Barmouth Sailors' Institute

(Founded in 1890 by the late Canon EDWARD HUGHES B.A.)

Sailors' Institute, The Quay, Barmouth, Gwynedd LL42 1ET

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NEWSLETTER ISSUE TWENTY

(Edited & Published by Trevor Roberts)

January 2016



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Trevor Roberts

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Well 2016 is now with us and we have reached newsletter 20.
In newsletter 19 I said we might publish a commemorative newsletter if we reached number 25, but with time passing by at an enormous rate and realising a little late in the day that during late 2015 we missed celebrating our institute 125th birthday.

Well to try and catch up with time, it is intended it is intended to make our next 21st newsletter a commemoration issue to celebrate this milestone and arrange a celebration at St Davids Church on the harbour.

Because the next newsletter will not be published until the end of June/early July and to give advance notice it's intended to hold the Church Service and Celebration in the August 2016 period.

I did promise in the last newsletter to start introducing profiles of people who have been involved in your Institute, either as contributors, officers or committee member and following on from our first profile Les Darbyshire I am delighted to inform you that within these pages is the profile of our secretary Janet Griffith.
Who will be next? All revealed in issue 21.

On the 8th February is our AGM and for the very first time in many years there We are looking forward to welcoming a new President.

As you know the constitution of the Institute states that the senior leader in the local Church in Wales for the Barmouth area must be the Institute President and due to our present president the Reverend Kevin Horswell moving away to Mold we will be giving a warm welcome to the Reverend Bethan Bailey who will become our new president.

I would like to place on record our thanks to Kevin who always gave our Institute 100% support and was always available to give help and advice when asked and of course we wish him and his family all the very best in his new area.

Finally I'm on the look out for new articles, If you have any for publication Please get in contact with myself before the end of March 2016

Finally, I trust you will enjoy all the articles in this our 20th newsletter.

Trevor Roberts

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A FEW WORDS FROM THE SECRETARY!

As I pen (as it used to be in the good old days! Instead of fingers on a keyboard) these few words, we are experiencing extremes of weather. Just had some very heavy hailstones raining down. I hope you survived the awful rain and wind over the past few weeks. It's so incongruous having such temperatures at this time of year with some daffodils and other flowers out. My bees have never really bedded down for the winter, they've been out feasting on the ivy flowers. Birds singing brighten the days.

Our Editor, Trevor will be shocked when he receives my entry for Newsletter number 20 – so few words!!

Amazing to be writing for issue 20. We've had our ups and downs but congratulations to Trevor for battling through. Over the issues we've had many interesting contributions from our members covering many aspects. Until the Newsletters are in circulation,

I never know what he's come up with.

Since my last writing, very little has happened. The Institute has continued to function on an even keel thanks to the dedication of all Committee members. Thankfully, I have not had to seek grant money for anything. The museum grant bodies pots are rather empty at the moment. A little woodwork and paint repair is needed to the outside of the building which we are doing ourselves. It has been hampered by the lack of cooperation from the weather. It is being left now until Spring and nice fine warm days!

Our annual Coffee Morning was held on Friday, 10th July 2015 and as in the last couple of years, it was in the Arts Room of the Dragon Theatre instead of Parlwr Mawr.

A huge 'thank you' goes out to all our loyal supporters who made it another success. The day dawned bright and sunny and was one of the best days of the week. Unfortunately this did not go in our favour. We did not attract any of the visitors to the town – they were all on the beach and who could blame them!! So we relied on a smaller group of stalwarts who popped in for a chat and socialising with other like minded Institute supporters without whom we would be able to exist and so preserve unique maritime history. The good news is that our Treasurer had a smile on his face. Because of your generosity he banked £250.85p! A splendid result.

However, all this could not have happened without the support of the Co-op for their kind donation, the cakes and artisan bread which were freshly baked and donated. The raffle and Table Top sale received items from friends. All helpers on the day are known as 'David's Angels', a tradition going back to 1999 when Committee member,

David Griffith had the idea of a Coffee Morning to raise funds for the Institute's Restoration Fund. At the time, 'Charlie's Angels' from the television series, were still in peoples mind. David recruited the help of Barmouth W.I. ladies and nicknamed them so. The tradition of the W.I. ladies lives on through one loyal member still helping each year at our event. There are others not seen but in the background baking in true W.I. tradition for the cake stall. Big thanks go out to everyone and see you next year!!

Going by the number of visitors to Tŷ Gwyn where they keep a rather accurate record of people through the door, we would estimate we had around 2,900 to our small building in 2014. 2015 saw 4000 people visit Tŷ Gwyn from whom we shall have had a spin off. So it's well worth the effort by all volunteers in whatever capacity. Trevor will no doubt refer to the fact the Institute is now 125 years old – established in 1890.

A reminder to everyone of the Annual General Meeting of the Institute on Monday, 8 February 2016 in the Reading Room at 1800hrs.

I did say at the beginning, 'a few words' and that **is** so. I close now wishing you all a very pleasant spring, summer and autumn ahead.

Janet Griffith Hon. Secretary

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INCLEMENT WEATHER

Barmouth Monday 0400hrs.1960.

M24 Roll out of bunk. Kettle on, gear on and make the tea. It's the start of another week's fishing. Sunday afternoon was the landing day for the Billingsgate market, via Cambrian Coast Express and an evening ashore, Wednesday will be Market Hall, Birmingham.

Today we are on our way up to Morfa Dyffryn. Give the skipper his tea (Cracker Jack) and turn on the engine.

It's a stiff southeasterly coming over Cadair and we are off, over the bar and up the coast.

After we have hauled, drop anchor, breakfast on and sort out the catch. The wind is backing to the N'East and is now quite breezy. Jack takes note and turns on the radio, just missed the Shipping Forecast, not to bother Kid we will catch the holiday forecast at 0830hrs. By 0800 the wind is now northwest and still backing.

Not a good sign anything going anticlockwise! BBC morning weather report - "Today Cardigan Bay sunny spells and occasional showers and a bright breeze for yachtsmen".

"Wonder if they know where Cardigan Bay is" says Jack.

It's now low tide and it's a howling gale from the southwest, pay out all the anchor chain, pray to Neptune and wait for enough water to get into Pensarn.

There are people on the dunes waving to us, must think we are mad, probably don't realise there is nowhere to go till high water.

"OK Kid, up the anchor and watch out on top".

I tied a rope around my waist and take a turn around the forward stanchion and start taking in the slack as we dive into the troughs.

After a nightmare fight with anchor and cable, anchor stowed and I fight my way back down to the main deck.

"OK Kid we are going to steam into it and then come hardabout and make a run for it. Put on the emergency tiller and when we come about you take the wheel and I will take the tiller".

My first time at the wheel going into Pensarn but Jack is more worried about the steering wires snapping than me at the wheel. Well, we ran in like a surfboard and as we turn hard a port inside the breakwater Cracker says "Well Kid, that's some yachting!"

Fast forward to March 1963 St. Brides Bay and we are fishing long lines off Skomer Island. At anchor under the cliffs tucked in behind Wooltack Point. Very strong southwesterly but we are fine, can't get back into Milford Haven but hopefully the storm will blow itself out.

No it does not! It backs to the northwest and now we don't have a lee shore, so it's up anchor and no choice but to go round Skomer Point, too risky to cut through Jack Sound.

Just previously to this trip, we had a rat problem on board, probably picked them up from the fish docks Milford Haven. A bit of squid left on one of the hooks and they are after it.

Old Dai at the Dinas Head, Lower Fishguard says "They won't bother you Boy'o, loads down the mines we had".

So off we go, as we start to clear Skomer, Jack for the first time says "Kid kick your sea boots off and go and get the lifejackets and the rockets".

I am on the standby hand pump, the cabin is flooded, the deck is awash, we need to get around to Broad Sound for a lee shore, when in front of me a family of rats runs up the Fo'c'sle ladder and dive over the side!

As we make it to safety Jack says, "Well Kid they don't like a bright breeze for Yachtsmen"!!

This intriguing insight into Barmouth fishing 1960's style, kindly submitted by Institute member Malcolm Colburn, Honiley, Warwickshire, will remind many of our members of yesteryear. Many thanks Malcolm for taking the time to write to us.

PROFILE
Janet Griffith

In Newsletter 19, Trevor did a profile of Les Darbyshire's life and threatened more would follow – he delegated me as the next (willing) volunteer. So here goes.

I was born in 1936 in Birmingham (ironically one of the furthest places from the sea!). I was educated at Quinton C. of E. Primary school and then Halesowen Grammar School. I was proud to have passed the 11 plus. Having recently seen the TV series on grammar schools I now realise what a privilege it had been and how lucky I was to have such a basis for future life. I didn't go on to 6th form, opting to go out into the world and earn a living. I worked at the Guardian Assurance Company in the city – starting work at one of the upright desks out of Dickens, at the back of the office. Making tea, relieving the telephonist on the switchboard – the type where one pulled out cables and slotted them into other holes to make connections – and any other job that no one wanted! The office was modernised and we all had the modern desks in full view of the public. I did 6 years in the Fire department and got as high as I could with no promotion in sight – in that era women were not encouraged to take exams. I left and moved to Wales. My mother needed help to run a small shop on a caravan site in Talybont. At the end of the season I got a job in the office of Coleg Harlech at the beginning of the new academic year. I had no formal qualifications and learnt so much 'on the job' knowledge from the Registrar, Mr. Gordon Calvert. Mention of Mr. I.D. Harry is made in Les' profile. I had the pleasure of being at the Coleg for his final term before retirement.

Not long after arriving in Talybont, I met a fellow who had left the RAF after 9 years and was looking for a position as a Radio Officer in the Merchant Navy. We had met briefly about 4 years earlier. Yes, that fellow was Dafydd and we were married in 1963. 1965 saw us going away for two years on a small bulk carrier. Dafydd's Company was exploring the possibility of going into that form of freight. I could write many words on the experiences I had on the various ships I was priviledged to accompany Dafydd. Somewhere around the late 60's I became self employed earning a living painting and decorating houses together with garden work. This allowed me to take some time off when he came home on leave.

Dafydd left the sea in 1984 by which time we had moved to the house I now live in.
1997 was the year the Barmouth Sailors' Institute came into my life!! Having grown up with the Institute as a boy (Bobby Wyn being a contemporary) and learning to play snooker there, Dafydd was a member and out of the blue decided to go the A.G.M.

The rest is history!! And so rests my case.

I've had an interesting and lucky life.

Janet Griffith

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CANTREF GWAELOD

This version of the story of the loss of Cantref Gwaelod was described in a book published in 1909, The History of Barmouth and Vicinity, written by E. Rosalie Jones.

At the time of the Roman occupation, modern Merionethshire was included in the Roman province of the Ordovices. These Ordovices were the roughest yet bravest people of the age, and their leader, Arlain - a man of marvellous valour and insight - dwelt on the Mawddach banks. When a great assembly of all the Britons met at Caer-Llyd (Leicester) to discuss the treatment of Boadicea and the massacre of the Druids, Arlain went thither with a powerful band of the ever-faithful Ordovices. His eloquent and stirring oration persuaded the Britons to avenge Boadicea and the Druids, and to die rather than live in subjugation to the Romans. The repetition of his question, "Shall our Queen and Prophets die unavenged?" was answered by a fierce "No!" uttered by a thousand burning throats from the depths of a thousand passionate hearts that were soon to be transfixed by the cruel lances of the stern Romans. Boadicea's sad fate is too well known to require comment here. The Ordovices, dejected and wretched, returned to their homes, and the progeny of Arlain's gallant little band dwelt in blissful peace upon the slopes of the Ardudwy Mountains, by the gently flowing Mawddach, until one morning, early in the sixth century, each man called upon his neighbour to come and behold a great rolling sea where once all had been fertile plains and happy cities.

To understand this remarkable statement the reader must bear in mind that all that portion of Cardigan Bay which he can now see from Barmouth did not exist prior to the beginning of the sixth century. At that time Uther Pendragon held the nominal sovereignty of Britain over a number of petty kings, among whom Gwythno Garanhir was lord of Caredigion. The most valuable part of Gwythno's domain was the great plain of Gwaelod, which, stretching along that part of the sea-coast which now belongs to the shires of Merioneth and Cardigan, was an extensive tract of level land. This plain was populous and fertile, containing, we are told, sixteen fortified towns which still bore in their architecture, language and customs, vestiges of past intercourse with the Romans. There was not a city in the whole island equal to one of these, save Caer Lleon upon Usk; and the Port of Gwythno was one of the three privileged ports of the Isle of Britain.

A massive stone rampart guarded Cantref Gwaelod from the sea, which, prior to the rampart's erection, was said to have paid unwelcome, though brief visits to the inhabitants, and to have encroached considerably upon the land. It was to check the progress of these inconveniences, therefore, that the people of Gwaelod had constructed the embankment which, when Gwythno began his reign, had withstood the shock of the waves for ages. Watch-towers were erected along the rampart and watchmen were nominated to guard against the first signs of damage or decay. All these towers and their companies of guards were under the supervision of a central castle where dwelt the Lord High Commissioner of the Royal Embankment - the *Arglwyd Gorwarcheidwad yr Argae Breninawl*, as the dwellers in Gwaelod called him - whose name, Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi, we find celebrated in the "Triads" as one of the three immortal drunkards of the Isle of Britain. Such being the case, it is not the least surprising to find that the worthy Seithenyn passed his time in festal munificence, eating and drinking to his heart's content, and leaving the entire charge of the embankment to his deputies. But those were happy-go-lucky days in Gwaelod, and so the deputies left the care of the rampart to their assistants, who in their turn left it to take care of itself.
The watch-tower guarding the embankment where it terminated at the point of Mochras, in the high-land of Ardudwy, was in the charge of Teithrin ap Tathral, who kept his portion of

the dam in exemplary condition. Daily he paced the rampart to the limits of his charge, but, one fateful day, tradition says that, by some accident, he strayed beyond his boundaries. Everywhere he observed signs of neglect that greatly dismayed him. At length his wanderings brought him round to the rampart's southern termination. He met with abundant hospitality at the hands of his fellow watchmen, who, believing him to be walking for amusement's sake, asked him no questions, and thus allowed him to complete his observations in silence. Then he hurried to seek out King Gwythno, only to find that that monarch was preparing for a feast and composing an ode, and could not, therefore, interview the zealous watchman. So Teithrin hastened in search of the King's son Elphin, whom, when he had found him, he instructed in the state of affairs. Elphin and Teithrin then went together to visit Prince Seithenyn, who, being as usual in a hopeless state of intoxication, remained incorrigible in his obdurate persistence that no danger was impending. Presently he fell to the floor in a fit of inebriety.
Not long afterwards the very catastrophe which he had refused to anticipate fell upon the wretched country without a moment's warning. That portion of Seithenyn's castle that had part of its foundation in the sea, had been gradually undermined by the waves; a fierce tempest had brought the operations to an untimely close, and the tower fell headlong into the sea, which, pouring its waters through the opening, rapidly engulfed the fields and abodes beyond. Teithrin and Elphin only narrowly escaped death, but after several hair-breadth adventures they arrived at Gwythno's palace, which stood on the rocky bank of the Mawddach, just above the point where it quitted its native mountains and entered Cantref Gwaelod. With them and his courtiers Gwythno held a conference. But the desolation and destruction of Gwaelod had now become irremediable, and the noble kingdom of Caredigion fell into ruin. The curious investigator may still see a part of the old embankment which stretches from Mochras far out into Cardigan Bay, and which is known by the appellation of *Sarn Badrig* or St. Patrick's Causeway. So, too, may still be heard on the coast of Merioneth the couplet to express the sense of an overwhelming calamity.

"Ochenaid Gwyddno Garanhir
Pan droes y don dros ei dir"

("The sigh of Gwythno Garanhir when the breakers ploughed up his land.")

According to some authorities, that famous Welsh bard Taliesin was found by prince Elphin in the
River Mawddach; the Mabinogion places the scene of the legend between Aberdyfi and Aberystwyth; while yet another authority claims that Taliesin was of adult age when the adventure occurred, and that he was tutor to another prince Elphin, son of King Urien-Rheged of Aberllychror. There is a proverb to be heard in the Mawddach district to this day - **"Mor drist ac Elphin gan pafod Taliesin" (As Rueful as Elphin when he found Taliesin)** – which would seem to favour the first supposition. It is well known that Elphin on finding, instead of food, only another mouth to feed, when he chanced upon Taliesin, was bitterly chagrined, and it was, therefore, the doleful expression of his countenance that gave rise to the distich mentioned.

Alan Vincent

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GARLANDSTONE



Members have over the past few years asked about the old sailing ship that was lying derelict in Aberamffra harbour many years ago. Well coincidently with my interest in railways and when on a family holiday at the Cornish village of Calshot 25 years ago, reading and looking at photographs of various stages in the building of the large stone built railway viaduct that is prominent there,

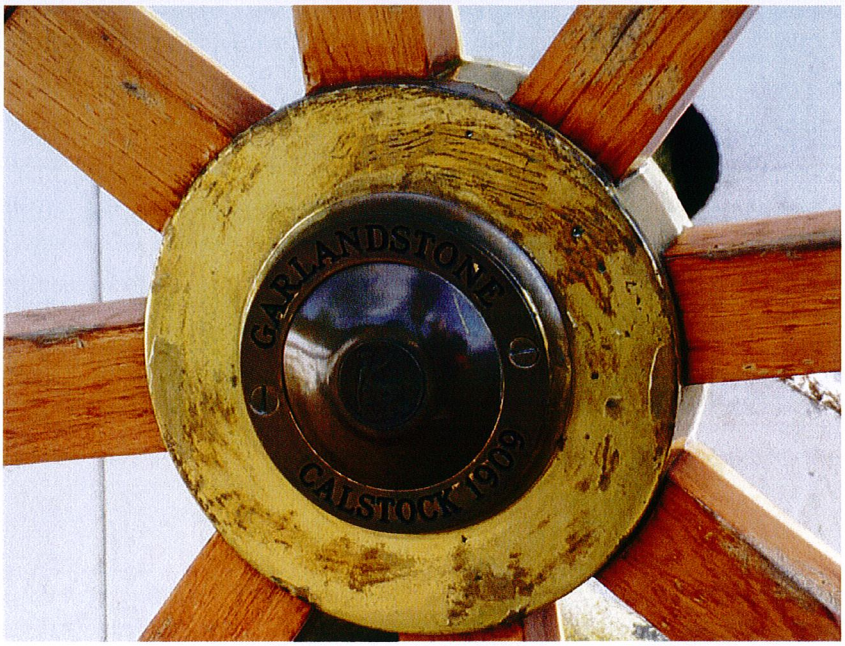
I noticed amongst the pictures that there was an old farm with a small ship building yard alongside the structure and a couple of small sailing ships being built. Yes one of the small ships was identified in the picture as the Garlandstone. Of course I was very interested and I carried out some investigations to see if this really was our Garlandstone. I have since read a lot of it's history and managed last October on holiday again! to go aboard her at Morwellham Quay.

Another direction my investigations took me over 20 years ago was to the Katherine andMarina Dock near to Tower Bridge on the Thames, where at the time was a sister? ship to the Garlandstone and within its hold acting as a museum were a large number of models and photographs of small sailing ships and amongst them were several pictures of the Garlandstone at Aberamffra harbour and in Porthmadog.

I have since read a lot of it's history and managed last October on holiday again! to go aboard her at Morwellham Quay, and that is only 2 miles from where she was built..

after the bridge had last opened, she left Barmouth on 04/03/1973 from PM, to form a basis for private Maritime Museum at Oakley Wharf from 1974 to 1980. Purchased by the National Museum of Wales in 1979. In March 1981 she was moved to Greaves Wharf and formed part of Gwynedd Maritime Museum. On 10/06/1987 she left PM under tow for Morwellham, arriving about two weeks later. Presented by the Museum to the Morwellham and Tamar Valley Trust on 24/06/2000. She has since been restored to her original condition.





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TY GWYN

The Bronze Bell Museum, manned by members of the Sailors' Institute, is housed in Ty Gwyn and there are many stories about the use and occupation of this building before it became a museum.
One view of its history was described in a book published in 1909, The History of Barmouth and Vicinity, written by E. Rosalie Jones. This description is reproduced below:

Near the quay is to be seen an old building known as "Ty gwyn yn Bermo," where Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, according to tradition, lay concealed with his ward, afterwards Henry VII. According to some authorities, Jasper and Henry were concealed in an ancient tower which has since entirely disappeared.
Mr. W. W. E. Wynne says of this old building : *"The old house called , 'Ty gwyn yn Bermo' near the quay, is said to have been built by Gruffydd Fychan, of Corsygedol, to enable him to communicate more safely, relative to the invasion of England, with Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, uncle of the young Henry of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., as the Earl might land there from Pembroke and in case of danger again be immediately at sea, whereas at Corsygedol the difficulty of escape would be greater. This must have been sometime between the years 1460 and 1485. The old roof of 'Ty gwyn' may, from its form, have been built within the named period."*

From an old manuscript, in the possession of Mr. Wynne of Peniarth, which is entitled "A History of the Corsygedol Family," is the following:

"This Gruffydd was in great credit with Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, who lay at his house at Corsygedol, whence he absconded with Henry, Earl of Richmond, from Edward IV and went to France. *(Mr. W. W. E. Wynne has appended the following annotation to this statement: "This is probably incorrect, as it is generally supposed that from Tenby they fled to France.")* They show you the apartment where Henry, Earl of Richmond, lay concealed. Gruffydd, before this, built a convenient house at Barmouth, close to the entrance of the river into the sea, which now remains in good order and is called 'Ty gwyn yn Bermo', on the building of which, an elegant Poem was written by an eminent bard of those days, which is now extant. This house was built purposely for the convenience of corresponding with the Earl more privately than at his house Corsygedol for here the Earl might come secretly by water from Pembroke in a few hours, and conveniently they might there consult the welfare of Richmond in great privacy. It is not unlikely that it was from hence they fled to France."

This manuscript was written in 1654.

The Earl of Richmond's plots, needless to say, were crowned with success, and in 1485, Henry Tudor, one of the truest sons of Cambria, was crowned King of England on the field of Bosworth. Wales was satisfied and rejoiced, and if any credence is to be placed in the legends that affirm his having watched the progress of events in "Ty gwyn yn Bermo," the inhabitants of Barmouth must have hailed with exuberant delight indeed the coronation of the man to whom they had given shelter.

A copy of poem referred to in the piece is held in the museum.

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FRANK

Following the recent storms and damage caused at the harbour near to the "Last Haul" sculpture that was created by the late Frank Coxy. I thought is was time to remind ourselves and re-publish this story told by Tony Illes.

Frank, the marble sculptor, has been a man of many trades during his eventful life and for a many years he was the owner and skipper of several lobster and scallop boats, fishing out of Barmouth.
It was early November, sometime in the late 70`s when he spotted the 40 ft, solidly built fishing boat `Gardelwen`. She was lying up in the little harbour of Trefor near Caernarfon and was just the vessel he was looking for, so Frank made the deal with her owner and duly arrived early one morning to check her over before setting out on the outgoing tide that afternoon on the trip back to Barmouth. Timing was important, because the critical part of the voyage home involved passing through Bardsey Sound, where the tides roar through at up to 7 knots first in one direction and then the other.
Being on his own he quickly took up the offer of a burly local man (who we shall call Garth) who came along for a chat, those with boats will know that this happens ! He was the skipper of a little pleasure launch based there and said that he had never been through Bardsey sound and would love the experience. Furthermore, he had a friend (who we shall call Wil) who was not only in the Coastguard, but also a good mechanic. There was just one snag, Will did not finish work until 5 p.m., so being November they would be leaving as darkness set in.
Here Frank admits were his first two mistakes, one, never take out an unknown, and two, with a deteriorating forecast and night coming, do not go out.
However as soon as Will arrived, off they set along the North coast of the Lleyn Peninsular with a noticeably increasing southerly wind.
Frank started to get the gut feeling that she was not steering quite the same a few hours out as they approached the entrance to the sound and so he lifted the access hatch to the engine and bilges just to have a look. He was confronted with about two feet of oily water sloshing around, so without further ado down he went calling for the others to switch on the electric bilge pump and man the manual pump.
Wil however, was not feeling very well and his efforts were not achieving very much, in fact, with the now rapidly rising sea and total darkness he elected to crawl into a cubby-hole and let fate take its way.
Meanwhile things could have been far worse, the water level was not rising, the engine was running well and Frank could now move around below to look for the leak.
Because of the delayed start they had now missed the tide for the sound, so Frank elected to take the longer, but safer route right around the outside of the island, the sea state was now rough, but on they ploughed , pumping away.
Time passed and they turned the end of Bardsey and set the course for the Sarn Bardrig Buoy and Barmouth, but even though the pumps ran the water did not go down and they

could not find where it was coming in.

Suddenly sparks from down below lit up the night. Without further ado Garth grabbed a wrench and dived below shouting up that it was a bad connection on the battery and proceeded, with great enthusiasm, to break off the terminal right at base. Instant darkness prevailed -- and the bilge pump stopped !!

Before Frank could collect his thoughts, Garth, down below, in water, in the dark, wedged by a roaring diesel engine did the only other thing not to do-- he hit the stop button, and now the boat was quiet... and sinking !

Franks` mind collected itself very quickly and said (a) radio the Coastguard and (b) get bailing fast with a bucket.
There is no way to start a large diesel without electricity, so they were going nowhere except eventually to the bottom, and Holyhead Coastguard notified them that Barmouth Lifeboat was on standby for them if needed.
Now was the time for steady bailing with the ships bucket. Frank, down below passed the first bucketful up to the ever eager Garth, there was a larger than usual heave of the deck and Garth threw the lot over the side. "Find another **** bailer screamed Frank. True to form Garth located a five gallon part used drum of hydraulic oil, and tipping the contents out on the swaying deck, passed it to Frank. To add to the chaos, we now have a skating rink for a deck**
Things were now seriously downhill, and the inevitable `Mayday, Mayday` call was hurriedly made, and thankfully confirmed,. But back on the `Gardelwen` Garth was not yet finished.
In the wheelhouse, Frank having completed his `Mayday` , watched in amazement as18 stone of Garth come sliding in through the open doorway, gripped the instrument consul for support, and then disappeared in reverse back through the doorway on the next huge swell--- taking the panel, and connecting wires with him.
Franks dream boat was fast becoming a wreck, but they held out and eventually sighted the welcome lights of the lifeboat in the far distance. "Fire a rocket" shouted Frank and Garth duly obliged, but directly into the boat !!
As it lay blazing away, embedded in the deck Garth heroically stamped on it in an effort to put it out, and set his wader on fire.
The next flares went skyward and thankfully the lifeboat spotted them, came to their rescue and took `Gardelwen` in tow.
Barmouth was reached at first light and as she tied up to the harbour wall she slowly sank.
At this point Wil came back to life, scrambled ashore ¦___,,___<___ ___j

To Be Continued !!.

Tony Iles

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