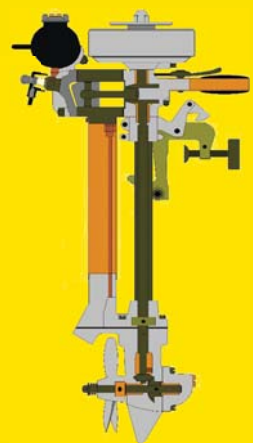


The

GULL

Issue No#4



The Official Journal for the International British Seagull Outboard Owner

Lake Arapuni

Seagulling....it's a dog's life



Elsewhere in this issue: The life and times of Seagull artist Robert E Groves; Australian mini-trip in QLD; Kiwi Seagull racing in Taranaki; the Phonetic Alphabet; restored Seagulls and Seagull boat builds



EDITORIAL

This issue of The Gull is something of a 'bitsa' - lots of little bits adding up to the whole. There are News snippets from New Zealand's *Simply Seagulls* race in November; some pics from the Queenslander's mini-trip to Bribie Island, and the Australian group's presence at all the big old boat events: The Australian Wooden Boat Festival in Hobart, and the South Australian Wooden Boat Festival in Goolwa, at both of which we were able to maintain a presence.

A return trip to the Grafton Wooden Boat Festival saw a few members' motors on display there too.

We also have a few restored Seagulls for you to drool over and be inspired by, including an early OA Marston.

There are boats galore, a couple of them from serial offender, Al Ward, from Hamilton, New Zealand, who seems to build at least one or two boats a year.

Also from New Zealand we have a couple of Technical Tips: on how to modify your fuel cap to take a line from a larger remote tank; and a DIY carry handle to make your life a bit easier.

We have also researched the life and art of Robert E Groves, whose brilliant line drawings in British Seagull's early post-war advertising were the forerunner of what became British Seagull's signature 'style' of ads.

The artist himself was a bit of wag, fabricating tales of ancient Scottish buried treasure, and something of a Bohemian, directing theatrical works as well as producing art festivals.

Despite being a married man, he carried on an affair and had numerous children with his mistress - which must have been a tricky arrangement especially in those pre-war times.

We've also dug deep and found a tale of derring do 'with Seagull attached' from the pen of Texas-based sailing writer, John Ira Petty, which is reproduced with his permission.

All in all, a bumper crop! Happy reading!

Cheers!

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Around the Island

PART ONE & TWO

An unsettled start marks the circumnavigation of Galveston Island off the Texas Gulf of Mexico coast

Words:
Maps:

John Ira Petty
Courtesy of NOAA

There were wakes, cross wakes, counter wakes and cross counter wakes and some that didn't fit any of those patterns. They were dark, shiny irregular hills and valleys in the pre-sunrise grayness of the Galveston Ship Channel.

One of those peaked hills arose at just the wrong time and doused the British Seagull outboard. The motor sputtered in protest and died. The brownish orange sails of the gaff rigged cat ketch pulled the narrow 21 foot boat on through the bouncy chop and toward the Bolivar Roads.

It was an unsettling beginning to a limited sort of circumnavigation. Both Robert Rothbard the boat's Texas dealer and I thought sailing around the world would be a fine idea. But we were off only two days a week.

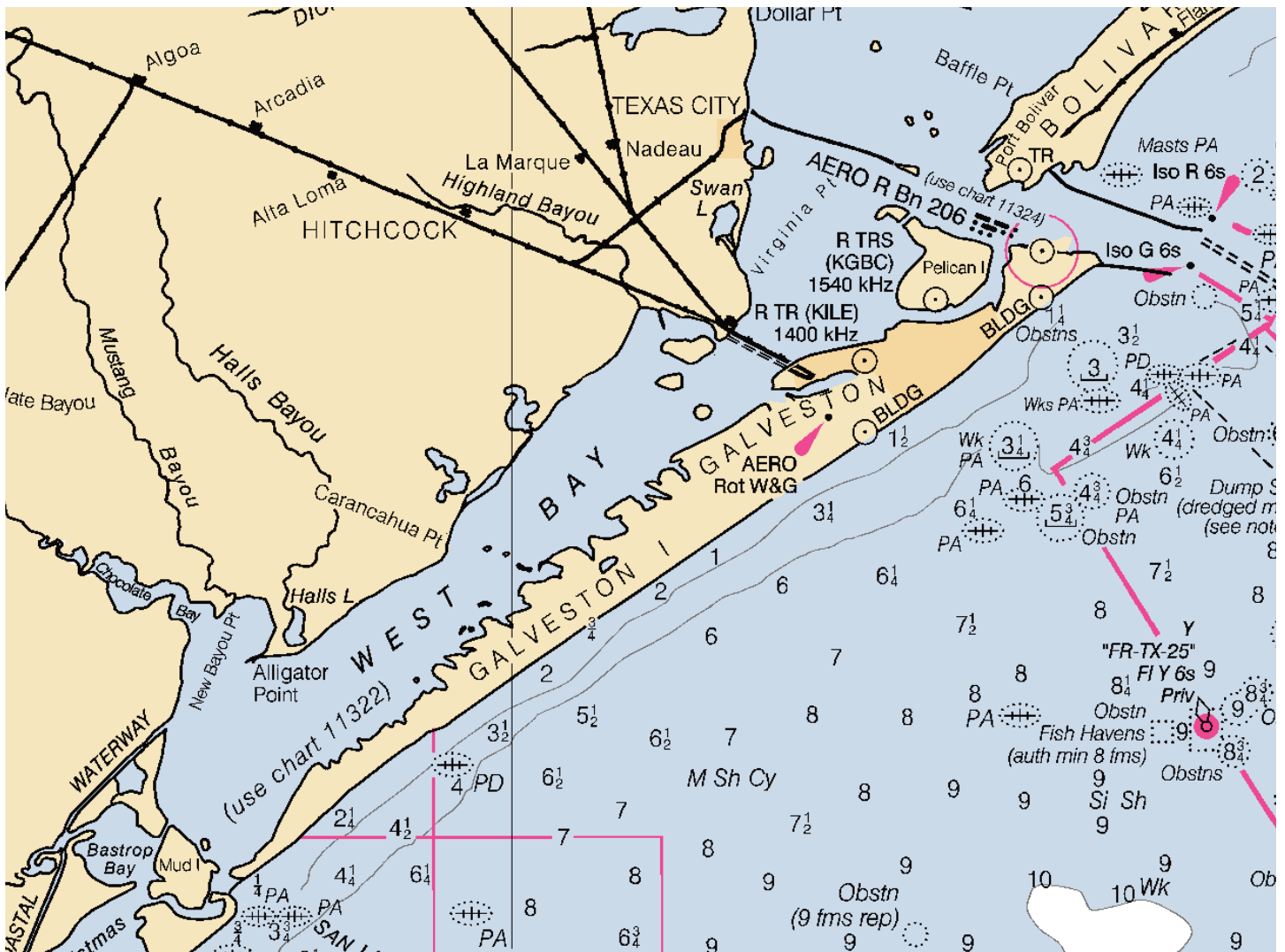
So Galveston Island had become the target. The plan was to sail from the launch ramp at the Galveston Yacht Basin Bait Camp, through the Galveston Channel and around the South Jetty. The goal of that day's sail down the island's

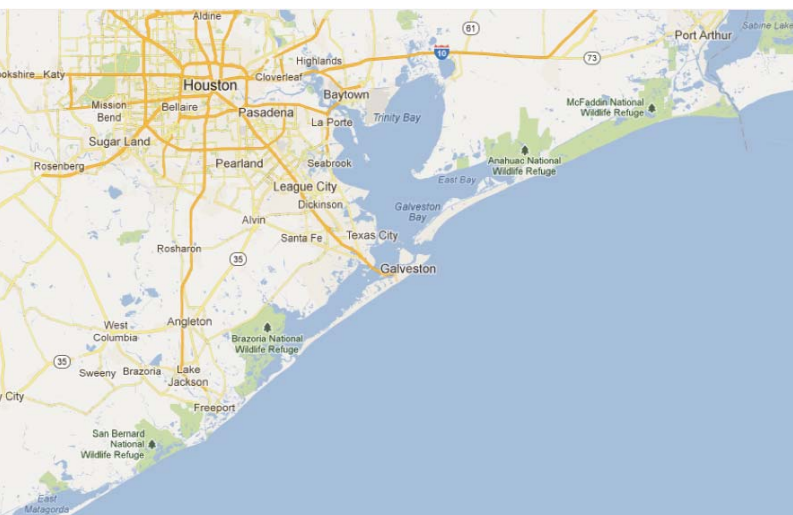
Gulf side was to reach San Luis Pass at its southwest end by dark. On day two we hoped to sail up West Bay, under the Interstate 45 causeway and back to the launch ramp.

But first we had to cope with the confused chop in the channel and with an outboard that showed no signs of life.

The boat seemed not to mind the motor's demise, and moved along nicely despite the confused wakes. Powerboats continued to stream past, one ignoring the inbound Bolivar Ferry until its captain sounded a warning signal.

We learned later that there was a fishing tournament that Sunday morning, which had accounted for some of the channel traffic. Business at the bait camp ramp had been brisk enough to strain even the vocabulary of proprietor Joe Martin, a man who runs an efficient operation with a flashlight, a bicycle and a booming voice prone to occasional bluntness aimed at those who don't meet his standards.





ABOVE LEFT: Galveston and Galveston Island in relation to Houston



ABOVE RIGHT: Houston in relation to mainland USA and Gulf Coast

[continued from previous page]

The boat, a Sea Pearl 21 made by Marine Concepts in Clearwater Florida, has a 19 foot waterline and a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ foot beam. It is a scaled up version of Herreshoff's 18 foot Carpenter design of 1929. It is partly decked, with a self bailing cockpit. A large opening in the deck between the masts can be covered with a snap on cloth, and a convertible top can be mounted to keep out spray and provide shade.

We were confident the boat was seaworthy enough for the Gulf passage under conditions anything like those predicted - south-easterly winds at 10 to 15 knots. With leeboards and a kick up rudder, the boat is beachable and has a 6 inch draft loaded, which seemed to be just about what was called for in shallow West Bay.

It was a close reach up the channel. We passed Fort Point as the sun was trying to come up, and were relieved to be free of most of the wakes as the power boats were able to spread out some.

It wasn't all smooth sailing between the jetties. One large pleasure boat went by fast and kicked up a considerable wake. We turned into it, and bounced over the first wave. The bow went into the wave behind it, and enough water splashed over the bow to cause Rothbard to put up the convertible top.

By 8 a.m. we were rounding the end of the South Jetty. The wind was from the northeast, despite all predictions, but conditions were just about ideal for the Sea Pearl. The abandoned lighthouse on the South Jetty receded as island landmarks slipped by.

Rothbard had kept trying to get the reluctant Seagull going, winding and pulling the starter cord in 5 minute spurts as we moved through Bolivar Roads and down the island. The motor sounded occasionally like it was about to start, but would not.

All this is nothing against the Seagull, which was designed for use on the surface and not on submarines. And eventually, much to its credit, it did start, after Rothbard had cleaned its spark plug and we had decided to take turns winding and pulling.

We were off the Flagship Hotel when it sputtered, then roared to life. We let it run for perhaps half an hour, until the tank was empty. Most circumnavigators encounter

doldrums, and it seems that even we who aspired only to sail around Galveston Island were no exception. The surface of the green brown water became almost glasslike although swells from the southwest made the boat rise and fall. We refilled and cranked up the motor again, and with occasional puffs of wind filling the sails, moved past Galveston Island State Park two miles offshore.

Hundreds of baseball-sized jellyfish moved in bunches toward the beach, thick enough in some places to make us worry about damage to the propeller.

Tank empty, we sailed until the bridge finally came into sight, after a seemingly endless stretch of beach. The wind had picked up, and as we approached the high part of the bridge, shifted to the south-west. Under both refilled motor and sail we passed under the bridge, and beached the boat at San Luis Island for a fuel stop as our 1.5 gallon can was just about empty.

The Cape Horn of Galveston Island was rounded, the can filled, the wind was fair and it was only 4.00pm, so we decided to continue, to cover as much of West Bay as possible against the uncertainties of tomorrow.

The boat fairly flew past mudflats and shallows, some hosting flocks of gulls. The boards occasionally touched bottom, and the wake kicked up by the Sea Pearl sometimes broke in the thin water. Twice we had to get out of the boat and walk it across shallow patches.

Plans for the night were uncertain. Unless the crew is a married couple or awfully good friends, the Sea Pearl will only sleep one, although another could camp in the narrow cockpit. We thought it better to find a beach or island, so one of us could sleep ashore, rather than anchor out.

Crescent-shaped Snake Island, about 8 nautical miles from the pass, seemed an ideal haven. An approach from the north was foiled by insufficient water, but we had better luck from the south. Soon the boat was anchored inside the crescent, secure for the night and protected from just about any wind that might blow.

With showers, air conditioning, a soft bed and maybe a McDonald's, Snake Island might not have been a bad place to spend the night. It had none of the above. It did have about as many mosquitoes as you might want, and a raucous breed of seabird that apparently thought nothing of



The cat ketch Sea Pearl in typically 'skinny' Gulf inshore waters, with the trusty British Seagull outboard mounted on a custom bracket

missing a night's sleep to squawk continually at unwelcome visitors.

In all fairness, the crescent shaped island did offer a protected area on its concave side, where we beached the boat and set an anchor in its broken shell surface. If the island off the Jamaica Beach subdivision offered few comforts of civilization, neither were there any of its complications. And despite the name we saw no snakes.

The sad truth is, I wasn't very well equipped for camping. With Rothbard on the boat and I tent less on the island, we had passed more pleasant nights. We weren't sorry to set sail a little before 7.00am.

That morning's sail more than made up for the discomforts of the night. With the wind abeam, the Sea Pearl galloped up the bay. "That Monday was incredible," Rothbard said later.

There was a little confusion about which points on the chart matched those we could see on the island. Carancahua Reef pretty much resolved any doubts about our position.

It delayed us only a few minutes, then we were off again on the delightful beam reach. "She does better heeled," Rothbard said once when I moved to the windward side of the narrow boat and had the masts pointing just about straight up.

Indeed the Sea Pearl did. The tombstone transom seemed to close the gap in the surface sliced by the bow and filled by the narrow hull with its flat bottom. The rudder left a thin line of turbulence in the water that stretched straight behind us.

The wind held until we reached the mudflats extending westward from South Deer Island, just a couple of miles from the Interstate 45 causeway. Clear of those flats, we were able to head off toward the dual humpbacked bridges, and the low concrete railroad drawbridge behind them.

Motor running, we approached the three spans, only to see the bascule railroad bridge being lowered. It stayed down only a moment. Pushed by the motor we moved under the highway and through the railroad bridge. That hurdle behind us we were able to sail nearly directly for the Pelican Island bridge and the Galveston Channel.

That bridge caused some misgivings until we were able to make out the vertical clearance numbers on the shaded sign over the span next to the moveable part of the bridge. The 29 plus feet the sign showed was reassuring, and we passed into the channel about 10.00am without any problem.

The Sea Pearl had averaged more than four knots from Snake Island to the Pelican Island Bridge, with minimal assistance from the motor.

Less than three miles remained to be covered, but it was among the more fascinating parts of the route. Three huge jack-up drilling rigs sprouted from the channel. Freighters and bulk carriers lined its sides, their massiveness brought into sharp focus by the contrast as we sailed our tiny vessel past them.

The masts of the *Elissa*, the 19th century barque restored by the Galveston Historical Foundation, towered above just about everything as we neared the yacht club and the end of the voyage.

Rothbard sailed the boat up to the bait camp ramp as smoothly and efficiently as he had handled it throughout the trip. We were tired, and much in need of showers, but a little sad when the sail ended with the finality of a foot on concrete.

Looking back on it all some highlights come to mind: the orange-brown sails reflecting off the Gulf's mirror surface, and the stark and unpretentious beauty of Snake Island. There were man-made things too, like the San Luis Pass Vacek Bridge and the Galveston Causeway, both a good deal more impressive from the water than from the roadway, the commercial ships and the *Elissa*.

One long distance encounter made us even more grateful for the Sea Pearl's shallow draft and light weight. A speedboat, a two-seater with a powerful inboard engine, was aground behind Snake Island when we landed there the first night. They were perhaps a mile away. A man and a woman were aboard, and all efforts to gun the boat off the flats of Snake Lagoon with the engine seemed only to compound the problem. By nightfall the boat was just about out of the water.

The next morning we still could hear the engine occasionally. We had stowed our gear and sailed about a mile when a very tired couple in the speedboat roared by.

"All night, man" were the operator's only words.

Words: John Ira Petty
Maps: Courtesy of NOAA

This article first appeared as a two-part piece in the Houston Chronicle in August 1983.



Tango Hotel Echo Gulf Uniform Lima Lima

That might appear a nonsensical heading, unless you're familiar with the wonderful world of the phonetic alphabet

Words: **Mark Walker**
with assistance from Wikipedia

So for those readers not well-versed in the necessary translation hardware, the above heading is the name of the magazine, The Gull.

We refer here, of course, to the NATO Phonetic Alphabet, not to be confused with the International Phonetic Alphabet, an alphabetic system of phonetic notation devised by the International Phonetic Association as a standardised representation of the sounds of spoken language.

The military began the development of phonetic alphabets with the onset of voice microphones, to reduce confusion and enable abbreviation. Over time, the 'standard' alphabet changed until in 1951 the International Civil Aviation Organisation codified the modern alphabet, which was soon adopted by NATO, and has thus become the 'default' phonetic alphabet used internationally for both civil and military purposes.

During the First World War (1914-18) many abbreviations passed into regular use in their phonetic form. For example: anti-aircraft fire was abbreviated to 'AA' and thus 'ack ack'. An Aircraft Mechanic became an 'ack emma'. Similarly in World War II (1939-45) aircraft

registration letters became the call sign or ID for the aircraft, and aircrews referred to their machines as 'B for Baker', 'P for Peter', 'Q for Queenie', or 'T for Tommy' and so on.

By the time of the American War in Vietnam, the phonetic alphabet was so entrenched that the North Vietnamese troops, known as the Viet Cong, were being abbreviated to VC or 'Victor Charlie', which was in turn abbreviated just to 'charlie', the name by which all US troops referred to the opposing forces.

These days all civil aircraft use the phonetic alphabet, especially when

referring to their identification or registration letters. So an aircraft of Australian registry has 'VH' as the country code, so a Cessna with ID letters 'WTB' would be Victor Hotel Whisky Tango Bravo.

The phonetic alphabet is also used by amateur (ham) radio operators to ID themselves as, for example: station VE3BUC would be Victor Echo 3 Bravo Uniform Charlie.

It is also useful for marine distress calls, to spell out the name of your vessel, so Sierra/Victor, Tango Echo ... Alfa Romeo Alfa Whisky Alfa should be well known to at least one Seagull owner. :)

Royal Navy	Western Front	Royal Air Force		US Forces	Modern NATO or ICAO
1914-1918		1924-1942	1943-1956	1941-1956	
Apples	Ack	Ace	Able/Affirm	Able	Alfa
Butter	Beer	Beer	Baker	Baker	Bravo
Charlie	Charlie	Charlie	Charlie	Charlie	Charlie
Duff	Don	Don	Dog	Dog	Delta
Edward	Edward	Edward	Easy	Easy	Echo
Freddy	Freddie	Freddie	Fox	Fox	Foxtrot
George	Gee	George	George	George	Golf
Harry	Harry	Harry	How	How	Hotel
Ink	Ink	Ink	Item/	Item	India
Johnnie	Johnnie	Johnnie	Interrogatory	Jig	Juliatt
King	King	King	Jig/Johnny	King	Kilo
London	London	London	King	Love	Lima
Monkey	Emma	Monkey	Love	Mike	Mike
Nuts	Nuts	Nuts	Mike	Nan	November
Orange	Oranges	Orange	Nab/Negat	Oboe	Oscar
Pudding	Pip	Pip	Oboe	Peter	Papa
Queenie	Queen	Queen	Peter/Prep	Queen	Quebec
Robert	Robert	Robert	Queen	Roger	Romeo
Sugar	Essex	Sugar	Roger	Sugar	Sierra
Tommy	Toc	Toc	Sugar	Tare	Tango
Uncle	Uncle	Uncle	Tare	Uncle	Uniform
Vinegar	Vic	Vic	Uncle	Victor	Victor
Willie	William	William	Victor	William	Whiskey
Xerxes	X-ray	X-ray	William	X-ray	X-ray
Yellow	Yorker	Yorker	X-ray	Yoke	Yankee
Zebra	Zebra	Zebra	Yoke	Zebra	Zulu
			Zebra		

GULL NEWS

Latest British Seagull News On People And Events From Around The World



NEWS FROM NEW ZEALAND

Lake Arapuni

Lake Arapuni is one of the series of artificial lakes forming the hydro-electric scheme on the Waikato River and has long held a fascination for the Seagulling locals, who have finally taken the time to organise a recce trip...

Words: Chris, Cam, Rex and Andy

Pics: Chris, Bruce, Cam

Lake Arapuni's nine square kilometres is one of several artificial lakes formed as part of a hydro-electricity scheme on the Waikato River in the North Island of New Zealand. It is located 65 kilometres south-east of Hamilton, to the north of Mangakino, roughly mid-way between Te Awamutu and Putaruru.

The dam at the small settlement of Arapuni at the lake's northern

end, was the first constructed on the Waikato, and was completed in 1929.

The trip on the weekend of 16-17 February was organised by Andy Murray (tinker) with attendees Chris (chilidog) Steele, Bruce in the safety boat with John Green crewing, Phil Bennet, Dave and Anne Candy, 'Cobba' and his wife Rhonda, Rex Charlton and a 'drive-by' from young Cam Sutherland.

Saturday turned out very warm

at 26 deg plus creating some sunburnt faces.

A leisurely chug up and down the lake to visit both dams ensued. Many nice beaches and places to stop for cups of tea and lunch were spotted for future reference.

The south-western reaches of the lake are host to an acre of wild black-berrys, ripe for the picking. The day ended with 'Chilli-dog' hosting a sunset BBQ of delicious pork chops.

Andy 'Tinker' Murray's gorgeous 20-ft 'Waikato Flea' carving up the cool waters





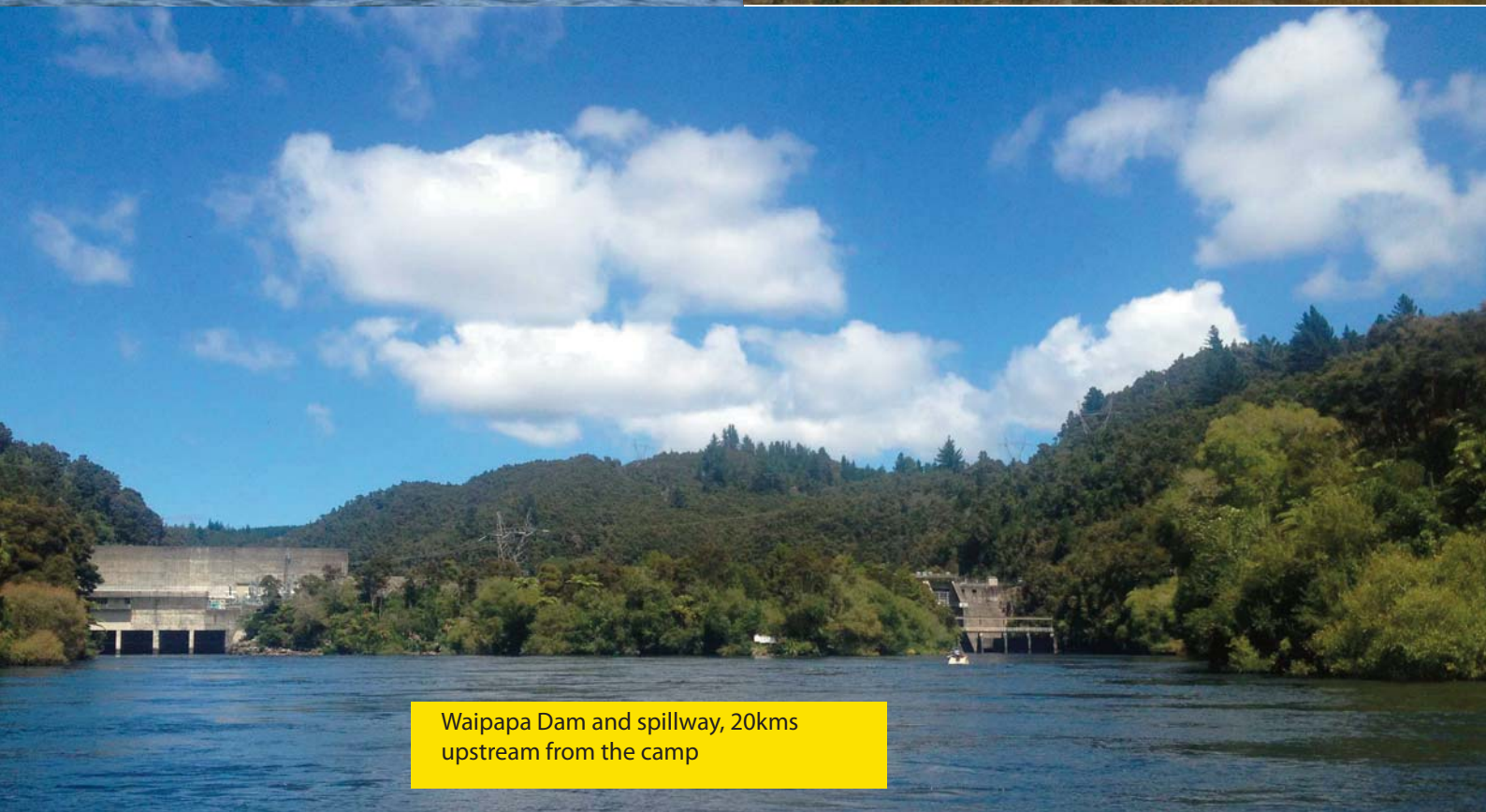
'Cobba' and his wife Rhonda making their way up the lake



Seagulls can be mounted to all manner of craft, even a canoe!



The camp set up on the bank above the lake, with million-dollar views



Waipapa Dam and spillway, 20kms upstream from the camp



Go the 'Naki!

The annual *Simply Seagulls* race in the Taranaki city of Waitara was this year held under leaden skies and often torrential rain. Never let it be said that the people of the 'Naki are not a hardy lot!

Words: Jan and Graham Keegan
and Mark Walker
Pics: Rex Charlton

It wasn't the greatest of days as, due to the horrendous weather, we were only able to run two races with the rain and wind coming in almost sideways.

We had over 30 boats turn up, but everyone was soon very wet and cold, so we decided to have an early lunch back at *Simply Seagulls* workshop and made the decision to cancel the rest of the day as there was a bigger storm in the New Plymouth area heading our way. After lunch and the storm, the sun

appeared, but as the river was starting to show signs of flood debris, that was the end of the races.

A few guys put the boats back in and had a "play", but soon found that the current and debris coming downstream was not very inviting. Most people stayed on for the evening meal so all in all it was a great social day.

Many of the Waitara locals were greatly amused watching the Seagull owners attempting to start

their motors with the rain pouring down, but it was all taken in good fun.

As people commented on the day and on the forum later, the Keegans put on a great day and as they are terrific people to chat to and hang out with, nobody really minded missing out on the racing.

As one wag put it - what would you rather do: drive a smelly, smoky Seagull in the pouring rain, or sit in the *Simply Seagulls* workshop and have a few bevies..

Racing underway in the morning



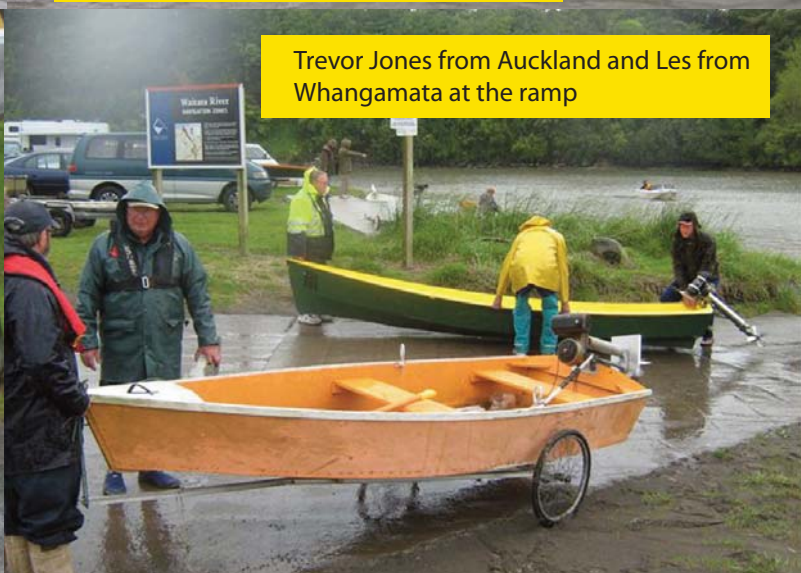
Auckland's Ted Heath battling the conditions or the steering or both..!



Graham Keegan and grandson Sam Holmes



Trevor Jones from Auckland and Les from Whangamata at the ramp





Paul Gilchrist's sleek flyer



Warren from Foxton dressed for the fray with his Porta-Bote



Race results

Race 1 Sprint

- 1st John Leith, New Plymouth
- 2nd Gary & Ben Fitzgibbon, New Plymouth
- 3rd Al Ward, Hamilton
- 4th Ted Heath & John Heslop, Auckland

Race 2. 4.5 h.p.

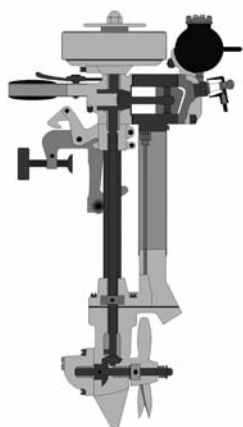
- 1st Gavin Fabish, Waitara
- 2nd Mark McMurtry, Far North
- 3rd Graham Keegan, Waitara
- 4th Paul Gilchrist, Snells Beach

2 up

- 1st Les & Crew, Whangamata
- 2nd Jim McAuslin, Auckland & Sam Holmes, New Plymouth
- 3rd Gary & Ben Fitzgibbon
- 4th Haden & Gordon, Waitara

2.5 h.p.

- 1st Wayne Birdling, Waitara
- 2nd John Leith, New Plymouth
- 3rd Steve & Connor Nicholls, New Plymouth.



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Jan and Graham Keegan

seagullparts@xtra.co.nz

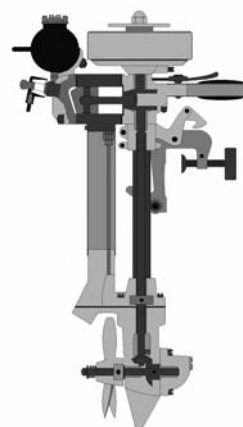
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NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA

Grafton Regatta

A good crowd turned out for the annual Jacaranda Festival Wooden Boat Regatta in Grafton, New South Wales, with half a dozen Seagull owners turning up to man the group's display and introduce the locals to the British Seagull

Words:

Mark Walker

Pics:

Raewyn Jensen





NEWS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM

Silver threads among the gold



Seems every man, his wife, and the dog, decided to get in on the act at Lerryn!

The annual Lerryn Seagull Race was held pre-Christmas on the River Lerryn in wintry Cornwall, with a 'silver' theme challenging boat owners ingenuity this year, although Silver Seagull Century's were out in abundance!

Words: Roberta McMillan

Pics: Jim Parfitt, Allan McMillan

Early on the morning of Saturday 8th December me (Roberta McMillan), my mum, my dad, my brother, my aunt and uncle and my cousin all got our raincoats on and put our life jackets in the car and set off for the slip in Fowey in Cornwall. We were going to take part in the Lerryn Seagull race.

The theme for this fancy dress boat race, this year was 'Silver'. When we got to Lerryn there were lots of people in fancy dress. I wore Sparkly silver hair bands and a silver cape. Daddy had a silver cape and a Thunderbird silver helmet.

Daddy and I were in our little boat, Lawrence (my brother) drove another

little boat with mummy and my cousin Aaron and Uncle Richard and Auntie Suzan were in the bigger boat. It was very cold so we had a hot chocolate.

At the start everyone was warming up their engines and we were doing doughnuts. The horn went for the second time and the race was on.



The author (second from left) and the rest of Team McMillan on the 'very slippery' bank



Daddy and I shot off and everyone else followed behind. Lawrence could not start his engine and so a man on the bank came to help him. Richard and Suzan started the race well but then their engine started playing up and would only run backwards! We were in the lead when another boat came shooting past us and we

knew that we were never going to beat them but we still kept on going and were the second boat to finish. Lawrence had only just started his second lap when I rang the finish bell. He did finish in the end. After the race was over everyone went to the pub. The boat race prizes were given out and there was a raffle and

we won a box of chocolates. Oh, and daddy and I won the Ship Inn trophy again. We could not stay long because we had to get back into the boats and leave for Fowey before the tide went out too far. The day was awesome even though it was tiring.



More pics here: <http://www.lerryn.net/gallery?os=30>



NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA

Good one, Goolwa!

The biennial South Australian Wooden Boat Festival is best described as 'the people's festival', unlike Hobart, the boats are generally smaller and generally not ocean going, but it also includes steam vessels and paddle wheelers....

Words: John Badcock

Pics: Rob Ripley and John Badcock

Goolwa is Australia's oldest inland river port and is one of only two places in the world where steam on land and water still meet.

Weather over the weekend was hot, high 30's clear sky on Saturday cloudy on Sunday.

Saturday's crowd was huge - heard reports of 20,000 on Saturday, Sunday less than half that.

Griff Rhys Jones (from BBC-TV's Three Men in a Boat) opened the festival.

Griff entered the Rough and Ready competition and built a boat in two hours on Saturday in 37deg heat (he looked stuffed). Then in Sunday's race he sank it. The wind started to blow just before the race, and Griff came back to shore hanging onto the side of a rescue tinnie.

258 boats of every shape and size were entered, there were 6 or 7 big paddle wheelers, three of which were wood burners.

Saturday evening started with a fairy light parade followed by a big fireworks display from the top of the bridge. A pirate movie was also shown in an open air theatre.

Sunday we arrived at the moorings just in time to pick up a few passengers and join in the parade.

Rob Ripley had his 40 Plus out amongst the putt putts. One of the putt putts died in the path of Paddle Steamer 'Marion' and had to be towed out of its path (should've had a Seagull on the back).

Event finished about 4ish - don't know



Excellent mobile display 'stand' put together by John Badcock for the event.



Well, it's a wooden boat festival, so there were a few of them!



who won, who cares - we all had a top weekend.

Three Seagull owners got together at a local restaurant for dinner Sunday night - good food, great company.

On Monday as the festival was over we decided to have a run to Clayton Bay - an easy 8 km run for lunch.

Roll on 2015!



RIGHT: Rob Ripley rockets his 'Green Bean' past the assembled throng.

BELOW LEFT: Pamela Rowland's Hartley cabin cruiser with inboard power supplemented by a 102 Seagull auxilliary

BELOW RIGHT: Seagull owner Greg Clark's steam launch 'Merlin' consumes 10 briquettes an hour



Paddle wheelers reflect Goolwa's history as a river port



Crowds around the Seagull display demonstrate the interest in our motors that is out there.

AWBF - HOBART



The biennial Australian Wooden Boat Festival in Hobart, Tasmania, bills itself as the largest classic boat festival in the southern hemisphere - in one of the most beautiful cities and amidst the most historic of sea frontages

Words: Chris, Jim and Brian

Pics: Chris Hogan

Set around one of the least spoiled heritage seafronts taking in the whole of Sullivan's Cove from Macquarie Wharf and Hunter St to Princes Wharf and the Castray Esplanade, the AWBF is huge. On display are hundreds of wooden boats, from magnificent tall ships to classic sailboats, rugged working boats to superbly detailed models. You can talk to the owners and builders, the craftspeople and sailors, and shipwrights who still practice traditional skills every day.

There is even a large display of historic marine engines organised by the Hobart Vintage Machinery Society,

who this year were kind enough to offer a bit of space to a couple of orphaned Seagulls, as lack of 'appropriate insurance' threatened to scupper the Aus Seagull group's desire to attend and display a few British Seagulls.

We finished up with two motors on the HVMS stand, including Chris' beautifully restored 102, with at least two boats on the hardstand and two in the water proudly displaying their Seagulls, both statically and in earnest, smokin' action.

With a 44gall drum full of water, it was also possible to run the motors on the stand and add the piquant waft of

unburnt 2-stroke to the heady aromas of rope, varnish and fresh paint emanating from the restored wooden boats.

Quite a number of Aus Seagull Group members were in town for the festival, including Jim Burgess and Kevin Weisse from Rockhampton in Queensland, and a few who popped across from Melbourne as well as the local Tassie crowd.

All in all it was a terrific opportunity, and hats off to the Tassie guys for getting it all together and to the HVMS for lending us a hand by providing display space on their stand.



Chris putting in some smokin' action in his 'Puffin'



'Puffin' dockside, awaiting the starter's rope



Watch video of Chris on the water here (around the 2.50 mark..)
<http://vimeo.com/59525401>





Bribie-an eruption

Just off the coast north of Brisbane and connected by a long causeway is picturesque Bribie Island whose waterways recently erupted in clouds of 2-stroke smoke

Words and pics: Kean Austin

Well, I should have stayed in bed I think. On the way to Bribie the trailer had a bearing failure and I had to leave the trailer with my brother and continue to meet up with everyone else at the boat ramp, arriving about 10mins late. Three other boats turned up in total.

The reason why most people pulled out was because of the bad weather warnings we had around our area and Bribie island was supposed to cop it bad.

Unknown to all of us, our city of Brisbane had a huge storm with flooding, fallen trees, blackouts and unroofed homes, all of which happened while we were out on the Bribie passage, where the weather was close to perfect: mostly cloudy with a few patches of blue sky here and there, calm water and a nice breeze to keep things nice and cool.

I hitched a ride with Larry and his sail boat with his Century 100. Ten mins after leaving the boat ramp it stopped all of a sudden. After checking the plug and blowing out the fuel bowl it was evident that it was not going to run. So Larry pointed out his Johnson outboard hidden under a potato sack

and I fitted that one to the other side of the transom and started it up.

I was looking for a FNR lever but it was a direct drive. So why were we not moving? Broken shear pin, we discovered.

Chris and his ballast John had to tow us to the beach so we could have a look at what's wrong with the Seagull and change the shear pin on the Johnson. But to our surprise Don pulled a spare Century 100 from his yacht and we swapped them over and away we went.

We then had a good run up the passage and Don was the first to pull up on another beach called Poverty Point. The name said it all. We sat around for a bit until we realised that because of the breakdowns we had we wouldn't be able to make it to Donnybrook for lunch. So we started to turn back towards Toorbul.

Then the spare Seagull that Don lent to us wouldn't start! Turned out to be the HT Lead. So after replacing the shear pin we were off again with the Johnson. Twenty meters from the beach the Johnson stopped too.

I removed the engine cover and took the plug out to have a look and it was

fine. I then looked at the carb and noticed fuel coming out everywhere, so I grabbed my wrench and gave the fuel bowl a few good decent taps and problem fixed. Sticky float I reckon.

After the 8th pull Johnson Bros was on its way again. Now I can see the reason why most people pulled out at the last minute.

We were up against a south east wind and it was a struggle all the way back to the boat ramp. It was everyone for themselves. Larry and I were the first ones back to the ramp and as we looked back we could just see Chris and John way back in the distance. I could not see Don at all.

Not going to leave him behind we sat for a while hoping that he just stopped for a break. Half an hour later we could see Don coming into the harbour. Don had dramas with his 102 not pumping water so he had anchored up to fix the problem.

It looked like it may have been a bit of jellyfish or a plastic bag around the water inlet. So we all made it back and called it a day and just as we left for home, down came the rain. All in all I had a great day out, and proved it was a good location for a future event.

BELOW: John and Chris; RIGHT: Chris, Don and Larry trying to get Larry's motor running



SPECIAL FEATURE

Bohemian Rhapsody

The multi-talented work of British Seagull's original artist

A marine and landscape artist in pencil, watercolours, gouache and oils, Robert Emmanuel Groves, was born in Richmond, Yorkshire on the second of December 1868. The son of Thomas Groves and Lavinia (nee Medd), he was the eldest of seven children.

Aged just 12, he was living with his parents in Leicester in 1881, but at 24, was apparently living in Bohemian Chelsea in 1893. His addresses in that period were believed to have been 50 Tedworth Square and 42 Paultons Square.

He studied art under Albert Strange in

Scarborough, Yorkshire in the early 1890s, and exhibited his first works at the Royal Academy in 1893, exhibiting five works there during the period 1893-1903 from around 15 works exhibited there overall.

He was living in St Albans by 1894, teaching at the Art School of the St Albans School of Science and Art, taking the first of a number of trips to the Western Highlands with a trip to Iona, off the coast of Mull, in 1897, resulting in works like *The Iona Ferry*, 1897.

Marriage to Mary Hall Keir Cameron took place in Glasgow in 1894, and they had a daughter Sheila on October 16th 1901, after whom Groves named his two yachts: Sheila and Sheila II. The former was constructed by Robert Caine, Port St Mary, Isle of Man in 1904, the latter constructed in 1911 by A. Richardson at Tarbert, Loch Fyne, from designs by Albert Strange (Design Nos. 70 and 117 respectively).

He was heavily involved in the St Albans pageant of 1907, designing a series of historical postcards, published by printer Raphael Tuck, to be sold to raise funds for the event. He was still at St Albans in 1910 when he was complimented by a visiting American scholar, Mr Charles A. Bennett, when he wrote up his experiences in St Albans for an article in *Manual Training Magazine* (Vol XII, No. 1, Oct 1910) of which he was editor.

As a practising Bohemian, Groves was a lover of life – and women. It is known he had at least one long-

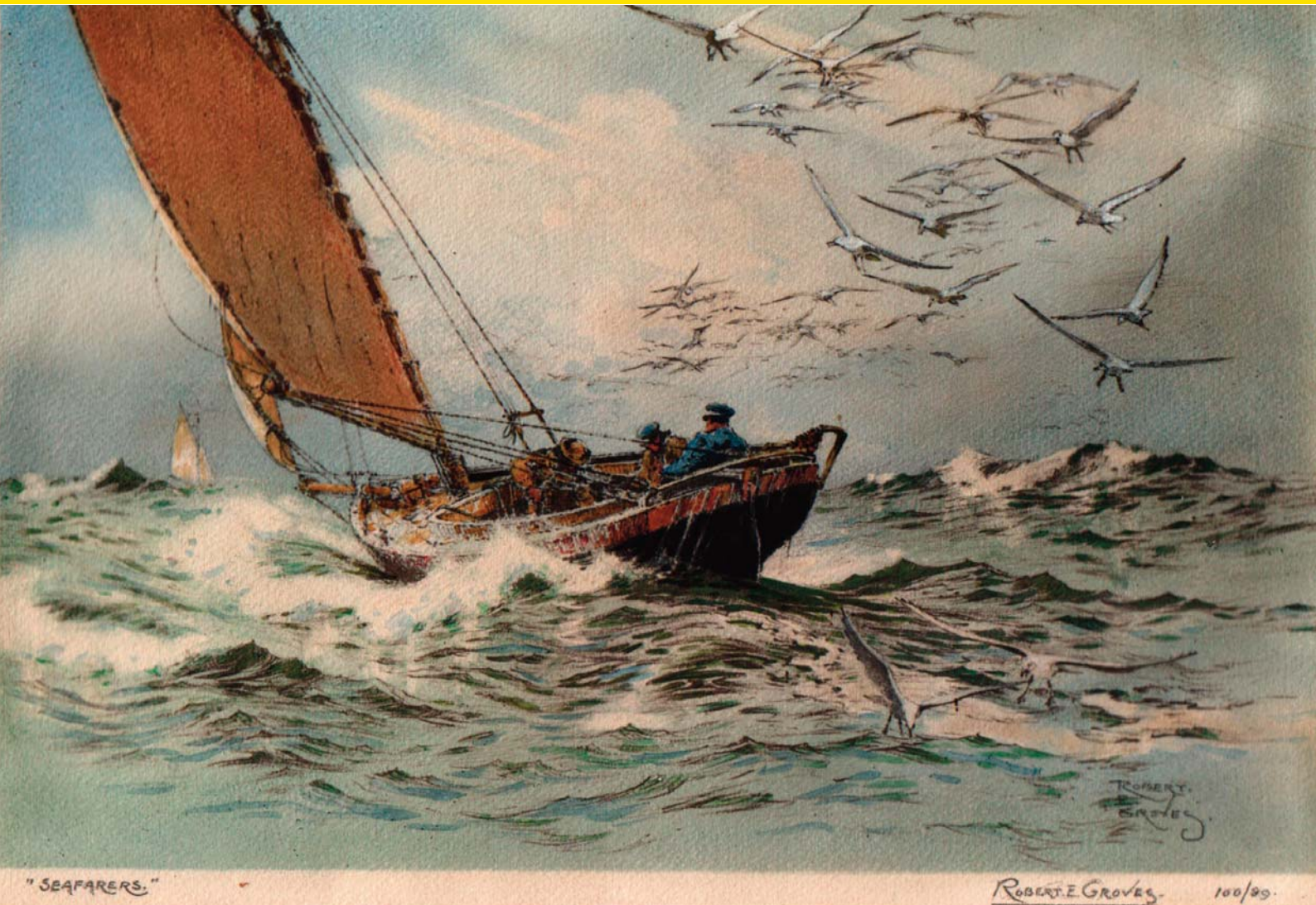


ABOVE: Robert E Groves 1918 work "Powder play in the Running Ground Square, Mogador, Morocco" now held in the Art Gallery of NSW and reproduced with their kind permission.

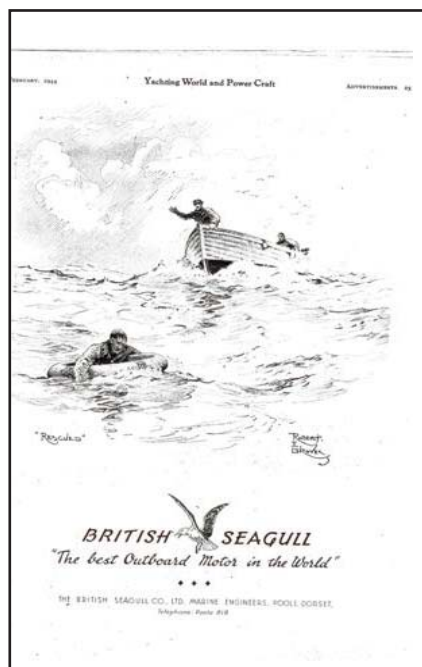
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[cont on p21]

SPECIAL FEATURE



For a better view of these Seagull ads, see the 'Nostalgia' section of Saving Old Seagulls website.



SPECIAL FEATURE

[cont from p19]

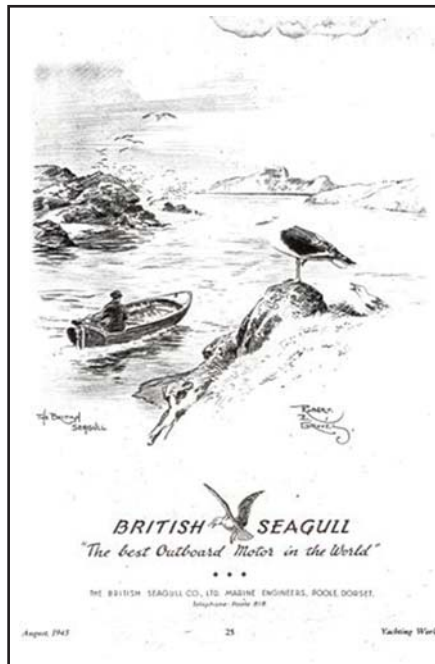
running extra-marital relationship, with Jessie Smith, with whom he had five children: John (1925), Jessica (1928), Donald (1931; who died in infancy), Seonaid (1934) and Robert (1936).

Becoming a member of the Humber Yawl Club in 1904, no doubt shortly after committing to the building of *Sheila*, he made the first of many trips to the Western Highlands in her and the later *Sheila II*, writing of his experiences cruising in a small yacht, many stories of which were published in the HYC journals and in the *Yachting & Boating Monthly*.

An early and prolific contributor to *Yachting Monthly*, in the pre-WWI years under its original founder/editor, Herbert Reiach, Groves' produced many fine pencil sketches of yachts and marine subjects, and his contributions were especially valued.

It is understood his exploits in a small

yacht (only 2 ½ tons) were unusual at the time, and his articles taken from his logs, encouraged others to emulate them and paved the way for the sport of 'yacht cruising' more generally.



By 1908 he had made his first visit to North Africa, writing of his experiences in *The Studio* (Vol XLV, 1908, p25) and writing *Morocco as a Winter Sketching Ground* for *The International Studio* (Vol XXXVI, No. 141, Nov 1908). He is thought to have returned in 1918, painting a series of oils and pencil works of various landscapes, including: *In the souk*; *Horseshoe arch, Morocco*; and *Powder play in the Running Ground Square, Mogador, Morocco, 1918*, the latter held by the Art Gallery of NSW.

It is believed these trips to Mogador (now Essaouira) inspired the name of his St Albans home, '*Mogador*'.

In 1919 he had again returned to the Western Highlands, where he painted a number of seascapes including *West Highland Lobster Fishermen, 1919*. A keen amateur ornithologist, Groves especially loved the seabirds and waders of the Western highlands, and spent many happy holidays there, observing, sketching and painting, usually with one of his beloved yachts in the picture.

An ardent theatre-goer and thespian, Groves was heavily involved in local theatre, including various pantomimes and such works as '*The Beggar's Opera*', his production of which is believed to have toured the Midlands in 1926.

He retired to Lymington, Hampshire, on the shores of the Solent Estuary, to The Old Coast Guard House in the early 1930s, where he spent the rest of his life, including the WWII years when he was, in his seventies, a member of the Home Guard. There is no doubt the TV-series '*Dad's Army*' would have amused him greatly, as he was a great 'wag' all his life, and loved humour and intrigue.

According to family history, he was a great Romantic, who loved the idea of buried treasure and tales of derring-do, which may explain the article '*An*'
[cont on p22]



SPECIAL FEATURE

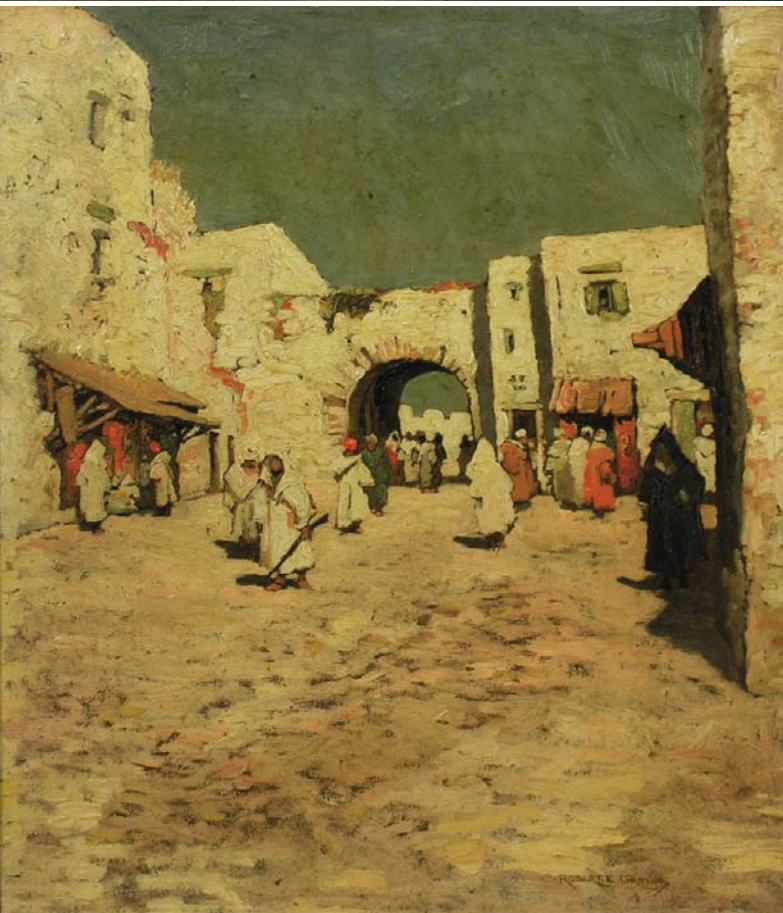


Echo from the Past, published in *Scottish Country Life* (Dec 1934) purporting to be the story of the finding of a 'treasure map' contained in a deathbed letter written by a Jacobite who had stolen some of the famed Arkaig gold of Bonny Prince Charlie.

The story might have been dreamed up on his 1909 cruise in *Sheila* to the western highlands, recorded in the Humber Yawl Club journal the following year, in which he visited a friend at Arisaig, anchoring in 'Camus an Talmhainn' [sic] (Camas an t'Salainn: the Bay of Salt), a sheltered anchorage in the south-east of Loch nan Ceall (Arisaig harbour). [see p36]

The letter claims the 'treasure' is to be found under a black stone at the side of 'Sgurr Eigg' in the Bay of Salt, no doubt the house 'Faire na Sgurr' (meaning 'view of' the Sgurr) at the

[cont on p23]



SPECIAL FEATURE

[cont from p22]

eastern head of the bay, as this house would have at that time had a good view of the 'Sgurr' (meaning high rocky hill) on the island of Eigg, although its view has since been masked by trees.

He was fascinated by the life of fishermen, boatmen and boat

builders, executing many sketches of the workers and yachts under construction in the Berthon yard,

British Seagulls' advertisements, all of which were clearly signed with his memorable signature.

Robert E Groves died in Lymington on 24th August 1948 (barely three months after the death of his wife, Mary) and was cremated, his ashes being scattered on The Solent.

He was survived by his daughter Sheila Cameron Groves (d.1972), and by Jessie Smith (d.1981) and four of his five children with her. Not long after Jesse's eldest was borne and christened John



Lymington, during the inter-war period, a collection of which are now held by Brian May, the owner of Berthons.

He often visited his lover, Jessie Smith, in Poole, and did lots of sketching around the harbour. It may have been on one of these trips in the late-1930s that he was approached by John Way-Hope and Bill Pinniger of the nascent British Seagull outboard motor company in Poole, to produce marine artworks for their company's advertising efforts. He drew many pencil sketches for



Graham Smith, she dropped the 'Smith' and thenceforth called herself (and all her subsequent children with 'Uncle Robert') by the surname of Graham.

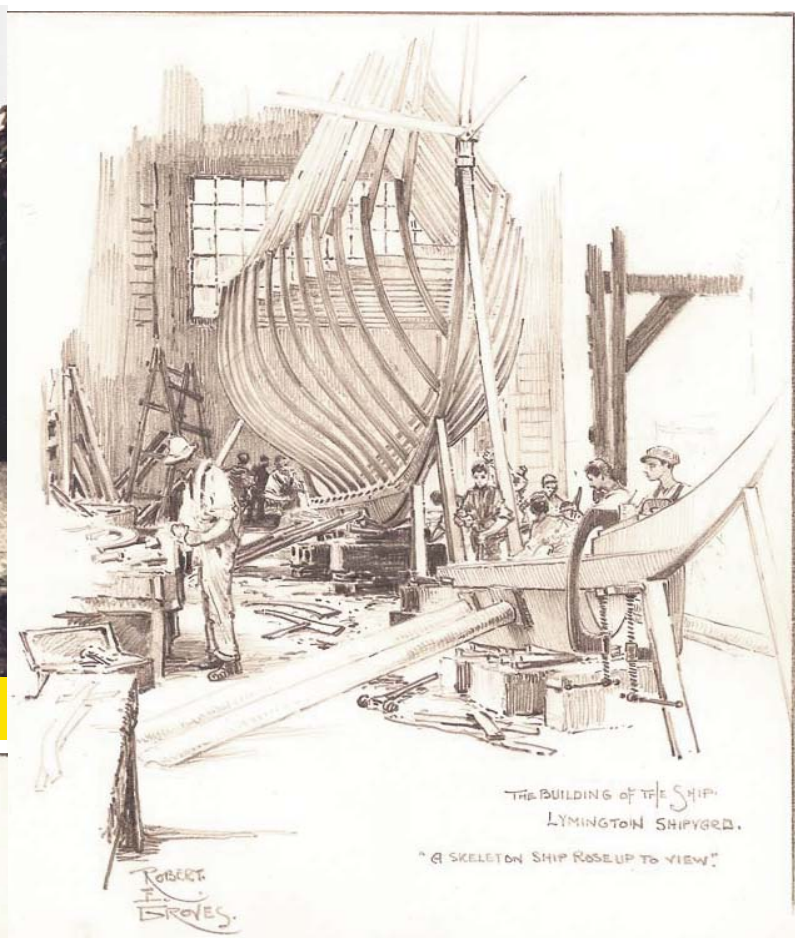
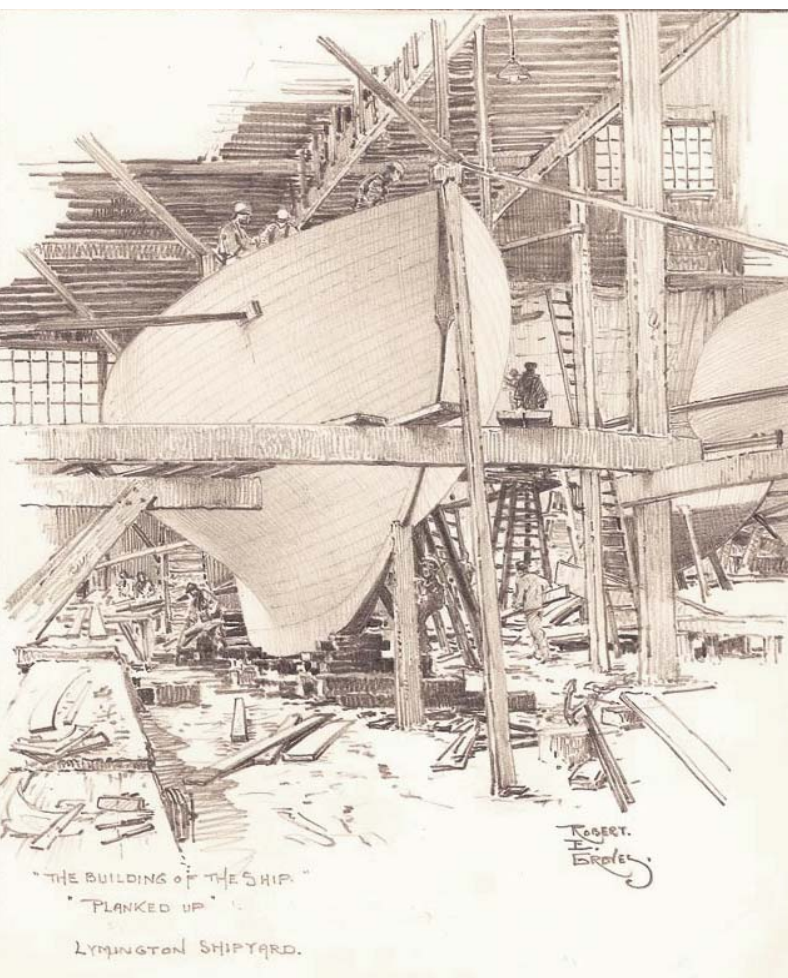
In 2012, three of his children were still living: Seonaid and Robert Edward Graham in Bournemouth in the UK, and John Graham in Rushworth, Victoria, Australia. John's daughter, Teresa and her husband, Gerard Vaughan, are in the process of compiling a biographical memoir of Groves.



SPECIAL FEATURE

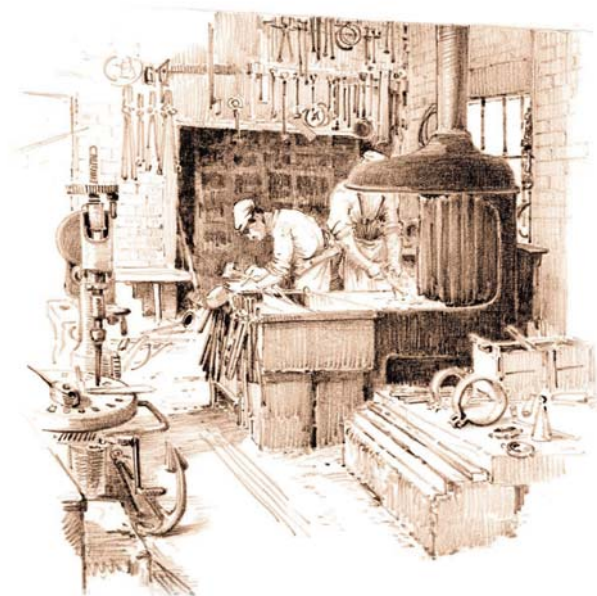


ABOVE: Robert E Groves in Home Guard uniform during WWII



BERTHON

Founded in 1877, Berthon is a family run, vertically integrated yard, marina and yacht sales operation employing 135 skilled professionals with 25 marine apprentices. Visit www.berthon.co.uk for more information.



ABOVE and RIGHT: These pencil on paper line drawings are part of a series produced in the mid-thirties for Berthon's Shipyard in Lymington, and are reproduced with the kind permission of the owner, Mr Brian May.



A Cuppla Sheilas

Robert E Groves commissioned two yachts, both of which he named after his daughter, Sheila, and both yachts went on to achieve fame and notoriety of their own. This is their story.



As Robert E Groves studied art as a young man under celebrated artist, teacher and yacht designer, Albert Strange, it was perhaps only natural that he turn to his mentor for the design of his first yacht, *Sheila*.

Design no 70, she is a canoe-sterned gaff-rigged yawl (but designated by Strange as a 'canoe-yacht'), so designated as the mizzen mast is aft of the rudder pivot, and normally carries only a small steadying sail that enables such craft to virtually steer themselves. Yet in *Sheila's* case, this mizzen sail is remarkable for its large size, and was clearly part of the reason for her exceptional performance. At 19'6" on the waterline, 25' on deck, her 3' bowsprit makes her 28' overall.

Sheila was Strange's first deep-keel yacht, drawn in 1903, but built by Robert Caine, Port St Mary, Isle of Man

in 1904, and launched in 1905.

Her history is well known, and under her current custodian, Mike Burn, she underwent a full keel up restoration

and was featured in *Classic Boat* magazine on her centenary in 2005. She had previously featured in *Wooden Boat* around 1981, early in Mike's custodianship.



Groves' second yacht, Strange's Design no 117 of 1910, was also a gaff-rigged canoe-yawl type, 31' 7" overall and 24' 8" LWL, with a total sail area of 545sq ft.

Apparently purchased by Paddy O'Keefe in 1935 and sailed by him till 1946, she was purchased in 1949 by New Zealander, Adrian Hayter, and setting off from Berthon's Yard in Lymington on August 12th 1950, over the subsequent six years to 25th May 1956, he sailed her home to New Zealand via Suez and Australia.

The story of this amazing single-handed journey he reported in his 1959 book, *Sheila In The Wind*, in which he documents the challenges - physical, mental and emotional - that he faced and overcame during the voyage. It has become a true 'saga' of the sea, and many readers have been inspired by the courage and determination he demonstrates.

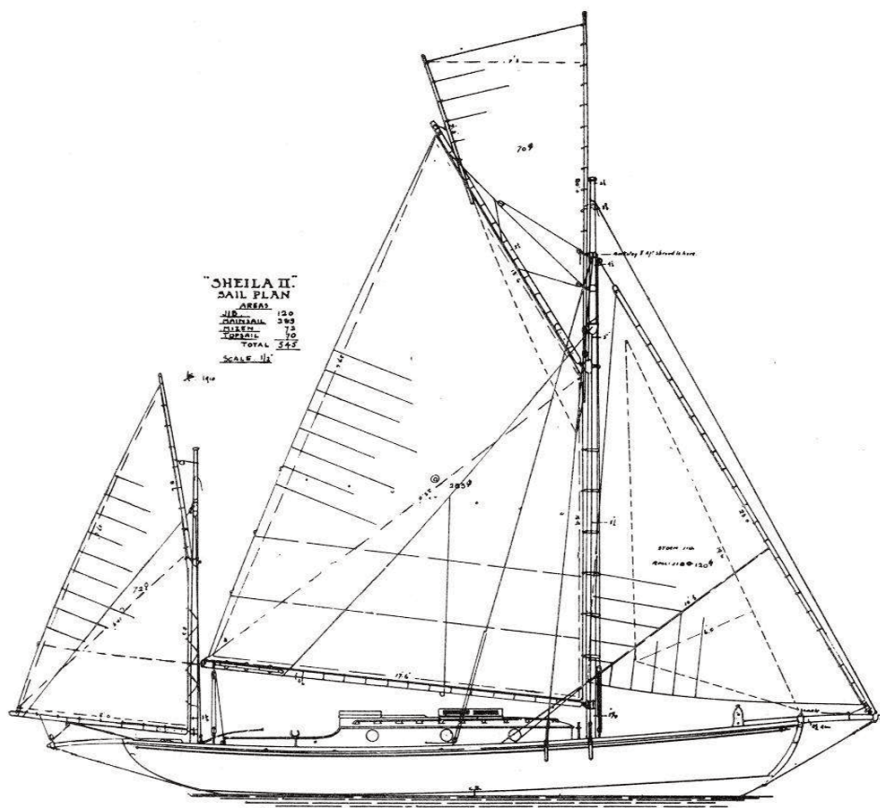
Adrian sold *Sheila II*, and many years later, in 1984, she dragged her anchor in a storm and went ashore onto rocks, severely damaging one side of the hull.

Current owner, Russell Rimmington, farmer and former mayor of Hamilton, capital of the Waikato district of New Zealand's North Island, has her onshore in a purpose-built shed, awaiting eventual restoration.

Much information can be gleaned on both of RE Groves' *'Sheilas'* from the website of the [Albert Strange Assoc](#) and from the pages of the Humber Yawl Journal, in which the log of *Sheila* was published in an annual report in the early 1900's.



ABOVE: Adrian Hayter, author of *Sheila In The Wind*, at 55 in 1970





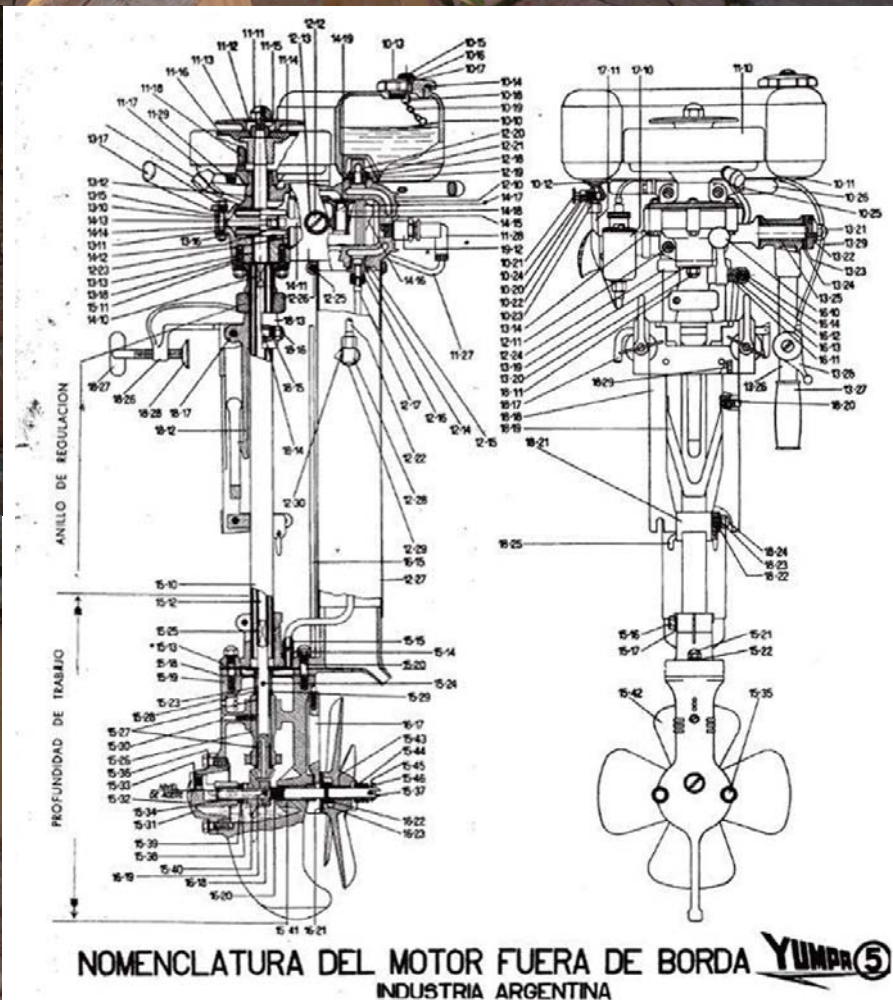
An Argentine Fandango

Argentina has long had a history of independence and a form of that frontier 'do it yourself' mentality, extending even to outboard boat motors, in the form of the Yumpa and the Sakay

During the '50s the industrialist, Horacio Valente, who previously produced fishing gear, decided to copy the super simple, 2-stroke, basic but reliable British Seagull outboard (that the English had built for the invasion of Europe in WWII)

Words and pics:
Roberto Peron

Endowed with the gift of being able to imitate and improve, he thought it could be done here, in Argentina, with the tools and materials that existed at that time. Apparently, he copied it and made a tiny little 5HP motor, that he called the Yumpa, manufacturing 21,000 units over the span of 12 years, in workshops located in what is now 701 Avenida Libertador, in the suburb of Vicente Lopez in the Argentine capital, Buenos Aires.



The 5.5HP Sakay was produced by Auto Nautical South, of Corrientes Street, Bahia Blanca, on the Atlantic coast 650km south-west of Buenos Aires. The company was founded in 1969 by Nelson Alvarez Fourcade, with financial backing from Ismael Tessone Nievas, and focused on the sale of motor parts, boats and marine parts and accessories.

Perhaps their major achievement was the Sakay motor, conceived over one of Argentina's famous roasts when engineer, Antonio Miranda, told Nelson Fourcade and Ismael Nievas that he had begun the assembly of a 5HP outboard motor. Fourcade proposed that Auto Nautical South fund the prototype and so, less than three months later, Miranda returned with the motor that was to become the Sakay and, placing it in a 200L drum of water, fired it up on the first pull.

The initial prototype was improved by replacing the prototype's aluminium rod with forged steel, and mounting the crankshaft on bearings rather than bushings, with the housings made from a special aluminium alloy designed to better resist corrosion in salt water. A production line was established and the motor marketed throughout the country until the 1976 policy implemented by Finance Minister Jose Martinez de Hoz that lowered import duties by 40% saw the Sakay unable any longer to compete with lower priced American and Japanese imports.



YOUR BOATS

Seagull Boats Come In Many Shapes And Sizes

Duncan Gibson's Jon boat 'Picket'



ABOVE: The cypress 'picket' framing take shape



ABOVE: Minimal curves in hull makes construction a lot easier

BELOW: 'Picket' as completed, powered by British Seagull 102



Words and pics: Duncan Gibson

Occasionally I find myself re-reading back copies of AABB Magazine. One that impressed me was Allan Charlton's "Boat Building Lessons" from Edition No. 67 in 2009, where he bravely confessed to having spent more than \$1000 on building a little stitch'n'glue dinghy, way more than the cost of a ready-made one. I say 'bravely confessed' because many of us do not confront the true cost of amateur projects including the mistakes we made.

Thus I determined to find a design that would deliver cheaply and without compromise a small tough boat to handle knockabout duty as a yacht tender and camper, not featherweight and fragile and not difficult to build.

The late William D. Jackson, Naval Architect, provided the plans for this traditional design intended for use on sheltered water. Jackson was the author of numerous boats tending to practicality before beauty (although not entirely without charm) and he paid careful attention to efficient use of material. This boat lived up to its promise of economy, the basic hull materials coming to a jolt over \$300, unpainted.

These days a budget builder faces many challenges in relation to wood and the logistics of getting it home. It is rare to find a cut-to-measure service and free delivery rarer still. Then I discovered a fence picket in good condition after years on the ground, untouched by pest or rot, and 'a penny dropped'. 'Picket' is named in honour of the Cyprus fence pickets from which she is mostly framed (keel, chines, gunwales, stringers, seat frames). Cyprus is universally available and cheap to buy, it takes glue well and is easily worked. Cyprus is also more brittle than some other softwoods but the gentle curves of this hull eliminate difficult bending.

In the finished boat the Cyprus is glued and mechanically fastened to the plywood, virtually guaranteeing no future splits. This project consumed 20 'superior' Cyprus pickets @ 1.8 Metre, framing outlay \$68. The standard dimensions of a fence picket, 65mm X 19mm can be used straight up for the keel and ripped to give lighter members. For example a seat riser and a bottom rubbing strake were both cut from a single piece; the main problem then being the need for joins to obtain required length, resolved by scarphing shorter lengths together.

For power I'll be using a classic early British Seagull 102 or my Johnson A25 Twin made in 1926 and still going strong. I have the option of using a rope steering arrangement connected to the tiller handle that enables the operator to sit forward for better trim when under way.

YOUR BOATS

Seagull Boats Come In Many Shapes And Sizes

Kiwi Al Ward's 'Evolving Skiff'



ABOVE: Inspired by Albert Hickman, whose 1907 20-foot 'Sea Sled' VIPER featured a reverse-V bottom, Al built his own much shorter interpretation, only to discover, sadly, that the reverse-V created too much drag for a lowly British Seagull to overcome



The next 'evolution' saw that hull split longitudinally and re-glued as this narrow 'speeder', with small floats added for stability. These too provided excess drag, and have since been removed, with the fixed 'cav plate' at the stern the next but by no means final version.....

We await future developments from this serial 'tinkerer' with much interest.



YOUR MOTORS

Restoring a British Seagull can be fun, or hard work, or both!

Mark Barnes' Marston Seagull



They say a picture tells a thousand words.....we figured you'd rather see the pics than 8000wds. This is a stunning restoration job with the before and during pics demonstrating the level of work that was involved to get it to the stage it is now.



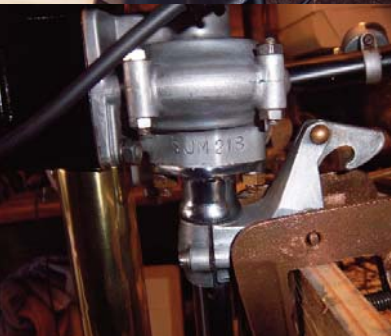
YOUR MOTORS

Restoring a British Seagull can be fun, or hard work, or both!

Adrian Randall's Forty Minus



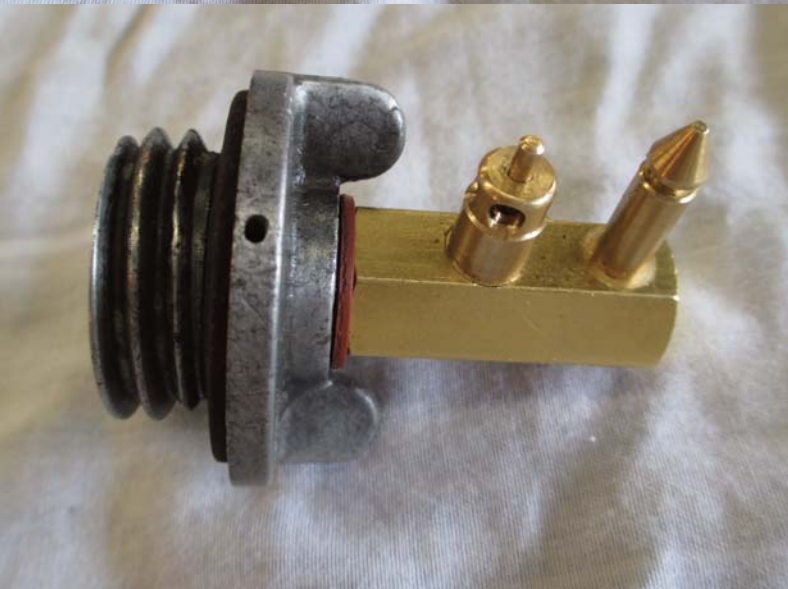
An early Forty Minus, this labour of love included removing the tank ends and beating them back into shape, de-rusting and re-chroming the drive leg and hours of patient cleaning, painting and polishing



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 12 and 24 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



TECHNICAL TIPS

Handy hints and tips for using or restoring your British Seagull

Easy Carrying Handle

I found that trying to carry my heavy Silver Century vertically by using a hand under the flywheel and another behind and under the fuel tank to be very awkward.

The best balancing point to permit horizontal carrying is dead on the transom bracket tops, and this is where I intended to bolt a nickel-plated tube crosswise.

This gives the best and cleanest place to situate this handle, and it also conserves the aesthetics of the classical Seagull.

Practical result...one-hand horizontal carrying and easier installation of the motor on the transom. An added place to lock a safety chain or strap to the boat. Less chance of dropping the engine when trying to lay it down on the tank nipples. Leaves the other hand free to carry anything else.

For those who have no holes through their transom brackets, you can easily drill the proper size holes to accomodate the cross-bolt, which you can cover with a chrom or nickel tube, or even a thick rubber tube.

Words and pics:
David Remillard



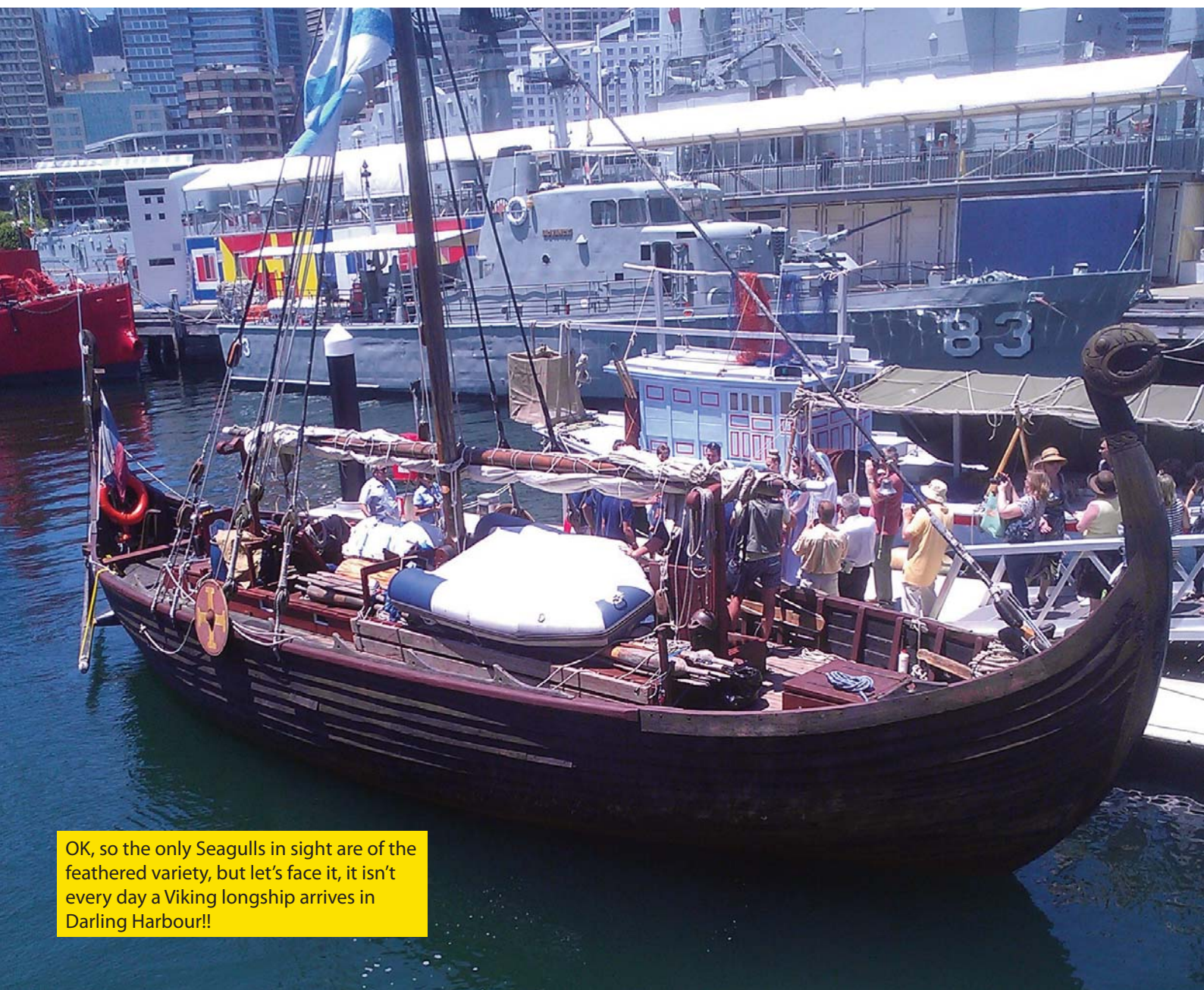


NEWS FROM RUSSIA

Russian invasion

On its round world journey, the replica Russian longship, *Russich*, called into various Australian ports, pictured here in Sydney.

Words and pics: Andreas Agafonov



OK, so the only Seagulls in sight are of the feathered variety, but let's face it, it isn't every day a Viking longship arrives in Darling Harbour!!

After many adventures, the replica Russian 'viking' longship, *Russich*, arrived in Sydney in time for Australia Day celebrations on the 26th January, recognising the long history of visits to this country by Russian vessels.

The vessel suffered some problems and needed to refit in Brisbane, so it was touch and go whether she'd be here in time, but crew member Sergei reported that although very tired, they were happy to make it to Sydney at last.

Buried treasure?

Was some of Bonny Prince Charlie's gold stolen and buried near Arisaig? Even Neil Oliver couldn't figure this one out.....

Words:

Mark Walker

Pics:

Lion Television, Western Highlands Museum and Sheila Kingswood

It's well known that when Bonny Prince Charlie returned to Scotland in 1745, he brought with him a large quantity of gold to help him pay for his army.

Pursued into Arisaig by a British warship, the gold was hastily disembarked and subsequently buried near Arkaig, the seat of the Camerons.

As is well known, the uprising failed and Charles was forced to flee, leaving most of the gold behind. Clan Cameron has

always maintained that the gold was spent on soldiers, but there is still scuttlebutt circulated that somehow, some of it 'stuck' to the fingers of the Camerons.

Perhaps this rumour is what prompted artist, sailor and Bohemian 'romantic', Robert E Groves to pen the article 'An Echo From The Past' that appeared in the December 1934 issue of *Scottish Country Life*, in which he describes the 1911 visit of Dr

Alex Campbell to the bedside of one Seonaid NicAleister, who gave to him a 'letter' - allegedly the death-bed confession of an ancestor of hers, one Niall Viclain Vic Ruari.

This letter told of the stealing of some of the Arkaig hoard by him, and the subsequent burial of same giving instructions to find it below the house Sgurr Eigg in the bay of Camus an Talhainn.

In 2007, the Lion Television production, *The History Detectives*, featuring presenter Neil Oliver, investigated this story. The letter was deemed a fake by the Edinburgh Museum as it was written with

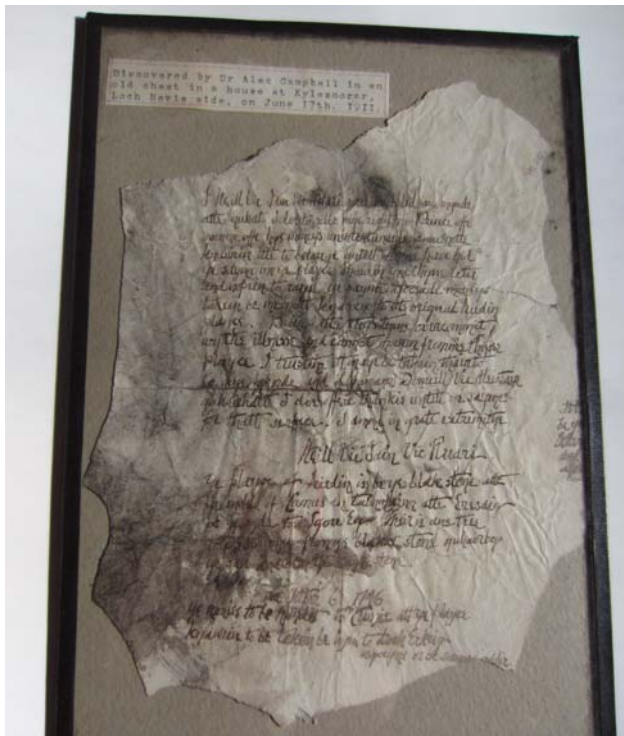
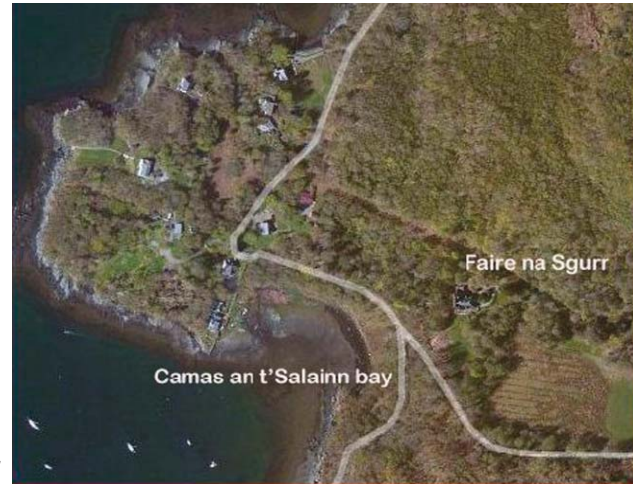
a metal nib that would not have been in use at the time it was said to have been written.

The family of Robert E Groves have long believed he wrote it, as he was a wag with an excellent sense of humour and loved providing such 'romantic' tales for his children.

Apart from the fact that he wrote the article in *Scottish Country Life*, it is also known that, in 1909, he sailed his yacht *Sheila* to the Western Highlands and dropped anchor in that very bay, visiting the house now known as 'Faire na Sgurr' at which he is believed to have stayed as a guest of the owner, recorded in his log and later written up for the Humber Yawl Club journal in 1910.

As the man himself has long since passed, we may never 'know' for certain that he did in fact produce the 'Arisaig Letter', but he'd be chuckling at our investigations if he did!

That one of his daughters spells her name 'Seonaid' perhaps indicates for whom the yarn was originally concocted.





DROPPINGS

Humour, Jokes, Tall Tales, Trivia and Tidbits

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

- ☺ The degree to which you overreact to information will be in inverse proportion to its accuracy – Weatherwax's Postulate
- ☺ The item you had your eye on the minute you walked in will be taken by the person in front of you – Cafeteria Law
- ☺ Nothing is as temporary as that which is called permanent – Jose's Axiom
- ☺ Nothing is as permanent as that which is called temporary – Corollary
- ☺ Free time that unexpectedly becomes available will be wasted – Sandiland's Law

Joke Of The Day

Four old retired guys are walking down a street in Yuma, Arizona. They turn a corner and see a sign that says, "Old Timers Bar - ALL drinks 10 cents." They look at each other and then go in, thinking this is too good to be true.

The old bartender says in a voice that carries across the room, "Come on in and let me pour one for you! What'll it be, gentlemen?"

There's a fully stocked bar, so each of the men orders a martini. In no time the bartender serves up four iced martinis - shaken, not stirred - and says, "That'll be 10 cents each, please." The four guys stare at the bartender for a moment, then at each other. They can't believe their good luck. They pay the 40 cents, finish their martinis, and order another round. Again, four excellent martinis are produced, with the bartender again saying, "That's 40 cents, please." They pay the 40 cents, but their curiosity gets the better of them. They've each had two martinis and haven't even spent a dollar yet. Finally one of them says, "How can you afford to serve martinis as good as these for a dime apiece?"

"I'm a retired tailor from Phoenix," the bartender says, "and I always wanted to own a bar. Last year I hit the Lottery jackpot for \$125 million and decided to open this place. Every drink costs a dime. Wine, liquor, beer - it's all the same."

"Wow! That's some story!" one of the men says.

As the four of them sip at their martinis, they can't help noticing three couples at the end of the bar who don't have any drinks in front of them and haven't ordered anything the whole time they've been there.

Nodding at the six at the end of the bar, one of the men asks the bartender, "What's with them?"

The bartender says, "They're retirees from Australia. They're waiting for Happy Hour when drinks are half-price."

What's the connection??

.....between Brian May of Lymington, Adrian Hayter of New Zealand, and British Seagull..??

This is a test: if you've been reading you would know that artist Robert E Groves lived in Lymington, and drew sketches of the boats in Berthons boatyard which are now held by its current owner, Brian May.

RE Groves also drew sketches for British Seagull's advertising.

And the Kiwi? He sailed Groves' former yacht, *Sheila II* to New Zealand in the fifties, departing from Berthons Yard on August 12th 1950.

How To Start A Fight...

My wife and I were sitting at a table at her high school reunion, and she kept staring at a drunken man swigging his drink as he sat alone at a nearby table.

I asked her, "Do you know him?"

"Yes", she sighed, "He's my old boyfriend. I understand he took to drinking right after we split up all those years ago, and I hear he hasn't been sober since."

"My God!" I said, "Who would think a person could go on celebrating that long?"

And that's when the fight started...



International Events Calendar

MARCH 2013

Sat/Sun 30th-31st March 201 (Easter)

The Great Annual Waikato River Seagull

Boasts to be the longest Seagull Outboard Race in the World at 142km. The race has been held annually since 1983.

Starts from Karapiro Dam near Cambridge, south of Hamilton. Half way overnight stop at Rangiriri north of Huntly is a camp out, although the nearby Rangiriri Hotel may have accommodation, but best to book early.

For more details or an entry form contact John Crichton. Email sandspitmotor@xtra.co.nz

Easter 2013

Toronto Classic Boat Festival – Lake Macquarie, Australia

The Oz Seagull owners group has been officially invited by the organisers of this large and popular festival to take part in this year's event. As we have quite a few members in Sydney and around the Newcastle / Lake Macquarie area, I thought this would be a good event for people to get to.

Contact Mark Walker 0407 929 834 or email ozseagullgroup@gmail.com

JUNE 2013

Saturday 15th (Rain Date 22nd) June 2013 Annual Heineken Round the Island Seagull Race. Bermuda

Venue: Spanish Point Boat Club from 8.30am

Sign up Wednesday June 12 at 6pm

Route anti-clockwise around Bermuda (42 miles)

Entry fee \$65 per person – includes T shirts which feature original artwork created specially for the race each year, and BBQ dinner

All race profits go to "green" causes on the island.

Enquiries: martine.purssell@law.bm

JULY 2013

Round Hayling Island Marathon, Itchenor, West Sussex UK (Date TBC)

Start / finish from Itchenor Sailing Club, West Itchenor, down Chichester Harbour, out into the Solent, then back up Langstone Harbour and thus clockwise round the island. This event is the longest Seagull race in UK/Europe at 22 miles (35km) and the first event in 2011 was featured in the previous issue of The Gull. Contact Charlesuk or H-A via the Hayling Island thread on the Saving Old Seagulls forum. <http://www.saving-old-seagulls.co.uk/phpbb3/>

OCTOBER 2013

Annual SoS Essex Flocking Paper Mill lock on the Chelmer and Blackwater Navigation. North Hill, Little Baddow, Essex (Date TBC)

A gentle jaunt up the canal to Chelmsford then back down past the Mill to Maldon, and back for lunch in the Cafe at the Mill. For info and to book in contact

john@saving-old-seagulls.co.uk

Ph: 01621 778859

Labour Day Long Weekend 5-7th October Annual National Gathering - 2013 Lake Hume, near Albury NSW

As this weekend and location forms the start of the 'Summit to Sea' we figured it was a good spot and time to hold the Annual Gathering, and thus provide a 'cheer squad' for those setting off down the Murray.

It will also provide an opportunity for those in NSW, Victoria, SA and TAS to get to the Annual Gathering, as Albury is only 3.5hrs from Melbourne, and 5.5hrs from Sydney.

Contact Mark on ozseagullgroup@gmail.com for more info or to book in.

LAST CHANCE TO APPLY!! - OCTOBER 2013 - MURRAY RIVER, AUSTRALIA

Adventure trek of 2500km (1553 miles) down the length of the Murray River which forms the border between New South Wales and Victoria in S-E Australia, and into South Australia.

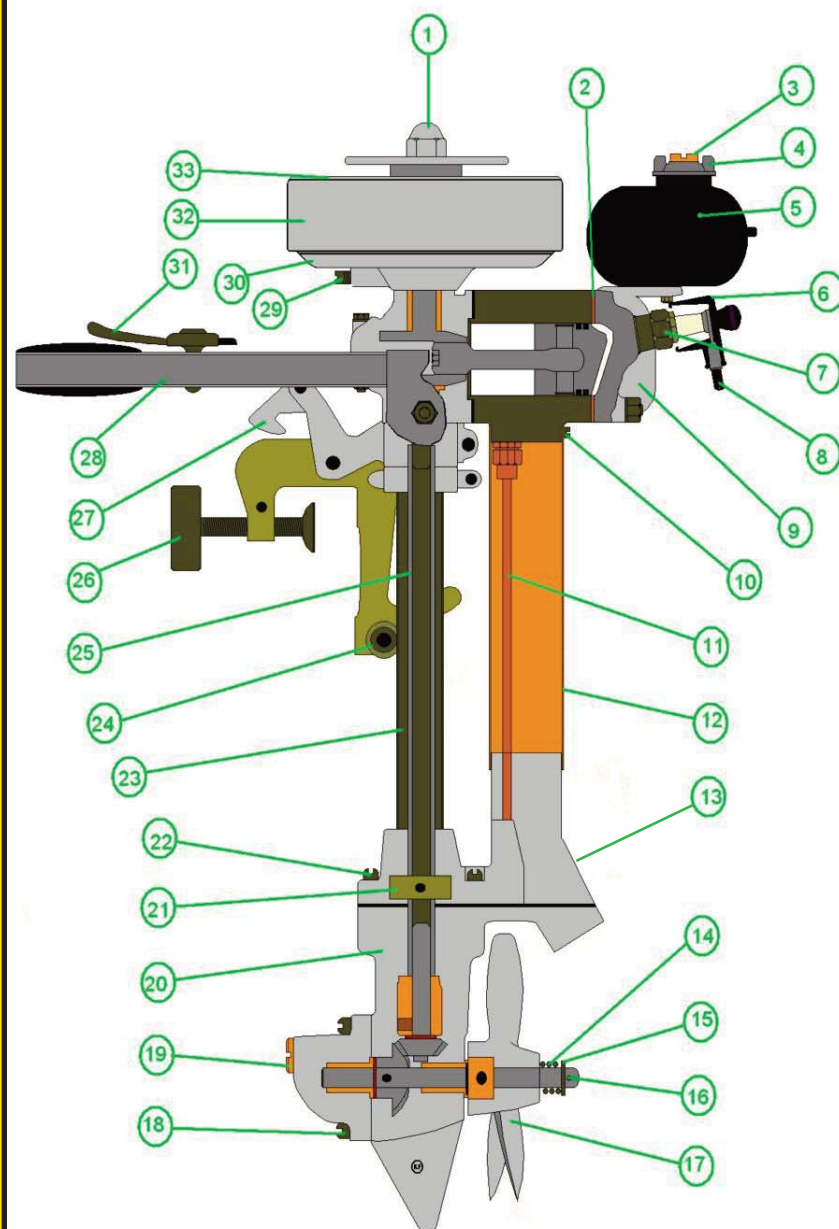
Okay, so it's a long trip, but a once in a lifetime opportunity. Book the long service leave, advise the boss and SWMBO that you need 4-6wks holiday in Oct 2013 (plenty of time for reasonable notice or roster planning!!)

So far we have interest from at least two New Zealanders and two Americans, plus the usual local suspects, so it's going to be fun! For more info email Mark on ozseagullgroup@gmail.com or Ph: +61 2 6562 4619

For the most up-to-date list of British Seagull events worldwide, go to:
<http://seagulloutboard.com>

To get your event listed or to update a listing email: rexcharlton@gmail.com

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/>