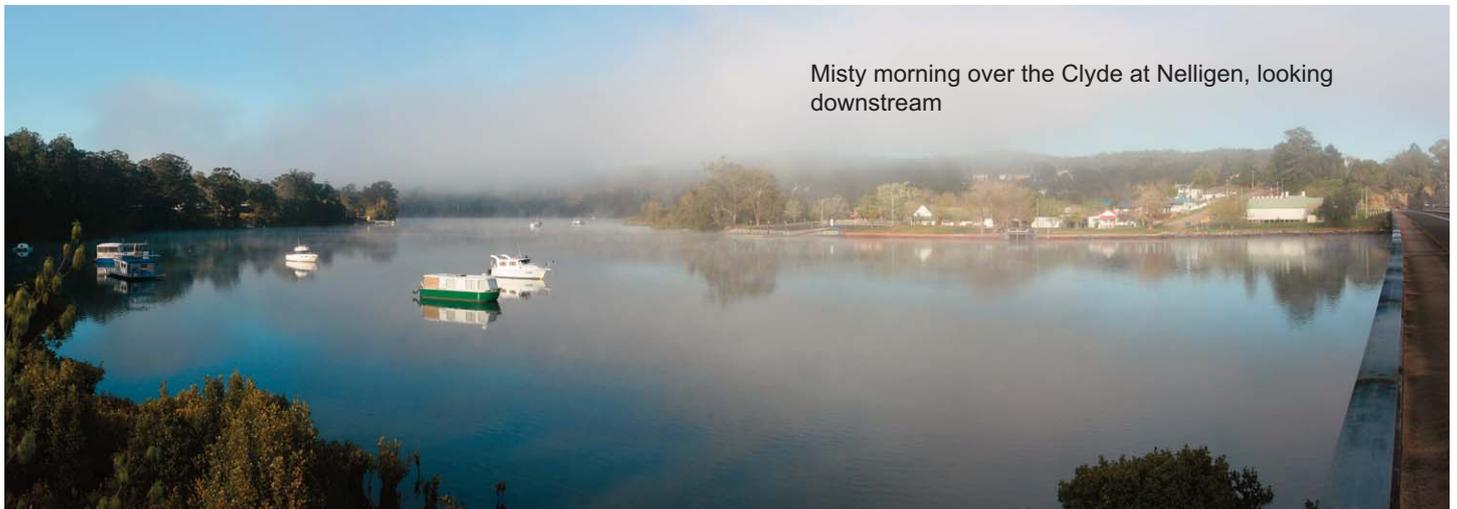
Shows position of Batemans Bay relative to Sydney

a bit of judicious googling and phone calls, the site was selected and the word put out: March 5th-6th 2016, Seagull Nationals at Nelligen on the NSW south coast.





Bridge over the Clyde at Nelligen, looking downstream



Misty morning over the Clyde at Nelligen, looking downstream



The Steampacket Hotel, across the road from the park, Nelligen

The Clyde River journey

The Clyde River was originally discovered by Europeans in the early years of settlement, as they explored the south coast seeking opportunities for farming and industry, including timber.

Rising in the Great Dividing Range, inland from Nowra, south of Sydney, the Clyde River flows for most of its length through gazetted national park lands, which form part of an almost continuous strip of wilderness from the southern highlands, south-west of Sydney, to the Alpine region on the border with Victoria.

It cuts deeply through the sandstone country of the Budawang Range, forming the Upper Clyde Gorge, and lower down, flows through the Clyde River National Park, making much of its length pristine waterway, alas, not accessible by Seagull-powered boats, being above the first cataract.

The upper reaches flow through the Budawang National Park, a famous haunt of bushwalkers and nature lovers, and where my bush-besotted father took me on several occasions in my younger years, to climb both The Castle and Mt Pigeon House, both named by James Cook as he sailed past on HM Bark *Endeavour* in 1770.

My father was a long-time member of the Coast and Mountain Walkers club, who pioneered the bushwalking routes through the Budawangs and developed the famous 'sketch maps' of The Budawangs in the 1950s, long since out of print.

The Clyde River was named by Lieutenant Robert Johnston, commanding the cutter *Snapper* in 1821. He is perhaps more famous as the son of George Johnston, the original European settler of Annandale, an inner Sydney

suburb, whose estate passed to Robert upon the death of Robert's mother in 1846.

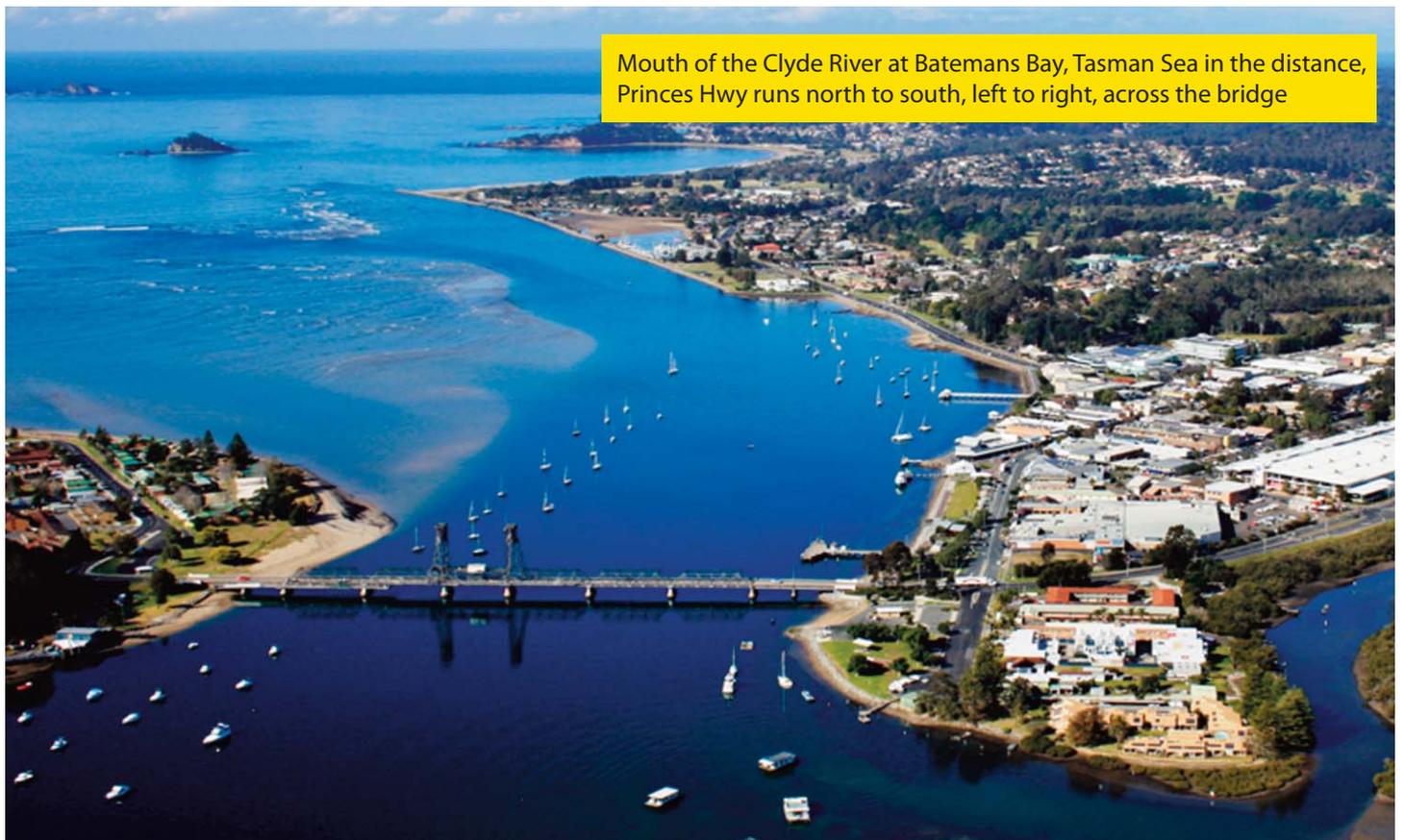
George Johnston himself is renowned as the man who arrested and deposed Governor William Bligh, he of the *Bounty* infamy, and was subsequently cashiered from the army for this act of rebellion.

He no doubt consoled himself by tending to his several hundred acres stretching across Stanmore and down to Johnstons Bay on the harbour, along the route of what is today's Johnston Street.

There is a Bligh Street in the city but, on balance, it appears George Johnston came away from the affair somewhat better than Bligh!

The south coast river was, of course, named after the Clyde River of Johnston's father's homeland, the principle waterway of Glasgow, as was the farm Annandale named for the home province of the Johnston(e) clan in County Dumfries, in the valley of the River Annan, just west of Gretna Green and east of Dumfries, north of the Solway Firth on the west coast of the Scottish Borders. Clan Johnstone (the Earls of Annandale and Dumfries) were renowned as one of the most doughty of the Border Reivers clans.

Bateman's Bay was also named by James Cook, after Nathaniel Bateman, Captain of Lord Colville's ship the *Northumberland* when Cook was Master aboard her.



Mouth of the Clyde River at Batemans Bay, Tasman Sea in the distance, Princes Hwy runs north to south, left to right, across the bridge



Clockwise from main: Rob in *Green Bean*; Steve and Mike in *Firefly*; the assembled throng at The Mariners Hotel being welcomed by yours truly; on the houseboat jetty; Graham and Karen's clinker-built dinghy heading for the jetty.





Our Clyde River journey began at the boat ramp of the Big 4 Tourist Park at Nelligen around 9.30am on Saturday morning, our intention being to motor down river to the jetty of Clyde River Houseboats, where our local contact, Sam, had tee'd up a free berth for our dinghies while we visited the township of Batemans Bay.

The main reason for this was that the only place we could have beached the dinghies in the town itself was at the public boat ramp, where our beached dinghies would have been targets for the local light-fingered Luigis, and would have inconvenienced other beach and ramp users.

So as Sam was also able to provide a 12-seater Toyota bus to shift us all across the bridge from the wharf into town, it was something of a no-brainer.

The trip down river was largely without incident, unless you count the numerous jellyfish 'speed bumps' we all ran over once we hit the brackish and salt sections of the river. By the time you spotted them it was too late to avoid them.

The river is quite attractive around Nelligen, widening out as it continues downstream, with numerous oyster racks appearing in the shallows either side of the main channel once into the salt water section.

We passed the occasional anchored vessel, one or two houseboats, and a couple of fishermen passed us in their tinnies, up on the plane with much larger motors than ours!

The fleet became a bit strung out over the course of the trip downstream, with the lighter boats and those with longer waterlines predictably inching slowly into the lead, although it was never a race. Perish the thought! Cough, cough, ahem.

As the first of us arrived at the Clyde River Houseboats jetty we quickly disembarked and moored ourselves further in, leaving room for the latter arrivals to moor up. There were a few protruding bolts right about gunwhale height, which required judicious padding and careful rope stretching to ensure the boats wouldn't rub and get damaged, but eventually we were all safely berthed and heading for the bus and an appointment with a beer or two.

Up a lane, down a short road to the highway, across the Princes Hwy bridge and into the township of Batemans Bay we were driven by Sam and his lovely wife, Jen, whose firm had very kindly (even if unwittingly) volunteered the loan of the bus!

The Mariners Hotel did us proud, with excellent choices on the menu, cold beers and wine on tap, and a great

view of the river from the dining room and the balcony outside.

Once sated we headed back to the bus, over the river to the jetty and back into the boats for the return trip upstream to Nelligen.

We'd planned the day to work around the tides, so it was slack coming down and flooding in on the way back upriver. It probably wouldn't have made all that much difference, as the tide is not that powerful, but it helped to stem the current and probably made it a little easier on the return journey than otherwise.

Needless to say the time up and back was around the same, at 1-1.5hrs, depending on where you were placed in the fleet.

On the return journey we were accompanied by a mate of Sam's who'd brought his wooden cruiser around to have a run with us, towing Sam's tinnie so he could swap between his Seagull boat and the tinnie for a bit of variety.

Chris decided to use the wind to assist his passage back upriver, and duly raised the sails on his dinghy, although the rest of us didn't notice any speed advantage, but he was certainly able to utilise wind power as well as Seagull power most of the way back upriver.



Safely back at base camp at Nelligen: Sam's recumbent flyer in the foreground; Chris and sailboat; Steve's *Firefly* disappearing to the left; Stephen's *Jessica Joyce*; Greg's 'safety boat' that ended up needing a tow; John's *Cindy J* behind it

It cost a Steampacket!

The formal dinner was held at the pub across the road from the park at Nelligen - the Steampacket Hotel. Much hilarity ensued. There was trivia, prizes and even a cake!

After arriving back in the mid-afternoon from our excellent lunch and trip back up river, boats were hauled ashore and trailed back to campsites for cleaning, fettling and prepping for the next day's run, then we set about cleaning ourselves and getting spruced up for the evening's entertainments across the road at the Steampacket Hotel.

We had previously planned this so as to avoid the need to either A) get a bus, or B) drive pissed, as the pub was in walking distance of the camp. Literally on the opposite side of the Kings Hwy from the park entrance!

Being a 'country pub' the surroundings weren't quite as salubrious as the more upmarket Mariner's Hotel, but the food was pretty good, despite taking a while to arrive. At least the beers were cold!

While we waited for our food to arrive, our usual fiendishly difficult Seagull Trivia Quiz was held, this being part and parcel of our regular Seagull gatherings. As it had been decided this was too hard for some, and impossible for those without grease under their fingernails (these being mostly also those who wear nail polish on self-same nails) it was decided to hold it 'open book', and various clues were

proffered by the quiz-master at various times to assist.

Several 'vox pop' questions were also included so as not to bore the ~~the~~ pants off anyone who didn't graduate from the British Seagull Academy! We also specified that answers to all the questions could be found in the pages of *The Gull* issues 1-4 and on the two main Seagull websites. This information was offered *months* in advance, so people had plenty of time to do their homework!

Despite all of the above, and despite several of the questions having been 'lifted' from previous quizzes at previous gatherings, the scores were a tad disappointing. Top-scoring with 26 points were, perhaps predictably, John's team from South Australia, although one of the teams of New South Welshman gave them a good run for their money. Everyone else 'can do better'!

As John B was turning 60 a few days later, the girls baked a special birthday cake for him, and we had that for dessert.

Needless to say a good time was had by all and we tottered back across the road to bed, some of us taking somewhat longer on the return journey, being forced to weave about rather than walk in a dead straight line. Hic!



Clockwise from left: Mark (the Quiz Master, enjoying a cold one after the Seagull Trivia Quiz), Jim, Steve, Mike, Chris, Pat, Rob and Bruce



Top Left: Mark calling the quiz
Top Right: Steve proudly displaying his Seagull mug prize
Centre, L to R: Margie, Greg, Graham, Karen, Rosemary, Stephen and Jenny
Left: Cutting his 60th birthday cake is John, who also received a Special Award for being 'An Official Old Fart'



Bucking the flow

Not sure I'd like to say that out loud after I'd had a few wines, but we certainly bucked the flow on Sunday's run upstream from Nelligen.

Sunday morning dawned fine and clear for the counter-run - back upstream - in the opposite direction to Saturday's run down to Batemans Bay. Your Correspondent was a tad sleepy after the previous evenings' exertions, and was 'not present and correct' at the appointed set off time of 9.00am, so the fleet left without me!

Needless to say, I wasn't far behind and by holding the throttle on the trusty Model 75 'big block' wide open, I was able to catch the stragglers within a km or two.

The upriver section begins to narrow not far above Nelligen, and also begins to wind around a lot more, making for some opportunities for tactical steering, in close to the bank and fallen trees, thereby cutting shorter the distance from one bend to the next.

It's certainly true to say that, given the speeds attainable by unmodified Seagulls (or lack thereof) any 'trick' to shave a few metres or milliseconds can provide a useful lead on those less conscious of the need to do so, or who just didn't give a toss.

Alas, after the previous day's run, the mighty 75 had guzzled a bit too much of the available fuel in the main tank so, rather than risk running low and not being able to return

to base, I turned about a few kays upstream, but several of the crew went on a few kays further and reported that the river continues to be as beautiful for a long way upstream.

Needless to say, once I got back and was able to lift the main tank, I realised there was plenty left, and it was probably just the pick-up in the tank sucking air that caused the diaphragm priming pump to suck air.

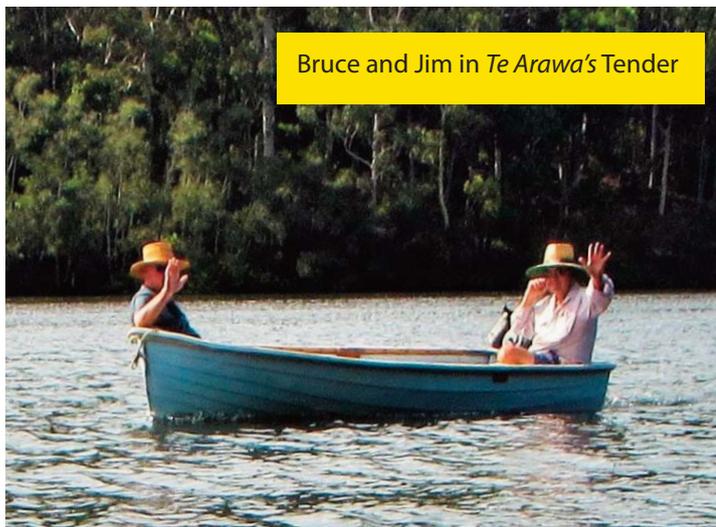
Think I'll need to do something about that before next year's Nationals! *[More on this to follow]*

After the run everyone began to pack up, as we were pre-booked for a BBQ lunch at the boat restoration workshop of our local contact, Sam, where we had an excellent feed, looked over several of Sams' clients projects, and performed the obligatory speeches and awards presentation, with almost everyone getting a gong for something, including Best 102 Seagull, Best 40 Series, Best Recoil start, and so on. There was even one for 'Rattiest-looking boat on the river', won by Your Correspondent.

In order to assist everyone finding his workshop, which was at the back of a mews row of lock-ups in a side-street in Batemans Bay's industrial area, Sam left one of his Seagull motors on a stand on the kerbside. Some 'sign post'!



Stephen refuelling Jessica Joyce mid-stream, mid-run



Bruce and Jim in Te Arawa's Tender





The next morning everyone was up and about early, as John and Jenny had to sort out their broken down car over in Canberra, and Greg had to tow their boat home to Adelaide - only a 'minor' detour, as he actually only lives 2 hours away at Huskisson, and Graham had to call for the NRMA (AA for you Poms) as his alternator had died and was not charging the battery. A newly charged fresh battery was enough to get him home.

The rest of us had only to pack up, tie down the boats and gear, and head off homewards. John eventually decided to replace the dodgy gearbox in his Mazda and the local Canberra garage sorted that for him, to the tune of a significant chunk of change, but as John said later, it was still less than it would have cost him for a replacement vehicle, which wasn't yet on his budgetary radar.

The general consensus was that a good time was had by all, and that it was worth travelling the (sometimes long) distances in order to catch up with like-minded crazies Seagull enthusiasts! Roll on next year in Port Macquarie!



Greg's double-cab heading for Adelaide across the Hay Plains, towing John's boat

Seagull Nationals 2017

March 3rd - 6th



Venue: Edgewater Holiday Park, 221 Hastings River Drive, Port Macquarie 02 6583 2799

There are multiple options from powered camp sites right up to deluxe, air-conditioned cabins, with rates that vary to suit. BOOK NOW to 'reserve' accommodation (it's free to do so), as the park can fill quickly leaving you embarrassed or forced to take an option that is more expensive! See website for details. Note that only the two most expensive categories of cabins have A/C.

Fri: Meet, greet and test, DIY dinner - plenty of options including the Gazebo on the dock (above)

Sat: *Option 1:* Maria River Marathon - 30kms down the Maria R from Kundabung to Port Macq.

Option 2: Local trip either to Wauchope (adventurous) or Downtown for lunch (Easy)

Sat night: Formal dinner at nearby Seafood Restaurant

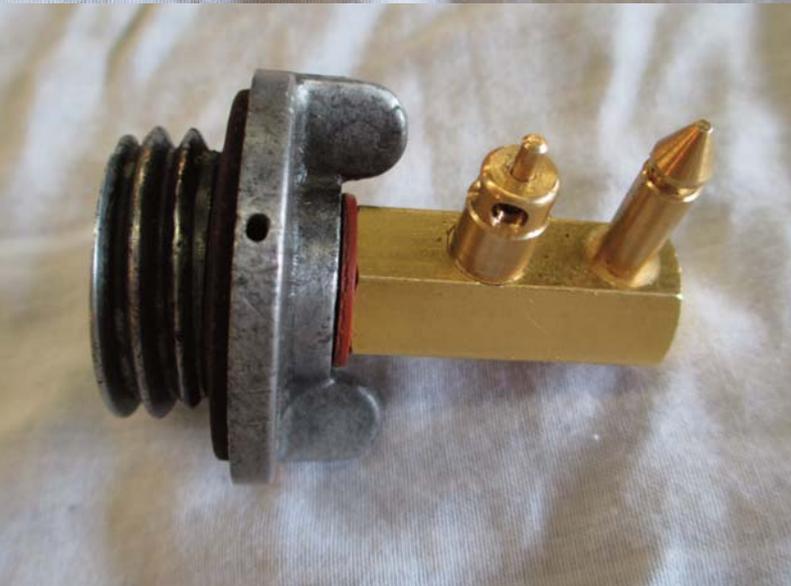
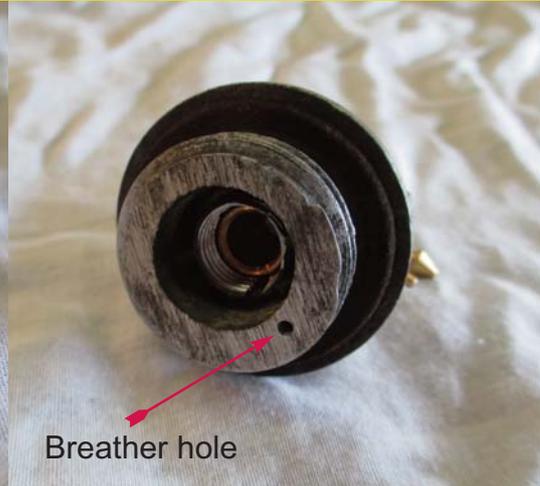
Sun: Trip to Maritime Museum, lecture and tour, then BBQ at the Museum's Boatshed near the Park. Walk thru and lecture on all the boats undergoing restoration.



TECHNICAL TIPS

Handy hints and tips for using or restoring your British Seagull

Remote fuel tank filler cap



Most Seagullers like to go on big runs and one of the hardest things can be hanging over the back of the boat to fill the tank. This simple solution uses a standard fueling system like a late model outboard. This gives you a large fuel tank commonly available in 11 and 22 litre tanks, a fuel hose with primer bulb which is used to pump the fuel to the tank on your Seagull, and another fuel fitting to be fitted to your spare Seagull fuel cap.

Drill and tap the cap to take the male fuel fitting; then drill a fine 'breather' hole adjacent to it (if air can't get in, fuel can't flow); screw the male fitting into the cap, then simply attach the female fitting from the remote tank to this and you're all set.

Words and pics: Camden Sutherland





DROPPINGS

Humour, Jokes, Tall Tales, Trivia and Tidbits

A Few Laws to Live Your Life By....

- ☺ The probability of meeting someone you know increases dramatically when you are with someone you don't want to be seen with. – Law of Close Encounters
- ☺ As soon as you sit down to a cup of hot coffee, your boss will ask you to do something which will last until the coffee is cold. – The Coffee Law
- ☺ The probability of being watched is directly proportional to the stupidity of your act. – Law of Probability
- ☺ Never argue with a fool -- people might forget who's who. – First Law of Debate
- ☺ The only imperfect thing in nature is the human race. – Fowler's Note

Joke Of The Day

It was a rare, bright, sunny day in the Scottish Highlands, and John Smith was enjoying his holiday, exploring the beautiful landscape. He paused for a moment, leaning against a stone wall and taking a long drink from his water bottle.

As he stood, there, taking in the scenery, an older gentleman in a wax jacket, with a border collie at his heel approached and wished him a good afternoon. John nodded a greeting and took another drink. "Beautiful day for it" he said. "Aye, that it is, that it is." the man replied. After a short silence, he spoke again. "Ya see this here wall, laddie?" John indicated that, yes, he could indeed see the very wall he was leaning on. "This wall, laddie, it stretches for five miles, right tae the border of the McAngus property. And I built the whole thing wi' me own bare hands. "But do they call me Hamish the wall builder? No, they dinnae." John wasn't sure how to respond to this, so he merely shrugged and said "I see". Hamish continued.

"You see the barn over yonder? I built that barn with me own two hands when the previous one was taken down in the great storm of '86. I built the previous one as well." "With your own bare hands?" interjected John. "Aye laddie, aye! Wi' me own bare hands. But do they call me Hamish the barn builder? Nae, laddie, they dinnae."

He pointed to the coast. "On a clear day such as this, ya ought to be able to see the wee jetty at the end of the road down there." John indicate that, yes, he could just about make out the jetty. "I built that jetty wi' me own two hands, and three others like it hereabouts. "But do they call me Hamish the jetty builder? Nae, they dinnae."

"The jetties, the barns. They was built wi' timber I cut my own self from the forest over yonder. I felled the trees, hauled them oot o' the forest, cut them intae planks. "But do they call me Hamish the tree feller?" "I don't suppose they do?" ventured John. "You'd suppose right laddie."

Hamish sighed a deep, mournful sigh. "But ya shag *one* sheep..."

What's the connection??

What do this year's venue and next year's venue for the Seagull Nationals have in common?

Both lie at the start of an exceptional motorcycling road into the interior: Kings Highway to Braidwood at Nelligen and the Oxley Highway to Walcha at Port Macquarie.

There is a much-photographed sign on the Oxley Hwy near Mt Seaview that reads: "Bends for next 63km". Heaven for bikers!

How To Start A Fight...

My wife was standing nude, looking in the bedroom mirror. She was not happy with what she saw and said to me, "I feel horrible; I look old, fat and ugly. I really need you to pay me a compliment." I replied, "Your eyesight's darn near perfect."

And then the fight started...

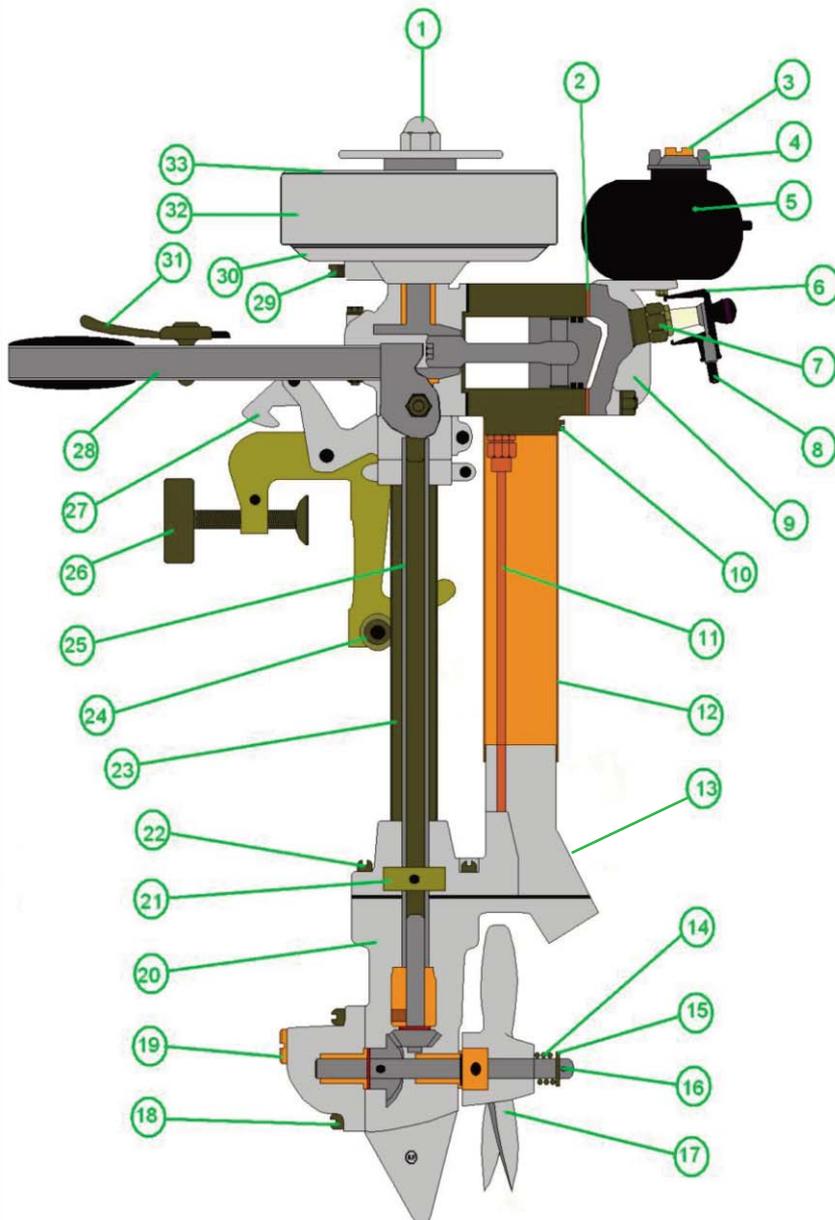
I rear-ended a car this morning...the start of a REALLY bad day! The driver got out of the other car, and he was a DWARF!!

He looked up at me and said 'I am NOT Happy!'

So I said, 'Well, which one ARE you then?'

That's how the fight started.

The Classic British Seagull Outboard Motor



Legend

- 1 Dome Nut and Start Pulley
- 2 Cylinder Head gasket
- 3 Air Vent Screw
- 4 Fuel Tank Cap
- 5 Fuel Tank
- 6 Spark Plug Cap
- 7 Spark Plug
- 8 High Tension Lead
- 9 Cylinder Head
- 10 .. Exhaust Tube Screw
- 11 Water Pipe
- 12 .. Exhaust Tube
- 13 .. Exhaust Outlet
- 14 .. Prop Spring
- 15 .. Spring Washer
- 16 .. Cotter or Split Pin
- 17 .. Propellor
- 18 .. Gearbox Front Dome Screw
- 19 .. Gearbox Drain Plug
- 20 .. Gearbox
- 21 .. Water Impellor
- 22 .. Gearbox Mounting Screw
- 23 .. Drive Tube
- 24 .. Engine Mount
- 25 .. Drive Shaft
- 26 .. Thumb Screw
- 27 .. Tilt Latch
- 28 .. Tiller Handle
- 29 .. Base Plate Fixing Screw
- 30 .. Magneto Base Plate
- 31 .. Throttle Lever
- 32 .. Magneto (flywheel)
- 33 .. Flywheel Cover

Diagram by kind permission of the artist: Keith Pizey ©

The above diagram gives a brief overview of the major components of the classic British Seagull outboard motor.

Their simple, fail-safe design and high-quality construction materials and components has meant that many of them have survived moderately well into their old age - the youngest of them being almost 20 years old, with the earliest models - dating from the John Marston Ltd original 'Marston Seagull' - being over 80 years old.

Perhaps surprisingly, most parts for most of the motors are still readily available, and the online Seagull Owners Forum hosted by John Williams' Saving old Seagulls website is a hive of activity and a rich source of information and advice for anyone building or repairing a British Seagull.

<http://www.saving-old-seagulls.co.uk/phpbb3/>