



**HARRISON BUTLER
ASSOCIATION**

NEWSLETTER

SPRING

1982

No. 15

THE DOG WATCH

By a stroke of good fortune my Acting Editorship coincides with the commencement of a new photo-copying business in Ipswich, with versatile equipment, which I hope will enable the Newsletter to continue without bankruptcy. During the course of conversation with Tim J-B at the AGM he commented that if one cannot impart information of world-shattering importance then one should aim to entertain - or words to that effect! I cannot promise to do either but with the new facilities I can hope to maintain a reasonable standard of production.

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I cannot begin without making reference to the excellent HB feature by Peter Ward published in the January YACHTING MONTHLY. His suggestion that PERADVENTURE cost twice as much to build as a modest house of the period is interesting. Spending-power in the thirties was not as widespread as it is today, nor was there a Rent Restriction Act. Given today's conditions it is possible that the two would have cost about the same. A firm in the Falmouth area is offering a 7-tonner for about £28000 in traditional wood construction and of HB type. An interesting article in the February PRACTICAL BOATOWNER on the Life and Times of David Hillyard announces an attractive 5-tonner for £15000 with diesel engine. Could it be that, despite the plastic culture which has been super-imposed during the last 20 years, the cost of building in wood remains, in real terms, about the same as it always was?

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The other day, Richard Primrose, the Brixham surveyor (very trad), told me an amusing story about David Hillyard. It had not taken this pioneer of "boating for the people" long to work out that the way to produce boats at a price which people could afford to pay was to build them quickly. During his heyday he became secretly concerned about the twice-daily ritual, common to all boatyards, of the workforce sitting around in a circle drinking tea for 15 minutes. "If I am employing 16 men", he mused, "I am losing the services of one of them for an entire day - for which the customer pays." Eventually he solved his problem. One afternoon, choosing the right psychological moment, just before tea-break, when tongues were beginning to hang out, to everyone's astonishment he wheeled into the shop a Hillyard-built tea-trolley complete with urn, and proceeded personally to distribute mugs of tea to his men for consumption whilst wielding plane, chisel, spokeshave and adze. Surprisingly, no-one said a word, and the new procedure was established. Quite an epic of industrial relations!

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HB was a great believer in the old adage, "The smaller the boat the greater the fun." In this issue, what I had intended to be a Z4 feature has become a theme - chiefly because, having devised what I thought was a suitable contribution of my own, Joan phoned to say that she had got some stuff on ZENOCRATE - and very good stuff it is too. I make no apology for deciding to go the whole hog. The Z4s were produced in such large numbers that they ought to be the backbone of the Association - because they testify to the popularity of the Zyklon design, which was for two people to cruise in safety - and, with the exception of Prof.Collingwood, in comfort! They are small ships, relatively cheap to run. They should be a source of enchantment for the young and a solace for the not-so-young. They deserve meticulous care and attention.

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Hopefully, by the next issue, it will be possible to reproduce members' own photographs. Black and white please. The only stipulation is that I get some 'copy' to go with them!

The Editor.

OUR PRESIDENT'S LETTER

High Point

March 1982

Dear Members,

Now that I have donned the secretarial cloak to go with my presidential hat it seems logical to write a Presitatorial Letter since much of the subject-matter overlaps.

Spring is theoretically with us in the U.K. and, in fits and starts it is a reality. At such times ones thoughts become translated into activity and fitting-out sounds can be heard wherever boats are to be found. I just hope that the severity of the past winter has wrought less havoc to boats than it has in our gardens where, in mine at least, Death has been stalking with gay abandon, leaving a trail of brown where green should be. For boats, I think excessive wind would have been the major hazard.

In among the cold and snow I received delightful Christmas cards from many of you. They thawed my spirits and I thank you for the glow they brought.

The A.G.M. was its usual enjoyable self but if I appeared at all distraite it was because I had heard that morning, just before you all arrived, that my other sister, Nora, had died two days previously. Now I am the only H.B. sibling left so you must treat me with care!

Among the 35 members who attended there must be a chilly male pate for I still have a peaked cap in my cupboard: whose???

Please do read the Minutes as they provide information as well as being a record of the proceedings of the A.G.M. at which Boyd and Desiree told us that they'd had a Christmas card from Bonnie and Brad who had reached the Solomon Islands. Where now, I wonder?

You will note that we have had to raise the annual subscriptions; with reluctance but of necessity. May I here make another plea for those who have forgotten that they have not paid up to date please to remedy this and then we shall have a much healthier balance sheet. If you are not paying because you do not wish to continue your membership, please will you send a letter of resignation (I hope you won't, but will send a cheque instead!), then we shall know not to send you Newsletters or other notices.

Now and again, people who write to me send an s.a.e. and this is much appreciated: it would be quite a good idea to make a practice of doing this when writing to the Association, be it to the Chairman, Treasurer, Editor or Secretary as it would help to keep down the running costs.

I was glad to welcome new members, four of whom came to the meeting: John-Henry and Marilyn Bowden; and Liam and Marcelle O'Carroll who, despite their Irish name are in fact Belgian and are the new owners of OMEGA. John-Henry and Marilyn own COBEER, a Z4. Another new Z4 owner is Fred O'Brien and although Fred is new to the Association, CONSTAR is not. Fred is Master of the car-ferry, NORRIS CASTLE, which many of us will have seen plying 'twixt Southampton and Cowes. A third Z4 newcomer is BALLERINA, owned by Wilfrid James.

It would be interesting to know the series numbers of all the Z 4-tonners as they join; some we do know already. I think that 44 is the highest number on our list (SVALEN) so we are a long way off completing the set. I called on Captain O.M.Watts a few years ago to try to find out exactly how many Z4's were built but he said that all the records were in his cellar at his home; and he didn't give me the impression that he was going straight home to search for them.

Both OMEGA and DORADO have changed hands recently and, as you have read, we have gained new members already from the sale of OMEGA. I am glad to say that Jack and

Jean Lewis and Bob and Manette Van Hoohten are remaining on our list of members. To have to part with a well-loved boat which has been a faithful companion for many years and on which so much loving care and hard work has been lavished is akin to a bereavement and our hearts go out to them. I hope that we shall soon gather in DORADO's new owner.

You will read in the Minutes of Keith and Janet's generosity in giving JACARANDA to the "Leisure for the Handicapped Association" and that we wished to invite continued membership for JACARANDA in the H.B.A. Accordingly, I spoke to their Chairman, offering Honorary membership and, as JACARANDA is registered in his name you will find that John Foster is another new name in the current members' list.

Incidentally, if you should find mistakes or omissions please tell me. On that score, you should add to the list of Associate members:

John Farr
Gatehampton manor
Goring-on-Thames
Reading, RG8 9LU
Tel: 0246 874031

You will find information elsewhere in the bulletin about John and his useful X-Ray service for detecting lurking dangers and defects in the boat's anatomy.

Please note that applications for burgees, badges and sweat shirts should be made to the Treasurer and not to the Secretary. Money is involved and it is logical that it should go directly to Janet.

As usual, I have had interesting letters from near and far and, as usual, I am in arrears with replies, for which I apologise. Thank you anyway, for writing - I enjoy your letters. Have patience but, if you think I have left you unduly long, do send me a reminder. I am very fallible.

H.B.boats have had quite a lot of publicity in the Y.M. recently but it is apparent that there is a lack of awareness among the editorial staff of the characteristics of my father's designs and of the man himself. No doubt they are all too young! They were responsible for the incorrect caption to two of Peter's photographs which referred to his attention to detail but the details quoted were no concern of T.H.B. The details drawn on the plans serve merely to shew where he thought various items might best be stowed; and if a riding light, for instance, is drawn, you will know that there will be room for it there when the boat is built. He did not concern himself with embellishments: simplicity is inherent in all his designs.

I have had first hand news of the progress of Alessandro's Khamssen A. from his twin sister, Camilla, who paid me a surprise visit in the Autumn; and a non-surprise one since. JARDINE looks good in the photographs taken at her launching and will look even better with her spars and sails. She is to be gaff-rigged.

Lastly, but not in the least least, I want to thank Ron and Mary for the years of service they have given to the H.B.A., first, in getting it off the ground and into the water and thereafter, for keeping it afloat for without their hard grind it might well have foundered. I don't think members realize what is entailed in running an association such as ours; and the effort seems to be concentrated in a very few members. Thank you both, very much; enjoy your freedom from the shackles of Office and let LINDY take over and deliver you to unknown anchorages. We shall, of course, expect an account of your travels to swell the pages of future Newsletters!

I hope that during my term as Hon.Sec. not too many of you will discover that my middle name is Bottleneck. Peter is even now waiting for this, my own contribution and, although he has champed very politely I am sure he would wish me to bring this letter to an end and get it into the post.

Thus, I shall conclude by sending my greetings and good wishes to you all, wherever you may be.

Joan.

STOP PRESS. For those who read about PERADVENTURE in the January YM, she can be yours for £10250, with mooring. For details ring Peter and Hazel Ward, Northbourne 77251, or write to 1 Brunstead Road, Branksome, Poole, DORSET.

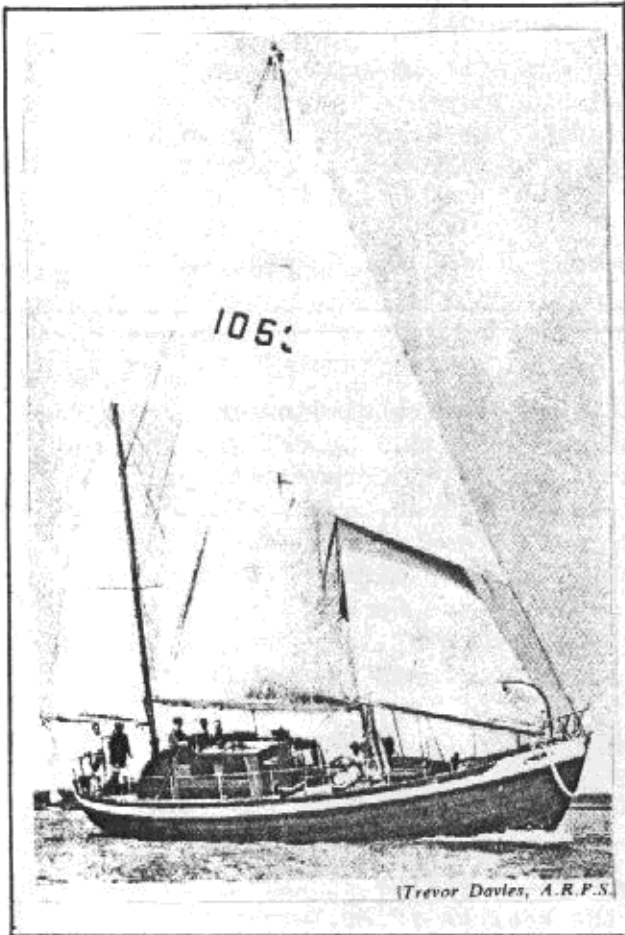
FROM THE BOSUM'S CHAIR

Auld Acquaintance.

Our treasured family doctor, 6'4" OA, always asks after the Jardine Browns - he played medical school rugger with both Tim and Colin (6'5" OA) under their current noms de guerre, Tweedledum and Tweedledee. He still speaks with regret, but without breaching medical confidence, of Colin's overriding psychological bloc which the selection committee had to balance with the value of 6'5" in the line-out: "He could have been, otherwise, first class...but, alas, under really violent stress conditions, he tended to become amiable....."

Auld Age.

I have a horrid suspicion that this could be the second time the "Auld Acquaintance" anecdote has appeared. I'm getting a bit Auld myself.....



SPRINGTIDE, says Lloyd's Register, is 50.0 ft. x 13.7 ft. x 8.5 ft. ; 34 tons TM : Aux Ketch : R.J.Prior/Alan Buchanan 1957. And for many years no sailor going down the cat-walk at Moody's to his dinghy passed her entirely innocent of infringing the commandment which forbids the coveting of his neighbour's wife, ox, ass, or yacht (probably in reverse order). Gleaming varnish from stem to stern, with loving maintenance shining from every cranny, she belonged to Southampton's ex.MOH; a grumpy, or perhaps merely gruff, member of that fraternity who will only say, "Good morning" if you say it first. Strange, with SPRINGTIDE such an absolute cockle-warmer. But he too thought he was getting the "Auld" syndrome and sold her to a couple of equal treasurers who sold their farm to buy her. For a time much blue water passed under her keel. Then they too sold her.....and the RNLJ Journal tells the rest of the bitterly sad tale.....

"SERVICE 25th.April 1981. A 999 call reported SPRINGTIDE moored in an exposed position in Ilfracombe, the owner preparing to move her to a more sheltered position from the F.8/9 northerly gale, had jumped ashore to let go her mooring lines and the yacht had immediately blown clear of the quay. He had

been unable to get back aboard. The yacht, with three people: a young man of 20, a girl of 16, and a boy of twelve, had then motored out to sea to ride out the gale. The owner said the boy was fully competent and asked that radio contact should be established immediately. This proved impossible. At 2205 the yacht ran aground and the Oakley 37 ft. "Lloyd's II" was launched. The yacht lay ashore at Capstone Point. The normal slip could not be used and the lifeboat was, therefore, taken on her carriage to the old slipway at the Britannia Hotel and, despite the carriage and tractor jack-knifing on soft sand at the foot of the slipway, the launch was achieved at 2252, meeting very rough seas, wind gusting F.9. A RAF Whirlwind was hovering over the wreck but could not lower a man because of SPRINGTIDE's angle, the height of her mast, and the flying rigging. By now the yacht had been blown over a large rock, making her inaccessible to the lifeboat. The helicopter managed

however, to recover the girl from the sea and she was taken immediately to hospital. The lifeboat continued to search down-tide. At 0200 it was learned from the girl that a gas bottle had exploded when about half-a-mile offshore and all three crew had donned life-jackets and jumped overboard. Despite the co-ordination of lifeboat, helicopter, two CG rescue companies and two Fire Brigade parties providing additional searchlights, neither the boy nor the young man was seen again. The lifeboat returned at 0315."

This last voyage of SPRINGTIDE seems to have been accursed from the time she left Moody's on the Hamble. Backing out, she scraped helplessly down the side of Ron Goodhand's LINDY, then went aground on the Shingle Bank off Hurst Castle; thence on to Poole Bar and lost her anchor, and so to a refuge assumed to be provided by Ilfracombe "harbour", open to everything but NE. From beginnings to end a sad, tragic affair with a moral that none should need to see set down in print one more time.

FIRST CATCH YOUR PILCHARD

Simple, delicious and simply delicious.

2 large eggs

2 tablesp.milk

Teasp.salt

Pepper

15 oz.can of Pilchards in tomato

4 oz. sliced bread

Chopped gherkins

2 tablesp.oil

1 x 8" frying pan: Beat eggs, milk, salt, pepper: stir in gherkins, bread, pilchards and a squirt of lemon-juice, if there. Heat oil in pan and cook over a medium heat for ten mins. each side. (Turn over by slipping the cake first on to a slightly oiled plate.) And eat with a salad, hot or cold. Promotion guaranteed.

BLOW, BLOW THOU WINTER WIND...

In the recent seasonal weather, the thermometer, hung on the outside half-door, read Minus 14° Centigrade!

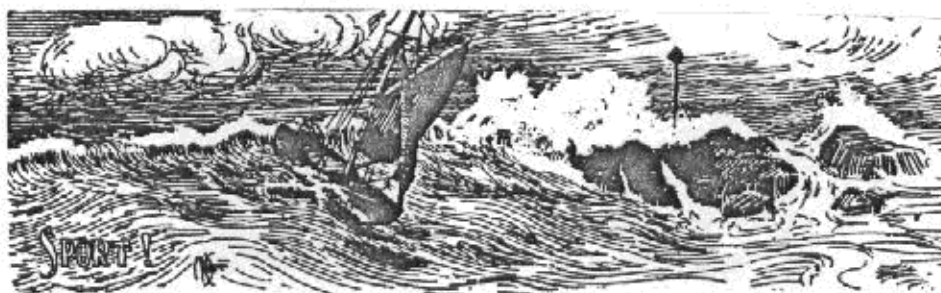
LITTLE WINDFLOWER (2)

Built in 1890, this 41 ft. 14 TM cutter was bought for rebuilding in 1956 from Dr.T.A.A.Hunter by George Marlow who, if you were rich and stored your boat at Moody's under cover, was the man who, though a qualified shipwright, preferred to drive the tractor that hauled it in, and in due course, out. Falmouth-built at St.Feock, W.Ferris launched her off, and in 1913 she was owned by a famous yachting journalist of the day, Frank Cowper. Laid up during the First War, she was sold to C.S.Blundell who was killed at Anzio in the Second War and in 1945 Dr.Hunter bought her and cruised her extensively, winning the 'A' Division of the Plymouth/Belle Islo RORC Race in 1948 despite - or perhaps because of - the hoisted storm cones, easily the oldest competitor. (L.W. of course, not Dr.T.A.A.H.) But George got married, &c. and after twenty years work on her in decreasing spare time - hard work...she now has greenheart garboards 4" thick!...he sold her to the Richardsons of the Elephant Tard just across the water "where I can still see her."

At some period in her history Our Own, Our Very Own Boyd Campbell owned a sixth share in her! Perhaps, indeed, he knows what nobody else knows: when renovation began, a mysterious slot was discovered in the keel as if Mr.Ferris thought of a centre-board, but decided agin it? She never had a centre-board but, instead, four tons outside and about the same inside - for her topmast cap is 56' nearer the moon than the lucky owner.

PHILOSOPHIC NOTE FROM MR.MARLOW: "I'd never do it again".

Bosun.



"RE-CYCLING THE Z4s"

It is worthwhile

"I wouldn't buy one of them if I were you. Their construction is unorthodox and of composite materials, which do not take kindly to salt water".

These predictably gloomy remarks were addressed to me many years ago by an East Coast surveyor friend at a time when I was contemplating the purchase of a Z 4-tonner.

Yet now, some 15 years later, I am the owner of BOLDUSTER which might be described as a "re-cycled" Z4. I bought her from John Clapham, a professional boat-builder, who had owned her for 5 years during which time he had given her a new laminated stem, new floors (the structural members which tie the lower planks to the keel below the turn of the bilge), a new deck including some deck-beams, as well as new keel-bolts almost throughout. Today, people imagine her to have been built more recently than 1939, part of that illusion being the flush-deck cabin-top (American style) which did not become fashionable in the U.K. until after W.W. II.

It has been said that a well-built wooden yacht will remain seaworthy for at least the normal lifespan of a human being. Given the average amount of neglect which a boat receives, this is true only if the craft undergoes a skilled major refit during the first 40-50 years. By refit I do not mean simply burning off the hull to examine the condition of the planking, but examination of every square inch of the structure, every fastening and fitting; and the replacement of anything which is the slightest bit suspect, however formidable a task this may be. This may mean the sacrifice of an entire season's sailing and considerable expense. It would be as well, if possible, to lay the boat up in a yard where the necessary skills do not exist; then there can be no argument about the importation of a self-employed boat-builder.

The Z4s were built in an unorthodox manner devised by Capt.O.M.Watts; in his day a man of many parts in the world of yachting. The technique employed was described in detail in Yachting Monthly (April 1938).

Joan has told me that there was only one meeting between Capt.Watts and her father, principally to seek permission for the Zyklon design to be used, which according to THB's usual custom was freely given. It is documented that THB went to some trouble to find a yard to build to the Zyklon design by the more usual methods for a sum comparable to the price at which the Z4s were eventually offered by Alfred Lockhart (Marine) Ltd. at Brentford, Middlesex. In due course an attractive quotation was received from a West Country yard which it is not difficult to imagine was Mashford Bros, of Cremyl who built MERRYTHOUGHT in 1938; the year that Lockharts' went into production with their scheme - achieving the astonishing feat of turning out more than 40 boats before the outbreak of war in September 1939. Incidentally, MERRYTHOUGHT has been hitherto mis-described in the Members List as a Z4 whereas she is a "one-off" Zyklon. In fact, she is the only one of which I know but Joan may know of others. (I see SUSAN is another.)

Returning to the question of "re-cycling", human nature being what it is, there is a tendency to fit out each year as best one can according to weather, time and available funds, whilst turning a blind eye to what appear to be minor defects. "It'll do for this season", we tell ourselves. Yet add on the other things we haven't noticed or the things we don't know about and pretty soon we have an ailing boat. In the Z4s there are a number of "danger spots" which the years will have found out and where deterioration will have set in to a greater or lesser extent, according to the treatment which individual boats have received over the years. The features which call for regular inspection, and for action as necessary, are the copper-fastened mild steel floors which, due to electrolysis, can eventually waste to an extent whereby there is a serious loss of strength - BOLDUSTER was a case in point; delamination of the stem due to the failure of

pre-war glue which was not as efficient as modern adhesives; the same failure in the splined seams (wooden fillets glued into the seams instead of stopping giving a much smoother finish to the hull and generally associated with varnished topsides) which in the later boats replaced traditional methods; and, again in the later boats, electrolytic decay of the brass screws with which the planking was fastened, not only at the hood-ends and garboards but also to the timbers throughout the hull. I know of one owner at Brightlingsea who, years ago, painstakingly removed every brass screw in the hull and replaced them with silicone bronze. BOLDUSTER was fortunate in having her planking fastened with clenched copper nails. Screw-fastened planking is common practice in the U.S.A. but the Americans are sensible enough not to use brass. The method was adopted for the Z4s to speed up production as was the splining of the seams.

The boats were built in the hey-day of the standardised wooden tabloid. Other examples were the Blackwater Sloop and the Deben 4-tonner; but, undoubtedly, the Z4 was the best, if for no other reason than that ZYKLON was designed for serious sea cruising. From figures which have been published recently for traditional wooden boat-building it would seem that ZYKLON could not be built today for less than £12000, to include an auxiliary engine. But then the very small tabloids always were relatively expensive to build compared with a 6 or 7-tonner.

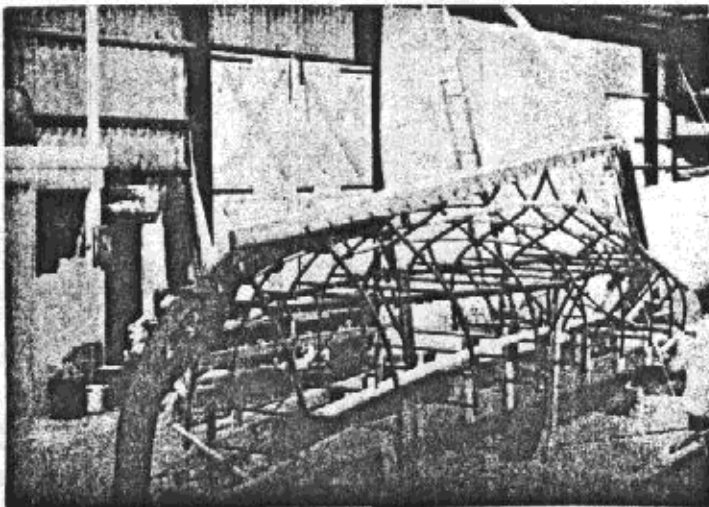
P.M.

AND

Reproduced from Yachting Monthly April 1938

FRESH IDEAS IN BOAT BUILDING

How the "Z" 4-tonners grow



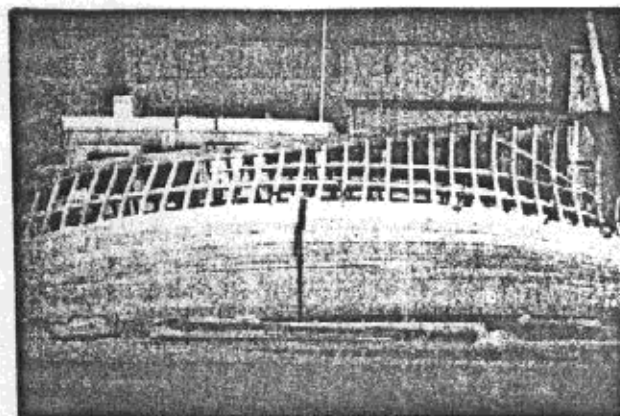
We recently had the opportunity of inspecting some of the Watts "Z" 4-tonners at the Lockhart Thames-side works where these boats are under construction. The plans and specification appeared in the February YACHTING MONTHLY, and it will be recalled that the hulls and rigs were designed by a well-known amateur designer who wishes to remain anonymous. Since the first boat of the batch now building was launched and tried out on the Thames, some slight modifications have been made, amongst them a neat combined mainsheet horse and backstay bumpkin, and a stemhead rig.

As the construction of these boats is in the hands of a large firm, the

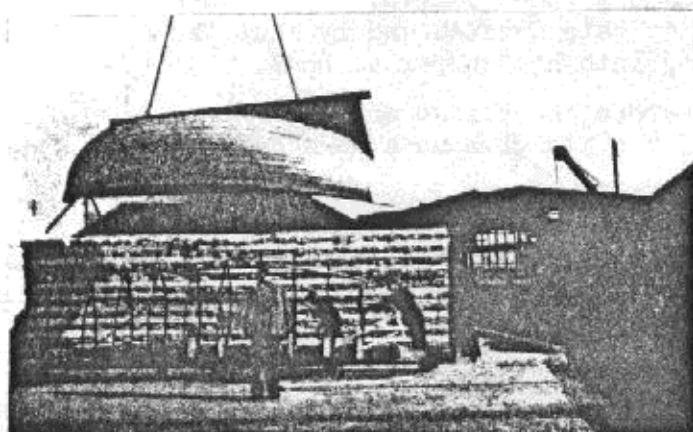
latest electric precision tools are available, and methods of boat construction have been evolved which we believe are new for small cruisers of this type. The bilge stringers, beams and carlines, for instance, are laminated, and oak crooks have given place to neat steel angle knees. By means of modern production methods, the hulls are completed in seven days, a further six or seven, however, being needed as at present for the caulking. It is probable that this old and laborious method of caulking a small hull will be eliminated after certain tests have been made.

The hulls are built keel upwards on steel moulds, and the planks, of 7/8 in. Siberian larch, are cut to shape in duplicate and numbered, so that the planking on both sides of each boat is identical. First the keels, stems, stern posts and keel deadwoods (the later boats had no deadwood, the ballast keel being full length) are bolted in place, and the steel moulds temporarily bolted to them. The keels

are already checked to take the ends of each of the bent frames. The stringers of 2 in. x 1½ in. pitch-pine in one length are next steamed into place and held by cramps, and the necessary number of temporary splines are also laid outside the moulds. Next, the steamed timbers, already bent to shape, are fitted into place and fastened where they are checked into the keel, and the work of planking then proceeds immediately, each plank in one piece being steamed into place at the same time as its opposite number on the other side. Oak crooks have given place throughout to neat steel angle knees.



In another part of the shop teak coamings complete with beams, cabin tops, hatches and carlines are erected ready to be dropped into place. All the fittings in the yachts, such as the fore hatch, samson post, cleats, spars and ironwork, are standardised and ready made in large numbers. The iron work has been carefully designed, a notable feature being the excellent design of steel tabernacle, which incorporates four cleats and an effective sliding bar fitting to allow the gooseneck to be set at a convenient level.



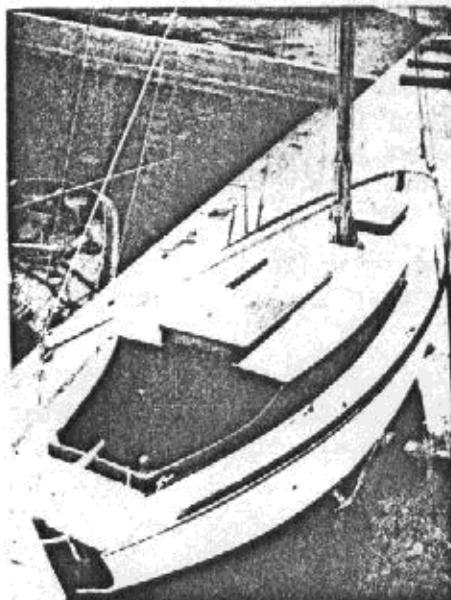
Hollow masts are made from spruce and glued under pressure, and the square-sectioned booms, also built up of spruce, have neatly designed fittings and weigh very little.

The twin cylinder Watermota two-stroke engine is neatly installed beneath the cockpit floor (companionway actually - Ed.), and drives the propeller under the port quarter.

Although we were not able to try any of these boats underway, there is no doubt that they would handle well and generally behave as good tabloid cruisers should. The designer is a

well-known amateur who has specialised in this particular type of cruiser and who is a professed enthusiast for the metacentric shelf system of checking the lines for balance. With the methods of construction and general finish we were more than satisfied, and we think that these little boats should satisfy any amateur yachtsman who requires a 4 ton single-hander for weekend and holiday cruising with pleasing appearance and neatly planned layout.

Because of the many modern refinements the price - £297, complete with engine - places these "Z" boats in a good class. Inspection and trial underway may be arranged through Capt.O.M.Watts Ltd., 49 Albemarle Street, Picadilly, London, W.1.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

Considering the speed with which these boats were built I have often wondered why no boatbuilder has revived this method of constructing small wooden boats cheaply - much less than the £12000 at which I have only guessed. The layout in the Z4 is not as comprehensive as THB planned in the Zyklon design, and was standardised - there being no variation whatsoever - thus contributing to the low price. Just like the GRP boys today!

I heard that a firm at Bosham took over the steel moulds after the war but nothing ever came of it apparently.

MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS

By

Mark Stafford

It is quite common to see other yachtsmen getting into a mess when they are coming into harbour, or generally fiddling about with moorings. But it's bad seamanship if it happens to you - or is it ?

Last summer, in Weymouth, GREYLAG was forced to moor up on the wrong side of the harbour. Those familiar with Weymouth will know what I mean. Everything is on the other side of the harbour; shops, pubs, restaurants - and the fuelling berth.

And one of the extraordinary and amusing peculiarities of the fuelling berth in Weymouth is that it is very rarely attended - if at all. You have to be very quick off the mark once you notice an attendant, or you'll find yourself buying fuel in the Town and humping it down the High Street. Something to be avoided on a busy Saturday morning.

On this occasion, one Tuesday evening at about 6 o'clock, the fuel berth attendant was on duty. Not that he was doing any business. He glanced up and down the quay a few times and consulted his watch. We were ready customers because we needed diesel before setting off across the Channel but we were on the wrong side of the harbour, and we were hemmed in by six other yachts. It looked as though it would take at least 30 minutes to extricate GREYLAG and by that time the chap across the way would no doubt be tucking into his supper at home.

"Quick", I said to my crew, "nip across the bridge and tell him we're coming over....."and don't forget to come back to give us a hand off, I won't be able to manage on my own".

The bridge was 250 yards along the quay. The quay was five yachts away. Off he went, across the yachts, up the quay, along to the bridge, over the bridge, haring 250 yards back down the quay on the other side to the fuelling berth.

Meanwhile, crews on the other yachts moored abreast of GREYLAG were waking up to the fact that some of their lines were being loosened. One portly fellow, two yachts in from us, decided that as no-one seemed to be in charge it had better be him. He was everywhere at once, consumed by boundless energy. His wife, correctly interpreting the situation, surreptitiously removed herself to the cabin leaving him in sole charge of the quarter-deck. A rather retiring chap with a pleasant manner from another yacht was somewhat slower off the mark. Our portly friend was in his element; he had found someone who didn't argue or answer back.

"Just cast this off will you"....."feed that line round the stern - no, behind the backstay"....."get that dinghy out of the way, there's a good chap"..... "just hang on to that rope while I push these yachts out of the way"....."watch out for that bowsprit"....."fend off, FEND OFF", and eventually, "O.K. GREYLAG, off you go". "I can't", I replied, "I'm waiting for my crew".

Just across the water at the fuelling berth on the other side of the harbour was my crew. He was gesticulating to the attendant who was shrugging his shoulders. They seemed to be having some sort of argument. Meanwhile, a raft of six yachts, tethered only loosely at one end, drifted towards the vessels moored in front. Their crews appeared on foredecks where they could be seen jumping up and down, adjusting fenders and showing signs of distress. A crowd gathered on the quayside and more trippers joined them, drawn by curiosity and an uncanny instinct for impending disaster.

A breeze came up in the still of the summer evening to watch the fun, and gusted merrily around the sterns of the six untethered yachts, sweeping them ever further towards the vessels moored ahead.

"I thought this fellow was going"....."what's he playing at then?"....."if you ask me, he's got no intention of moving". I stuck my head into the engine compartment and pretended not to hear the remarks that were coming from all sides. "If he doesn't look sharp we'll be in a right mess....."

A quick furtive glance around revealed that matters were rapidly getting out of control. The raft of untethered yachts, with their crews still jumping up and down, had reached the point of no return. To make matters worse, there was no sign of my crew.

"I say GREYLAG, are you going or not?" The portly fellow sounded rather annoyed.

Faced with the inevitable, I went. GREYLAG slid stern-first into the harbour. As she did so, I noticed the puzzled look on the face of my crew as he hung on to the shrouds of the boat that had been moored alongside. Obviously, he had run all the way back from the fuelling berth, over the bridge, down the quay, and struggled across five yachts, only to find me gone.

"Quick", I shouted to him, "nip across the bridge to the fuelling berth and give me a hand to tie up. I can't manage on my own". I didn't hear his reply - our engine is quite noisy really.

Later on, tied up at the fuel pump, and as the diesel was being pumped into GREYLAG's fuel tanks, we both sat comfortably back in the cockpit sipping coffee and observing proceedings across the harbour, where we had been formerly moored up. The portly fellow was still in charge I noticed, but some of the other yachtsmen seemed to be annoyed with him.

"You know, that's what makes yachting really worthwhile", I mused.

"What's that?"

"Why, watching other people getting themselves into a muddle".

* * * * *

THOUGHTS ON KEEL BOLTS

To those who, like myself, are keel-bolt worriers I should like to commend the services of John Farr, alias X-Ray Marine Ltd., of Gatehampton Manor, Goring-on-Thames, Reading RG8 9LU. Tel: 0491-874031.

At not unreasonable cost, his price structure is based on the number of bolts, not the size of the ship. Thus, it would cost little more to X-ray, say, ROSE OF ARDEN's bolts than a Z4. The minimum charge for three bolts is £65, inclusive of expenses and no VAT, plus £10 for each additional bolt. The cost of eight bolts would, therefore, be £115. Owners of lead keels are better off with less bolts. Add this sum to the cost of a hull survey and the total might be £250, against a proposed outlay of thousands of pounds if making a purchase. Mr. Farr claims to detect corrosion to 1 m.m. Quite apart from the purchase aspect, is it not sensible to compile a record of one's own bolts? The safety margin of tensile strength is enormous. I am told that, in smooth water, one 3/4 in. mild steel bolt will hold 27 cwt. of iron ballast keel. Why shake up a ship by banging out bolts only to find that there is nothing wrong with them? If one has an accurate record of the bolts they can be replaced gradually and only when necessary.

A word of warning to Z4 owners with concrete in the bilge in way of the cockpit and engine space. The purpose of this is to direct water towards the centre of the ship. Unfortunately, the concrete covers three important keel bolts. In my own ship much of this concrete was broken out when the engine was changed from the original Watermota. This has uncovered two bolts which can now be renewed as necessary. The third bolt, still buried, is shown by X-ray to be at least 50% corroded. The boat has seven bolts in all. The hole underneath the ballast keel just a few inches forward from the heel of the rudder does not contain a bolt but a hook, the purpose of which is uncertain. It came out on the edge of the X-ray plate of the keel bolt next to it. If anyone has any ideas please let me know.

It would seem worthwhile breaking out a couple of feet of this concrete if it can be done without disturbing the engine mounting. The keel is quite wide at the forward starting point and it should be possible without damage. I understand the tool is a Kango hammer.

" Z E N O C R A T E "

The original owner of ZENOCRATE (Z4), happily now back in the Association, was Professor R.G.Collingwood, a University Don who specialized in English Literature. ZENOCRATE was the name of the wife of Tambourlaine and she was reputed to be the most fair and most beautiful woman in the Land.

When Professor Collingwood first saw ZENOCRATE he likened her to Tambourlaine's wife and quoted from the line in the play 'TAMBOURLAINE': "Ah! fair Zenocrate - fair is too foul an epithet for thee - I shall call her ZENOCRATE".

On Thursday, 2nd.June 1938, the proud owner wrote to a friend "E.C." from Deal:

"Yesterday I decided to move from Margate. The difficulty about that is the tides. Margate Harbour dries out from half ebb to half flood. Now there is a tide stream, called the Gull Stream - Gull not Gulf - which flows between the Goodwins and the Kentish Coast: and it flows north-eastward during the ebbs, and south-westward during the floods, because it is governed not by the Channel tides, but by the North Sea ones. And it is too strong to tack against. So if you could get out of Margate about low water you would get the Gull Stream running the right way and go jumping along to Dover.

But you can only get out of Margate when your boat is afloat, so unless you hang about for six hours after leaving Margate you are what my sea-going friends here (pardon my rude unpolished vocabulary) call "messed up".

Well, I lay at Margate for several days hoping for a change of wind, but it stuck in the S.W. and Margate was like Hell, because half the time the ship lay beam ends on the sand, and you couldn't cook, or use the rear, or lie on your bunk, or even get about the ship without athleticism, contortionism, and blasphemism: and the other half she jumped about like a cork, because Margate Harbour is quite unprotected from the West, having a breakwater only on the north-east side. So yesterday I said, "Hell, I'll risk it" - (famous last words).

I left M. at 12.30, as soon as she floated, and with a light breeze I scraped along the Thanet coast and round the North Foreland, hugging the shore to avoid the tide-stream and using the lead the whole way so as to keep a few feet of water under my keel, for it is all shallows off that coast. Well, off the North Foreland the wind died away completely, and an air sprang up from the S.E. "Good", says I, "if this strengthens a little it will sail me slap through the Gull Stream and round to Dover". So I whistled for it to strengthen. Never do that.

It brought up a damnable blue-black smother from the east, and after a bit it began to thunder and lighten. By the time I was abreast of Ramsgate there was one Hell of a thunderstorm going on, and the rain was so heavy that the splash of it made a dense mist 6 inches high all over the sea. But I didn't care; I had a fair breeze and was able to hold a course S.S.W. by compass, straight towards the South Foreland. Thus, in a really awe-inspiring conflagration of the elements, I passed the Brake Lightship, which is a few miles N.E. of Deal. And there I suddenly noticed that things were changing. The storm, like a mass of purple ink floating in water, with (quite constant) lightning jerking through it, had collected over England: to the east the sky was getting quite light. (That, as I now learn, was the time when two feet of water filled the streets of Deal.)

Well, suddenly, to my horror I saw this purple mass moving eastward with extraordinary speed, careering through the sky like a runaway elephant. Next moment I wasn't noticing anything, because I was fully occupied in keeping my poor ZENOCRATE alive in squeeling winds that blew furiously from everywhere at once. The lightning and thunder were so violent and so incessant that one paid no attention to them at all. They were just monotonous traffic noises. I enjoyed myself. The only thing that I did notice was that just before this thing hit me the sky was green - a good strong green like boiled cabbage. I had often read of that green sky as the thing you see in the middle of a hurricane, at the calm spot before the wind hits you on the other cheek, but I had never seen it myself. "Well, by Jove", says I, "here's the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep, although there's only about seven fathoms of it just here".

I suppose I went about ten times in the next five minutes. ZENOCRATE was a joy to handle. I had the most heavenly time, and quite regretted it when the storm began to thin out. Later, I found myself becalmed, in warm sunshine, three or four miles east of Walmer. I had hoped for an easterly breeze that would run me down to Dover, and it came. I lit my Primus to warm and dry the cabin, (the rain had come through the deck in enough places to soak everything there was below) and I looked forward to reaching Dover in 2 or 3 hours.

Then the wind drew to the S.W. and I began tacking against it. Then it strengthened. And by sunset (say 9) it was blowing half a gale and I was beating into it against a rapidly rising sea. ZENOCRATE enjoyed it. She is a lovely boat to sail. But by about 10 I was still a mile short of Dover, and the weather was too much for her. That is a point which comes quite suddenly and is unmistakable. It isn't that the weather frightens you, it is that the weight of it overwhelms the boat. She would at that point have gone on if I had double-reefed her; but if I had tried to do that it would have meant leaving the helm for too long, and the gale would have sunk her. I could only keep her afloat by steering - meeting each wave at the right angle. And it was getting dark.

I decided to run for shelter to Deal. I got the mainsail off her and put her before the wind under jib alone. By now it was a full gale and a nasty evening. My dinghy began to fill and act like a dying fish on her tow-rope. Then she began to roll clean over. Then the rope broke, and ZENOCRATE was easier to steer.

It was just midnight when I anchored off the steep beach of Deal. There was enough shelter there to work the Primus, and I could get at the oatmeal; so I made myself a pint of gruel and thought how Mr. Wodehouse would have loathed it. I had eaten nothing since 11.30 a.m. I liked it.

I couldn't lie down because ZENOCRATE threw me off the bunks when I tried: so I wrapped myself in a blanket and watched. I don't mean only that I didn't sleep: I mean that every ten minutes I had a look at the Deal lights, to see if my anchor was dragging. I knew that if it dragged ZENOCRATE and I should not see the morning, so this gave me something interesting to do.

Also I knew that in my anxiety to get shelter, I had anchored very close to the beach. The danger there was that, at low water - 8 a.m., I might go aground, and in that case the surf would have rolled her over and broken her up, and me too, in a few seconds. By about 3 a.m., when the wind was at its worst, (the papers to-day say 100 m.p.h. but ZENOCRATE carried no anemometer) I was sure my anchor meant to hold: but it was light enough to see by then that I was too close to the shore and that the second danger was a very real one. By a queer chance I had anchored exactly opposite the Lifeboat Station, and I could see that she had been run out on top of the beach and that her crew were standing to: but I knew that if the surf caught us, we should be done long before they could reach us, for surf is a quick worker. However, they must have known that at least as well as I did, and I was sure that they would come and pick me off when the time had arrived. So I dressed, very carefully, in my best clothes. We were well in the rollers by then, though not in the belt where they broke; and it was no good trying to get at food.

At 5 a.m. a motor boat with four men aboard came alongside. It was lovely to see them handling her in that seaway. It seemed impossible that both boats should not be broken up, but neither received a scratch. Her head man came on board and told me that in two hours I should be aground, and that though the lifeboat would save me, ZENOCRATE would be a total loss; they knew I could not save her, (a single man couldn't even lift her anchor in that pull of wind) and he offered to move her to a safe berth. His charge, £20, sounds large, but you must remember that (a) it is only 7% of ZENOCRATE's value, (b) that four men had risked their lives in coming out to make me the offer, (c) that unless somebody saved ZENOCRATE, the poor girl was plainly for it. So I agreed to that and they got to work. By 6.30 a.m. the local reporter was on board and had taken a lovely photograph and collected the whole story for subsequent falsification. By 8 a.m. ZENOCRATE was double anchored (they produced an anchor weighing about 3 cwt. on 50 fathoms of wire rope) and we were landing wetly through the surf; by 9.30 a.m. I was breakfasting in this hospitable pub with two nice little typists from Leadenhall Street on their holiday,

and almost ever since then I have been in bed and asleep.

Meanwhile my cure progresses. I live in incredible discomfort, am piebald with bruises of every size, and I hurt more or less all over, more or less all the time. But my hands are getting horny and my arms are getting knotty and my mind is escaping from its routine of overdriving and is nourishing itself on things like the faces of sea-going men (some of them wild-eyed and sad, some wise and sane, but all of them intelligent and generous to an incredible degree) and the curious society into which it has somehow blundered....."

* * * * *

The postal service must have been somewhat more reliable than it is today, and when "E.C." received this letter evidently it passed around quickly, because six days later, having reached Dover, Prof.Collingwood was writing again, this time to THB:

"(I cannot address you with the formality of a Dear Sir after all your boats have taught me about the working of your mind!) I hear from Tom Nelson today that you want to get in touch with me, so here goes. If you should want to reply, reply to Post Office, Dover.

I have had very little sea experience, but brought myself up from early childhood sailing dinghies and other small fry on the British Lakes in every kind of weather. The winds there are very treacherous and violent, the seas steep and dangerous: and before I was ten I knew all I shall ever know about handling a boat in weather that is too much for her. In last week's gale, with your beautiful boat under me, I felt like Brer Rabbit in the briar patch. She lifted to everything in the loveliest way, whether beating or running: she never thought of taking solid water on board, and she took extraordinarily little spray. Evidence: her forehatch came adrift while beating, and the cover (miraculously not washed overboard) lay on the deck alongside the mast: and although the hatchway was open for the rest of the time until I anchored and secured it, the cabin was not only unswamped but was only slightly sprinkled by what came in.

The only mishaps were matters outside a designer's control, and slight ones at that: (a) dinghy swamped and lost (b) jib-sheets chafed through by fairleads on the long run under jib alone from Dover to Deal (c) Primus insufficiently anchored, and came adrift and behaved as if it thought it was a cat chasing a mouse, leaving a rather oily cabin behind. And the only false step was not ZENOCRATE's but mine: viz. anchoring off Deal in a position where 8 hours later the surf was going to be dangerous. In extenuation, I had never been to Deal before, and it was midnight and pitch dark and not easy to judge distance from shore.

You have designed the perfect cruiser, and I, happy man, own her. But she would balance better with a little bowsprit and a correspondingly bigger headsail."

* * * * *

And now Bob Measom takes up the tale:

"I first became interested in Z 4-tonners when I came across one laid up in George Cork's Mylor Shipyard in Cornwall.

At the time I was on the look-out for something a bit more of a ship than my little 2½ ton Johnson and Jago - but the Z4 was not for sale, and in any case was not, in my opinion, in particularly good shape.

However, I liked her lines and felt that she was just about the size of ship I was looking for, so towards the end of the 1959 season I wrote to nearly all of the West Country yards to find out whether either of them had a Z4 on their books. None of the yards had one, but Lavers of Dartmouth gave me the name of one of their customers who had one for private sale.

I contacted him and he confirmed that this was so and that his Z4, ZENOCRATE, was laid up on a beach berth, which dried out at low water, in the Kingswear Railway Creek.

The next move was to carry out my own personal survey, so at the weekend I set out for Kingswear, complete with sleeping bag, iron rations, and a sharp bradawl, so that I could spend a night on board and have the opportunity of giving the underwater hull a pretty thorough survey when the tide had left her.

The hull was planked with Siberian larch on oak and after much prodding I was satisfied that it was generally very sound despite a little softening of the wood around the heads of the floor fastenings. I knew that I could overcome this by removing the fastenings, cutting out the soft spots - which were only superficial, and glueing in graving pieces.

The decks needed re-canvassing but the Siberian larch planking underneath was as sound as a bell.

I found water in the engine, and I diagnosed this as being due to the fact that the metal plate, between the engine block and the expansion chamber, was badly eroded and was allowing water to pass through to the cylinders and thus down to the crankcase.

Having satisfied myself that she was well worth having, I negotiated with the owner and we settled upon a price of £750, which included an almost new spare mainsail, 3 headsails, and 2 spinnakers.

I wrote to Stuart Turner's about the engine plate and by return they sent me down a new copper plate to replace the eroded one, which was of iron, which when fitted, cured the water leak, and after draining the crank-case and drying out the engine, I got it running quite satisfactorily.

On the 31st. October my father-in-law, Dr. Dowse, who was to be joint owner, and myself joined the ship at Kingswear and got ZENOCRATE ready for sea.

On the morning of 1st. November, we motored out of Dartmouth Harbour, well wrapped up in Duffel coat and several sweaters, and set off for Plymouth. As soon as we had cleared the harbour entrance I hoisted the main and set the working jib, shut off the motor and set course to round the Start. The wind was S.Wly. about Force 4, and being off the land it gave us a close reach in quite smooth water. We should, under these conditions have been moving along at something approaching 4 knots, but in fact she was just like a sodden log in the water and I could not get her going at all.

I had wondered during my survey why there was so much ballast in her and I realised that this was the reason for her sluggishness, so with Dr. Dowse, my father-in-law, at the helm, I set to and, piece by massive piece of pig iron, I dumped it all over the side - the exception being 4 chunks of lead aft of the engine, and these I placed between the midship floors. I must have moved at least $\frac{1}{2}$ ton of ballast.

Once we had got rid of that lot we began to really move through the water and I was pleased with her performance.

The forecast was for increasing S.Wly winds and as we approached Start I could see that there was a nasty jabble in the Race so as the tide was right for it and, with my own local knowledge, we beat round just inside the Race without too much discomfort.

By the time we were off Prawle Point the wind was about Force 5 and the sea was building up, as usual under these conditions being worse in-shore, so we gave Prawle and Bolt Head a fairly wide berth. The wind continued to freshen and, despite regular intakes of neat navy rum, and very hot soup, we were bitterly cold and very much happier when we had passed Plymouth Breakwater. We had been at sea for $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours when we moored up off Alec Blagdon's Yard at Richmond Walk, and when we got home my wife said we both smelt as though we had taken a bath in a distillery.

A few days after we arrived in Plymouth ZENOCRATE was craned out, and well jacked up so that I could knock out and check the keel bolts. That was when I really got a shock. Two of the bolts, which were of $\frac{3}{4}$ " diameter, each came out in two pieces, the top half coming out as I turned the nuts. It was one hell of a job getting the bottom pieces out and this was only achieved after hours of work, by pouring in various types of penetrating oil and belting an old keel bolt - used as a punch,

with a heavy stone-mason's hammer, but we won in the end. Only two of the remaining five bolts were in any sort of condition to hold the keel in position and even these needed to be replaced. The other three had eroded away at the point where they entered the hog, and at that point were no thicker than a 6" wire nail.

I took the bits and pieces down to Brentons, the Agricultural Engineers at Polbathic in Cornwall, and they made me up a complete new set, with nuts and washers - all beautifully galvanised, for £12.

During the course of that winter I put in graving pieces and replaced the original copper floor fastenings with phosphor bronze bolts, so that, with the new keel bolts I knew that I would have a really sound hull to start the 1960 season.

In addition I re-canvassed her decks, fitted a pulpit, and a steering peg-board, and down below I redesigned the cabin, fitting new side lockers at the back of the bunks, a new galley, half bulkheads to port and starboard of the tubular metal deck supports and various other joinery jobs, and the fitting of a flush toilet.

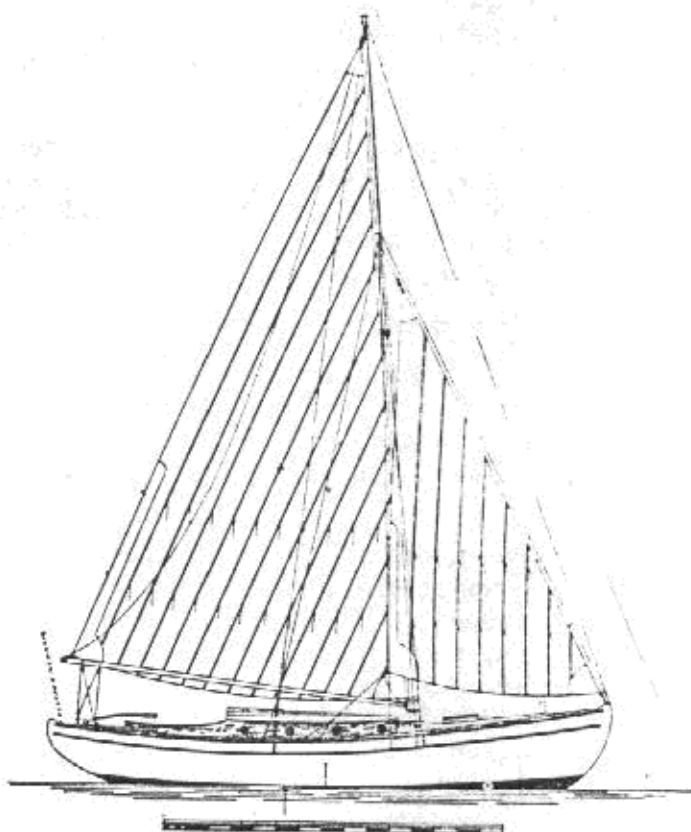
It meant working almost every evening until about 10 o'clock, and every weekend whilst she was laid up. By the middle of March all the painting and varnishing had been completed, and on 22nd.March she was craned back into the water, and on Sat.25th.March 1960 she did her first week-end cruise under her new owners.

All this could not have been done without the help of Alec Blagdon and the use of his electrical tools, help from quite a number of pupils from my school, and last but by no means least the patient forbearance of my wife who saw very little of me during that busy winter."

* * * * *

ZENOCRATE is now owned by John Winkworth and we hope to hear more of her continuing adventures.

* * * * *



Mainsail 220 sq. ft. Foresail 80 sq. ft. Total 300 sq. ft.

Colour photographs indicate a very pretty hull - white topsides, red antifouling. Ed.

FOR SALE

"DILYS"

(Designed originally as VINDILIS - not to be confused with HB's own yawl of the same name).

LOA 25 ft. LWL 20 ft. Beam 7.5 ft.

Draft 4 ft. Displacement 4.5 tons

Lead Keel 1.2 tons Volvo diesel

Built 1933-36 by Lt.Cmdr. V.E.B.Nicholson, R.N. for himself.

Seavoice, Seafarer RDF, Log, re-rigged in s.s. 1981. New main, genoa, storm jib 1981.

Lying N.Wales. £5500, offers.

Contact: Derek Bunting, 9, Upland Rise, Walton, Chesterfield S40 2DD Tel: 0246 35391

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING HELD AT HIGH POINT, PANGBOURNE, ON DECEMBER 5TH 1981.

MINUTES.

The meeting took place in the afternoon, following a buffet lunch, 35 members being present. Peter Rosser was in the Chair.

Apologies were received from: Gareth Davies, Jack and Jean Lewis, Ron and Julie Matthews, Dennis and June Murrin, Bob Seaney (New Associate Member), Brian and Pat Terry.

Chairman. Peter opened the meeting by thanking the President for lending her house for the meeting and added special thanks to her and her galley-slaves for producing the lunch.

He raised the matter of the Newsletters, deploring the fact that so few members troubled to contribute and he suggested a theme: "All's well that ends well" on which members could elaborate. Twelve hands were raised in response to the question: 'Who is prepared to write something for the Newsletter?'

The President was then invited to speak and she welcomed everybody warmly, pointing out that she felt very honoured and touched that so many had travelled from as far afield as Belgium, Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Suffolk and Wiltshire as well as adjacent counties to attend the meeting. New members were introduced; John-Henry and Marilyn Bowden, owners of the Z4 'Cobber', who had joined after reading her letter in the September YACHTING MONTHLY; and Liam and Marcelle O'Carroll, the new owners of 'Omega'.

Joan reported that others also had joined as a result of her letter; Wilfred James who owns 'Ballerina', another Z4, and Bob Seaney who had hoped to attend the meeting. He had been disappointed to learn that 'Spindrift', although sold to him as such, was not in fact an HB designed boat. Thus, he had joined as an Associate Member. Another correspondent, from Honolulu, had also to be disappointed as the photograph he had sent proved that his boat also was sailing under false colours and had not been designed by her father. She had been built in New Zealand.

Joan again stressed the importance and value of the Newsletters in the life of the Association, judging from the comments of her correspondents around the world.

Election of Officers.

Peter Rosser's continued occupation of The Chair was confirmed by the meeting.

Ron's resignation (indicated at last year's A.G.M.) from the offices of Hon.Secretary and Hon.Editor was accepted and as had also been indicated at the 1980 A.G.M., Joan Jardine-Brown was elected as Hon.Secretary, being proposed by Bob Measom and seconded by Trevor Cheesman.

Mary Goodhand's resignation was accepted and Janet Band was elected Hon.Treasurer, proposed by Joan J-B and seconded by Ann George.

The President wished to record the great debt owed by the Association to Ron and Mary who had from its inception held the Association together and steered it through a sometimes arduous course. They were thanked warmly and sincerely by the meeting.

The Secretary's Report was given by Ron. He had had much correspondence with members and potential members during the year. He felt that someone else should now take over from him as he and Mary hoped to do some extended cruising aboard 'Lindy II'. There had been no social events, partly because Dan Bowen had not managed to arrange a Laying-up Supper.

Social Events were discussed by the meeting and a consensus of opinion was against mid-season meets but in favour of a Laying-up Supper and mainland venues were considered. Bill Forster agreed to make enquiries at the Royal Southern Y.C. at Hamble and Ron at the R.A.F.Y.C. There should be room in the Hamble between the visitors' piles for members' boats.

Ron suggested that a loose arrangement might be made whereby members would know that they would be likely to encounter one another at specific pubs/clubs on specific evenings. Research on this would be done and information given to Bill Forster who would notify boats in his area and to Janet Band who would do the same in her area. Results would be published in the Newsletters for members' guidance.

Treasurer's Report. Mary said that although the H.B.A. was not aiming at vast profits it was necessary for its smoother running that there should be some surplus. The present small credit balance of £20 had only been maintained by saving on air-mail postage and sending the Overseas Newsletters by surface-mail which was undesirable but at present a necessity. The Newsletter was the chief expense incurred by the Association and was an ever-increasing one as postal and production costs rose. An annual subscription was made to the Solent Protection Society (£5); and in 1981 two donations had been made in memory of members who had died: to the British Heart Foundation and to the St. John Ophthalmic Hospital. There had been a small profit from the sale of flags, badges and T-shirts. The report was adopted.

In the discussion that followed and with the certainty of increased postal charges in the New Year and the probability of another increase later in the year it was reluctantly decided to increase the annual subscription rates to £4 and £2.50 (Associate Members) from January 1st. 1983; and immediately for new members as they join. This was felt to be the least amount which would ensure a reasonable credit balance at the end of 1983. The increases to £4 and £2.50 were formally proposed by Bob Measom, seconded by Peter Mather and carried, nem con.

Editor. The Editor's chair having been vacated, Peter Mather was sat on its edge, shewing a degree of diffidence, query reluctance, in the capacity of Acting Editor, for 1982.

Newsletter. There was discussion on methods and sources of duplication, typing, &c. with no conclusions being reached other than that research should continue after the meeting and that Newsletters should be produced.

Any Other Business. The President asked Keith and Janet Band about "Jacaranda's," new role and the meeting learned that, having bought 'Lady Mary' and being unable to find a buyer for their Z4, rather than let her deteriorate they had given her to the Leisure for the Handicapped Association who found her to be an ideal ship for their purpose. She was now maintained by Portsmouth Dockyard and her future was assured with a very worthwhile life ahead. The members expressed their appreciation of Janet's and Keith's generosity and their pride and pleasure in having one of the HB fleet serve in such a capacity and hope that perhaps others might join her. Joan agreed to write to the Association, offering membership, on receipt of details from Janet.

Bob van Hooghten gave an interesting dissertation on the traditional Dutch craft among which he sails in Holland. He illustrated his talk with beautiful photographs, illustrating the differences in the various types which he described. He felt that they should form an Association such as the H.B.A.

Date and Venue of Next Meeting. Joan said that sometime, sooner perhaps rather than later, she would have to move from High Point to somewhere smaller and that therefore some thought should be given to possible alternative venues for A.G.M.s although, so long as she resided at High Point and remained fit, they could continue as hitherto.

In considering London venues, Peter Mather suggested the Cruising Association and Joan, the Little Ship Club where in the past THB had served as President and her husband, Robert J-B, as Chairman. Both agreed to make enquiries. Village halls were also suggested as were the R.S.Y.C. and the R.A.F.Y.C.

There was a majority vote in favour of December rather than January and the date of the 1982 A.G.M. was fixed for December 4th. at High Point unless notified otherwise in the Autumn Newsletter.

There being no further business, the Chairman declared closed a meeting which,

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