



HARRISON BUTLER

ASSOCIATION

NEWSLETTER

AUTUMN

1982

No. 16

THE DOG WATCH

Having prepared a "Bumper Autumn Issue" I found to my consternation, on counting the pages, that I had "overdone it", if the Association was to remain solvent. Thus, I had to shed no less than 12 pages very smartly: a companion article to the re-publication of the "Family Tree", which traces the evolution of most of the THB transom-stern designs - beginning with FLEETWING ex.SEA GULL - and the account of HERE NOW's single-handed cruise to Esbjerg in 1952. Fortunately I was able to remove these intact, so they remain for another issue. Incidentally, the "Family Tree" is at the end of the Newsletter. Please keep for future reference.

On the night of the Laying-Up Supper, Ruth and I stayed on board JASLIA, which for me was a nostalgic experience. It was more than 30 years ago that I sailed in her regularly for a couple of seasons - until I bought my first boat - including a three weeks trip to Malmo and back, via the Kiel Canal. Bill Forster kindly loaned me Vol.III of LAUDERDALE REMEMBERED, which is a collection of anecdotes by former members of the Ship's Company of H.M.S.Lauderdale, a destroyer in which Bill served during W.W.II. There is a semi-biographical contribution in which JASLIA features prominently, and it was these JASLIA bits which Bill had in mind for the Newsletter. However, when I read the contribution from "Blenner" right through from beginning to end I felt that other members, particularly those who know Bill, would wish to share it with me.

A short time ago I visited Maldon in Essex and there, lying forlorn in a mud-berth, was an anonymous Z 4-tonner (Z37) - the one immediately preceding BOLDUSTER. As the craft was for sale and the owner's telephone number emblazoned on the mast, it was not difficult to make contact. I discovered that her name is JUNE ex.TUSKAR ex.HERE NOW ex.JUNE. The HERE NOW bit rang a bell and the owner was able to confirm that 'a solicitor' had, in the fifties, sailed her to Esbjerg and back single-handed. Research in Yachting Monthly revealed that this cruise had taken place in 1952 for which the Knight Cup was awarded by the Cruising Association. The C.A.Year Book indicates that the owner at that time, Michael Corley, could hardly have been a solicitor. He is a Life Member of the C.A., although no longer an owner apparently, and is listed as His Honour Judge M.E.F.Corley of Brentwood, Essex. I felt the least I could do for this sad little boat would be to reproduce the account of this voyage, which I propose to do in the next issue - if I am still Editor!

Another memory from the JASLIA era is ZELLÉE. I recall a trip back from Cherbourg with a cask of wine wedged in the fo'c'sle (for delivery to H.M.Customs, Portsmouth!) which gave her weather helm. Anyway, for my pains I was lent the boat for a week! It is good to have her in the Association at last, particularly as Stuart Scott keeps her in such exemplary condition.

On one of the "sundry sheets" I have listed the HB boats I know of that are 'For Sale'. Further information if required. Please pass the word. The boats are nearly all owned by non-members.

My sincere thanks to all who have made this issue possible - immediate acknowledgement of contributions does not imply ingratitude. Please keep them coming - the Newsletter is the Association.

THE EDITOR.

OUR PRESIDENT'S LETTER

(Including Secretarial matters)

The Crag

October 1982

Dear Members,

The High Point era is over but I look forward to welcoming you to my new home on December 4th. and I think you will find that 2, The Chestnuts has much the same atmosphere and will provide a good venue for our A.G.M.s though we shall have to accustom ourselves to a different format. Directions and details are on another page but may I emphasise the point that I do need to know the numbers attending by Friday, November 26th. at the latest please, because of catering and cooking. A few last-minuters can probably be squeezed in if necessary.

The Constitution will be on the Agenda for discussion and, where necessary, revision. It has not seen the light of day since it was constituted nearly nine years ago and probably most of you didn't even know we had a Constitution. Please read it carefully and come to the A.G.M. with ideas on its improvement or, send them to me to put to the meeting.

The particular clauses which, in my view, need clarification are:-

3(1). Wherein "the incumbent" might become senile and not wish to retire while everyone else might be longing for a change of President. (I don't think I have quite reached the stage of senility and I do think I still have some contributions to make. There are probably still a number of memories lying dormant, waiting to be released by a chance remark).

4(1). Vis-a-vis the last sentence which, luckily, is so ambiguous that we have not had to lose any of our members who have parted with their HB boats for reasons other than illness or bereavement.

Suggested alteration:

Members of long-standing who part with their yachts may, if they wish, remain as Full Members or change to Associate Membership but may fly only the Member's Flag except on HB boats.

4(2). Suggested alteration:

Associate Membership shall be open to anyone, not necessarily a boat-owner, who has an interest in any facet of Dr.T.Harrison Butler's life, particularly in the sphere of yacht designing and in the boats built to his designs.

I hate to keep harping on the same subject, ad nauseum, especially as Janet has probably said the same thing on another page but, annual subscriptions (£4 Full and £2.50 Associate) become due on January 1st. and this is the last chance to remind you. Please make cheques payable to The Harrison Butler Association and send to Janet Band at her new address which is listed with all the other changes and the new members.

Write to me if you wish to raise a point at the A.G.M. but cannot come yourself. There is a fairly regular hard-core of attenders plus or minus a smaller number of irregular attenders and usually a few new members. It is these members who run the H.B.A., because they are there, but there must be many members who have ideas and you can put them on paper at the very least.

At this point I shall make my all-too-customary apology for the delay in replying to your letters. This year has been particularly bad as a result of Janet and me both moving house in the same year. One of the objects of my own move was to simplify my life so there should be an improvement.....soon. I still have some sorting to do.

I have clocked up 'nil' again on the sailing meter this year but there is a hint that this may be remedied before this letter reaches you. I am writing at The Crag and since I have been here the weather has been much more conducive to

letter-writing than to sailing. Just as well for Peter is itching to edit and I must hurry this to him.

The mainland venue for the Laying-Up Supper did not increase the attendance and, indeed, our numbers were down to 13 members and two guests. It is interesting (I think) that the weekend gathering consisted largely of denizens of the Hamble River, which was to be expected, with COBBER putting in a brief and very welcome appearance from Cracknore. The rest of us came from much further afield: the Campbells from Torpoint; the Mathers from Woodbridge; Nigel Lihou (a new member) from Guernsey and me from Theale. We who were there enjoyed it and appreciated Bill Forster's spadework in getting permission for us to use the Royal Southern Y.C. for the Supper.

Was it the cost of the dinner which kept people away? Let me know if you have a pet pub which would accomodate our customary complement of 25 members. It need not necessarily be Solent-based but should be within reach of a suitable anchorage and, if possible, of public transport also. There is no reason why we should not vary the locale provided that there is a nucleus of locally-based members who would attend and perhaps offer a bed/bunk to distant travellers. We shall include the suggestion of a Lunch as an alternative to a Supper in our discussion at the A.G.M. and if you have strong views on this (or on any other matter) and won't be there, send them to me, or telephone.

News, interesting as always, has come from many sources and many places and I shall share it with you. We have had quite a spate of new members since our last letter and there are more in the pipe-line which is very encouraging. More stamps to lick but one can use a sponge.

Ron and Mary Goodhand have flown off again, back to the (apparently) irresistible Virgins to overwinter (that has a very horticultural ring) with Rosalind and Barry. Thus, we missed them and LINDY at Hamble; and we shall miss them again at the A.G.M. (And how! says the cook) but, come the Spring, they too will come. Enjoy yourselves; and remember what you said about being 'our man in Tortola': good hunting! It must be very satisfying for Ron and Mary to have unleashed LINDY this summer for a real cruise after so much frustration in recent years. They sailed West as far as the Scilly Isles via Falmouth where they spent time with Norman and Connie Alexander and with Michael Wilson who now owns TRAMONTANA. They came to The Crag but I wasn't here (I am now). They returned from Falmouth to the Hamble via Guernsey, Alderney and Studland, and in St. Peter Port they met SABRINA, a 'missing' Yonne, whose home-base is Gosport. ROMADI has done it again! I don't mean just another Transatlantic trip for, if you took ROMADI out through the Needles, turned her to starboard and then jumped into the dinghy and gave her a push, she would probably take herself across, remembering every ripple on the way. No, ROMADI has cast her spell again and skipper has married crew. Mark tells me that he and Margaret became engaged during a Biscay storm. I suppose they were thrown into each other's arms. He goes on to say: "We sailed from Plymouth in October (1981) to the West Indies, via Lisbon and the Canaries (the former lovely, the latter not recommended!) We spent an interesting few months cruising there, amongst other things being rammed whilst at anchor by a 40 foot 'bareboat' - fortunately inconvenient rather than disastrous." How laconic can you get? They met Geoff Taylor in WATERMAIDEN while they were in Antigua and CAUTIOUS CLARA (Edith Rose design; predecessor to Rose of Arden) in Tortola. Mark said that C.C. was looking a little sad and in need of loving care and that she could certainly be bought. ROMADI now lies on her mooring off the Island of Eigg where she is visible from Mark and Margaret's house. You had better keep your eyes on her or she'll be off again!

Eric and Val Mærner wrote of DESTINA, from Norway and said: "A wooden HB boat makes us yachting royalty and we they centre of attraction at a Colin Archer rally." And DESTINA wasn't even the right breed!

I was glad to learn that Brian and Pat Terry have NAIDA with them in Cyprus. That, at least, is what I deduced from Ron's letter to me. Brian and Pat have been posted, as you will notice among the changed addresses.

News from the Melbourne area is reasonably frequent and I am delighted to welcome Frank Spooner as a member. His Thuella has always been called THUELLA whereas Chris Cooper's was once called REFORM. That will prevent any confusion.

There is a lot of activity in that bit of Australia with John Hartley lofting Dream of Arden, preparatory to building; Frank Hart must almost have completed his Omega. Are you afloat yet, Frank and is she in fact ISABELLA? Richard and Maureen Lee are preparing AMIRI for a January cruise to Tasmania. You will send us an account of your voyage, won't you? Keep a log as you go and then you can easily transform it into an article.

SEASALTER (Aristene) is up for sale so perhaps her new owner will join us. I wonder if she did make her intended circumnavigation in the Southern regions?

John Hartley was very interested to read in a News Letter that his wife, Dorothy, is a New Zealander: I wonder where I hatched up that piece of misinformation? Apologies herewith, if required. John, Frank Spooner and Ian Robertson all write to me giving news of each other so that I keep more or less abreast of happenings in Victoria. But what is going on in Albany? You keep very quiet, there in the West, and we should love to know how you are faring; seafaring no doubt but please tell us. (What about my Prima? I'm avid for information - and a photograph!)

An Associate Member has recently joined (as forecast in the Spring) and by the sound of it he will graduate to full membership as he has asked for plans so that he can have an HB boat built in New Zealand. He is Scott Crawford who lives in Fitzroy, Melbourne and is another unfortunate who has suffered delays at my hands. I'm sorry.

Canada too has been a bit silent recently but maybe it's my turn to write. The exception is Steve Phillips who, despite my disgraceful delays and the inadequate information I was able to furnish about the Fastnet design, has become a member. Steve is practically rebuilding GALATEA; a daunting task indeed. She had not been used for ten or more years which is not good for a wooden boat but, when your work is done you will have a very close bond with GALATEA and a great sense of achievement. I look forward to hearing progress reports from time to time and hope that she will sail again before too long.

Leonard and Ann George wrote from the South of France where their presence aboard their 'other boat' prevented their joining us at Hamble.

PERADVENTURE has changed hands but remains in the Association in the ownership of Brian and Sue Foster. Brian's letter contained news of Peter and Hazel Ward's imminent departure to New Zealand but when I telephoned Peter to bid them a sad farewell I was reassured to learn that they are not leaving the U.K. after all.

Geoffrey Croft, another of our new members, came to High Point seeking information about Cyclone IIA as he has bought TALOFA (the only boat, as far as I know, to have been built to that design) and is doing a major refit down below. Sadly, my help was limited as I have no accommodation plan. TALOFA was the subject of an exercise in detection more than 20 years ago when her then owner wrote asking to have her identified, both as to her HB authenticity and the particular design. He sent photographs and the information that she had been built in Belgium. I remember having seen TALOFA amongst a collection of boat photographs and this tallied. I also dug out of my father's address book the name of a man with an address in Belgium; and with Cyclone IIA beside it. This lead was followed and, click - we were there with the answer. Twenty years later it is not always possible to find original owners still alive but the detection service still operates and sometimes meets with successful conclusions.

Nigel Lihou has bought YARINYA from the Thorpes and she is now in St. Peter Port. Nigel came over from Guernsey; no, not in YARINYA, for the Laying-Up Supper or, was it for the raising of the MARY ROSE? Whichever the main reason, it was good to meet him and also, Mr. W. Whitcombe who lives in Hamble and is an Associate Member with an identification problem. He is trying to find out the origins of his boat, LORD JIM, thought to have been built at Hillyard's in about 1951.

Stuart Scott has brought with him another addition to our Z4 collection. ZELLE (or is it ZELE?) is No.18 of that ilk. We hope to see you at some of our H.B. gatherings.

JARDINE has become a reality: Alessandro has sent me some photographs of her under sail and she looks lovely, perhaps more picturesque than her Bermudan-rigged sister whose photographs he sent also. There is greater beauty in the gaff rig but less efficiency. Is this a provocative statement? Camilla brought their parents to see me at High Point in the summer and I enjoyed meeting them. Dr.Sternini told me that he had learned English by reading yachting books and journals; but that is the language of the H.B.A.

Last of the news, and littlest but by no means least, is that Penny and Simon Richardson have a daughter, born in England (I think - but when?) though ASKADIL is in Fort Lauderdale. Congratulations! Send me the ASKADIL saga.

In the Spring issue Peter Mather mentioned discovering a mystery hook in a hole under BOLDUSTER's ballast keel and raised a query about its use. Are similar hooks present in other Z4s and could they have been an aid to manipulating the boats while turning them over? The picture on p.8 shewed a Z4 slung in the air as though attached at different points. Incidentally, the meeting of my father had was with a Mr.Wilson (? a director of Alfred Lockhart Ltd. for whom SVALEN was built as MEMORY) and not with Captain O.M.Watts.

Yes, Peter, there are more one-off Zyklons among which GREY OWL comes to mind.

We thought it was time to introduce the Family Tree again, in revised form, as it helps to explain the relationship and evolution of many of my father's designs and it will be new to all members who have joined since its first appearance in a News Letter, long ago.

I hope I have omitted nothing of importance and by now you may think anyway that I have written more than enough so I shall end my letter by sending my warmest good wishes to you all; Christmas greetings; the hope of seeing many of you at the A.G.M. and, if not then, until we meet again whether on paper or by sight, sound or touch,

Have a happy time,

JOAN.

* * * * *

Stuart Scott writes:

"I have owned ZELLE now for almost 20 years, and during that time have also carried out various alterations (not affecting type) and made many (I think necessary) improvements, both above and below deck, amongst other things utilising a lot of wasted space.

Some years ago I managed to install a small wardrobe, on the port side in way of the mast (approximately), and a pipe cot forward on the starboard side which, incidentally, I find most useful for stowage; also under the bunks, which were hitherto open, I have fitted flap doors, which not only look tidier but also give more efficient locker space. I have also increased the number of lockers in the galley area, starboard side, which was previously pretty naked (as you no doubt remember), and added further racks for glasses, &c. Above deck, all rigging, guardrail stanchions, and pulpit have been replaced with stainless steel, and the engine is now a 12 h.p. Dolphin.

In 1969, for my own satisfaction, I had a survey carried out, followed by a fairly extensive refit, which included renewing the throat fastenings in the floors, which, of course, entailed removing the ballast keel. This was later re-bedded and all keel bolts renewed. Several frames also had to be doubled. The enormous lump of iron under the engine also had to be shifted to reach one of the keel bolts. I never could understand why it was there in the first place, but have

had a feeling (I expect quite wrongly) that it did not appear in the design stage.

My Insurance Company, after last season, also requested another survey before renewal this year, on account of the boat's age (now 44 years). This was duly carried out last winter, but fortunately little work was called for".

(I last saw ZELLÉE about 8 years ago, hauled out ashore at the Parkestone Yacht Club. Apart from the modern hardware, she looked as though she had only recently been delivered from Lockhart's yard! - Ed.)

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A N C I E N T A N D M O D E R N

DAVINKA was built in 1936 by Fox at Ipswich to a Bogle design: we have no record of her activities until she was first registered in 1949. We are her third owners since then. We bought her in 1963 on the East Coast, where she had enjoyed a successful racing career on the Crouch.

We are neither of us competitive and agree with Admiral Goldsmith that "Time and speed are the banded assassins of content", though I must admit that in 1978 DAVINKA won the First Prize in the Union des Plaisanciers Français Haute Mer cruising class, and in 1975 she helped to bring to the better half Part-Owner the Royal Cruising Club's Lady's Cup. In 1963 we moved DAVINKA down to the "Blue Water" as one of Tucker Brown's shipwrights put it. For the last 20 years she has been based in the South and has regularly cruised on the Brittany and Biscay Coasts, with one sortie through the Midi Canal to Corsica, Sardinia and Elba, where the old lady wintered for three years happily.

In this short account I have tried to show how we have been able to modernise DAVINKA within the scope of our means and to suit our requirements. The first thing to be done was to fit a Hasler S.P.2 Self-steering gear, which meant sacrificing the boomkin and shortening the boom. Then, when we contemplated longer spells of enforced motoring in the Mediterranean, we added a Tiller Master. Both these have greatly extended our capacity for "nite yotting" and sailing short-handed.

Navigation-wise we are equipped with B & G Homer/Heron, and this backs up our sextant, Walker log, and Pye echo-sounder. All the electrics have been re-wired, we have two sets of 12-volt batteries, but still rely on two Tilleys for heat, light, and sound in the cabin. For autumn cruising we have a Maxigas Catalytic heater, and our water-tank is a Vredestein 90-litre re-inforced container, which fits into an otherwise un-usable part of the boat. DAVINKA still has a remarkable locker space, but we can't stow our Out of Bond by the case when we go outside Home Trade Limits.

We make no bones about the engine; the original Watermota took us no further than the Buxey from Burnham, and in 1964 we fitted an Albin four-stroke 2 cylinder petrol engine which gave us excellent service until it became aged. With Ron Goodhand's advice in 1980 we decided that a Yanmar Twin 15 h.p. diesel would extend our range - in the last two seasons we have sailed confidently about 1500 miles each year with 15% engine hours.

After much hesitation we were persuaded that, as we are both on the funeral side of sixty, we were old enough to indulge in a V.H.F. Sea Voice 55, which as a reassurance is as valuable as a liferaft, and we can between us resist the temptation to become the Terry Wogans of Torpoint.

We have considered metal spars and a geriatric jib, but turned this idea down, but we now have twin-forestays. We have the essential winches, and the 36 lb. C.Q.R. comes up easily on its 7/16 chain with the help of the original St.Kentigern anchor winch - bless him and Simpson Lawrence.

As a "Co-operatif Maritime a deux" we have made these alterations to help us to extend our cruising range and to prolong active life. I hope we have not

altered her character; DAVINKA is still a proper ship and has completed another relaxed season. From April to mid-November she has taken us comfortably down to Belle Isle and the Morbihan, and up to the Solent from her mooring inside Reynold's Trot in the Tamar (£14 p.a.).

In November we go back to Mashford's Yard for the four winter months. Here we are able to do our own maintenance, secure in the knowledge that the Mashford Brothers, who have built at least four HBs, will keep a friendly, experienced and expert eye on us and DAVINKA while we are hauled out under cover alongside PERADVENTURE and WATER MAIDEN.

Boyd Campbell.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

The plan was to head for St.Malo, starting with a night crossing, in a boat chartered out of Poole. She was a Bermudan Sloop of about 30 ft. and bowled along very prettily, full and bye.

During the night the wind freshened and it was time for a reef in the Main. As the main halyard was settled and the sail began to fret, we saw that the head-board was detached from the top slide. This was quickly followed by the parting of the seizings on the next five or six slides below. It was time to get the mainsail off to attend to this.

About halfway down it jammed. In the dark it was impossible to see what had fouled and the mainsail was by now flailing; then it tore right across the middle from leach to luff. It looked like real trouble.

We lowered the boom to the crutch to try to secure as much as possible of the sail and almost at once the halyard freed and the rest came down with a run.

So it was back to Poole under a headsail.

In daylight we were better able to see what had happened. The main halyard was fitted with a running block (a single whip). This had evidently become nipped under the hauling part of the topping lift, then taking the weight of the boom, and had finally jammed at the hounds. As soon as the topping lift was relieved of the weight of the boom it slackened and released the block.

Since then, and this was thirty years ago, I have had rather a horror of travelling blocks on halyards. In my boat I removed those so fitted. I find a better arrangement is to use tack tackles on the headsails and have fitted a decent winch for the main.

Ends Well? We found a helpful sailmaker in Poole. The mainsail had gone across a seam and we were able to set off again only 24 hours late.

Robert Warne.

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A PLEA FROM THE TREASURER

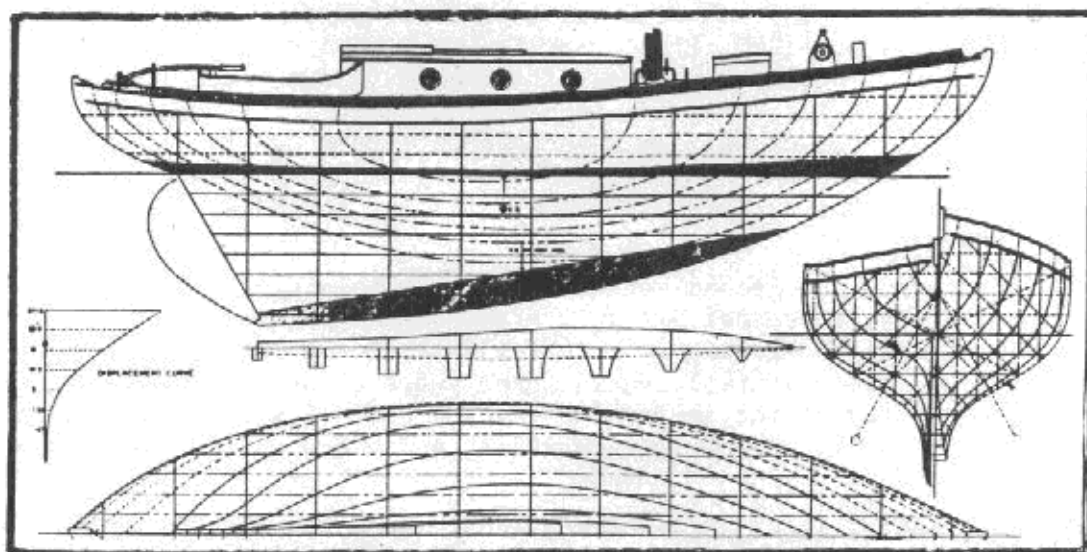
There are 9 members who have not paid their subs for either 1981 or 1982, and a further 21 who have not paid for 1982. The total of these arrears would, approximately, pay for this Newsletter. The Newsletter is the major item of expenditure in our non-profit-making Association. The Editor is doing his bit so, please, if you wish to continue membership, kindly cough up!

Janet Band.

A THREE YEAR CRUISE IN "WATERMAIDEN"

By

GEOFF TAYLOR



My natural dislike of cold weather, fostered by many years working in the Tropics, made it imperative that on WATERMAIDEN's first cruise the compass should be firmly locked in the Southern Hemisphere.

Fitting-out was completed by late June 1979 and, after sifting through 40-odd replies to my advert in Y.M. for a crew to the Mediterranean, I had chosen my two companions. We departed on the 14th. July, the previous day being Friday the 13th., and our ultimate destination was to be Palma, Mallorca.

Biscay favoured us and, after about 24 hours becalmed, followed by moderate beam winds, we raised the north-west corner of Spain on the following Friday afternoon. Then followed a pleasant coastal run to Bayona where we spent a few days before setting off south again. We passed inside the Berlenga Islands in perfect 100-plus miles per day weather, but got a strong north-north-westerly blow at about Cabo da Roca which gave us a miserable night under reefed staysail, although by the following afternoon we were back to full sail again and rounded Cape St. Vincent. After reaching under light breezes along the Algarve coast we entered Portimao using the leading lights, and anchored on a wide bend of the river. We stayed here almost a week, anchored just inside the eastern breakwater. Our next leg to Gibraltar we broke up with a day sail to Villamoura and a two-day trip to Gib, all carried out in ideal sunny, light-wind conditions.

At Gib we stocked up with English goodies as three healthy appetites had made inroads into the larder. A pleasant diversion was a trip across to Ceuta where we spent a couple of nights before sailing back.

Vyvyan, one of my crew, departed at this time for the U.K. by plane as his time had run out, and Martin and I continued on together. A night of thick fog a few miles east of Gib produced the scariest period of the whole 3-year cruise. Tankers hooting and a coaster looming across our bows several boat lengths ahead.

With stops in Motril, Cartagena, Garrucha and Torrievieja we finally arrived at Alicante where Martin also jumped ship to rejoin a long lost girl-friend. Two crew, co-opted from "along the quay", helped me to take WATERMAIDEN across to Palma with a stop at the "nudist" beach on Formentera. Needless to say, one of the crew was a Swede. Unfortunately, male!

I wintered in Palma and had a most enjoyable six months meeting a lot of transient yachtsmen and getting a feel for the Med. I fitted an Aried vane-gear during this period, and from that time I enjoyed the pleasures of effortless sailing.

I also became a single-hander.

Summer 1980 was spent making a trip to the Ionian Islands of Corfu, Paxos, and Zakynthos. My route from Palma was via Minorca, Corsica, Rome (where I spent a couple of weeks with friends who live near the port of Fiumicino), Salerno and Reggio Calabria, in the Straits of Messina, then direct to Corfu. Weather varied from flat calm to Force 7 in the Straits of Bonifaccio. From Zakynthos back to Reggio Calabria, a mere 200 miles, took the best part of a week in very light winds. Then by way of the island of Ustica (off Palermo) to Cagliari in southern Sardinia, and direct back to Palma, arriving in early September. A most enjoyable summer which went off without mishap and gave me good experience for the days to come. Winter of 1980-81 was spent back in the Sudan working at my old job in the oil exploration survey but by March 1981 I was fitting out back in Palma for a trip out to the Azores.

I set off during the second week in June, with a stop in Almeria on the southern coast of Spain, I reached Gib and, after waiting a week for an easterly wind, had a cracking sail to Villamoura - 165 miles in 36 hours - mostly under jib alone. My first of only two gear failures in three years occurred on this leg with a wire jib halliard parting at the masthead sheave. Since I was equipped with twin forestays and halliards it was no inconvenience, and a new all-rope halliard was reeved in Villamoura.

A few days later, I left heading west-south-west to get outside the Cape St. Vincent traffic separation zone and had a bit of a blow for a couple of days during which many hitherto undetected leaks, e.g. portholes, &c., came to light, producing soggy bedding and clothes. However, about 200 miles west of Cape St. Vincent, the weather brightened up and, with the Portuguese Trades on the beam, WATERMAIDEN reeled off the miles in good style. Best day's run of 144 miles on the log. Sao Miguel came up ahead and I passed its southern coast about 2 miles off and continued on another 36 hours to Horta on the island of Fayal, where I had an enjoyable stay of about six weeks until the first week of September.

From Horta to Grand Canary was a broad reach in Force 3-4 and took 12 days with the port genoa boomed out untouched for a week. A stiff blow around the east coast of Grand Canary had me reefed down and the oilskins out of storage, but the south of the island - Puerto Rico - was idyllic with light sea breezes only.

I stayed there all of October and left in early November for Antigua. The crossing was uneventful. Following winds and twin genoas boomed out most of the time, I arrived at English Harbour after 37 days and 2750 miles logged. It was a welcome relief after the rolling of the previous weeks and very pleasant to meet up again with yachtsmen I had known in other places. Incidentally, I met ROMADI here. She is a sister-ship to WATERMAIDEN, a Rose of Arden, built also by Mashford's of Cremyll. A friend from Canada joined me in February for a cruise down to Guadaloupe, Isles des Saintes and Dominica, but gusty winds and rain squalls made this a little less pleasant than it might otherwise have been.

In March I slipped WATERMAIDEN at the new marina slipway at Crabbes Quay on the north coast of Antigua. The facilities here are good, with a 50 ton travel-lift. On 15th April I departed for the Azores again. Most people delay their departure until May, but I had to be on the way as I had commitments in Greece.

Initially, the best I could lay was a northerly course and at about 28°N I got hit by a north-north-easterly blow which had me hove-to for two and a half days, when I caught up with some sleep and reading. On taking sights when calmer conditions arrived, I found that I had lost 11 miles on the great circle, and drifted between 100-150 miles south-east. However, from then on all was plain sailing with some strong blows mostly from behind. Horta was reached after 35 days and 2720 miles logged. The island was hidden by haze until I was 7 miles off. I anchored at midnight in the harbour, in a brisk southerly blow, which I had not expected to be so strong in the lee of the high ground.

After a four day stay to rest and provision up, I set off for Plymouth. At first progress was good; then I was becalmed for 12 hours off Graciosa. At one stage, I could see Graciosa, San Jorge and the Terceira Islands simultaneously.

Ironically, I compared this with Pico, a 7000 feet volcano, invisible at 7 miles only four days previously. When the breeze came up it was favourable, and I broadened off and enjoyed eight days of 120 miles-a-day sailing. Too good to last me home, conditions changed to haze and light airs off the Scillies. Progress was slow but, keeping to mid-Channel, I avoided most of the traffic and eventually the coastal fog lifted for an hour when I was off Rame Head, and I slipped into Cawsand Bay and anchored.

The relief and pleasure of knowing that you are secure (!!!) and can sit back and relax, have a meal and generally unwind after a long trip alone is one of the sensations very difficult to describe, and forms a fine climax to a journey. Next day, I motored over to Milbay Dock and cleared Customs. Three days later, WATERMAIDEN was slipped at Mashford's Yard across the river and laid up in the shed to await the next project and to have a few jobs seen to.

The second gear failure, to which I alluded earlier, occurred on the return journey and was a broken genoa pole. I had foolishly put a topping lift at its mid-point - a thing I never do normally.

I have had about 12000 miles of trouble-free sailing which are a credit to designer T.Harrison Butler, Mashford's the builders, and the previous owner, Leslie Gooch, whose fastidious maintenance over the years left me little to do when I bought WATERMAIDEN from him.

May all members be as lucky as I have been. Happy Sailing!

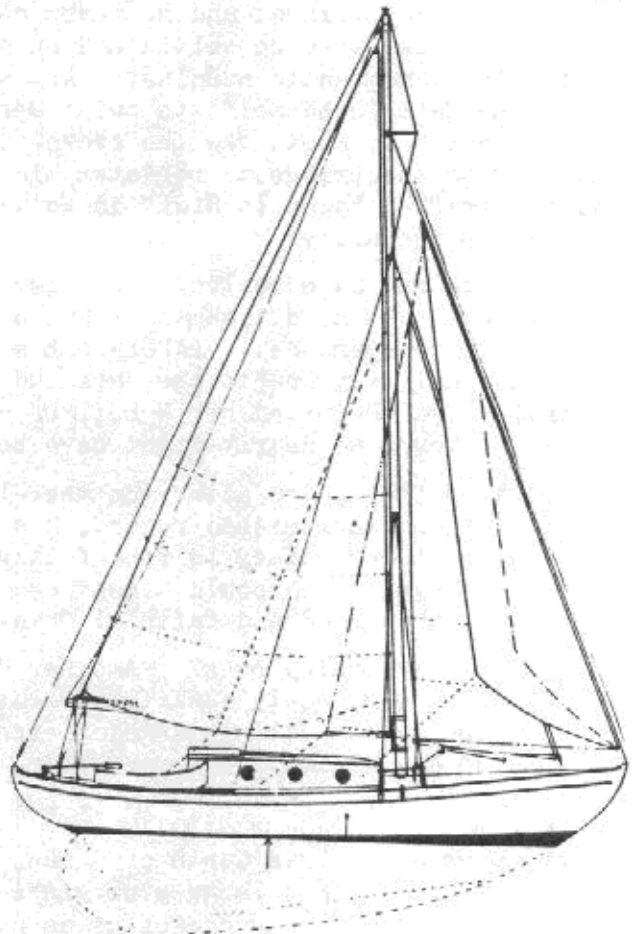
Geoff Taylor

ROSE OF ARDEN

L.O.A.	30 ft.
L.W.L.	23 ft.
Beam	8.75 ft.
Draught	5 ft.
Displacement	5.84 tons
Iron keel	2 tons
Inside ballast	.5 tons
Stability factor (Turner)	20

Built Mashford Bros., Cremyll 1939

(WATERMAIDEN was altered to
Ketch rig in 1954.)



STOP PRESS

Saturday, 19th. March 1983.

A "Fitting-Out Lunch" at the EDGECUMBE ARMS, Cremyll, either by car via Millbrook, or foot-ferry from Admiral's Hard (where there is a good car-port) Stonehouse Plymouth to Cremyll. For further details contact Boyd Campbell - 0752 813671 (to whom Col. Ian Battye of Woodbridge sends his regards!)

"CHIEFY"

In much the same way as Nottinghamshire pits produced fast bowlers like Larwood and Voce, and the South Wales valleys stand-off halves for the Welsh Rugby fields, Tyneside fathered not only first class ships but also first class engineers to man them. Their skills were matched only by the Scots, but, as far as they were concerned their motivation to a life at sea was their desire to escape from Scotland's licensing laws as quickly as possible.

It seemed to me that the main difference between the R.N.Engineer Officer and the Merchant Service Engineer Officer serving at sea in H.M.Ships was not so much in performance, nor indeed in engineering knowledge, but more in attitude of mind. This is perfectly understandable if you think about it.

The R.N.Engineer Officer, in our case the well-respected and well-loved Chiefy Hammond, had worked his way up the promotion ladder through years of honest endeavour and with a great deal of toil and sweat. He had been there at the Woolston Yard when Thornycroft's had laid down the keel itself and had watched his charge grow day by day so that, when the commissioning took place in December 1941, he could be forgiven for thinking that a part of his soul had been breathed into her and that her throbbing decks and hissing air-vents were attuned to his own bloodstream and his own lungs.

What a heavy responsibility he shouldered and how conscientiously he bore it! He lovingly called his port and starboard engines "Gert" and "Daisey"; he never allowed them to overheat and he never called upon them to exceed their known capacity. They were cossetted and nursed with a tenderness more usually associated with sychophantic nannies. Any attempt by an Officer of the Watch, or indeed the Captain himself, to twist Gert's and Daisey's arms into squeezing out another couple of knots saw the brown-overalled Chiefy, close to apoplexy, hastening to the bridge to register his righteous and indignant protest. Hugh Cox, in his "Red Faces in Sfax" in Vol.1 gives an excellent insight into Frank Hammond's personality.

We should remind ourselves that there was the other side of the coin too. The Navy can be a hard taskmaster and does not take kindly to failure or even to mediocre performance. LAUDERDALE's consistently good record of seaworthiness was in no small way due to the care and attention lavished on her by Chiefy Hammond. Had he failed her - but, of course, he never did - his career in the Service he loved so dearly might have been in jeopardy, if not in tatters.

More than four years after the keel-laying, the time came for him to move on. He left with an unblemished record, his head held high, his beloved Engine Room spotless, Gert and Daisey in fine fettle, his mess-bill paid and, I suspect, a tear in his eye. One could almost hear a voice from above calling softly: "Well done, thou good and faithful Chiefy!"

Who would be taking over? Another Chiefy of Frank's aldermanic vintage or a mad-keen, young, newly qualified Lieutenant (E) with an excellent text-book grounding but with little sea-going experience? We didn't have to wait long, and when he did arrive the impact was - to put it mildly - shattering!

* * * * *

Before us stood this Garth of a man, puffing a Sherlock Holmes pipe which never went out, with a large pink gin in one hand and those enormous goo-goo eyes sizing up each and every one of us as he shook each hand and said: "Glad to meet you!" in a booming tone which we all decoded as: "You'd better show that you're damn glad to meet me, or else.....!"

From a notice that appeared a few days later on the Wardroom noticeboard, levying a surcharge on all the Wardroom Officers in order to wipe out a deficiency in the Mess accounts, it didn't escape our notice that his flourish of a signature was also enormous, occupying, as it did, the entire lower half of a sheet of foolscap!

"We've got a right one here!" we whispered to each other, our own eyes popping at the criss-crossed R.N.R. rings on his sleeve and almost leaving their sockets as we puzzled over the Royal Flying Corps wings above the R.N.R. curl.

We were soon to realise that he had been around more than most of us, starting his career at sea in the Far East in cargo ships. He had been at Yokohama immediately after the 1923 earthquake which had left a trail of death and devastation there and in neighbouring Tokyo. Most of us were but half his years, but that didn't mean that we had to handle him like a fragile piece of delicate Dresden china or make allowances for him being as old as Methuselah!

He was almost a father figure, but at the same time he could be one of us - when it suited him! Many a young stoker had reason to thank him for a steadying hand at a time of physical or emotional stress, and he was "in loco parentis" to any of us looking for a shoulder to lean on. History would call him a benevolent despot because there is no doubt that his influence in the ship was wholly good. We all had, and still have, a lot to thank him for. But we mustn't make him swollen-headed!

Chiefy Forster realised only too well how fortunate he had been in having such a conscientious predecessor as Chiefy Hammond and in having such a splendid team in the Engine Room. He had so much confidence in his men that when the Captain asked: "Chief, can we manage an extra two or three knots?" he got the bluff reply: "Oh, I think so, Sir; mind you, we might blow a gasket or three, but we'll cope.....somehow!" And he did.

And what a way he had with the ladies! Whether penny-plain or tuppence-coloured, demure or precocious, married or single, it was quite remarkable how the younger stags in the Wardroom had to yield pride of place. Don't get me wrong, I am not suggesting that Chiefy was 'Lauderdale's' Casanova and that any damsel venturing aboard did so at her own risk and was destined to become his latest conquest. It was not really a case of 'Come into my parlour,' said the spider to the fly" - even if our evil minds suspected that it was. It was his technique that was so impressive. On one occasion I mentioned to him that a couple of departing guests had commented: "Lovely party, thanks. Isn't Chiefy a pet!" He cleared his throat, relubricated it, eyed me mischievously over a cloud of smoke, chuckled and boomed: "You see, that's the trouble with you young fellows; you've still got such a lot to learn, haven't you!"

He had a way with children too. At the Christmas Party we gave for those Yugoslav children, held somewhat prematurely in November 1944, who was the ship's choice to play the role of Santa Claus? Chiefy, of course!

* * * * *

Came the peace; and Chiefy exchanges his uniform cap for a bowler and rolled umbrella as he resumes as Big White Chief of a firm dealing with the insurance of engineering plant and equipment with impressive West End offices. Here he was joined by Cyril Johnson who, by now, had completed his time in the Royal Navy and whose qualities Chiefy knew and appreciated only too well.

A number of us got to know those offices quite well because, in the early days when we planned our Reunions to the minute, we met there at least once a month. You can guess who monopolised the chair and, at his insistence, it was "down to business" without the distraction of a foaming pint at each elbow. However, once the hour-long meeting was over, there was a tap on his door in response to some pre-arranged signal, and a late-working member of the office staff, grinning broadly, carried in a tray bearing as many pints as there were members present. Pity Chiefy retired and moved to Hamble!

Then he bought JASLIA. Originally, if I understand the situation correctly, messing around in JASLIA in the confines of the Hamble River and Southampton Water was the family's idea to help the Old Man recuperate and make his convalescence more bearable after a pretty hefty operation. He couldn't have been prescribed with a better tonic, and in no time at all he and the redoubtable, game-for-anything Mrs.Chiefy had visited every creek, crook and cranny from

Beachy Head to Land's End and had made their marks all over the Western Coast of Scotland and at various points in Brittany.

As soon as he had mastered the art of handling JASLIA in all weathers it was a case of "Let's have a Lauderdale Sailing Weekend!" Buffer, always the first to be invited, readily accepted from Salisbury, and a team from the London area, Peter Whittow-Williams, Bill Willmer and me, jumped at the chance. The lack of breeze limited our range rather more than somewhat and we didn't stray far from the Solent. Nevertheless, we were able to recapture that splendid companionship of decades before and give ear to the yarns of Chiefy, still puffing that pipe, and those of Buffer, happily hunched over the tiller to which he clung lovingly like a limpet, as he recalled the earlier days of his eventful service career which had spanned the Invergordon Mutiny, the Coronation Review of the Fleet and other highlights of his years in the Andrew. It was all too short and over too quickly.

The next year the team was the same, except that Chiefy's son, Michael, had replaced Peter, and, as we had all given ourselves a long week-end leave pass, we were able to extend our horizon to as far as Cherbourg, no less. The over-night sail was sheer delight, a somewhat watery moon lighting our way across the strangely empty sea-lanes. We sighted the French coastline between nine and ten o'clock and were given a typical French welcome. The heavens opened and la pluie platted as never before and to such good effect that four of the five of us (not Chiefy, of course, who was oil-skinned from head to toe!) squelched, squirmed and shivered until such time as we were able to shower at the Yacht Club and shift into dry clothing.

It was in Cherbourg that Buffer and I found ourselves full of the spirit of Entente Cordiale, noblesse oblige and cherchez la femme! A Citroen of elderly vintage, containing three ladies of indeterminate age, stalled and needed a push. With English chivalry we stepped into the road behind the car, signalled our readiness, and responded beefily to their cries of "Poussez!" The car juddered to a halt after twenty yards. "Poussez encore!" came the cries, repeatedly, and after about a quarter of a mile it coughed and choked into action and disappeared into the distance without so much as a "Goodbye!" King Arthur might have been proud of us, but we were knackered!

The gale worsened during the next twenty-four hours and the prospect of a bouncy trip back in front of a force eight south-westerly was as unwelcome to me as it was welcome to Chiefy who tucked into a malodorous fish soup followed by Lobster Thermidor with a revolting relish which I secretly envied, whilst I, with the equilibrium of my stomach in mind, toyed with a modest steak. I remember thinking, on the way back both before and after I had fed the fishes, that I might just as well have had the Lobster Thermidor after all!

We made the return crossing in eleven hours, less than half the time it had taken for the outward sail. Buffer stank of Chanel Number Five and half-a-dozen other perfumes, samples of which the girl in the Duty Free Shop had plastered all over his left arm in response to his carefully considered diagnoses ending with his shaking his head and saying: "No, Miss, I don't think my wife would like that one; let's try another, shall we?" He always was a hard man to please.

Michael left us at Yarmouth, where we spent the night, in ample time for him to snatch a few hours sleep at home at Seaview and prepare for his 9 a.m. surgery. Chiefy put the rest of us on to swabbing decks, polishing brightwork and checking gear. Typically, it fell to Bill and me to shoulder the heavier and dirtier work whilst Chiefy and Buffer, breaking off from time to time to criticise our efforts, quietly quaffed their eleverses which had never seen a coffee bean.

We lunched aboard - or was it at 'The Bugle'? - and sailed serenely back to the moorings in the Hamble River. JASLIA had served us well. She looked well too, thanks to Bill and me - and no thanks to the wily old layabouts. At Chiefy's home we made ourselves presentable, after Bill and I had been obliged to take cold showers because our seniors had pinched all the hot water, and did justice to a spread placed before us by Mrs. Chiefy. It was in a happy frame of mind

that we broke up in the early evening and wended our respective ways homewards.

* * * * *

The following year, much to my surprise because I had hardly covered myself with glory the year before, I was invited to participate in a third "Lauderdale Weekend Cruise". Neither Peter nor Bill could manage it, so the JASLIA quintet comprised Chiefy, his two sons - Michael and Ian - Buffer and myself. Once again we chose rather filthy weather - I think Chiefy did it deliberately - and things went a bit wrong, time-wise, at the start. Half-an-hour lost here, half-an-hour there and minutes lost scouting for Michael in Cowes Harbour, until, like a jack-in-the-box, he leapt aboard from a passing tender, all added up to a missed tide and to the Needles appearing in the same place at the end of each port tack for an hour or more. What was more, it was blowing up again.... and still a long haul to Cherbourg.

Three or four hours later one of the two Ians was beginning to feel a bit queasy and the other was hardly in the mood to sing "A Life on the Ocean Wave". As black clouds scudded across a limpid moon, Chiefy was doing his sums. He emerged from the cabin into the cockpit and addressed us all: "At this rate, my friends - and I'm sorry to have to tell you this - by the time we berth alongside in Cherbourg it will be time to start heading back. So I propose we carry on for an hour or so and then take it quietly back to Yarmouth." Buffer and Michael didn't have to vote, the two Ians' hands shot up like miniature telegraph poles. It so happened that it was the weekend of the Fastnet Race and the five of us took a picnic lunch ashore with a few cans of Long Life and Newcastle Brown Ale. We sat on a cliff-top a mile or so from the Needles and watched the entries ploughing westward through the angry seas. One, if not two, of us was grateful at least to have terra firma beneath our bottoms.

* * * * *

On one of these Lauderdale Weekends I blotted my copybook with indelible ink. We were leaving Yarmouth towing a flimsy pram dinghy and a still breeze was blowing from the North-East. The harbour was a bit congested and several boats, some larger and some smaller than JASLIA, were on the move. Chiefy had threaded his way safely through all the to-ing and fro-ing and lines were being gathered in and stowed, fenders were being held in readiness, and Chiefy, with unusual delicacy said: "Blenner, would you mind securing the dinghy's painter to that cleat".

I hastened to comply, took several turns round the cleat but quite failed to realise that I was handling a nylon painter with all the qualities of a slithery eel. "Blenner, quick, a fender up for'ard!" shattered my right ear-drum. I sprang into action: there was a note of urgency in that command. Yes, I know that I should have made sure that the painter was absolutely secure, but I was so jolted out of my reverie that I grabbed a fender, rushed for'ard and resumed my state of reverie there, clean forgetting about the cleat, the painter and the damn pram dinghy.

It was half-an-hour and three miles later that Buffer turned to Chiefy and asked: "Hey, Chiefy, aren't we supposed to have a dinghy astern?"

Have you ever experienced a pair of eyes burning into the back of your neck? Well, I had four pairs burning into mine, raising searing blisters of guilt, the scars of which I carry to this day. We went about and headed back to Yarmouth, moving closer inshore and scanning the shore-line for the wreckage of our fragile craft. Meanwhile, Chiefy was cheering me enormously by outlining the astonishingly high price range of pram dinghies and the outrageous cost of their accessories, and I could see myself on hard tack for years, or at least months, ahead.

As we reached the harbour entrance, which we had left less than an hour before, there was still no sign of the elusive dinghy. I was feeling decidedly uncomfortable. Then, emerging from behind one of the trots, with a smile which said almost contemptuously: "Ruddy amateurs!" came the Yarmouth Harbourmaster, in his tiny row-boat. And behind his tiny row-boat was JASLIA's tinier pram dinghy.

"Found it just inside the harbour entrance!" he called.

"Thank you, Harbourmaster, I was wondering where we had left it," replied Chiefy. Then, after a pregnant pause during which he cleared his throat with a series of scornful, small coughs, he added: "Aay! you were a lucky beggar, Blenner; good job we've got a decent seaman aboard. Shall we reprieve him, Buffer?" I was given a not too convincing verbal reprieve, but year after year at our Reunions I half expect Chiefy to remind me and the assembled company of the day when I nearly had on my slop-chit "one dinghy, pram, Chiefy for the use of!"

It came as a bit of a surprise, therefore, when last October - that is October 1980 - he let it be known at our Reunion aboard H.M.S. BELFAST that he wanted to say a few words. This, very roughly, is what he said:

"For years now I've been able to get at Blenner because when he once sailed with me in JASLIA he was detailed off to secure the dinghy as we left Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight. Half-way across the Solent we found we were sailing with no dinghy, so we had to go all the way back and I had to thank the Harbourmaster for recovering it for us, which can be a very, very humiliating experience, especially for someone like me. I have held this threat, this Sword of Damocles, over Blenner's head for years which explains, perhaps, why he has always been so considerate and courteous to me.

He may breathe a little more freely if I tell you about my own accident earlier this year. It is a true story that I hope will amuse you all as much as I know it will delight the chap who almost had to buy me a new dinghy, and you can take it from me, it would have cost him a packet!

My wife and I were on our way under sail in JASLIA to attend a dinner of Harrison Butler boats in Cowes. Now Harrison Butler was a doctor, an eye specialist, who designed hundreds of these boats, ninety or more of them in the Club and still afloat. "Mother" was dolled up in all her finery and I was in my Sunday best for what promised to be a splendid evening. Our landing manoeuvre promised to be quite an impressive spectacle: two of Hamble's senior citizens, immaculately dressed, sailing into historic Cowes harbour, securing and stepping lightly ashore in our dinner dress regalia. It was still in the best traditions of Uffa Fox himself! Drake on Plymouth Hoe! Chichester at Greenwich with the second great Queen Elizabeth bestowing the accolade! Cry your eyes out, Queen Victoria, Cowes never saw anything like this in your day!

As Buffer and others will confirm, when I am aboard JASLIA I and I alone am in full command. It happens, however - it just happens - that I have a wife who does not fully accept this convention. She thinks nothing of contradicting, disputing and arguing the toss. I don't think much of it either, but there it is! After all, she is my navigator-in-chief on occasions - and this was one of them. So I was not unduly alarmed when she shouted: "You're much too near that buoy, Bill; you're far too close!" Experience had taught me to ignore such hysterical comment.

"You're far too near, you're far too near!" she repeated, "you will have to do something - and pretty quickly too!" I hadn't been keeping too good a look-out myself, I must admit, and had just said, testily: "Aaach, away, Mother! We'll be alright!" when.....werr-ooof!.....we were on the putty on Calshot Spit!

Mother's eyes spoke volumes, I can tell you, all reproachful, but this was no time for recriminations. It was a time for action! I had no qualms whatsoever.

"Oh, it's not so bad," I reassured her cheerily, "I can soon get her off here!" I quickly dropped the sail and as I switched on the engine and went full astern, a wash from one of those huge container ships which was passing at that very moment lifted us up and deposited JASLIA on her side; not the starboard side which wouldn't have been so bad, but the port side which couldn't have been worse. My propeller was churning up sand, shingle, pebbles and rocks the size of pom-pom shells. Worse still, the ropes from the backstay runners went over the side and wrapped themselves firmly round the propeller shaft. The rudder was flung over to starboard and smashed the tiller - remember - Mother was on the tiller. That was all I needed.

"What did I tell you!" she cried, holding her bruised side, "what did I tell you....."

"Yes, Mother, I know you did; but you've been telling me what to do aboard JASLIA for twenty years or so and I haven't done too badly by taking little notice, have I?"

In all fairness, though, I must admit that it had all been entirely my fault. By this time neither of us looked as elegant as we had when we started out.

Then the fun really started! There was only one thing for it: I stripped off and went over the side. There are three or four days in mid-Summer when the Solent is warm enough to swim in, provided you are reasonably fit. But this was close on dusk on an October evening - three weeks ago in fact - and I can tell you it was damn cold! I can't hold my breath under water so long these days, but I managed to get about eight turns off the propeller shaft. I couldn't get the rest off because the rope was jammed solid.

"Where do I go from here?", I asked myself under my breath, knowing full well that had I given voice to the question Mother would have answered it briefly, but succinctly.

Prudently, we inflated the dinghy in case of further unscheduled disasters, and, as I was carrying a spare outboard, I planned to lash it alongside and I reckoned that shortly after dusk there would be enough water to enable me to float JASLIA off the Spit and we could then limp home.

Just then one of the Harbour Rescue Launches came along, spotted us, saw our predicament and called out: "Are you alright?"

"Yes, I'm alright," I replied, "but I'm certainly going to have some fun getting off here!"

"Don't worry, Sir, we'll come back in two hours time and get you off." And away they went, leaving us rather lonely, somewhat bedraggled and a little moist to say the least.

Sure enough, they came back as they had promised and they put a line on. By this time I had a kedge out - I was doing things in style - but all was well, the kedge was recovered and they very gently towed me into deeper water. I was relieved, I was grateful; Mother remained silent, nursing her wrath.

"I'm alright now; thank you!" I shouted, "I'll come and see you later!"

"Oh, that's alright, Sir; we'll tow you straight back to your mooring - we know exactly where it is!" And they did just that.

You can imagine how I felt....after twenty years on the Hamble River....me, being towed up river to my own mooring! The shame! The humiliation! Of course, the "local" the Harbour Rescue people use has to be the local only fifty yards from my house. I go there every day of the week for my lunch and the odd jar between times! You can probably guess the sort of remark that is passed every time I go in there! Hey! look at Blenner, crying his eyes out....with laughter!

I felt I had to tell this story, because, my dear wife tells me, if I don't tell it, she certainly will next year."

That was Chiefy's story.

We, his audience and all of us much younger than he, tended to gasp in amazement at the astonishing energy and agility of this remarkable, evergreen eighty-one-year-old and at the continuing tolerance and stamina of his dear, long-suffering spouse who has always had such a warm place in all our Lauderdale hearts.

There was no doubt about it. We had not been wrong when 36 years before, when he first set foot in LAUDERDALE, we had whispered to each other: "We've got a right one here!" He turned out to be alright, alright.

He missed our Annual Reunion in October 1979 for the very good reason that a

family party was taking place in Michael's Seaview home to celebrate his Eightieth Birthday. This was an occasion that The Lauderdale Club had to recognise, so we chipped in with a bottle of Moët Chandon and, in tribute, the following piece of doggerel:

Again you've thought fit to ignore us,
Your excuses are good, we'll agree;
Perhaps next year we'll have you before
us,
You tireless Old Man of the Sea!
With your vile-smelling Balkan Sobranie -
Or whatever's the weed of your choice -
You'll pull in the birds with your
blarney
And that lilting allure of your voice.
With your physical strength, energising,
With libations of Scotch and Strong Ale,
It's really not all that surprising
That you still have the vigour to sail.
You'll recall how we all idolised you
And respected your wise middle age;
Why, we not ever once compromised you
To earn your unquenchable rage.
How we quivered and trembled before you
And purchased your favours with gin;
Then silently let sleep refresh you
So that next day's cruel purge might begin.

When once more we'd arouse your
displeasure
And your lash would descend on each
back,
Leaving memories you doubtless still
treasure
As we writhed on your limb-stretching
rack.

In Durban deservedly feted,
We feel you got only your due,
Replete and unceasingly sated,
We're amazed how you saw those months
through.

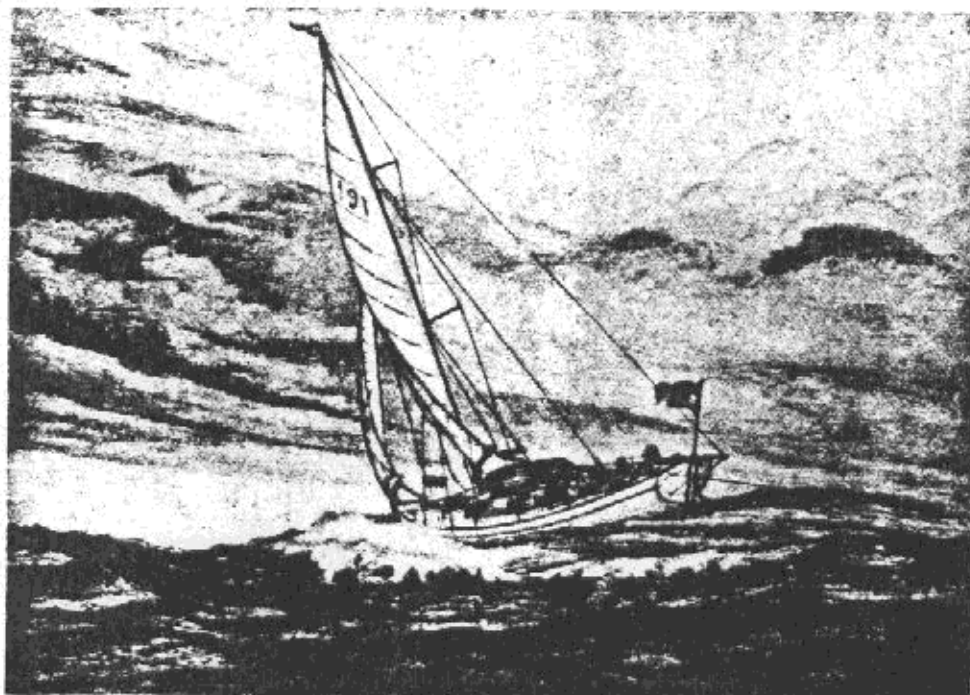
Yes, John, Doc, Jim, Banger and
Blenner,
And all of the Lauderdale Club
Would gladly help you spend a tenner
In your favourite Isle of Wight pub.

But since distance and work separate us
And the Bugle call cannot be heard,
On 'Belfast' you may still entertain us
As we bend to your threatening word.

"Down the hatch!" we can hear you command us;
"Look lively there; lash up and stow!"
Or "Now listen!" as you then reprimand us,
Aye, that's more like the Chiefy we know.

So we send our best wishes, Old Matey,
We're inspired as we see at a glance
That if a villian like you can reach eighty
Then we're all of us in with a chance!

(Extracted from LAUDERDALE REMEMBERED--A collection of World War II anecdotes dredged up by those who served in her. Vol.III)



Jaslia, 7 ton sloop, built by Mitchell at Mevagissey, 1939, to a design by the late T. Harrison Butler

(Drawn by W. L. Crosbie)

3½-ton SINGLE-HANDED AUXILIARY CRUISER designed for Rev.H.C.Bell, based on dimensions of WATERBEETLE owned by H.J.Hanson. Intended to be built at Penzance. FLEETWING built as SEA GULL at Cantley in 1913 by Ernest Woods for Mr.N.Suffling. L.O.A.20ft. L.W.L.18ft. Beam 7ft. Draught 3.75ft.

Sections spaced out to give 22ft.L.O.A. 19ft.L.W.L. Beam 7ft. Draught 4ft.
Referred to in article as SEA GULL II.

CYCLONE

21ft.L.O.A. 19ft.L.W.L. Beam 7ft. Draught 3.5ft.

20ft.L.W.L.

CYCLONE

Kandoo
1 in Holland
(Steel)

Diana
Hobby
Ibis
Little Kingfisher
1 in Stockholm
1 in Germany
1 in Ireland (Mr.Gilling)
4 in New Zealand
(Some two dozen in all
said to have been
built).

Scale altered, &c.

25ft.L.O.A. 22ft.6ins.L.W.L.

CYCLONE II

Ardchuan
Ardglass
Beau Geste = Dindy
Cruinneag Minion
Solo = Greylag
Swan Song = Graelan

ZYKLON
Metacentric version
of CYCLONE

KHAMSEEN A
Jardine
L.O.A.31.5ft.
L.W.L.28.0ft.Beam9.5ft.
Draught 5.5ft.

Z 4-tonners
Grey Owl
Merrythought
Susan
Witte Walvis

Design modified to provide

"Sports Model" 26ft.L.O.A.22ft.6ins.L.W.L.

YONNE

Mischief III
Phoebe = Destina
Pride II = Yarina
Sabrina
Yonne

Further modifications

26ft.2ins.L.O.A. 22ft.6ins.L.W.L.

ENGLYN

Sections spaced out
to give 25ft. L.W.L.

ASKADIL

Askadil
Envys = Alexa
Wendy
Zingara

Almonde
Cora A
Englyn
Faraway (Sunk)
Naiad
Othona
Peradventure

Design analysed
and modified to conform
with metacentric theory
of hull balance

22ft.6ins. L.W.L.

OMEGA

Omega of Broome
Jaslia
Trana

Slightly modified miniature

of Omega - OMICRON Omicron

L.O.A.20ft. L.W.L.17ft. Beam 6ft.6.5ins. Draught 3ft.9.5ins.

