

HARRISON BUTLER
ASSOCIATION

NEWSLETTER

SPRING

1983

OUR PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Including Secretarial Matters

March 1983.

The Crag.

Dear Members,

Here I am again, back at The Crag where I so often write my letters. I broke my journey from Theale for two nights with Boyd and Desiree Campbell in order to attend the Fitting-Out Lunch, on March 19th. at Cremyll. (It was a lovely and most welcome resting place especially as I was unwontedly tired - I now know why.)

We had a very select pub lunch at the Edgecumbe Arms with, sadly, only six members present - too many people actually fitting-out - but our numbers were swelled to nine by two friends and a son-in-law of Boyd and Desiree. We raised our glasses to commemorate T.H.B.'s birthday anniversary (112th.) and we had a lot of conversation before we returned to Mashford's yard where DAVINKA, PERADVENTURE and WATERMAIDEN had overwintered together under the same roof. We were sorry Geoff (Taylor) that you hadn't returned from Mallorca in time to be with us but we went aboard WATERMAIDEN notwithstanding. All three boats were visited. The next day, there was the sound of sandpaper throughout the shed as boats were being prepared for the sailing season. I rubbed down bits and pieces of DAVINKA's equipment ready for varnishing while Boyd and Desiree worked on her bottom in readiness for anti-fouling.

I drove down here on the 21st. and the equinox was ripping itself to pieces, from the N.W. so that it didn't feel at all vernal. And there was any amount of wet, horizontal Cornish rain. All in all it was politic to be ashore.

I had an unexpected pleasure for Alessandro and Camilla Sternini paid me a fleeting (much too short) overnight visit. Sadly, neither The Crag nor the splendid view was looking its best. We spent an afternoon in Mylor and Falmouth looking at boats for sale and not for sale, among the latter being Robert Fallow's ZYKLON, under wraps at Mylor. Alessandro recognised in her a miniature JARDINE though it would be more accurate to say that he could see that JARDINE is a larger version of the Zyklon design (JARDINE is a Khamseen A.) It was lovely to meet Alessandro in person after so many years of correspondence. It is very shaming though, when people coming from foreign lands (Italy) speak such good English and his sister Camilla was able to fill in any gaps. It was a long way to come for just one night.

By a strange, or perhaps, in the circumstances I should say curious, coincidence, the current Albert Strange Association bulletin features an article from the May 1917 Y.M., by Albert Strange in which he discussed the "Nursery Class", about which there had been previous correspondence.

The suggestion to form a Nursery Class came about because recent rating rules had created a sharp division between racing and cruising yachts. The Nursery Class would be an attempt to produce cruiser/racers or racer/cruisers, small enough for post (1914-18) war pockets. Albert Strange illustrated his article with two designs: The Baby and The Nursemaid. (A.S. died in July 1917.)

My father replied (July 1917) in detail to the points raised by A.S. and stated his own view that the L.W.L. should be limited to 21ft. and the length between perpendiculars to 24ft. In October 1917, he published in the Y.M. his own version of a design for the class, a boat larger than The Baby and smaller than The Nursemaid. Her name, LA BONNE, is self-explanatory. The design and T.H.B.'s accompanying letter are reproduced by courtesy of the Y.M. There is also a fine photograph of her under sail (she is probably Bermudan-rigged now?) and, if it reproduces well, you will notice how very thick is her mast; too thick, as her first owner commented. Incidentally, you'll notice an intriguing suggestion in T.H.B.'s letter, that in order to reduce the sail area for winter sailing, a shorter boom should be fitted, and a mizzen mast and sail be shipped.

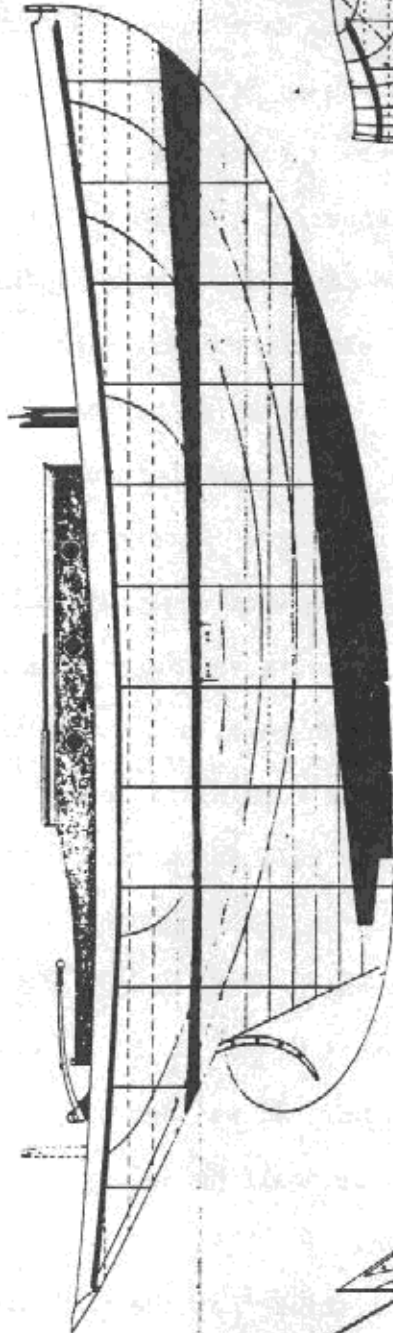
THE "NURSERY CLASS"

SIR,- I am sending you "LA BONNE" as a contribution to this Class. She was designed as a pure cruiser, but she is on lines which have in actual practice furnished a very fast weatherly craft. She happens to fit in with all Mr.Strange's restrictions, except that the counter is submerged. I have already suggested that this restriction is perhaps unnecessary. "LA BONNE" is intermediate between the "Baby" and the "Nursemaid" in displacement, and I think would beat them both. She would heel more than either, but her higher free-board would enable her to hang on to her canvas as long as either of Mr.Strange's boats. The forward position of the mast and the long boom, both necessary for good windward work, are unsuitable for arduous cruising. Merely to use a smaller mainsail for winter cruising or long distance work would disturb the centre of effort. The better plan seems to me to be to ship a mizen mast. I have shown the alternative winter cruising rig; the boom is left at home, and a shorter shipped. The gaff and the head-sails remain the same.

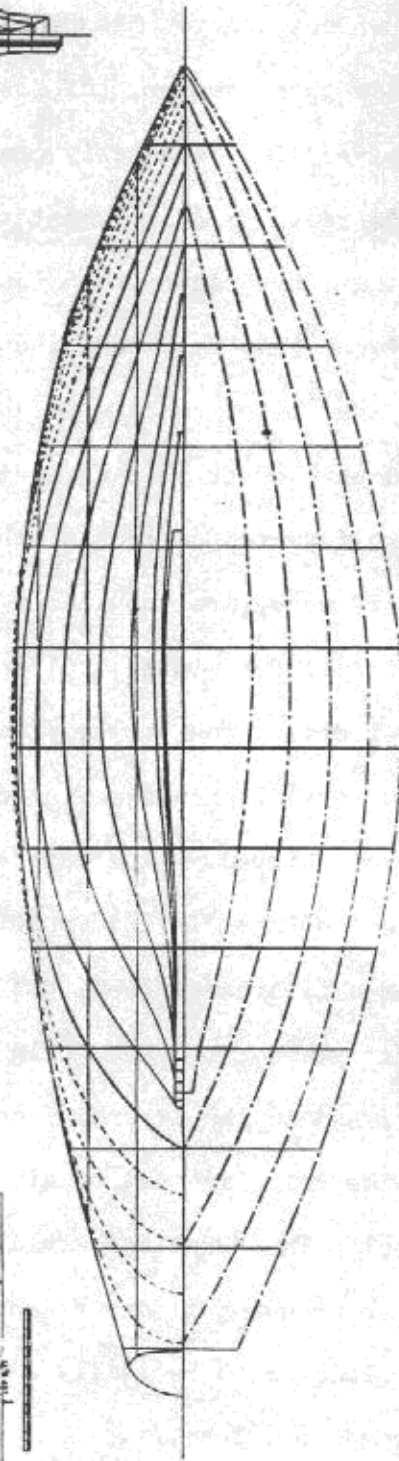
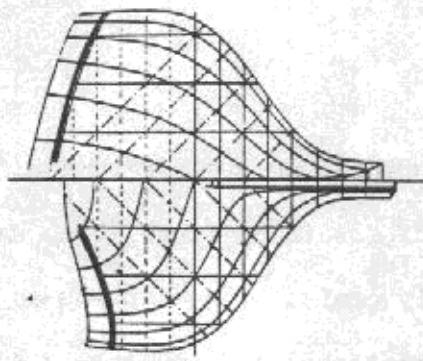
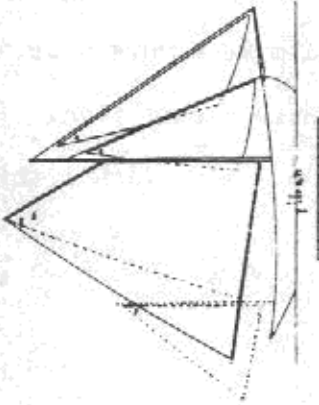
The advent of the "Infant" and the "Prodigy" may call for a restriction upon the maximum sail area allowed, but I do not think that either would be a success. In the first place, no owner would be so foolish as to waste money in building such boats; and in the second, I do not imagine that either would stand a chance except in the very lightest of airs. Again, in any bad weather they would shed their spars! The "Prodigy" would make a very nice small house-boat, which could jog about under a more reasonable sail plan.

If the class is to be really a Nursery class I think that the sail area should be restricted to 500 sq.ft.

T.Harrison Butler.



SAIL AREAS
 Cutter, 460 sq. ft.
 Yawl, 440 " "



SCALE.
 1/4 in. = 1 ft.

LA BONNE. A NURSERY CLASS BOAT DESIGNED BY T. HARRISON BUTLER

L.O.A., 27.81 ft.; L.W.L., 23 ft.; Beam, 7.12 ft.; Draught, 4.12 ft.; Displacement, 3.8 tons; Iron Keel, 1.57 tons.

The coincidence arises because I myself had decided to write about LA BONNE in this number. She has recently changed hands and Jane Aspelling wrote that Trevor Sellars, the New owner, and she would like to join the Association. They are hoping to bring her back to her original haunts in the Solent where I knew her many years ago.

LA BONNE was built in 1919, being launched in September of that year from Gale's yard at Cowes, I.O.W. She was built for a Captain H.J. Booker and my father spent a week sailing with him in October 1919. He remarks in his log: 'In October I had a week on LA BONNE but this cruise was done-in more or less by the Railway Strike.' Even in those days! (He didn't have a car until the General Strike in 1926 made one a necessity - a bull-nosed Morris Cowley!)

In the February 1920 Y.M. Capt. Brooks wrote about "LA BONNE in being", saying that she was seaworthy and dry, with exceptionally easy motions; that she sailed well on all points; and he was particularly pleased with her speed and her ability to windward. So perhaps she would have done well in the Nursery Class? Does she still perform well? Please let me know, Trevor and Jane.

When you read the Minutes, as I hope you will (and keep them carefully for the 1984 A.G.M.), you will see that the annual subscriptions go up on 1st. January 1984 to: £5 and £3, for Full and Associate Membership respectively. New members will pay at this rate immediately upon joining. If you pay by Banker's Order, remember to up-grade it and if you don't but would like to pay this way, forms are available from our Treasurer, Janet Band.

Peter Mather gave us an explicit description of the logistics, ergonomics and economics (I hope one at least is relevant) concerned in the production and financing of the Newsletters which, as I have so often said before, are the main line of communication between us all (and could be more widely used by members sending news, messages, &c.) He asserted, and it was agreed by the meeting, that a small surplus in the bank was necessary in order to avoid crises and counting the number of pages we could afford, &c. and thus we regretfully decided to raise the subscriptions but we hope this won't have to be repeated for some time ahead.

Please note that there will be no A.G.M. in 1983 as we are reverting to our original habit of holding the meeting early in the year rather than in December. The actual date, probably in late February, will be announced in the Autumn Newsletter which will, I expect, be sent out later than usual so that you won't lose the A.G.M. notification in the interval; or forget to send it to me.

You will notice also that the proposed amendments to the Constitution, as circulated with the Autumn Newsletter, were approved.

We also discussed the amendment of paragraph 2(2) but reached no conclusion and the item will appear on the next A.G.M. agenda. As it stands, it is contrary to my father's philosophy who was ready to help anyone at any time and not count the cost. More about this in the next Newsletter.

As things stand at the moment, though subject to confirmation, the Laying-up Supper will take place on Saturday, September 24th. at the Jolly Sailor, Bursledon, on the Hamble River and we hope that the Elephant Boatyard close by, will allow our boats to use their pontoons. Notices will be sent out nearer the time. The Jolly Sailor charges £30 for the hire of their room and some - or all if enough people come - of this will have to be borne by those attending. The Treasurer will be consulted about this.

The first A.G.M. held in my new home proved that it is in most ways as good a venue as was High Point and members didn't appear to be homesick! The drawing-room is a larger room than in Pangbourne but there was a degree of traffic-jam around the dining table. I think that a one-way system will help and improvements to the galley arrangements will make things easier on the domestic front. As always, I was helped by members who arrived early (they always get roped in for last-minute items) and again, with the washing-up - no machine now - and their help was most

gratefully received by me. I'm afraid that being cook and hostess doesn't make for efficiency on the Presidential and Secretarial side because I'm always tired by the time the meeting starts. But we get by and it's all great fun. It's lovely to see my flat so alive for at least one day in the year - and I don't have to cook again for ages afterwards! It's lovely to meet again old friends and each year there are new members to welcome and it's no time before they are absorbed and cease to be "new". Sadly, and strangely, there were only 18 of us, the smallest number ever. I wonder why? I know the reasons for those who were in touch with me and I hope that they and so many more will be able to come next time. At least we had plenty of elbow room; and it was like a practice for me in my new surroundings. Don't mourn for High Point; 2, The Chestnuts has much to offer and welcome is in the vanguard.

I had a long and somewhat homesick letter from Ron Goodhand giving his and Mary's news. Ron could hardly wait to escape from the "paradise island" where they've spent the winter months. We too shall be glad to have them back in their right place - aboard LINDY. Any time now I think. We sent them a card with greetings from all of us at the A.G.M. which Ron said they enjoyed.

Scott Crawford wrote me a long and interesting letter from Northland, New Zealand whither he has returned home after a spell in Australia. The photographs he sent shew a marvellous view across the water to islands whose name I can't recall; and I've left his letter behind in Theale. Their estate is well timbered and this should prove useful when he comes to build a Khamseen A. Maybe he and Alessandro will meet each other halfway across the world someday?

I have had letters from many members and I enjoy them all. Forgive me if I haven't mentioned you here but you'll read the reason later on. Please, if you have written for plans or information which I haven't sent, do write again. Last year was very fraught and disjointed and as a result of my house-move I got out of flunter, as they say hereabouts. I need to be reminded and I apologise for this. Please go on writing to me - or start writing (you may get an answer in due course!) and better still, come and see me if you can. I shall be back here for most of June and again in October.

Now I'm going to stop. If I've forgotten anything I can't help it. I hope this letter is more or less coherent; I'm loaded with virus as what I thought was a foreign body in my left eye when I was driving down has manifested itself as shingles. I was told today that I shall get worse before I get better so I am hurrying this to a conclusion so as to get it off to our editor as quickly as possible.

I think however that I've just about got time to wish you all a very good season ahead; a good summer, with all the right sort of winds or a mild winter, whichever lies ahead!

I haven't heard from my Australian friends since those awful fires: are you all right; and your boats. Maybe I shall have written to you before you receive this but the way things are, I'm going to do as little as possible for a bit until this disease or affliction clears.

My very best wishes to you all

As always

Joan.

P.S. I have now booked the Front Room of the Bursledon "Jolly Sailor" for the Laying-Up Supper, 28th. September 1983 - boats can tie up at the Elephant pontoon.

To: Ron Goodhand.

Yacht 'QUEST'
Castlecrag, N.S.W.

21st. January 1983

Dear Ron,

This letter is long overdue as it is now well over a year since I bought QUEST from Robin and Mary. I would love to continue QUEST's membership of the Harrison Butler Association, and enclose a money order for a subscription to your Newsletter and a burgee.

She's such a delightful little boat in so many ways - visually - she turns heads and incites many compliments wherever we go, and she's lovely to sail - so light on the helm, fleet of foot, and she slips through the water in the faintest breeze. She's my second wooden boat - I was looking for a strong, seaworthy boat capable of crossing oceans, small enough to handle easily, yet big enough to live aboard. I live in Sailor's Bay, one of the smaller bays of Middle Harbour. It's very quiet with no industry, just steep hills with houses half hidden in the bush. I'm an art teacher, and also have a small business making sail covers, spray sheets and other accessories for boats - all in an effort to get money together to go sailing. I would very much like to cross the Tasman and take QUEST home and meet some people from her past.

Just the other day a stranger came down to the wharf and, after ascertaining that she was indeed the H.B. QUEST, built in Auckland, said he used to sail her in 1959. It's lovely to own a boat with a history - she has already been a means of introduction to many interesting people - especially people cruising in small wooden boats.

I'd never heard of Dr. Harrison Butler before I found QUEST, but have since read his book on cruising designs, and have met Brad and Bonnie Tinus on CHENCHARU, a Dream-of-Arden.

Since I bought QUEST she's had a new mast. The old alloy one had very bad corrosion underneath stainless steel fittings. The new mast is aluminium too, and is rigged as a sloop, not a cutter. I find this easy to manage although before making a passage I would probably rig an inner forestay and runners.

Most of the sailing I have done on QUEST has been in the harbour, but I took her to Coff's Harbour, 260 miles north last year, with a friend and this year I sailed to Broughton Island, 100 miles north of Sydney single-handed. I also race her each Monday evening in the Middle Harbour Twilight Race - a series of handicap races for allcomers - no spinnakers, very relaxed. It's lots of fun and QUEST has surprised many plastic boat owners with her pointing ability and her speed.

A very special boat, and one I'm proud to own. I look forward to more news from your Association, and the first copy of your Newsletter.

Kathy Veel.

N.B. Your inspiring and charming letter arrived, Kathy, via our ailing President just as I was on the point of putting this Newsletter to bed. On her behalf I bid you a very warm welcome. I am sure Ron won't mind me publishing your letter which quite turned my head! QUEST was built to the Vindilis design published in 1931 and is pre-metacentric shelf and it is a great pity that more of them were not built. Your description of QUEST illustrates perfectly the importance of getting the displacement right in accordance with the designer's calculations. Her sister DILYS was planked in oak which made her too heavy and, in consequence, very slow. I hear that the adoption of masthead rig has improved her. THB wrote of the design: "I have tried to get as much comfort and capacity for keeping the sea, as is possible on a waterline of 20ft. The beam of 7ft.6ins. is, I think, about correct: more would tend to make the yacht "loggy", and might introduce undesirable tendencies; less would be incompatible with the necessary cabin space; and although it would produce a yacht with sweeter actions at sea, there would be less power, and the angle of heel would be greater. I think it is essential that a small yacht sail on her bottom, and not on her side." If you would like to have a copy of the complete design article, and also one on the building of DILYS, please let me know. P.S. - Would you like to design a cover for the Newsletter that can be reproduced by photo-copying, altering only the season and year each time? - Editor.

NOTES ON 'CONSTAR' (220)

By

Captain F.T.(Fred)O'Brien

Official No.166575 (No.291 in 1938 London). Gross 3.18 tons. Nett 1.77 tons.
21.05 x 7.15 x 4.00 feet. Builder Alfred Lockhart (Marine) Ltd., Brentford, Mdx.
Stuart Turner P55 MRS No.28366. 8 h.p.

CONSTAR was moored in the Hamble alongside a small pontoon. Neglected but not vandalized, either inside or out. However, her appearance was devastating. Old navy-blue topsides paint which was peeling badly and had been touched up with light-blue undercoat in patches and then left. All exterior varnish had long disappeared and the teak cabin-top, cockpit and hatches were literally grey wood. Brass ports painted park-bench green, and galvanized pulpit slightly damaged. (This was removed!) Lutchet similarly needed cleaning, &c. Original boom-crutch was grey but, being of mahogany, later came up like new. Chain-plates also running with rust, and sheerstrakes port and starboard, immediately above the chain-plates, were rotten and eventually removed - about three feet each side.

Bought in August 1981 we commenced work immediately on the exterior varnish. The woodwork below needed rubbing down and re-varnishing and the deckheads needed re-painting. Most of the original woodwork was intact including a lining of varnished battens nailed horizontally across the timbers or ribs in both the fore and main cabins. Underneath was a dirty cream paint and an awful lot of dust and debris. Later discovered that, pre-war, the inside planking was often left unpainted so that the wood could breathe,* and varnished battens were mainly cosmetic apart from maintaining an air-space next to the planking.

During these early days I managed to look over NUNKI, then for sale at Moody's Yard, Bursledon; and CHIQUITA, also for sale at Shamrock Quay, Southampton, for encouragement and ideas.

I did my own survey (without slipping) and in October 1981 sailed her across to a mooring above the floating bridge at Cowes. From there she went into Clare Lallow's Yard, under cover, for a "D.I.Y. Marathon". The yard lads who brought her up and out said afterwards that they had worried about her, mainly because of her appearance topsides, but once out of the water they very much approved of what they saw. She was good.

My friends and I worked on CONSTAR (or should I say slaved!) until July 1982 when we forced her afloat before she could open up, perhaps permanently!

The first job was to remove all the keel-bolts. Discovered that brute-force could never entirely be dispensed with. Huge yard-made socket spanners came in useful. I did most of the work with a club-hammer and a steel rod as punch. Fortunately, all were driven out without fracturing and causing the top-half to be forced down alongside the lower-half. I found it handy to mark the exit-hole under the keel by use of a marker pen on the side of the ballast-keel. Thus, I could move the bearing chocks clear. There was only a little corrosion at the top of the bolts where they passed through the wood keel. Renewed all bolts which entailed removal of engine and engine-bed frame. The latter required re-welding. The through retaining bolts were almost non-existent. Originally, or at least some years ago, pitch had been poured over the keel whilst the boat was slightly down by the head, and this would serve to lead any water in the bottom to drain aft to the pump strum-box.

It was handy having the use (from the yard) of the electric pitch kettle - boil up and pour on! The lads in the yard were as friendly and helpful as could be and were always good for a joke - ribbing us about our arrival and departure times and our progress, &c.

The deck was completely covered with a patent type of Trakmark which had

perished forward, so this was removed. Beading, or nosing, had to be removed, plus the foot-rail - the latter having been secured with screws of monstrous size, four inches in places. New nosing had to be fitted and we laid down canvas for reasons of tradition, after we had repaired some broken or worn deck planking. It was amazing how much we learned as we went along, tackling jobs we normally would never have touched. The yard cut out the rotten three feet of sheerstrake, port and starboard, and replaced with new. And the chain-plates and three galvanized mooring cleats aft were re-galvanized. Incidentally, when we removed the keel-bolts we used mild steel heavily greased, identical to those we removed, mainly because of expense and the fact that stainless-steel can come in about sixteen different qualities! And after our experience with these keel-bolts we are game to renew/inspect them as often as might be required.

The engine was completely overhauled but not stripped down. In the words of experienced engineers, "If it's going, leave it alone!" I also cleaned the screw (prop) of anti-fouling in true M.N. style but found after a couple of months mainly at moorings in the Medina that this was a mistake - an awful growth of marine life attached itself! Incidentally, the petrol tank had to be removed and this was difficult because it had been built-in!

The boat's interior was cleaned off, undercoated and painted white gloss, and lockers, doors, tables, bunks - mostly teak - rubbed down and varnished. Wiring, including shore-type switches and junction boxes, &c., was removed pending replacement this Spring refit. Brass ports and compass window were cleaned off - sandpaper, very fine, was necessary. An extremely tough, hardwearing exterior paint (green) was used in the bilges and dried very hard without smell. The months under-cover served to dry the hull which presumably had been afloat a long time, judging by the time it took for the hull to become dry below the waterline. Incidentally, to get at the bilges, &c., the Baby Blake 'loo' and lockers forward, port and starboard, and all locker doors and the fore-cabin doors, were removed - and fairly easily replaced afterwards. I should add that throughout the refit a surveyor was continuously inspecting and advising.

The cockpit was stripped, rubbed-down and varnished. A Plastimo CONTEST bulkhead compass (not traditional I'm afraid, but most functional) was fitted on the starboard side as far as possible above the cooker, because the port bulkhead had the charging-board, switches and 2 x 6-volt batteries below. The old compass-window (to port) was polished up and just inside is mounted the Seafarer III echo-sounder which can be swivelled and adjusted by hand through the window.

I forgot to mention that we decided it would be too risky to attempt cutting the canvas for the deck in one sheet. Instead, we saved the amount of canvas used (the only widths available were 6 ft. and 12ft.) by cutting into five pieces: port and starboard bow sections; two side sections; and one across the stern. We used paper patterns firstly, and after cutting the canvas, used an old undercoat and thick topcoat, quite gungey, as an adhesive. Joins were screwed down with half-round brass bars, i.e. one each side of forward line of cabin-top; and one each side of after coaming of cockpit. The canvas was drawn out and tacked down. By morning it had dried and set taut, not a wrinkle! The beading, or nosing, was replaced carefully for they had told us often: "Measure twice - cut once!"

Outside the hull, we scraped off all anti-fouling and burnt off topsides down to bare wood; raked out loose caulking/filler and re-sealed with putty as per traditional wooden hulled boats; rubbed down and primed with International Metallic Primer. Trowel cementing was very tricky but like most tasks required perseverance to acquire the knack. The rudder was unshipped - a hard job because the long pintle had been in for some time and was quite rusted. A club-hammer from below did the trick. Some wear was found in way of the gudgeons and the pintle was spot-welded in these areas. After hammering the pintle back into place I discovered that I had not fitted washers above the gudgeons to take any wear and I intend to do this during the next refit.

When attempting to find the water-line it was seen that a cut had been made along this line which we picked out with masking-tape (one inch) and after trowel cementing to this line and undercoating and top-glossing; and then anti-fouling below, removed the tape to find a one-inch hollow all the way round the boat. And so decided to have a blue-coloured boot-topping, i.e. with white topsides and red anti-fouling. In cleaning off, I had found the name and "I.S.C." on the transom, covered in paint. Cleaned off, they proved to be heavy brass letters about two inches high and now, fixed to teak backing plates, look superb. Also, fixed to the stem was a large four inch heavy brass "Z" which has been cleaned off and polished, and to foil collectors has been engraved down the shank "CONSTAR".

The boom and whisker-pole were pretty grim, but after some hard work with scrapers got down to new wood and, now varnished, they look excellent. These items, plus boom crutch, tiller, &c. were marked "CONSTAR", in case they go overboard.

The heavy fisherman anchor stowed forward was removed because it is a dreadful job to use it in a hurry, and replaced by a heavy C.Q.R. anchor found stowed aft. The latter was replaced by a smaller and lighter Danforth anchor which should prove useful for kedging.

The main task outstanding is the mast which must be scraped and revarnished - some seven coats would I think be O.K. I am also trying to obtain a second-hand pulpit in either galvanized or stainless-steel. I can fit some foot-rails and think about stanchions, although I am not keen on these. I should have mentioned that the rigging is stainless-steel and, where it contacts galvanizing, such as chain-plates, I have fitted a sacrificial shackle. I also had "Z 20" stitched on to the mainsail, which is not strictly "proper" because there is a Z-Class dinghy in Portsmouth. Many people have shown interest in our "Z" boats and I think they are admired for their tradition and seaworthiness.

Once under way this coming season, I hope to sail under the ensign of my old training ship H.M.S. Worcester, which is a defaced blue, i.e. Blue Ensign with a golden naval crown over a golden letter "W", and the blue burgee of the "Old Worcesters' Yacht Club". And with the H.B.A. House Flag on the starboard cross-tree; and on the port side the flag of Munster, Ireland (where the O'Briens originated - Brian Boru was High King) - light blue with three golden antique crowns, sited two above one; and white topsides, CONSTAR should shine like a Christmas Tree! At the moment she is laid-up in the Cowes Corinthian Y.C. I hope to enter the Round the Island Race on the 18th. June with a 1000-plus other yachts, and get over (and back) to Cherbourg before very long.

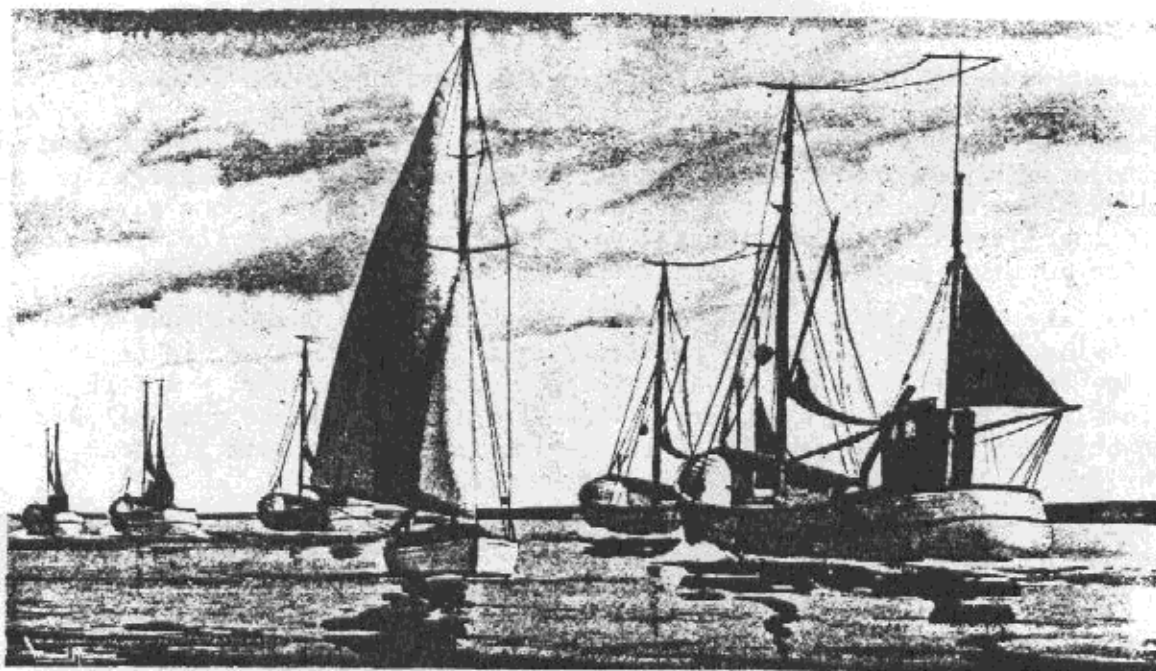
WANTED Avon Redstart Inflatable or similar; Highfield levers; and a large, very light-weight Genoa!

F.T.O'B.

* Re: breathing of unpainted wood. I understand that modern research has discovered that timber absorbs moisture not so much by direct contact with water as by water "vapour". Hence the beneficial effects of the solid fuel heating stove. The basis of the so-called "West" system, used in contemporary wooden boatbuilding, is that, once the moisture-content of the timber is stabilised, it is then sealed with epoxy-resin and, thereafter, should never deteriorate so long as the seal remains intact. - Ed.

PLEASE NOTE. The following Zyklons/Z 4-tonners are still for sale.

CHAQUITA	Z4	Shamrock Hard, Southampton
JUNE (HERE NOW)	Z4 (No.37)	Maldon, Essex.
KASTAG	Z4 (No.23)	"
MERRYTHOUGHT	Zyklon	Penzance, Cornwall
SVALEN	Z4 (No.44)	Woodbridge, Suffolk
ZEPHON	Zyklon	Pembroke Dock, S.Wales
LEUEEN	Z4	Bursledon



"AS WE LEFT ESBJERG WE PASSED A STEADY STREAM OF HOMEWARD-BOUND WOODEN DRIFTERS
SKY BLUE IN COLOUR"

FOUR TONS TO ESBJERG

A single-handed passage both ways

By Michael Corley

Or, to be more precise, three-point-three, that being the displacement of my Z 4-tonner HERE NOW.

A Harrison Butler design grows nowadays to have an old-fashioned look; but, whatever they lack, the little Z's have seaworthiness; and, when I asked HERE NOW if she would like to be sailed single-handed to Esbjerg in August, her answer was obvious.

Esbjerg, it may be necessary to explain, is the port on the West coast of Jutland from which the smart Danish packet KRONPRINSESSE INGRID sails to Harwich (and the KRONPRINS FREDERIK did until she became a burnt-out wreck on her side at Parkstone Quay). Esbjerg is far enough away to be a real sea voyage, without being so desperately distant as are most parts of the British Isles; and it has in other ways more to recommend it to us East Coast yachtsmen than we seem to have realised.

Like all self-respecting owners, I was still happily making improvements to the yacht on the Sunday morning of departure, when, remembering Uffa Fox's aphorism that "the only way to stop is to put to sea", I ruled that at 0900 improvements should cease. At that hour I slipped my mooring at West Mersea and tacked down the Thornfleet with a nice breeze from SW.

The yacht has an engine, but for certain reasons it was out of action throughout the voyage there and back - by no means an unmitigated handicap; my morale, at any rate, leaps up when freed from the knawing question that crops up in times of difficulty: "Would it be more seamanlike now to try to motor than to sail?"

Clear of the anchorage, the SW was a leading wind; and from 1100 I had the tidal stream as well, so that, under a sunny sky, the voyage began ideally with a glorious coastal passage past Harwich and Orfordness. It was extremely good to run serenely past all the familiar marks, outward bound, the folding dinghy lashed on the coachroof, every locker crammed (but not overflowing), and every

last item on countless lists of stores and gear correspondingly crossed off.

The Customs scale of victualling is not stingy, and I had at one time thought the most urgent task of seamanship might be to eat the yacht back to her marks, but that fear proved exaggerated. One of the joys of single-handed cruising is that one can always say, "Since I'm saving two or three hundredweight of human load, another stone of stores can't hurt." And, so saying, one gives thanks for the Kilner jar, the perfect though heavy receptacle not only for stewed fruit but for anything from ground coffee to home-made rice puddings.

The fair wind held for three days, but not strong enough to make progress satisfying. A fair wind, and particularly a light fair wind, is no wind for a single-hander; he is either always gybing or always steering. A fore boom-guy, besides being a seriously hampering line for him, is not the cure-all some people make out; and steering a yacht in light airs is the next most tiresome job I know after trying to make a toll call in the evening.

No, the only wind for a quiet life is a fresh breeze, force 5 and of force absolutely unvarying, five points on the bow to the course one wishes to make good. For such a wind the single-hander should accept no substitutes.

To get any sleep, I had to spend some hours of the second and third days with the mainsail furled and the No.2 staysail sheeted amidships, making about a knot in the right direction.

Tuesday, August 5, however, brought its own reward. The day having ended with a beautiful quiet sunset and moonrise, I was thinking idly how much the full moon, rising through one bank of cloud, resembled the sun setting through another; but the moon, when it got clear, was a distinctly different shape, with a bite out of it; I had a front seat at an eclipse without even knowing that there was going to be one.

On Wednesday, after a calm, a light breeze gradually headed me. Thursday, still with a head wind, was cold and drizzly, and I refused to go outside and get wet. Instead I spent a whole pleasant and profitable day indoors, the best day of the trip; it was just like being at the seaside.

Part of the time was spent in cooking what McMullen would have called "the men's dinner and my luncheon". Of all the routine jobs on board cooking was the most attractive and least neglected. The most troublesome was tending the oil navigation lamps, and shipping them the most dangerous (one hand for the lamp, to avoid knocking or jerking the flame out, and only one to divide between yourself and the ship).

About oil lamps for small yachts there is a mystery. One can buy an oil riding light which burns with a good flame all night in anything from a calm to a moderate gale. With a screen and a coloured window the only thing against it as a side-light would be its "dioptric" glass. When I asked the yacht chandlers for a navigation lamp having the same combustion system as the riding light, they were stumped; the only thing they had on offer was a handsome can of quite different pattern, which one hesitates to call a lamp, because, broadly speaking, it will not burn out of doors, while, even on a still night, if one turns it up to a reasonable brightness, it has to be replenished in the middle watch.

Lamps of this kind I already had; so, having searched the chandlers' in vain for anything better, I had them extensively modified by a welder, with the result that with care they will now burn up to about a strong breeze; above that there is nothing for it but to keep a sharp look-out and a supply of flares. And, if they burn till after midnight, they have to be refilled.

Even with good lights the middle of the North Sea is exciting enough at night. After a day when not a single vessel has been sighted, at precisely the last moment of nautical twilight the sea becomes studded with ships, mostly trawlers trawling, which have to be avoided even by sailing ships; and this mass of shipping proceeds at between twelve and twenty knots on inter-weaving courses, which, though individually haphazard, are collectively integrated in a master plan

to cut off every conceivable course that the observer (you) could steer, except, occasionally, the reciprocal of the true course. Altogether, one needs that flask of tea at midnight.

But there is always daybreak, with the ever fresh expectation that today one will get sights against which one may write "good", not "?" as yesterday. But on the subject of accuracy I ought perhaps to pipe down, since I got ten miles too far north before fixing my position on the Friday. However, as there had been no chance of any sight at all for thirty-six hours, I did not feel totally disgraced.

It was late afternoon when I reached the Vyl light-vessel, which is 23 miles almost due West from the Graadyb light-and-whistle buoy, at which one turns on to the leading marks to cross the bar and enter Esbjerg. This approach is tedious; at the Vyl one feels that one has made one's passage - but there are still 23 miles, besides nine more over the bar and up the harbour. It is made even more tantalizing by the procession of speedy homeward-bound drifters that keep hurrying up from astern and pop-popping off ahead.

Although the fair wind had returned and freshened, various delays - reefing, tending an unusually fractious port lamp, and other things - caused it to be after midnight when I at last altered up from the Graadyp buoy. I had to shout at myself to stay awake, and dare not sit down; and even then I fell asleep - more literally than usual. The advantage of standing is that the fall wakes you up.

But there came a certain moment.....

The characteristic tugging swell on the bar subsided. I looked away from the positively blinding white leading lights and into the night on either hand. To starboard a faint dark trace lay on the ruffled and talkative water - Soren Jessens Sand. A red occulting light marked another wisp to port - Skalling-Ende.

"I am in Denmark," I said, never having been there before.

At 0230, having gone right on up the harbour, I came-to in a place sufficiently sheltered for the present and out of anyone else's way. I hoisted the riding light, squared up carefully on deck, knowing that Esbjerg would see me before I saw Esbjerg, went below to dig out my pyjamas, and went to sleep without reaching them. The last thing I overheard was a snatch of conversation between the main and fore halyards, in which I distinctly heard the main halyard say protestingly, "But we have not got the wadding." I never found out what it was referring to.

I had made a slow passage in six days, with winds of average force three. Nothing had gone wrong, but even on this short voyage I had cause to remember Phil(Waltzing Matilda) Davenport's classic answer at question-time after his lecture to the Cruising Association. "You didn't mention chafe," said someone in the audience. "I should've," was the reply. Resewing seams and making baggywrinkle kept me occupied for a day or two.

In Esbjerg (as can be seen daily on the arrival of the packet) Customs and immigration formalities are not taken too tragically, and it was entirely at my own convenience that I was later directed to a berth in a quiet corner of the basin called Dokhavn (which, by the way, is tidal, whatever the Admiralty Pilot says.)

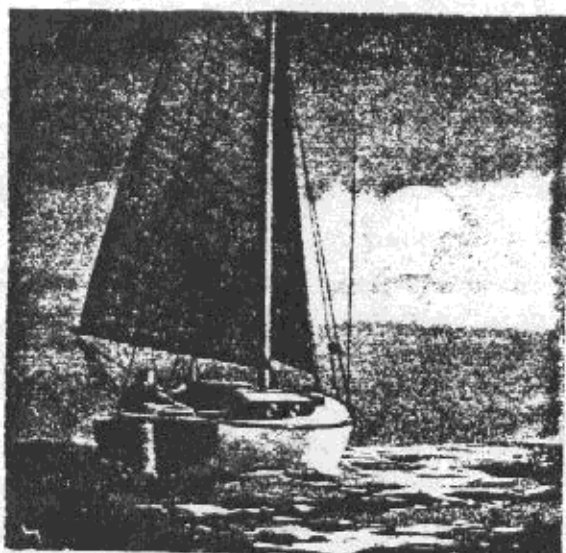
Hardly had I settled down there when several members of the Esbjerg Amator Sejlklub invited me to shift berth to their delightful moorings in Faergehavn. This, owing to the silence of my engine and an accident to a spreader, caused by a caress from a tug's rubber, I could not do for several days, and in the end, to my lasting regret, I never did it at all. Dokhavn, though close to the town, is not otherwise attractive; and no berth alongside a wall could compare with the excellent arrangements of the E.A.S., with stems to jetties and sterns to buoys.

To any other visitor to Esbjerg I should now seriously advise the following procedure. Enter with flag Q hoisted, as well, of course, as both ensigns.

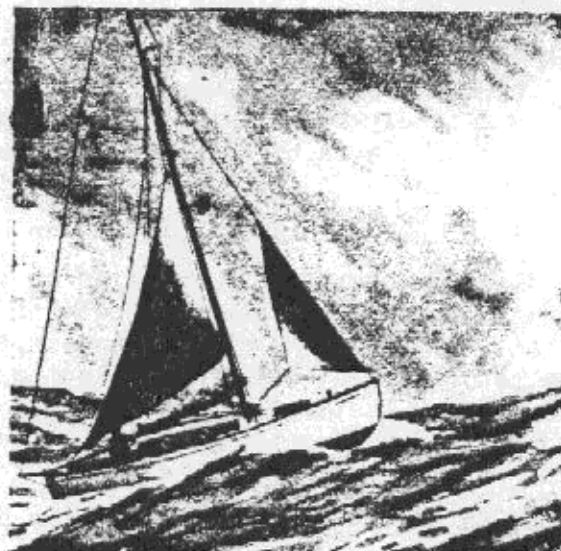
Make straight for Faergehavn and borrow one of the E.A.S. moorings, which will be very gladly offered. Go ashore and show your papers to somebody in uniform; the harbour police in the small building at the end of the pier between Faergehavn and Sondre Forhavn will do, though they will probably look for your ship's tonnage in your passport. Then, having made enough friends and obtained enough facilities to go on with, haul down flag Q.

The town itself is a nice little place, with good shops half a mile from the harbour, not too many motor vehicles, and a quiet square where you can drink, snack or dine al fresco. The port having been virtually created for the purpose of trafficking with England, there is a fund of ready-made goodwill, especially towards anyone who knows Harwich or Grimsby. Nearly everyone speaks some English, and the West Jutland form of Danish is particularly easy for an English ear to understand. (On that score a Geordie and a Vestjude ought hardly to count as foreigners to each other.) In the harbour, for instance, there is a road called Parkestonvej, which means, and would often locally be pronounced, Parkeston Way.

Esbjerg is an easy place to enter - probably, being very well lighted, even simpler at night than by day. On an overcast but clear afternoon, when I left, the main leading lights were brilliantly visible at seven miles. Unlighted buoys are quaintly marked with besoms, business end up for starboard hand and down for port.



"I HAD A FRONT SEAT AT AN ECLIPSE"



"HOVE-TO WITH MY HEAD OFF-SHORE"

The cruising ground is somewhat limited, although the keen local yachtsmen seem to be sufficiently rewarded by evening sails in the harbour at their doorstep and weekend picnics to Skallingen and Fano - the latter a delicious island with a modern bathing resort and, entirely separate, a village of hollyhock-surrounded wooden cottages. But Esbjerg would be well worth a visit by anyone on the way to Limnfjord; and, if you like sailing to a place and then remaining there to explore the countryside, it is ideal; there are easy coach trips to such well-known tourists' haunts as Ribe and Vejle, and even Copenhagen is only a little more than five hours away by a famous Diesel train ride.

The town and docks merge pleasantly together. No police will stop you wandering anywhere. You may not only watch the packets berth; you may walk right up and stroke them, if you like - which is almost how the people of Esbjerg seem to regard them. Then, in the picturesque Fiskerihavn you can watch some of Esbjerg's seven hundred modern Diesel drifters (the word describes them, whether or not it is strictly accurate) having their 3 tons of ice shot aboard by pair-horse wagons.

Every one of the seven hundred is painted the same shade of light sky-blue - owing, so I was laughingly assured, to one man's having got all the painting contracts - and the reflection of so much pale blue gives Fiskerihavn a special character and beauty.

Near by you can watch new drifters being built in the old old way, of wood.

There seems to be no time in the twenty-four hours when there is not a steady stream of drifters in each direction up and down the harbour, across the bar, and in the approaches. For miles out at sea there are always some in sight. Indeed, provided you could distinguish East from West, it should be possible, from anywhere within seventy miles of the port, to find your way in without knowledge of navigation or pilotage, by merely following the nearest homeward-bound drifter till it was out of sight ahead, by which time another would be overtaking you from astern.

Last but not least of the attractions, during a week alongside an open wharf, where the yacht was left unattended for as long as twelve hours at a time, nothing at all was taken or touched on deck.

Those who are unwary enough to berth in Dokhavn need a certain co-operation from the wind - and I got it. When I entered, that local rarity, a sou'easter, made this the snuggest berth in the whole harbour and the easiest for going alongside without help; on the next and following days the sou'wester would have made it difficult, and sometimes impossible, to leave under sail; on the day when I did want to leave, the breeze swung round to the North-East and puffed me off the wall and out of the basin. I liked Denmark for that.

* * * * *

And so to sea again after a very happy week alongside. What I had done to pass that week is hard to say, except that I had never had a minute to spare. I had done bosun's work on board, spent half-a-day at Fiskerihavn, been to Fano and as far afield as Vejle on Jutland's East coast. I had eaten a great many pork chops, drunk a lot of cream, and found the Danish pastries with coffee are habit-forming. I had had a stream of visitors on board and long yarns in which English and Danish were unpedantically mingled. An enthusiast of the E.A.S. had taken me out twice in his yacht. And I fully understood why he preferred his "little Esbjerg" to Copenhagen.

The return was brisk and strenuous, with moderate and fresh fair breezes and not a sniff of what every schoolboy knows is the prevailing wind. The best day's run was 114 miles, which sounds modest but is fair to middling for a nineteen-foot waterline under the conditions, including periods hove-to for sights, reefing, and the like.

Having left at Saturday noon, by Tuesday evening I had sighted and passed the loom of Smith's Knoll light vessel. I had had five hours' sleep all told, and did not mind, because I was going to be in Harwich by Wednesday forenoon and was going to meet a friend arriving by the Kronprins Frederik.

But a big swell had been building up all afternoon, and after dark the wind freshened. Worse, it rained. My oilskin trousers happened to have got torn too badly to be wearable, so that for the next thirty-six hours I was continuously soaked from the waist down - a state that produces acute self-pity in the cockpit about dawn but is not otherwise a crushing disaster in August. When working, one forgets it; and when turned in with good blankets, one sleeps as well in a steam jacket as dry.

By midnight there was a fresh gale NE by N, and shortly afterwards, as I estimated, a strong gale (force 9). Having gone through the stages of reefing and staysail changing, I finally took everything off, streamed warps, and ran bare. Afterwards, it was obvious from the state of several seams of the mainsail in places not subject to chafe that I had got it off just in time.

So far so good, but at dawn the question was, what next? Theoretically I

could have run on, through the Shipway or the Sledway, and still been only a little behind the packet. In practice, with the sea then running, which was, for the North Sea, enormous, I should not in daylight have sighted any of the buoys at more than two cables; and the Shipwash light vessel was snugly berthed in Harwich Harbour instead of on its station. Besides, even if I had guessed my way through either channel, it was a question what would happen if wind and sea should not have moderated by the time I reached the shallow end and required to come on the wind for entering Harwich.

It would also have been feasible to steer somewhere between the Shipwash and the Inner Gabbard, and I forget why I did not do so. Probably I had had enough of steering. At any rate, I persuaded myself it was the better part of valour to heave-to under my two-year-old but still brand new storm trysail and baby spitfire staysail, with my head off-shore, and so turn in.

Almost immediately I awoke to realise that the yacht was slamming far too enthusiastically to windward, the cause being that the sea had broken the tiller. Making a substitute occupied the rest of the forenoon watch, and sleeping, cooking and eating the afternoon and dog watches. Meanwhile the sea increased, though the wind, still NE by N, slightly decreased.

Shortly after dark I set course in the estimated direction of the Outer Gabbard light vessel, and staggered myself by picking it up on the right bearing. But the state of the sea is shown by the fact that, although I passed withing three or four miles of the light vessel, I never saw anything but its loom.

During the night the wind backed and moderated, so that by 0815 I needed the whole main and Genoa. Before 1100 I was exchanging greetings with the crew of the Sunk light vessel; and then an evil inspiration told me to hold on and go through the Customs at Brightlingsea. But the breeze died and then came faintly from SW, the stream turned against me, and I ended by being kedged in sight of Harwich - to whose friendly Customs officers I ultimately ghosted in.

The gale had given the yacht a fair testing, and, although it had turned a four-day passage into one of more than five, I would not for anything be without that extra assurance of the sufficiency of my ship.

Despite its attractions, Denmark is seemingly no place for the yachtsman with an envious streak of nature or old-world views about exchange control. A Dane who, being himself a yacht-owner, was presumably not simply ill-informed, pointed out a new Danish-built Bermudian yacht of eight or nine tons T.M. and told me it had cost twelve thousand Danish kroner. That is more than six hundred pounds.

* * * * *

YACHT VISITING

When moored securely in the creek,
To visit other yachts I know;
Then with their crews I like to speak
And be invited down below.

All seated by the glowing stove,
Our hands cupped round a steaming mug,
Remembering some summer cove
And feeling very warm and snug.

Shadows dancing on varnished wood,
Cast by the flickering lamplight,
Thinking how life is kind of good
And knowing we'll be safe tonight.

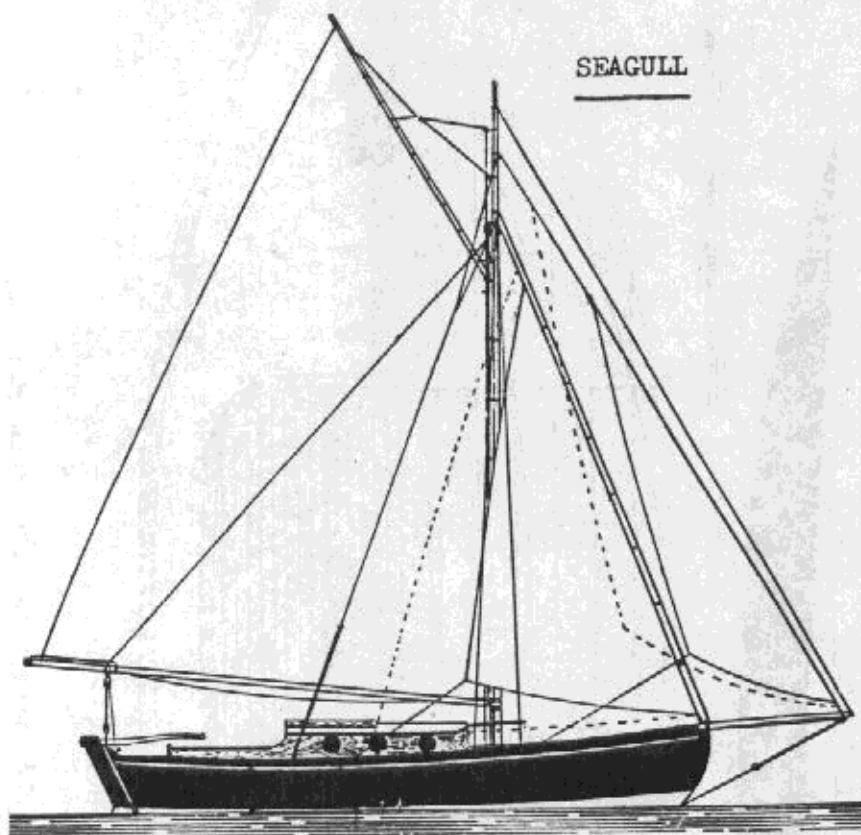
With parting words from friends
all round
Then in the dinghy rowing back,
All is calm, there is not a sound
And peace tonight we shall not lack.

(Written in appreciation of all those kind souls who've extended their hospitality to a single-hander.)

Trevor Cheesman (DINDY)

" IN THE BEGINNING "

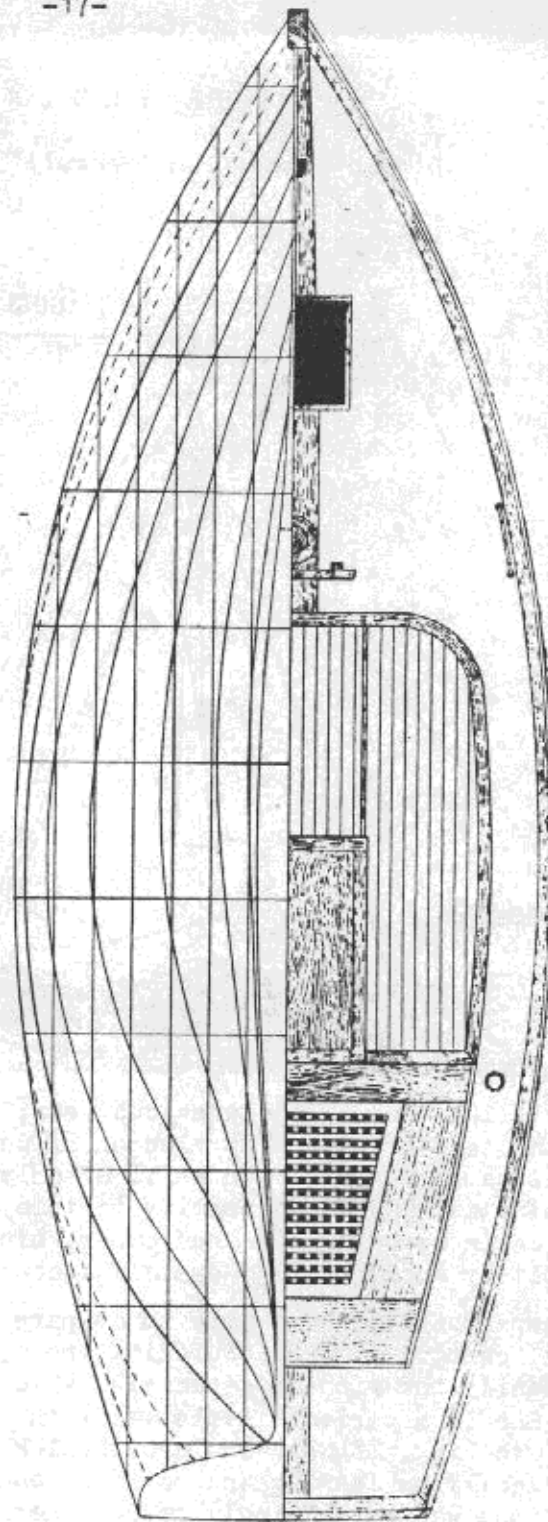
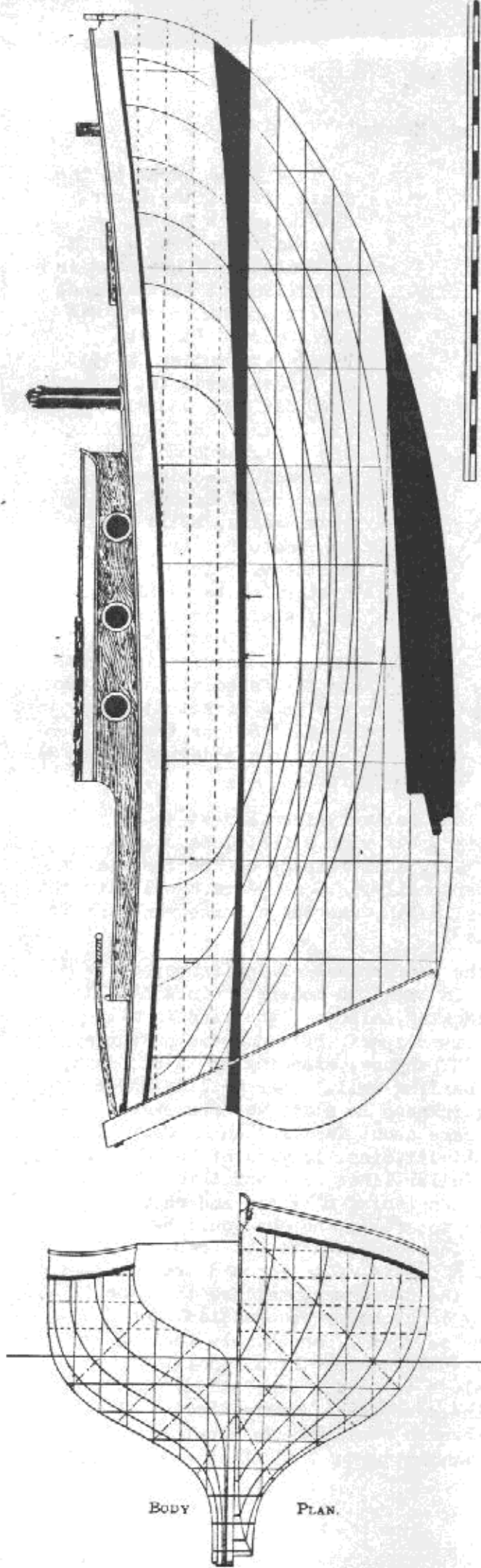
Developments from 'Seagull' and 'Memory'



In a tidal creek on the south side of the River Blackwater in Essex, England there lies a 20ft. gaff cutter. Her name is FLEETWING but she was once called SEAGULL. She was built on the Norfolk Broads at Cantley in 1913 by Ernest Woods for Mr.N.Suffling who with his brother, H.J.Suffling, was a Gt.Yarmouth timber merchant. Woods was a fine craftsman and, in later years, built numerous boats for the two brothers. In purely historical terms SEAGULL - as I shall continue to call her - must be one of the most interesting boats in the Association, because she is a direct ancestor of most of the transom-stern boats designed by THB.

Mr.H.J.Suffling had, in the previous year, taken delivery from Ernest Woods of another boat of the same LWL, also of HB design, but with a foot less beam. This boat was named MEMORY. On a LWL of only 18ft. a difference of one foot in beam is substantial and I can testify to this personally. Some years ago I sat in MEMORY's cabin opposite her then owner, Lionel Smith, who was a large man, and it was definitely an eyeball-to-eyeball encounter!

The brothers Suffling were able to compare the performance of their respective boats and in February 1914 H.J.Suffling wrote, "In light to moderate winds MEMORY was always easily the winner, especially when tacking, also off the wind in all weathers. She is a perfect little yacht in every respect, but in a two or three reef breeze, tacking, SEAGULL could outsail MEMORY anyhow, standing up to her work, making practically no leeway, and pointing and sailing well. Her ability under these conditions was surprisingly good. Her quickness in stays was remarkable, for notwithstanding a large lateral plane, she came about faster than MEMORY and was almost too touchy going free. With her C.E. 1ft.6ins. forward of her C.L.R. she was perfectly balanced at all times. Her fuller lines made her throw the spray about, she being much wetter than MEMORY when facing a breeze and chop. Personally, I think her formation forward rather too full, and she would be drier and faster if a trifle finer in this respect. These boats have not been tested at sea, sharp tidal chops on Breydon Water, and a breeze up to Force 8 are the worst conditions they have been in. I believe the designer considers that the finer lined MEMORY would behave more comfortably in a choppy sea outside than the beamier boat. Theoretically this should be so, but I cannot help feeling that SEAGULL's power in a strong breeze tacking would, under these conditions, bring her home first. The designs lend themselves to good accomodation, SEAGULL's cabin being exceptionally roomy. Both are fine examples of the perfect little cruising yacht, and admirably suited to single-handed sailing. In conclusion, I should describe MEMORY as the best all-round summer boat; SEAGULL as most suited for a winter cruiser."

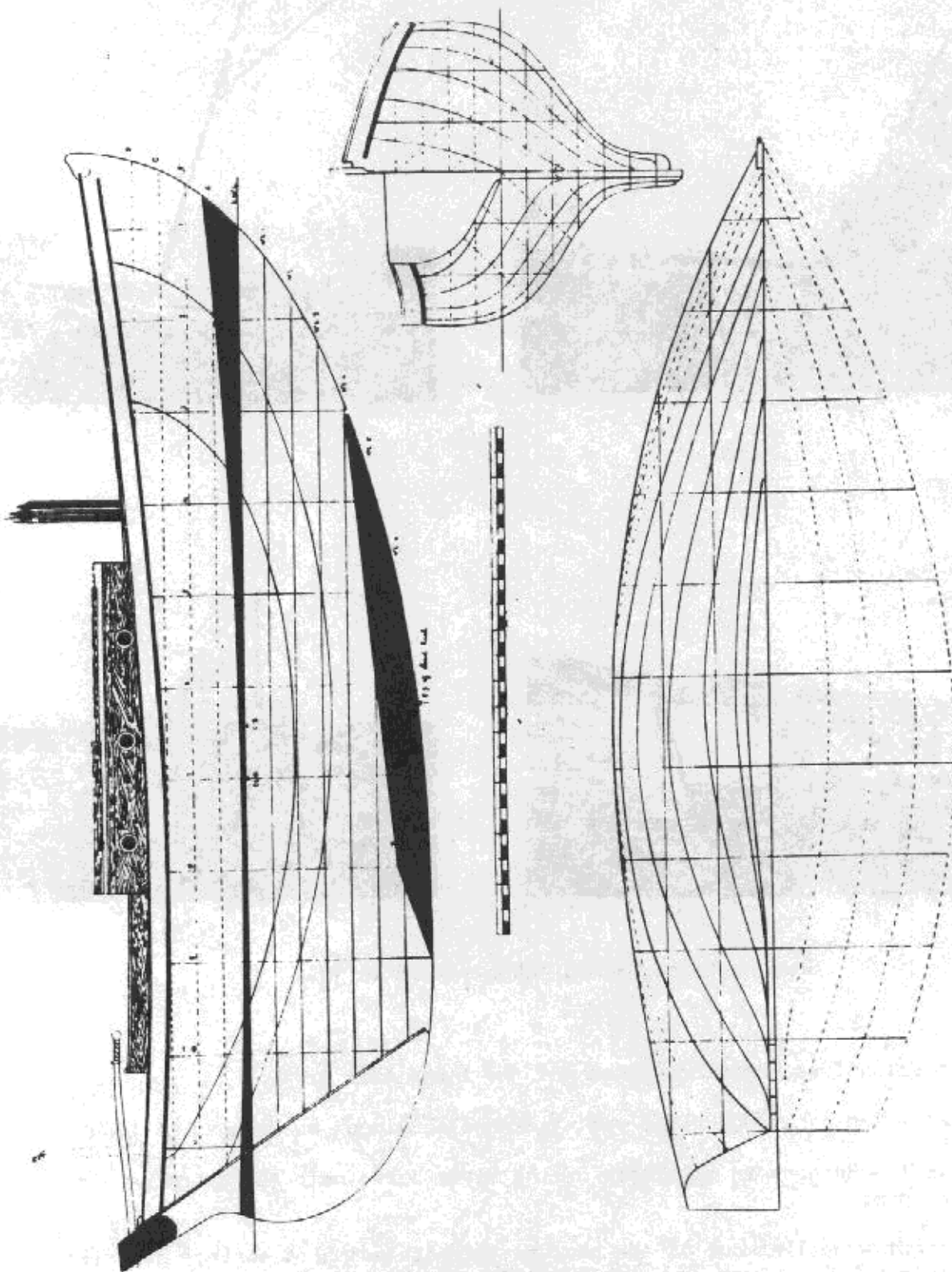


L.O.A., 20ft.; L.W.L., 18ft. Beam, 7ft.; Draught, 3.75ft.; Displacement, 3.2 tons; Iron Keel, 1 ton; Inside Ballast (lead), to trim. Power: A Brooke, Boulton & Paul, or Ailsa Craig 4 h.p. Engine. (The engine shown in the plans is a Brooke.)

SEA GULL

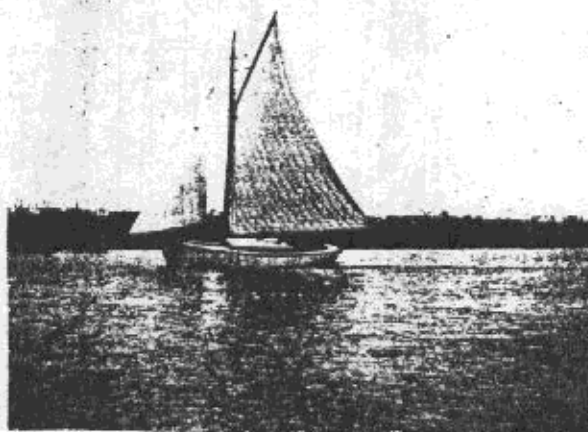
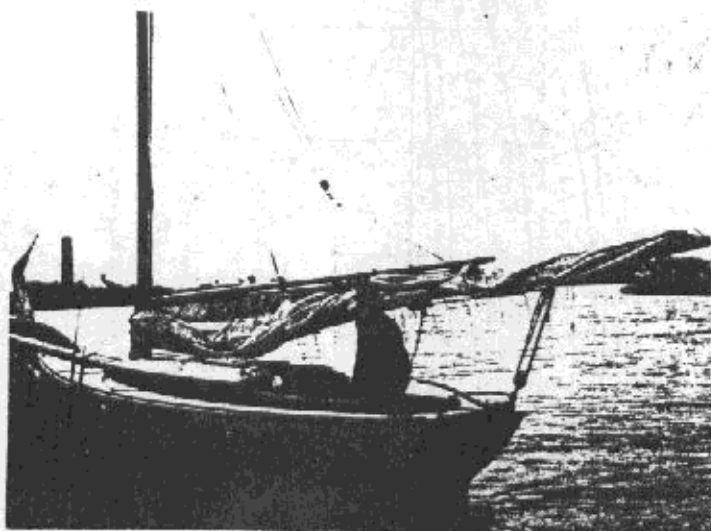
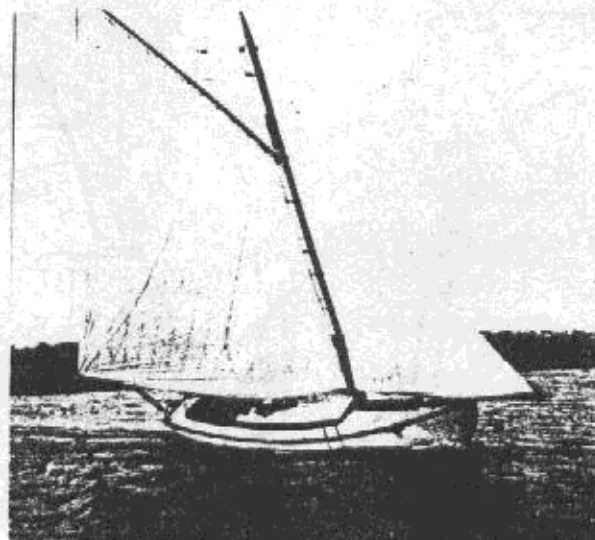
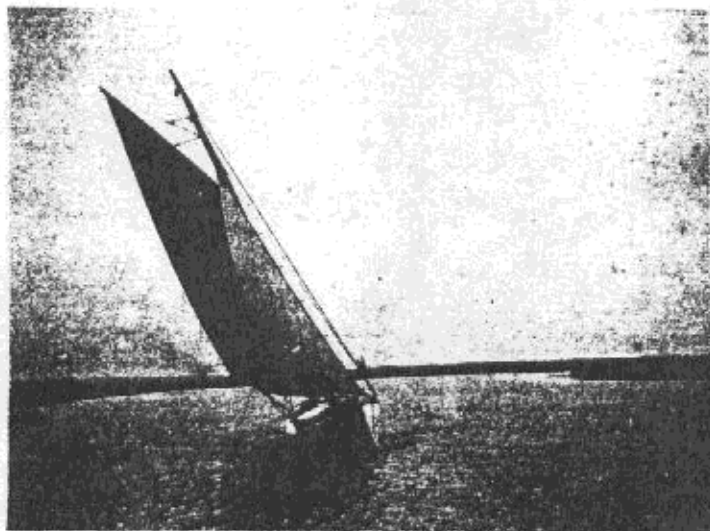
LINES OF THE 3½-TON AUXILIARY CUTTER, DESIGNED BY T. HARRISON BUTLER FOR REV. H. C. BELL.

MEMORY



THE 3-TON AUXILIARY SINGLE-HANDED CRUISER DESIGNED BY T. HARRISON BUTLER.
 L.O.A., 21ft.; L.W.L., 18ft.; beam, 5ft.; draught, 3' 6"; displacement, 3' 5 tons; lead keel, 85 tons (inside ballast to trim).

(Same L.W.L. as SEA GULL but a foot less beam. Narrow form less apparent in Body Plan than when actually on board. Comfortable sleeping for two achieved by bunk boards folding out to the centre-line. HB sailed in MEMORY only on the Broads but was convinced she would be a good seaboat. Disappointing circumstances prevented him from buying her).



Some shots of MEMORY taken by THB in 1912

Top left emphasises the narrow beam and the large sail area.

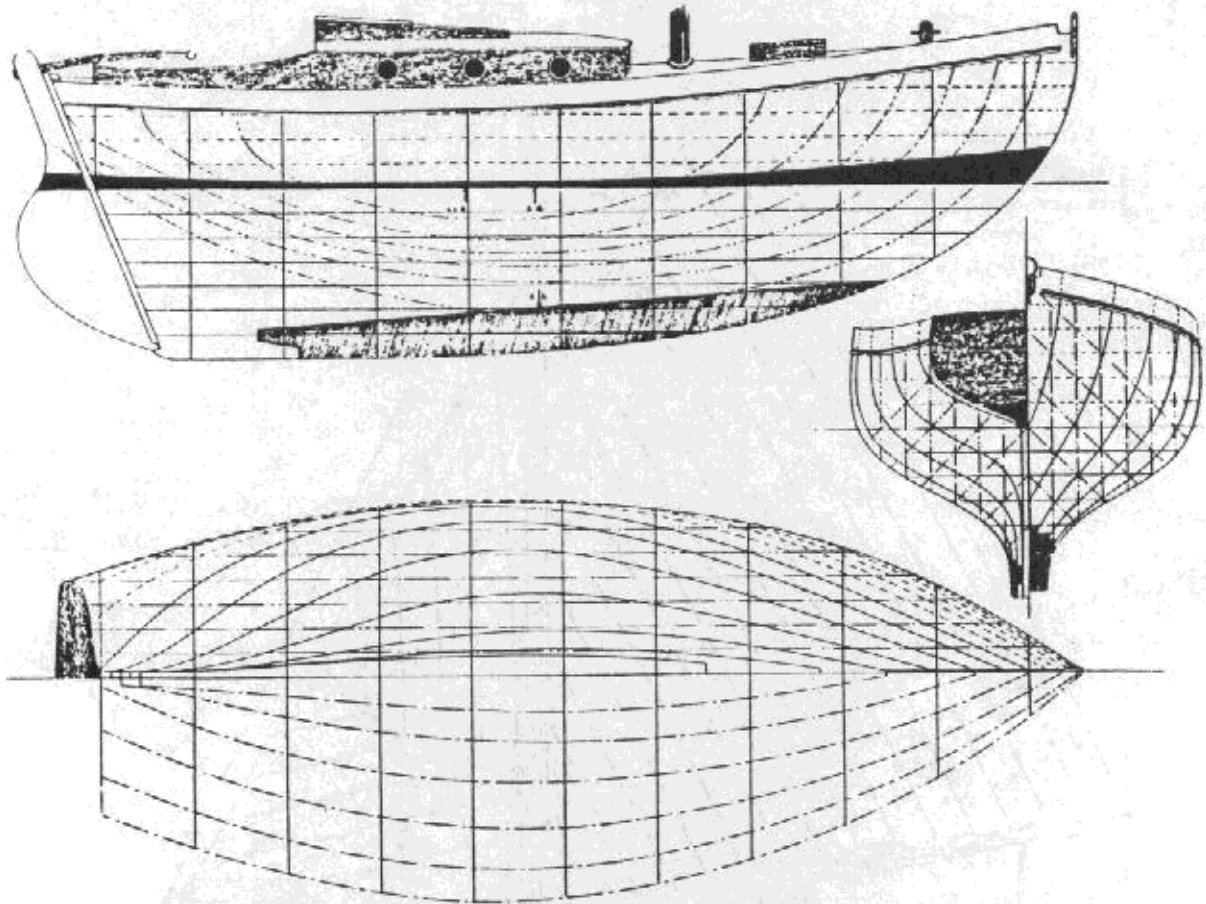
Top right - Close-hauled on the port tack heeled almost as much as LA BONNE.

Bottom left - Her bow in the reeds on the River Yare; note the overhang of the main boom.

Bottom right - Sailing out of the picture this distant shot conveys the size of her mainsail which was soon purchased for SANDOOK.

In an early article on the balance of hull and sails THB referred to SEAGULL as having "heavy displacement, and fine after-body balanced perfectly on all points of sailing. With a strong quarter wind she not only did not pull at all, but I had the feeling she might run off her helm to leeward. I considered the design too "chubby", and so I drew the sections out and produced the CYCLONE with a LWL of 19ft. and a beam of 7ft. A large number of yachts have been built to this design, and their owners tell me they balance well on all points of sailing. I had the opportunity of sailing on DIANA, a Cyclone built by Mr. Knowles on the Humber. There was not enough wind to try her out, but I formed the opinion she was well balanced."

The Cyclone design was published in May 1925 and was so-called because the first boat, built in Sweden, had survived what her owner referred to as a "cyclone".



LINES OF CYCLONE, DESIGNED BY DR. T. HARRISON BUTLER

Scale: 1 in. = 1 ft.

Her vital statistics are LOA 21ft., LWL 19ft., Beam 7ft., Draught 3ft.6ins. Displacement 3.4 tons, Thames Measurement 3.6 tons, Weight of iron shoe 1.25 tons. Sail areas: Cutter 317 sq.ft. Yawl 280 sq.ft. Bermudian Sloop 330 sq.ft.

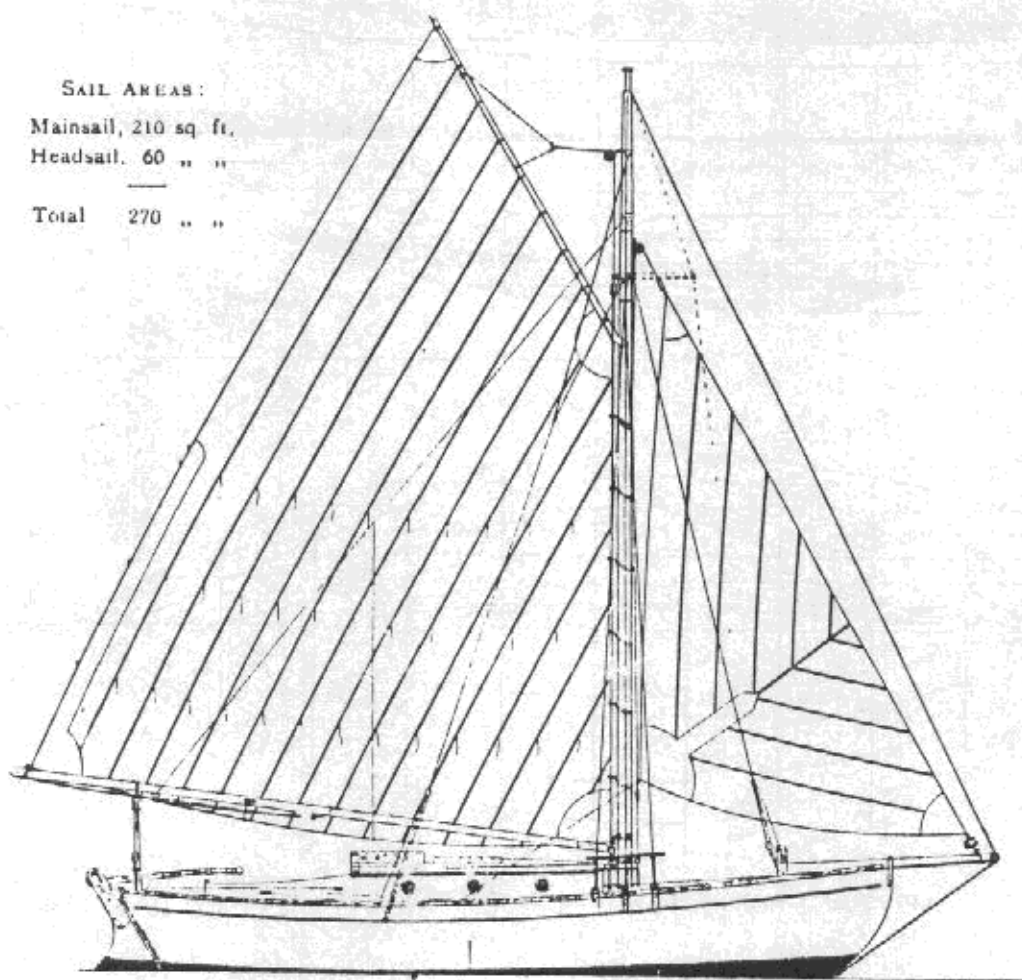
The designer continued, "Now comes the difficulty. The Cyclone model was proportionately enlarged to a LWL of 22.5ft. (The design was published in the 1928 edition of Cruising Hints by Francis B. Cooke of which, unfortunately, I do not have a copy. Ed.) Five of these yachts have been built, and they all pull hard with a quarter wind. Through the kindness of Mr. Williamson, who built MINION to this design, (HB also sailed in ARDGLASS) I have had the opportunity of trying her out with various sail combination in a very strong wind in

Southampton Water. Her centre of effort is 2.5ft. in front of the centre of lateral resistance, one-ninth of the LWL. She hove-to solidly with headsails alone, jib aback. She would go to windward and wend with headsails alone. With full sail she pulled so hard with the wind on the quarter that I had difficulty in holding her on her course with the short tiller with which she was fitted.

Here we have two yachts identical in shape, the small one balances perfectly, the large one does not. The fact that the larger yachts are all Bermudian rigged may have something to do with the problem. I feel sure that the lead of the centres must be greater with a Bermudian sail than with a gaff mainsail. A stemhead rig too calls for wider separation than a cutter or sloop with bowsprit".

The Cyclone design was also enlarged to 20ft. LWL and built as KANDOO, now called POGGIE. She seems to have led a rather "hairy" existence in the Channel with only a boy as crew when owned by A.G.H. Macpherson. Another was built in Holland in steel.

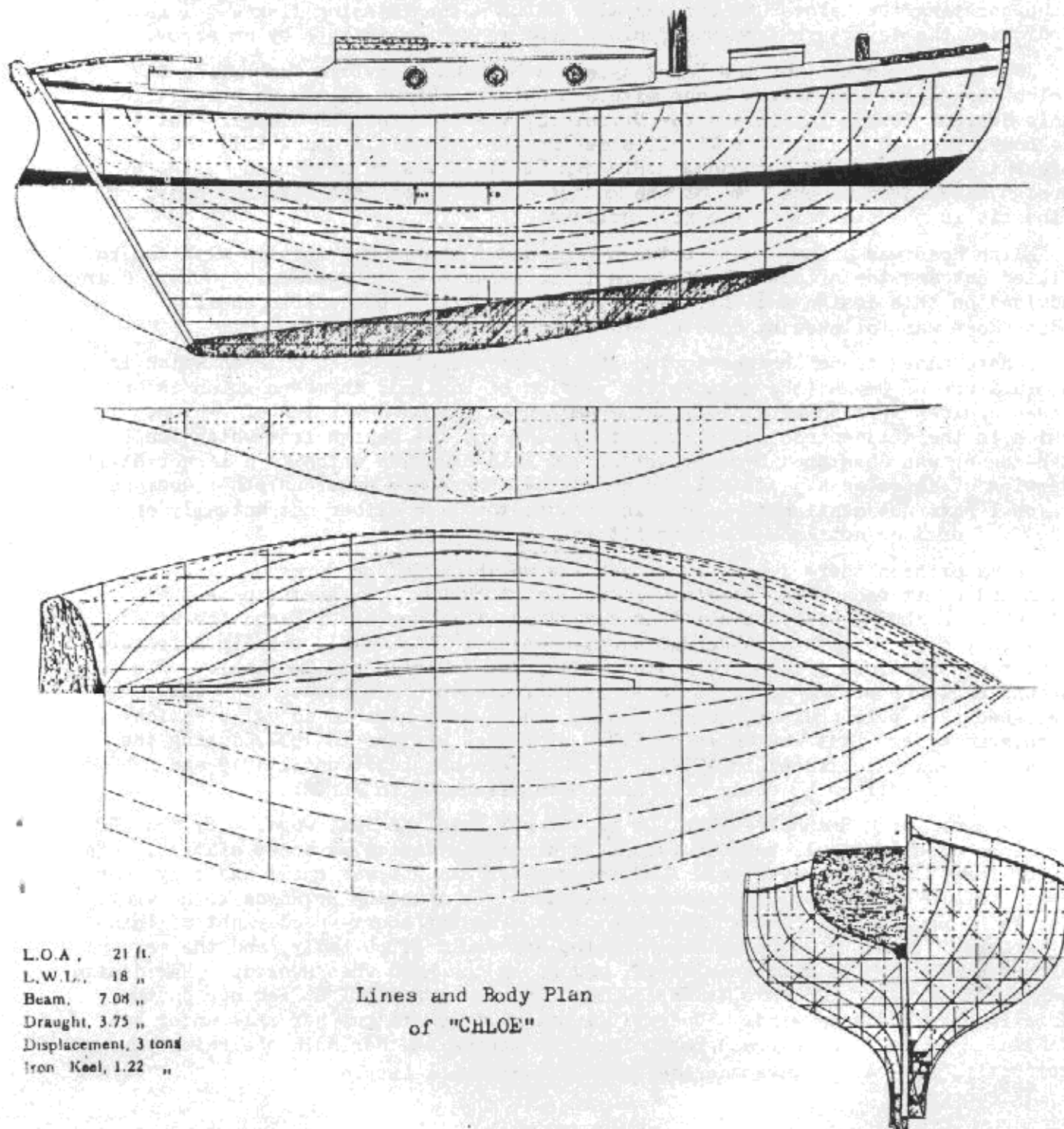
' C L O E '



RIGGING AND SAIL PLAN OF "A TABLOID CRUISER"

A development of SEAGULL and MEMORY

Because HB was so fond of MEMORY, when I first saw the Family Tree I was curious as to why there was no mention of her, and that she appeared to play no part in the evolution. I began to re-read material which I had studied before in the hope that I might spot the clue. Eventually I found the sources for which I was looking: in January 1920 Yachting Monthly published the design for "A Tabloid Cruiser". Two of these boats were built, one in Western Australia and the other at Newport for Dr. Young, in 1926. The latter boat was called CHLOE and is presently owned by Mr. B.G. Butcher. Slightly modified, she later won a Yachting Monthly Designing Competition. Of the design THB wrote: "I have based my ideas upon the performance of two boats - the MEMORY, 18 x 6 and the SEAGULL, 18 x 7. The MEMORY, belonging to Mr. H.J. Suffling, is an ideal boat for a small man. With 270 sq.ft. she is over-canvassed for open sea work, but even with less sail, I think for the real thing she would be better with more beam. The SEAGULL, built by Mr. N. Suffling, is a magnificent boat, with oceans of room inside, and as stiff as a church, but she has too much displacement, and I am sure would be very wet at sea. In the present design (CHLOE) I have retained the stiffness and fine accommodation of SEAGULL, but I have increased the overall length to get easier lines, and have cut down the displacement by half-a-ton".



L.O.A., 21 ft.
 L.W.L., 18 "
 Beam, 7.08 "
 Draught, 3.75 "
 Displacement, 3 tons
 Iron Keel, 1.22 "

Lines and Body Plan
 of "CHLOE"

My other source is Francis B. Cooke's "Weekend Yachting" (1935) in which the designer explains the pedigree of ENGLYN: "This is the result of evolution. The original small Cyclone has been built in considerable numbers, and has proved to be satisfactory. I enlarged that design proportionately to a LWL of 22.5ft. (Cyclone II). Six of these yachts have been built and I have had the opportunity of sailing two of them (ARDGLASS & MINION). They are handy and seaworthy and will heave-to under headsails alone, and in smooth water will turn to windward with this combination of sails. But all of them have a tendency to pull hard with a strong wind on the quarter. As an improvement I designed Yonne, which was published in the Yachting World. This yacht is practically an enlargement of the design which won the competition held by the Yachting Monthly for a yacht of 18ft. on the LWL (CHLOE). Three Yonnes have been built, but I am not in a position to speak of their performance. YONNE herself has made one passage from Portsmouth to Poole in a strong N.W. wind. With full headsail and trysail she tended to carry slight lee helm, so we conclude that the hard-headedness (of Cyclone II) has disappeared. Englyn is a development of Yonne".

Armed with this information I was able to prepare a modified Family Tree incorporating the beloved MEMORY and also CHLOE - the "missing link". I have indicated the departure from the Cyclone type to the Chloe type by an arrow.

Another development of the Yonne type was Davinka (not Boyd Campbell's DAVINKA which is a Bogle) which was Yonne with a counter. Three yachts were built to this design: YOLDIA in Finland for Dr. Enroth, VINDILIS for THB himself (not to be confused with his earlier Vindilis design which is DILYS and QUEST) and LINDY II presently owned by Ron Goodhand. His own VINDILIS was to have been called by the design name Davinka, but some of the Butler clan did not care for that name! Vindilis is the old Roman name for Portland.

Edith Rose was a compromise between Englyn and (Davinka) Vindilis with the bow filled out and the after-body fined in to accomodate a canoe-stern. Robert Clark advised on this design and the result was an excellent metacentric shelf. Edith Rose was followed by Rose-of-Arden and Dream-of-Arden.

I have added these designs to the Family Tree together with Omicron which is a miniature of Omega (the metacentric version of Englyn); Khamseen which is an ocean cruiser version of Cyclone and Khamseen A, the same version of Zyklon, which is the metacentric adaptation of Cyclone and the design from which the Z 4-tonner was developed by Lockhart's; and Maid-of-Arden which is a larger still version of Khamseen A. It will be noted that there are numerous other designs which I have not mentioned. This is because they are either not actually of the Tree or I do not know how they fit in.

In my opinion there is one other service which MEMORY performed and I am reminded of it because of Joan's write-up on LA BONNE. It seems to me that LA BONNE is MEMORY with the sections spaced out to give 21ft. LWL and the after-body faired in to give a submerged counter which is LA BONNE's principle feature. Comparing the lines of the two boats they appear to me to be identical. The second sentence of her father's letter contributed by Joan reads: "She was designed as a pure cruiser, but she is on lines which have in actual practice furnished a very fast weatherly craft". This was written in 1917, during the Great War which commenced in 1914. LA BONNE was not built until 1919 and MEMORY in 1912. I believe HB could only have been referring to MEMORY.

I started with SEAGULL (FLEETWING) so let her have the last word. By 1941 HB had concluded that hull balance was as much about dynamics as about statics. He never forgot his early designs. 28 years after SEAGULL was built and only four years before he died, at a time when the yacht was owned by Dr. Russack, he wrote for Yachting Monthly: "One would expect that a chubby short-ended yacht of this weight (3.2 tons) would be rather a brute, and would gripe badly, and the more so as she obviously has a crossed shelf, and go by the head when heeled. Her design was inspired by Mr. Hanson's WATERBEETLE. On one occasion I sailed her on the Yare in a very strong wind. Under full sail I tried to put her rail under but failed to do so. On a broad reach far from taking weather helm she balanced perfectly, and rather gave the idea that if she had a little more wind she would

run off. This performance was so contrary to theory that I went ashore and got the well-known Broads designer, Mr. Woods, her builder, to sail her up and down while I watched her. When on a reach she produced a symmetrical wave formation. Seen from the windward side a huge crest piled up at her bow and stern, leaving a deep trough amidships, almost exposing her keel. She balanced exactly on these two wave summits and took no helm at all. The yacht is now called FLEETWING."

And so FLEETWING lives on. She is still gaff-rigged and Norman Curtis will confirm that her sailing characteristics remain unchanged after 70 years. This winter she hoped to receive a GRP covering for her deck, and to be fitted-out in time for the East Coast Old Gaffers' Race - in which we all wish her good luck and, if it blows hard enough, she is capable of winning.

MEMORY was sold by Lionel Smith to a man who took her up to Yorkshire but I heard afterwards that she had gone to Ireland and I shall send a copy of this Newsletter to the Irish correspondent of Yachting Monthly to see whether she can be located.

* * * * *

I should like to thank Joan for the effort it must have cost her to produce not only a copy of the Minutes of the A.G.M. and an up-to-date Members List but her own contribution as well, under what must have been most trying circumstances. On behalf of us all I wish her a speedy recovery. To those who have sent me as yet unpublished 'copy' please be reassured that you have not been forgotten.

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Occasionally I find myself wondering what the role of the Editor should be. My main concern is that the Association should not become a band of amiable eccentrics happily presiding over the declining years of worn-out boats. The classic designs to which our boats are built are timeless and we need to encourage the young. To renovate, to build and to sail.

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I have become hooked on the American magazine "Wooden Boat" and recently had the pleasure of meeting the Associate Editor, Peter Spectre. The movement appears to be located chiefly in the State of Maine but there can be little doubt that there is a growing reaction in the U.S. against an age of plastics and consumer-durables. The designs of T. Harrison Butler helped to fill the pages of the British yachting journals (notably the Yachting Monthly) from 1909 to 1945 and it is to America and the Commonwealth with their natural resources of boat-building timber that we should look for the future.

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There is a rumour abroad that our Grand Old Man of the Sea and Chairman for this year, Bill Forster, is finally swallowing the anchor, and in consequence JASLIA is for sale.

Built in 1939 to the Omega design by Percy Mitchell of Mevagissey she has, during 43 years of active life, cruised from the Solent to Scotland and from Biscay to the Baltic. She is 7½ tons Thames Measurement and has had only three owners. During his 25 years stint she has had the benefit of Bill's skill as a marine engineer. He has not named his price but I gather that a not unsympathetic ear will be lent to any HB member intending to move up-market and determined to keep her up to scratch. Full details from Bill or myself.

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I have been toying with the idea of putting BOLDUSTFR on a lorry and having her taken down to the West Country for a change of cruising scene; which reminds me of the tale of the professional yacht hand who had been arguing with his owner as to their intended destination. He was heard to remark: "If I was a gennelman - an'yore a gennelman, sir - I wouldn't niver goo t'windward."

Happy downwind sailing!

The Editor.

MEMORY 18ft. LWL

Design published May 1911. Built 1912
for Mr.H.J.Suffling.

SEAGULL renamed FLEETWING 18ft. LWL

Design published April 1912. Built
1913 for Mr.N.Suffling.

LA

BONNE

TABLOID 18ft. LWL

Best of MEMORY and SEAGULL.
Design published January 1920.
Built 1926 as CHLOE for Dr.Young.
Another in W.Australia.
Re-published February 1929 slightly
modified as winning entry of Y.M.
Designing Competition.

CYCLONE 19ft. LWL

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)

CYCLONE 20ft. LWL

Kandoo = Possum
1 in Holland
(Steel)

KHAMSEEN 28ft.LWL

Mat Ali

Brother (sunk)

ZYKLON 19ft.LWL

Z 4-tonners and
Grey Owl
Merrythought
Susan
Witte Walvis
Zephon

KHAMSEEN A 28ft. LWL

Jardine
A.N.Other

MAID-OF-ARDEN
35ft.LWL

CYCLONE II
22'6" LWL

Ardchuan
Ardglass
(Beau Geste=
Dindy)
Cruinneag
Minion
(Solo =
Greytag)
(Swan Song =
Graelan)

Change from CYCLONE
type to CHLOE type.

YONNE 22'6" LWL

Mischief III
Phoebe = Destina
Pride II = Yarinya
Sabrina
Yonne

DAVINKA 22'6" LWL

Lindy II
Vindilis
Yoldia

ENGLYN 22'6" LWL

Almonde
Cora A
(Dorado of
Keyhaven)
Englyn
Faraway (Sunk)
Naiad
Othona
Peradventure

ASKADIL 25ft.LWL

Askadil
Envys = Alexa
Wendy
Zingara

With Rose
EDITH ROSE 23ft. LWL

The Lady Mary of Woodbridge

Rose of Arden
ROSE-OF-ARDEN 23ft.LWL

Romadi
Waterwraith = Watermaiden

DREAM-OF-ARDEN 23ft. LWL

Chencharu (Raised topsides)
Selamat

OMEGA 22'6" LWL

Omega of Broom
Jaslia
Trana

OMICRON 17ft. LWL

Omicron

N.B. There are other boats representative
of the above designs which are not listed.