



THE HARRISON BUTLER ASSOCIATION



'DINDY'

NEWSLETTER NO: 20

WINTER 1984

OUR PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Including Secretarial Matters

The Crag

Autumn 1984

Dear Members,

If I am brief to the point of terseness, it's because the Editor wants, understandably, space for other matters.

I'm going to plunge straight in with the nasty bit. The following analysis explains why our funds are lower than expected and cause us financial anxiety when embarking on the Newsletter.

| <u>Full Members (£7)</u> | <u>Subscriptions</u> | <u>Associate Members (£5)</u> |
|--------------------------|--|-------------------------------|
| 47 (48%) | Fully paid up | 7 (29%) |
| 12 (13%) | Partially paid (i.e. at previous year's rates) | 1 (4%) |
| 38 (39%) | Not paid at all | 16 (67%) |

Thus, the Association is owed in excess of £346 (not counting any arrears from previous years) which is why we become financially stressed. Had we not had some very generous donations recently we should be in a parlous state financially. The donors remain anonymous but my sincere and grateful thanks, on behalf of us all, are public. We cannot however run our affairs on charity nor do we budget for one half of the members to subsidize the others. Possibly you don't bother to read the Minutes? You should. They are brief and they record the decisions made at the A.G.M. If you disagree with what you read, write to me or, better still, come to the A.G.M. and air your views. But above all, it is up to you to pay your subscriptions which are due on January 1st. each year. We cannot afford to send Newsletters to members who don't pay their way, however much we'd like to do so. If lack of payment signifies that you're no longer interested in the H.B.A. it would help the administration if you would send me a letter of resignation rather than just fading out. However, I sincerely hope it's merely forgetfulness which has kept you from writing a cheque or adjusting your Standing Order to the increased subscription rate. Please do add the backlog to your next cheque.

It would simplify matters if money were sent direct to Janet Band rather than through me (except, as directed, for the A.G.M. on the enclosed form).

Sadly, I have to record two deaths this year. Stuart Scott (ZELLE) died in April and although he and I had spoken on the telephone I think none of us had met him. Peter Mather and I were able to express our sympathy personally to his widow and son the day after the Laying-up Supper when we lunched with them and there met a prospective new owner of ZELLE.

Eileen Rosser has written to tell me that Peter died on October 8th. He had been suffering from angina for some years.

To those of us who were privileged to know Peter the loss is great. I crewed for him aboard CORA A on numerous occasions and he was a most entertaining and companionable man to be with. My only complaint was his propensity to use river water for washing-up.

He was a founder member of the Association and our Chairman for many years. In addition to sailing he was also interested in cars and, even more, in animals.

Eileen will, I hope, be to a degree comforted by the sharing of her loss with so many of Peter's friends.

The Laying-up Supper was, as always, enjoyable and about 24 of us were present. It was good to meet old friends again but some regulars were missing though not without trace. Among these were Ron and Mary Goodhand who were with Ann and Leonard George in their "other" boat in the S. of France. It was, I hope, a recuperative cruise for Mary who had been very ill again, but was about to set off when I saw them a fortnight previously.

New members also, were at the Jolly Sailor and were introduced. Soon there was a Z4 table, busily discussing I know not what. But I can guess.

Alessandro Sternini was there with JARDINE, and I have had the privilege of spending two weekends aboard on the first of which JARDINE took part in the Old Gaffers' Race, coming 4th. in her class, on corrected time. The 18 miles' course provided good sailing and JARDINE shewed her paces, her windward performance being particularly good, pointing high and moving fast. We weren't sure whether to take it as a compliment or an insult when from a passing boat came the remark 'She'd be even better if she were really wood!' I put him wise. Alessandro Sternini, having sailed single-handed mostly, from Venice to the Hamble, had spent hours with a paintbrush only to have his boat assumed to be "tupperware". That's what perfection does for you. JARDINE's seams are indented, which in this country, is seldom seen except in plastic boats with simulated planking.

Geoff Taylor is on the loose again. A slight drop in temperature sends him rushing to the halliards and he's off and away to the sun, like a migrating bird. He wrote from Villamoura after a non-stop passage from Cremyll: next stop probably the Canaries and thence to.....? We shall find out anon. He says very complimentary things about WATERMAIDEN and I glow vicariously for my father. (As we go to press Joan has received word that WATERMAIDEN has reached Recife.-Ed.)

Cyclone II and Yonne are featured in this issue and both are represented in our fleet. The former derived from an earlier (1919) design, Cyclone, and T.H.B. sailed in both ARDGLASS (the first Cyclone II to be built) and in MINION and was not entirely satisfied: too much weather helm. Yonne was the result of his deliberations and Tabloid (CHLOE) was her progenitor. He called her the sports-model and certainly she has a very racey profile. I have supplied data for Peter to edit so will pass to other matters. Francis B.Cooke often included my father's designs in his books and Cyclone II and Englyn (see our next issue) were both designed specifically for that purpose.

After a long interval I'm repeating my HBA all-over design for knitting, embroidery or weaving as many will not have seen it. I've reversed the dark and light colours as it shews more clearly thus.

We have, as we've come to expect, some new members who are most welcome. I hope the HBA will do much for you and I also hope it will be possible to meet before long (Australia??).

Bill Lamb comes to us with KANDOO, a 20ft.L.W.L. Cyclone, designed for the Macpherson who subsequently owned the two DRIACs.

Liz Jowett's maiden name was Smallpiece and she's the daughter of the original owner of ENGLYN. We met again recently after an interval of over 40 years. Liz heard of the HBA from John Winkworth at a chance meeting.

Peter Moree despite his French name is our first Dutch member and at the time of writing I'm not sure whether he's an Associate or whether he did actually buy the boat he was contemplating and has "graduated".

Alessandro found ANDIRON (what a strange name for a boat*) in Formenteu and popped a note through her porthole. Alain Depiere wrote and asked about the HBA but hasn't answered my letter yet.

Apologies to Kathy Veel whose name - except as a c/o address for others - was inadvertently omitted from the Members' List. However hard we try, even with

two people checking, we never get it absolutely correct.

Finally, may I encourage you to come and stretch my flat to its utmost by joining us at the A.F.M. on February 23rd. Details on another page.

Salaams and good wishes.

JOAN

*ANDIRON (pronounced and-ern) is 'one of a pair of iron utensils which hold up the logs in the fire, fire-dog'.

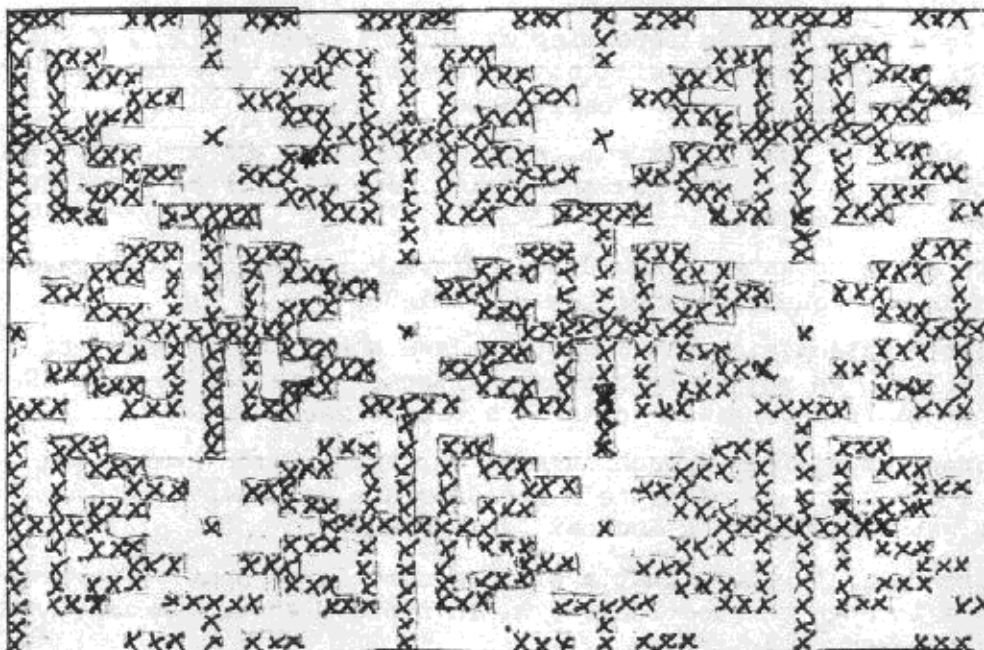
P.S. Since sending my letter to Peter, additions and subtractions have had to be made and now there is more news to pass on.

I was relieved to hear from Geoff Taylor as I had been watching some rather nasty-looking isobars in the Atlantic. He wrote from Recife, in Brazil, after a trip which involved sailing close-hauled for 1105 miles. He said he had no problems on the voyage but ran aground, ignominiously, on a sandbank, within 200 yards of his journey's end! He, sensibly, went to sleep while waiting for WATERMAIDEN to refloat. Barbados and laying-up in the B.V.Is. lay ahead. Geoff sent Christmas and New Year greetings to us all.

Similar greetings came to us from Australia, from Kathy Veel and Frank Hart who, Kathy says, put in on his way South to Westernport, in ISABELLA. We are not told how far North the voyage had stretched but I hope to hear from Frank in due course. I did hear that he is pleased with ISABELLA.

O.J.J.B.

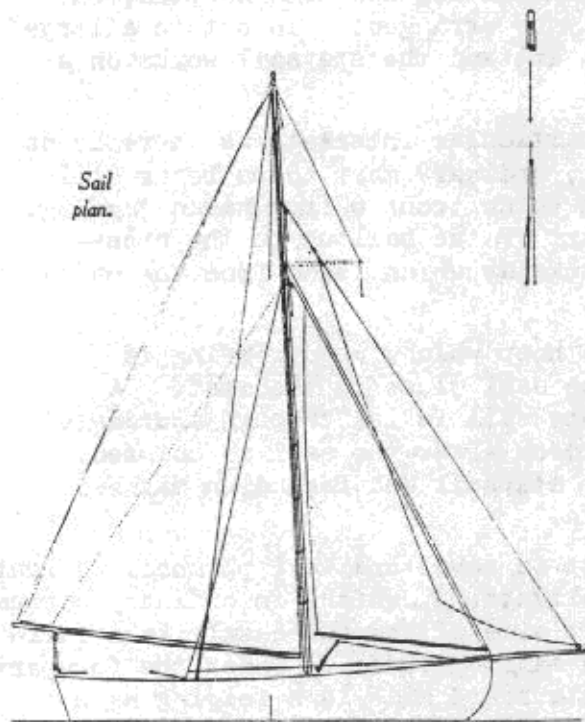
JOAN'S PATTERN



THE SIX-TONNER "Ard Chuan"

First of a standard type on the Clyde

By "Binnacle"



CYCLONE II

In a past issue of the Motor Boat I referred to forthcoming activity on the Clyde respecting the production of small standard cruisers to suit the man of moderate means, and mentioned that one firm would focus attention on a type which for some time has been sadly neglected, namely, the small single-handed auxiliary.

It seems appropriate that the firm deciding to specialise in this particular class of boat should be Messrs A.M. Dickie and Sons, of Tarbert, Loch Fyne, as in past years they have been responsible for the construction of many similar types, including the late Albert Strange's "Cherub".

The Dickie brothers have always evinced the greatest interest in craft that could be depended upon to go anywhere at any time, and they have at all times eschewed boats of flimsy construction and "floaty" tendencies. This attitude, of course, is natural to a people who, throughout the years, in season and out, have gazed upon the waters of Loch Fyne and the West Highland seaboard. They realise that to cruise in comfort and safety on the waters in the vicinity of their native township, the medium of the pastime must, like the rugged nature scenes around them, be strong and unchangeable.

A "Rough-water" Boat.

It is a fact, and one more apparent today than ever before, that a very small percentage of the number of yachtsmen in the country care to go into rough water, or cruise any distance from land and the shelter of anchorages and ports. The little ship shown should meet with the approbation of the few who do and the many "youngsters" itching for the opportunity.

I do not think anyone will deny that she possesses all the elements of naval beauty, and the design of the hull shows a boat with plenty of beam, draught and freeboard, with sufficient lifting power forward to keep her deck dry. To ensure her suitability for coastwise cruising, especially in East Coast waters, the draught has been limited, and the generous beam should enable her to sail at a small angle of heel and go well to windward.

The long keel promises a vessel that will lay-to, and one that will steer either on or off the wind without being constantly helmed - a very desirable thing in a cruising vessel.

Generally, from a plan one can discern the art of a particular designer, and, no doubt, readers will recognise that this little boat is from the board of Dr. Harrison Butler, who, in the sphere of small craft design, may be said to have filled the place of the late Albert Strange.

The class, with a few alterations, is modelled on the lines of Dr. Butler's well known "Cyclone" design, and a very full description of the type is given in Mr. Francis B. Cooke's interesting volume "Cruising Hints."

The first boat, the "Ard Chuan", has been completed and tried out with most

satisfactory results, and a sister ship is now under construction (CRUINWEAG). Of 6.5 tons T.M., she has an overall length of 25ft. on a waterline length of 22ft.6ins., whilst the beam is 8ft.7ins. and the draught 4ft.2ins. The plank-ing is of pitch-pine, the deck and deck-work of teak, and mahogany has been used for the interior joiner work.

Sail Plan. It will be noted that the Bermudian rig has been adopted, but the cutter, sloop or yawl rig can quite easily be arranged. To obtain a large area in the headsails the mast is fitted well aft and the staysail works on a boom in conjunction with a horse on deck.

The method of setting the mainsail is of particular interest, as there is no trackway on the mast for the luff of the sail, ordinary mast hoops being utilized. This, of course, means that there can be no trouble from hanks jamming. As shown, the hoops are used for the lower part of the sail up to the cross-trees, and the upper part is shackled to a jackstay which leads from the mast-head to the deck and passes within the hoops.

On the mast and above the cross-trees is a hoop which, when reefing is necessary, is used for keeping the head of the sail close to the mast. A manila rope is attached to the hoop, and before sail is led through a cringle on the luff, then hauled taut and belayed on deck after the sail is hoisted. With the rig as shown the combination of jib, staysail and Bermudian mainsail should prove very effective and easy to handle.

General Arrangement. The interior lay-out is novel and well planned. Right up in the bows is stowage space for the side-lights(L), which, in ordinary circumstances, would not be used much. On the port side of the forecabin is a full-length cot, and its unusual shape ensures the maximum space. Under the forepart of the seats is a toiler-bucket, and on the starboard side is a folding wash-basin(J), a shelf to take the riding light(K), and a paraffin.

In a small yacht for springtime and autumn cruising it is desirable to have a heating stove, and this is arranged at the fore end of the main cabin and to port of the mast. When not in use it can be covered and serve as a useful side-board. The chain locker(H) is in front of this.

A padded back above the port seat is indicated in the elevation, but this is not fitted, and a back-board is made removable for access to the clothes locker(G) fitted behind the stove. Similarly, to allow of access to the aft locker(D), the folding chart table(M) must be turned down. The hanging space for oilskins(C) is in front of this locker. The starboard Vi-spring sofa has a comfortable stuffed back.

At the aft end of the sofa is the pantry(F), in front of which is a cooking table(E). Next to this is a gimballed stove, and behind it a space for stowing pots and pans. The collapsible dining room table is arranged to fit to the mast.

Under the seats are two fairly large tanks, one for water and one for fuel. Two small lockers are fitted aft of the tanks, one for bo'sun's stores(B) and the other(B') for fresh meat. Right aft is the stern locker(A) for sails, warps, &c.

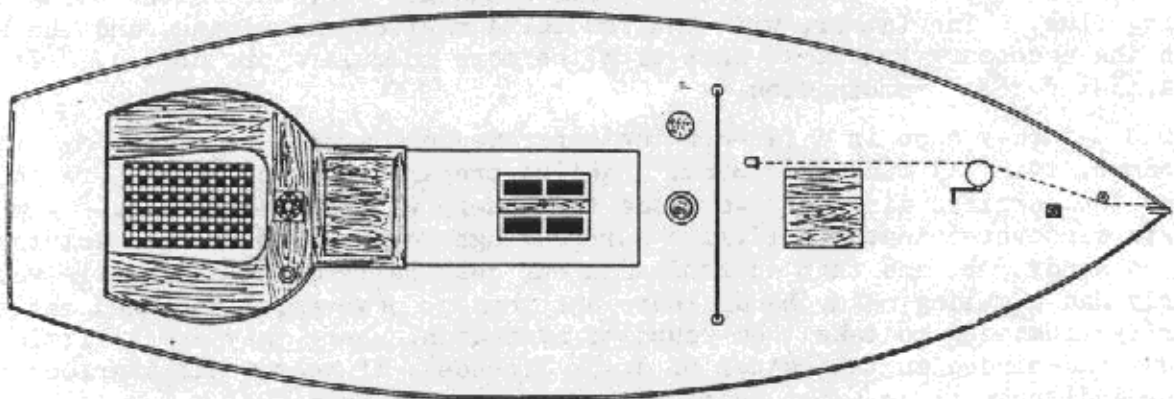
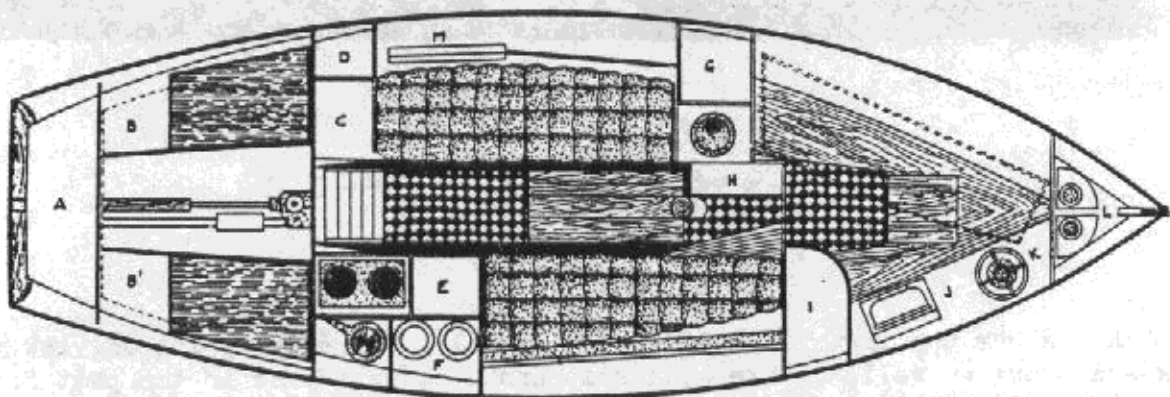
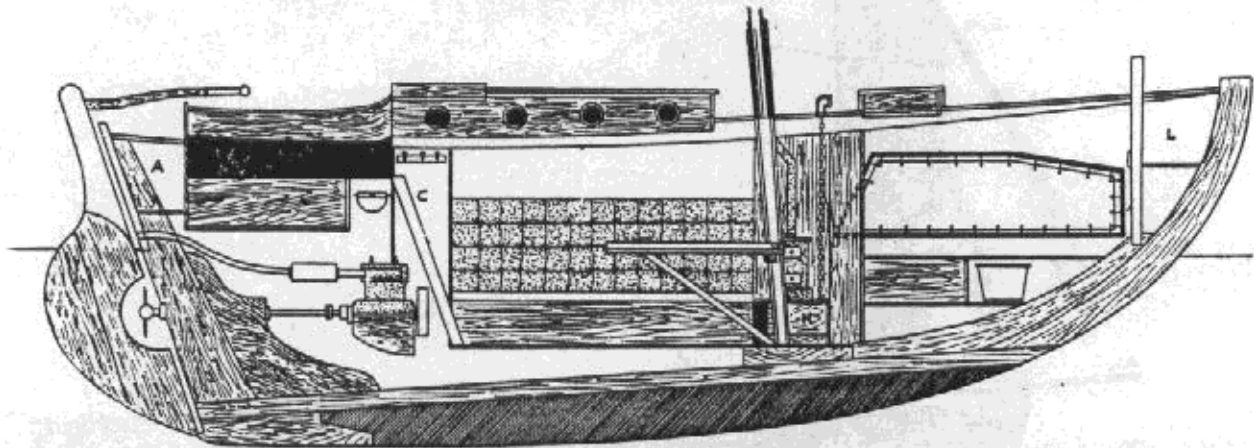
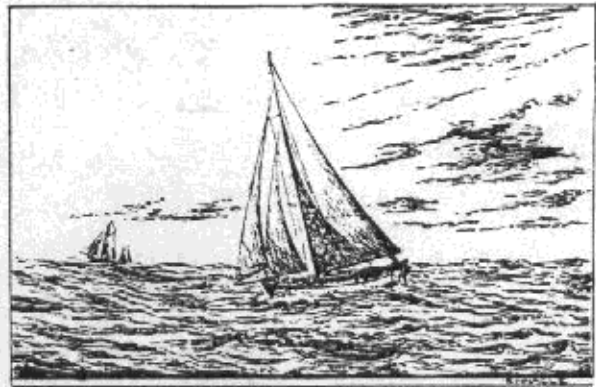
The power unit consists of a 5h.p. British Dominion engine, easy access to which is gained by removing the companion ladder.

On deck. A small capstan is fitted for breaking out the anchor when necessary, and a metal roller for the chain to the fairlead on the stem. It will be noted the chain pipe is well aft, this arrangement being better than having the weight of the chain forward. The stove^{pipe} and cowl are led to one side of the mast, and when not in use are stowed away and the hole covered with a watertight plate. All sheets, the fore halliard and down-haul are led to cleats within reach of the cockpit, and the main halliard and purchase can, if desired, be brought aft.

The Motor Boat 31st.October 1930.

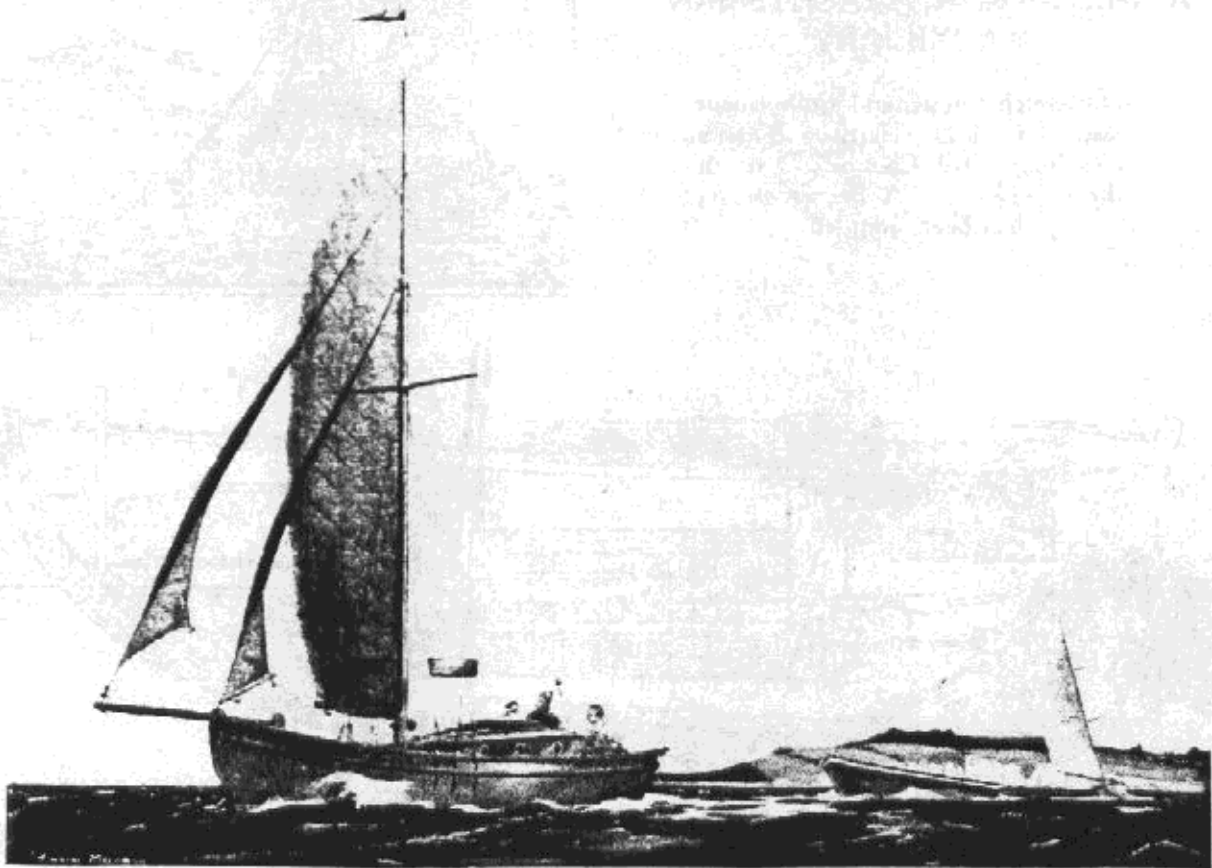
A WELL-KNOWN YACHTSMAN'S AUXILIARY

The sketch and general arrangement plans are of Dr. Harrison Butler's new boat "Ard Chaun" 22.5 ft. on the water line. A Bermudan rig has been adopted.



Scale  Feet

EDITORIAL NOTE. Unfortunately, I do not have a copy of the relevant edition of F.B.Cooke's "Cruising Hints" so I cannot include the lines of Cyclone II as this design is called. They are the same as Cyclone (see Spring 1983 p.20) with the sections spaced out to give 22.5ft.L.W.L.



" A QUIET WEEK - END "

By

Cecil Kimber

BEER was our undoing. The lack of it really. From my point of view the week-end promised well. Like most skippers I had suffered in the past from amateur, very amateur, crews. This week-end was going to be different, and I had looked forward to it with some pleasure, tinged with equanimity, for my crew was to consist of a retired Naval Commander and his son, the latter being a boxing blue. The father, with the requisite nautical knowledge, and the son, with the necessary brawn, to deal with the more muscular jobs aboard. It seemed an almost perfect combination.

One Saturday noon in a far-off September we went aboard FAIRWIND, my little 6-tonner, lying at Buckler's Hard. Whilst preparations for lunch were in progress the horrific discovery was made that there was no beer aboard. When my guests discovered that the idyllic surroundings were marred by the fact that there was no handy pub, and that to replenish our cellarette meant a six-mile walk, I nearly had a mutiny on my hands there and then. However, I smoothed matters over by promising to take them round to Lymington, where they are a little bit more broad-minded in the matter of drink licences, if they would overlook the lapse and rough it on water until later in the afternoon.

It was one of those perfect autumn days, perfect that is for everything but sailing, but slipping our moorings, we drifted down past Gin's Farm - the name seemed unnecessarily suggestive under the circumstances - and carried our tide to Lymington, where we took on board the wanted cargo. En route we bathed over the side in the warmest water imaginable, but afterwards the Boxing Blue, with the refreshing candour of youth, drew comparisons between the spartan dryness of

FAIRWIND and the cocktail bar amenities of a decent motor-cruiser. There may have been a youthful yearning for the bevy of "lovelies" that is popularly supposed to be part of the furnishings of every floating gin palace.

Anyway, our trip was not one of those "grand slashing sails", but we got there eventually, some time after tea and just about opening time, which was the important factor, as all this manly deep-sea stuff had given us thirsts that were duly quenched.

Returning on board well laden - with future supplies, of course; sorry if I gave you the wrong impression - we found a smart nor'easterly had sprung up, so hoisting the mainsail, we slipped the mooring we'd picked up and headed for the Solent.

Handing over the tiller to the Commander with the observation to "keep her straight", and with the comforting thought of how nice it was to have a naval bloke on board, I went forward to break out the jib. The next moment we were hard and fast on the putty, having very neatly rammed the bank. Subsequent discreet and polite enquiries elicited the fact that all Naval Commanders are not quite what one expects, and that Paymaster Commanders are not supposed to include yachting in the scope of their accomplishments. My Paymaster Commander imagined that when I'd asked him to "keep her straight" I'd meant "the tiller handle", as he termed it. Then followed the usual shamozzle when two very green hands tried to cope with the somewhat blasphemous instructions of the skipper. The aptitude for folks ignorant of boats to do the wrong things, all with the best intentions in the world, can only be appreciated by those kind-hearted but misguided individuals who casually invite their non-yachting friends "to come for a sail."

However, after the usual inevitable delays and examples of seamanship that sears the souls of skippers, the friendly harbour-master gave us a pluck off.

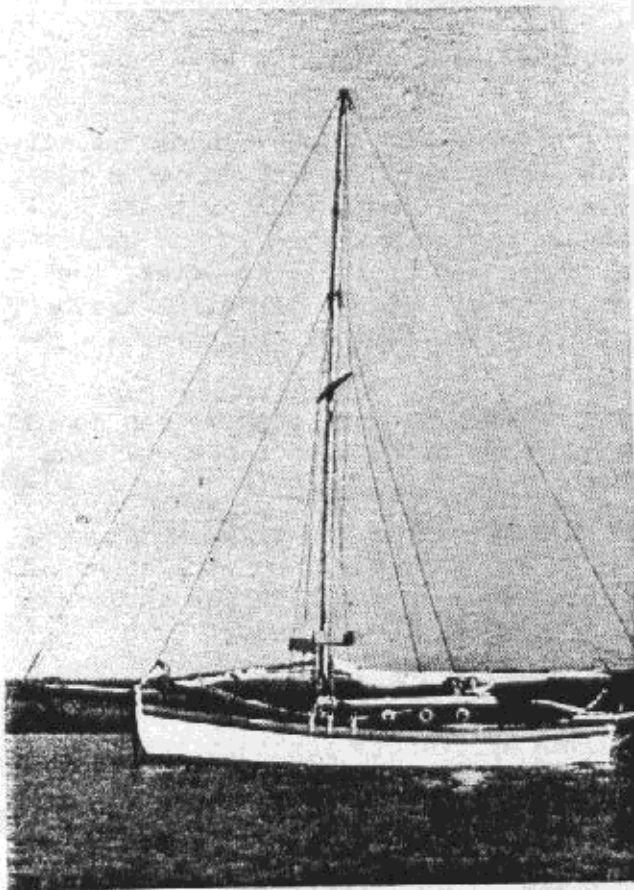
By this time the shades of evening were falling fast, but the tide now serving, we decided to make once more for our moorings at Buckler's Hard. The skipper's desire to get away from the scene of his apparent shame was not unconnected with this decision.

Soon it became dark, very dark, as only a moonless September night can. But picking up the winking East Lepe buoy, we made for that. By the time we reached it, it was quite impossible to see the shore line, but setting a compass course for the unlit mouth of the Beaulieu and making allowance, by guess, for the east-going tide, we plunged into the Stygian darkness ahead. With the tide still making I knew we'd float off

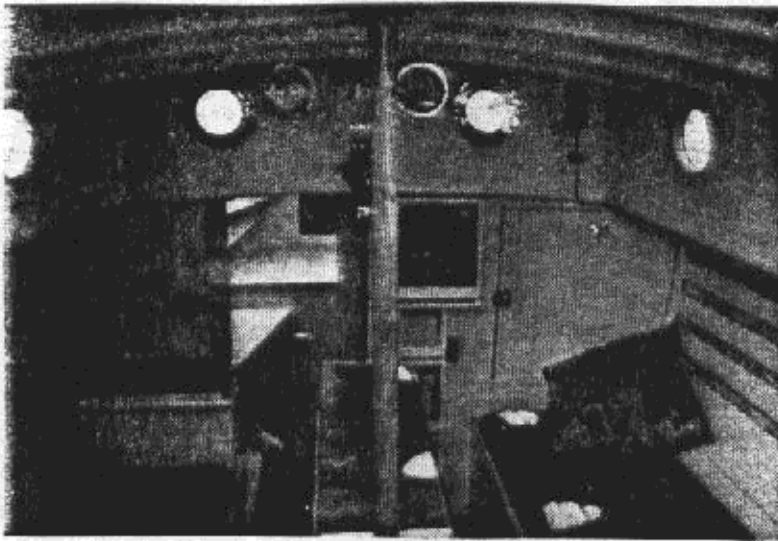
again if we touched anywhere, a fact entirely lost upon my passengers, who were by now getting a little irritable through missing their dinner.

All went well, and the first intimation that we had safely negotiated the bar was being swept on to one of the perches marking the channel which, throughout the remainder of the season, was a mute reminder of my incompetence, as it continued to lay at a drunken angle.

By this time I had taken all sail off her and got the engine on, but so black was it that even among the perches it was impossible to see the Lepe shore. Having got inside all we had to do, in theory, was to follow the line of perches,



so, once more entrusting the helm to the Commander, I went forward with a so-called searchlight torch to try and see our way up the river. I don't often envy those motor-boat owners, but that night I did envy them the large car-type headlamp that they usually seem to carry. My torch was worse than useless.



Suddenly, as we crept along, literally blind, out of the darkness loomed the outlines of a large moored motor cruiser. "Hard-a-starboard", I yelled, whereupon the helmsman promptly turned to port and the next moment our spreaders were nicely entangled in the motor cruiser's dinghy, which would have to be hanging outboard on its davits.

Too late I realized I ought to have called out, "Turn to the right!" Then followed some hectic moments, with the tide running like a mill-race, until we got free.

By this time I thought we'd better drop the hook and wait until morning. This done, soundings showed we would be aground at low water, so out in the dinghy I went with instructions to my crew to show a light when I yelled as, a few boat's lengths away from FAIRWIND and everything was swallowed up in the all-consuming darkness.

The crew, I might say, were showing even greater signs of peevishness relative to their overdue meal, but I'd spent more than one night high and dry on a mud-bank, and a small deep-keeled yacht is not the acme of comfort under these circumstances, so I insisted on finding the channel before any work in the galley was undertaken. Having located the general direction of the deep water, the Boxing Blue was told off to tow us there, which he did with a plentiful use of brawn and profanity, small pram dinghies not being the best of craft for an indifferent oarsman.

It must be conceded that the tide was running very strongly, as it can do in the Beaulieu River, and the pitch black night didn't allow you to see what you were doing.

Finally we anchored in water deep enough to float us at low tide, about midnight, with only the haziest notion where we were. However, soon the sound of sizzling sausages permeated the air, and washing them down with draughts of our hard-won cargo, we turned in after our "little sail in the Solent."

Perhaps I have been a little hard on inexperienced crews. We all of us have to start some time, and those of us lucky enough to have imbibed knowledge gradually from childhood ought, I think, to make allowances for that lack of seamanship that comes as second nature to us.

All the same, the next time I invite a Naval Commander to come sailing I shall find out beforehand if he belongs to that over-worked branch of His Majesty's Navy, the Paymasters. Even if he does, I expect I shall still ask him. Somehow, one never learns from these experiences, or is it the unconscious desire to inculcate one's friends with the germ of yachting? I don't know, but there it is.

December 1944.

Postscript. Mr. Cecil Kimber was killed in a railway accident on February 4th. 1945. He was probably better known as a racing motorist and the designer of the M.G. motor-car than as a yachtsman. He was, however, a very keen sailing man and the owner of the Bogle 6-tonner FAIRWIND (OF KINSALE) and the larger ketch SEA WITCH.

THE SMALL AUXILIARY SAILING YACHT

By Dr.T. Harrison Butler

(From a lecture given to The Little Ship Club on 18th.March 1936)

I wish you to realise that my remarks apply only to small yachts. I have no practical experience of large vessels neither as a designer nor from having sailed in them. The largest yacht I have ever handled is the MAUD, of 20 tons, and the biggest of my designs to be built is 15 tons. I regard anything over this size as beyond my knowledge and experience.

The first question I ask you is what sort of yacht do you want? Given the money you can have your choice. Do you want a boat that will really sail; one that will readily heave-to, a floating home; a ditch-crawler; or a day boat? You must choose, for in a small yacht you cannot combine all these qualities. If I ask you what kind of car you want, comparable of course to your means, you will answer at once. You certainly will not do what so many do in the case of yachts: go to a dump and buy first a worn-out lorry chassis, then from another source the body of an antiquated Rolls and pay a garage to piece the junk together, rebore the engine and give you "a nice strong thoroughly reliable car." You would say, this^{is} madness. The thing will cost more than a new or good second-hand car, and when it is done it will be of no use: slow, a petrol eater, and badly sprung. And yet this is what some do in the case of yachts! They buy an old ship's boat, spend a small fortune upon it, put in a car engine, and have nothing but an overdraft at the end. Or what is better, you buy a fishing boat that has seen her best days, and convert her to a yacht. In the larger sizes, if you want a "floating home" you can get a Brixham trawler; or if your idea is to go to sea and heave-to for a day or so, the Cardiff pilot boat is built to do this. I am glad that this practice cannot go on much longer, for the sailing work-boat has died out, and her place taken by a stinking oil-driven craft. If you really love sailing for its own sake you cannot do better than get one of those Norwegian Square Metre yachts, like the Dragons on the Clyde. These yachts are rated entirely by sail area. The designer can put any hull he likes under the given sail plan, and the result is a yacht that really is fast. Most of us, however, much as we may like the thoroughbred sailing machine, must have reasonable accomodation inside, so we must choose some sort of craft between the Dragon and the "floating-home that heaves-to". I have spent most of my spare time during the past 40 years or more in trying to evolve the perfect small yacht, but like the ignis fatuus it always eludes me. Every design made, every yacht built, is but a step to a better one.

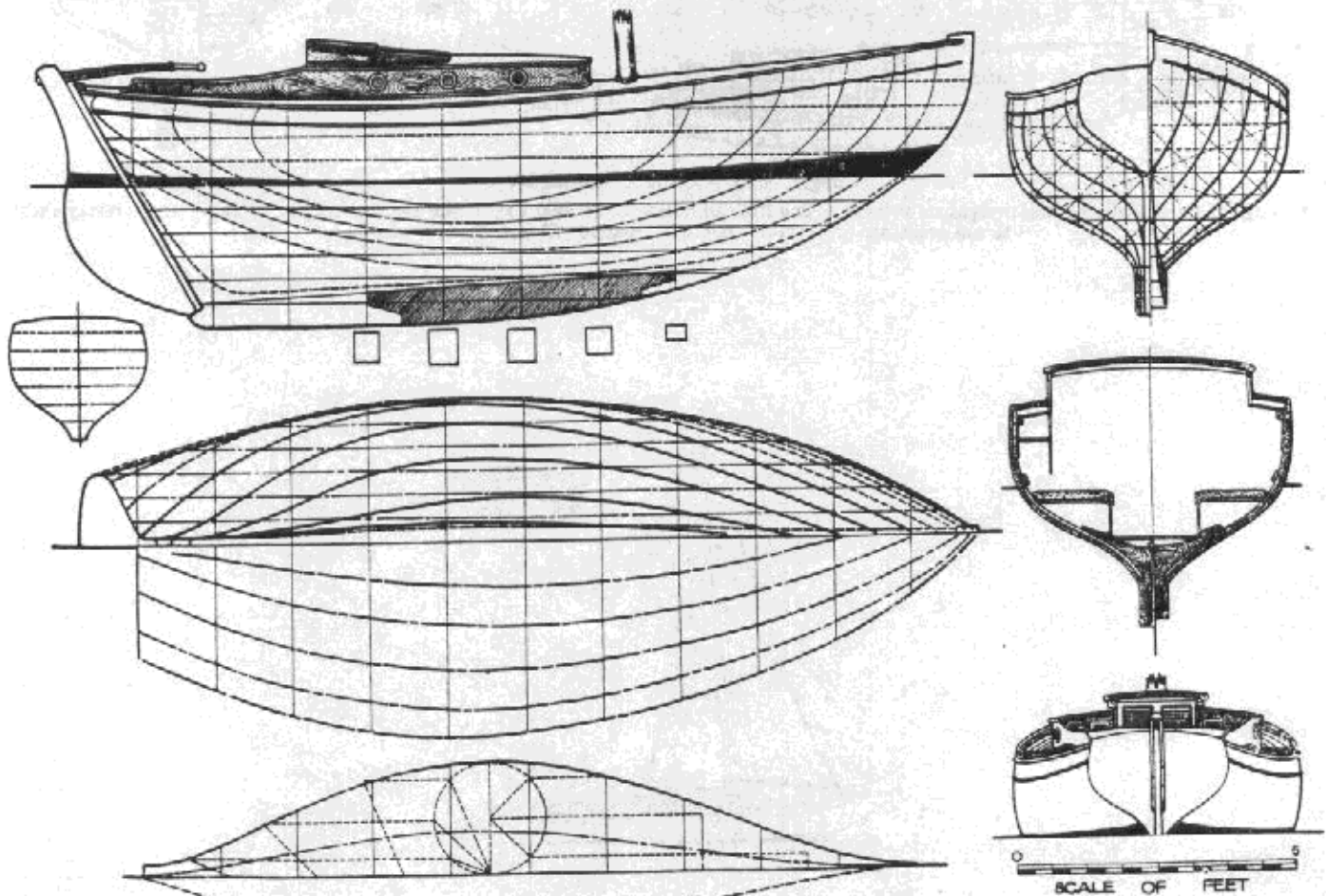
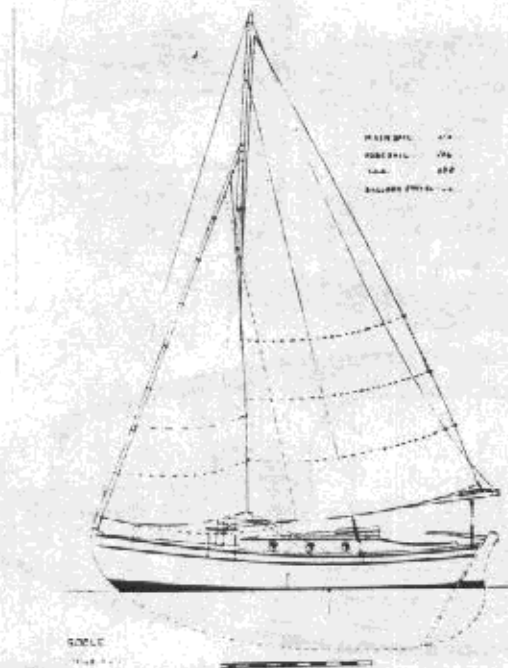
The most important thing is to get a craft that will sail decently to windward; nothing else really matters. Any of the floating homes will drift to leeward, and if you pile up some balloon canvas they may go quite fast. What does it help you if you coast down hills on your bicycle at 30 miles an hour if you have to walk up at three? Not only is far more time taken going to windward, but slow windward work means a tide missed and perhaps a night out. If you miss your tide off Hastings because your yacht will not lie up to her course, it is even worse: you miss two tides. Your yacht must be designed to go to windward as well as her displacement will allow.

Finance is generally an important consideration, and rules to a large extent the choice of a yacht. Lack of money can be overcome by sharing a yacht, but I personally think that to share a boat is almost as indecent as sharing a wife. I think most of you want your own craft, and that you will prefer to save money by having a smaller yacht than by sharing a large one. To my mind a good little six or seven-tonner is far better than a large fishing boat, which was not meant to be, and never can be, a perfect yacht.

The smallest yacht which will hold a cabin fit to sleep in, and which can in good weather make quite considerable cruises, will have a L.W.L. of 16ft., and

a beam of six, with a draught of from three to three and a half feet. A design of this kind will be found in "Single-Handed Cruising" by F.B.Cooke. I do not advise anyone to have a yacht of this size built, for a larger one with a L.W.L. of 18ft. will cost little more, and will be immeasurably superior both in accomodation and ability. If on the other hand you propose to build the boat yourself, then the smaller edition will be far easier to construct. I do not think that a L.W.L. of 20, 21 or 22ft. is economical; 22ft. is a particularly bad size. A yacht should be a small single-hander, and accomodate two persons, or it should be able to sleep three or four in comfortable bunks. A boat with a L.W.L. of 18 or 19ft. will be large enough for two men; one with 22ft. will not easily hold three, and it will be difficult to obtain several things that I think are essential to complete comfort. First, sitting room under the side decks with, as a corollary, wide plank-ways. Secondly, six feet head-room in the main cabin, and real sitting headroom in the forecabin; and finally, comfortable bunks for four. All these desiderata are gained in my Englyn design, and in my own yacht VINDILIS. These two have a L.W.L. of 22.5ft. (23ft. would be better), a beam of 8ft.6ins. and a draught of 4ft.6ins. The design of ENGLYN will be found in F.B.Cooke's "Week-end Yachting". These yachts came out at about six and a half tons Thames Measurement. Six tons is a thoroughly bad size. It costs practically as much as the six-and-a-half to seven tonner, and fails in all the qualities I have mentioned. Three years ago the Little Ship Club held a Designing Competition for a yacht with the curious limits of "From four to six tons, and from 20 to 30ft. L.W.L." Now, although a four-tonner has a L.W.L. of round about 20ft., a six-tonner cannot have much more than 22ft.: 30ft. would give an eight to ten-tonner. Had any of these competitors really tried to harmonise these two discordant limits they would have evolved a long snakey plank-on-edge boat, fast, perhaps, but not a cruiser. BOGLE, which is published with this lecture, was my interpretation of the conditions. I did the best to obtain the headroom that I wanted, but I found that it was quite impossible, and I gave it up, and compromised with the orthodox coach-roof, and reduced sitting head-room. Although I do not approve of her size, she is probably the best design that I had produced at that time. Five or six have been built. One of them was hove-to for 36 hours off the Dogger Bank in a full gale. Her owner tells me that she never gave him any anxiety, and that the crew felt quite safe. I think that the gale was officially logged as 50 miles an hour. She is practically a reduced Englyn. Several Englyns have been built, - FARAWAY, ENGLYN, MEROPE, NAIAD, PERADVENTURE, and others. We have in most cases altered the original sail-plan. The boom has been shortened, and a bumpkin with a standing preventer backstay fitted. The yachts are just as fast to windward as they were before the alterations. I drew out the L.W.L. to 25ft. using exactly the same sections, and produced ASKADIL and four others. These yachts are better in every way than the Englyns, but they are bigger, seven tons, and cost more. The last, ZINGARA, was built at Moody's Yard at Swanwick, entirely of teak, and shipped to Canada. She has a mast lowering in a lutchet because she has to pass through the Welland and other canals. These yachts are exceptional ghosters, but they all object to having their rails under. They ask for an early reef and go just as fast with one or two down as they do when pressed with the whole mainsail.

One of the great difficulties in designing a small yacht is the question of weights. It is unwise to reduce planking below one inch, and the deck cannot be thinner than this. Everything that is put into a six-tonner, compass, cushions, blankets, W.C., clock, aneroids, and what not, weigh exactly the same as those used in a ten-tonner. The prime essential is to keep the hull weights down, and to get as much as possible of the total weight into the ballast. For a long time I put 40 per. cent of the total displacement into ballast and placed most of it outside. One ought of course to calculate the weight of everything in the boat. Skene gives the weights of all the wood, metal, and other items that are used, and all that is necessary is to measure out the size of the planks, beams, stringers, &c., and from their cubic content arrive at the total weight. Then the movements of these weights must be found round any chosen point, and the centre of gravity discovered. It is a most laborious process, and one may

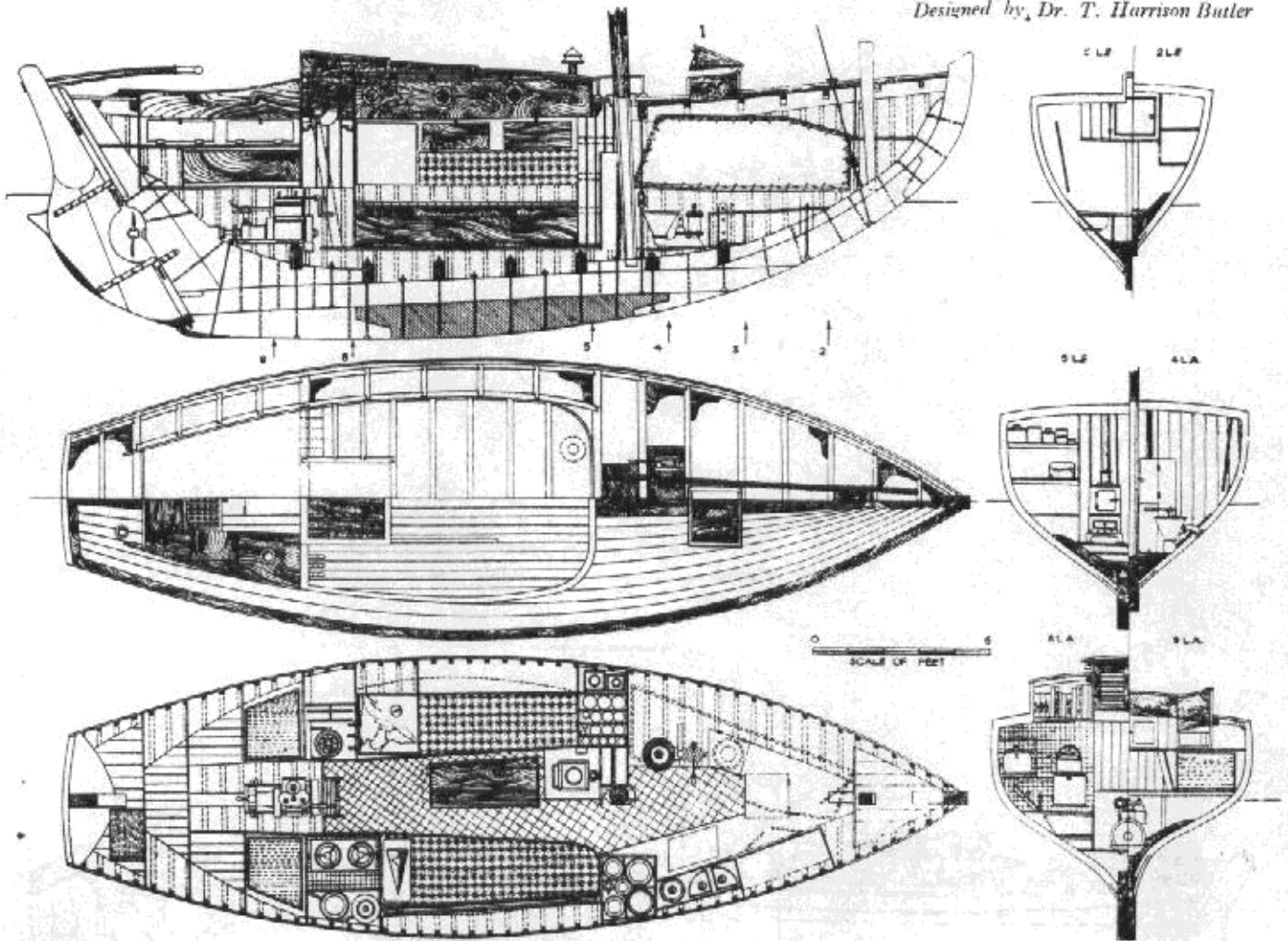


L.O.A. 25' 5". Beam 8' 2".
L.W.L. 23'. Draught 4'.

Bogle, 6 tons.

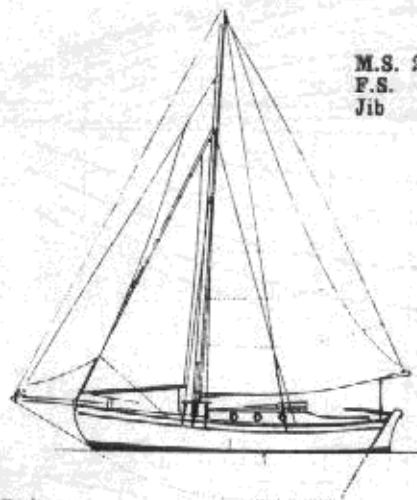
Displacement 4-6 tons
Lead Keel, 1.8 tons (unless construction is light, keel is too heavy).

Designed by, Dr. T. Harrison Butler



Bogle. Lay-out and Construction.

Note the bathing step and lead weight on rudder. The life rail is led to the keel by an iron rod and rigging screw. The forestay shown is not used in the rigs illustrated. Engine, Stuart Turner 4 h.p.



M.S. 250
F.S. 80
Jib 50

Bogle

safely say that in the case of small cruising yachts it is rarely done. I have found by sad experience that 40 per cent. is too high a figure for small cabin yachts; 35 per cent. is safer. The centre of gravity of the lead keel must be well in advance of the centre of buoyancy, for two reasons. The most important is that it is quite easy to stow inside ballast aft of amidships, but difficult to put it for'ard. Also if it is put in front of the centre of buoyancy it is not as low down in the yacht as it would be aft. We can assume that the engine is balanced by the mast and the chain and anchors and the W.C. The after part of the frame weighs more than the fore part, especially if there is a counter, and finally the crew aft weigh quite a considerable fraction of the total weights. It does not generally matter much if the yacht is an inch or so below her marks, but if she trims by the head or stern her shape is materially altered for better or worse, probably for worse. The stability of a small yacht is always deficient compared with a large one, and for this reason it is essential to get as much as we can. Stability depends upon weight acting on a lever. For our simple purpose we may consider the lever as a function of beam and draught. We must take as much beam as we can consistent with good design, and plenty of draught is essential from the standpoint of stability. Our small total weight must be so apportioned that as much as possible is ballast, and that this ballast is carried as low as the form of the ship will allow. We want the ballast to act on as long a lever as we can obtain. Mr. A.G. Symonds has suggested to me a most useful formula for the proportion of beam to L.W.L. It is:

$$\sqrt[3]{L.W.L.} = \sqrt[2]{Beam}$$

Do not be led astray by the fallacy that ballast low down means an uncomfortable ship. In large yachts this question must be considered, but not in small ones. We have to get to windward, and to do so the yacht must stand up to her canvas. If it is necessary to keep the draught low, as for example in those yachts that haunt the Humber, then you must take more beam. If you sail on the Clyde or down West, then take a good helping of draught, and reduce the beam. I do not think it is wise to curtail draught below one-fifth of the L.W.L. and in the smaller types more is better.

Not only has the keel to be worked out to a definite weight, but its centre of gravity must be where we want it. The calculation may be tedious, for the only method is trial and error, often error. If one has a planimeter things are easier. It is really most wearisome to design the best type of yacht without a planimeter. I have Albert Strange's planimeter, and I value it greatly, chiefly because it belonged to my late friend, and secondly because it saves me hours of labour. To work out a yacht's design on a metacentric shelf principle would be a heart-breaking job without it. Lead is the best material for the keel. It is easier to get a good fit, for the surface can be planed smooth. If the keel is too heavy it is not difficult to remove some of it - one hears rumours that some of the best known raters have had to have the keel pared. Lead is better from the designer's point of view, for he can concentrate the ballast, and get it lower down, than with iron.

In the case of the small yacht the difference in cost must not be measured by the market price of the metals. Iron has to be cast in a foundry, and the keel costs a lot more than the bare price of pig iron. It has to be transported, and then there is difficulty in making the bolt holes register exactly with those in the wood keel. Lead is cast close to the yacht, and the holes are bored with an auger. Finally the lead keel always has some value, and a yacht with a lead keel sells better than one with iron.

After stability the prime necessity is to have a yacht that is well balanced. In the actual lecture I went into this question, showing diagrams of the wedges of immersion and emersion. It is unnecessary to reproduce these here, for I have thoroughly threshed out the question of "Hull and Sail Balance" in the "Yachting World". The articles will be found in the numbers for July 31st., August 7th., 14th. and 21st. All I have to add to my views there expressed is that since writing them I have had the great advantage of spending a week-end

with Admiral Turner, and he has initiated me into his method of balancing by the Metacentric Shelf. I am thoroughly convinced that any amateur designer who does not master and use this method is running the risk of turning out an unbalanced yacht, and that if he follows the method he practically cannot do so. It is not difficult, but it involves considerable trouble, because here again we employ the principle of trial and error. One must design a yacht, then analyse it by the Turner technique, and then alter it till it conforms to the theory. Most really good racing yachts, such as ISTRIA, ENTERPRISE, YANKEE and others, come out correctly. Some that have been hard to handle, like SATANITA, have a very bad shelf. AMERICA had a perfect shelf, and she won the America's Cup. THISTLE had a vile shelf and she would not go to windward. There can be no question that a full-sized yacht ought to balance as well as a model. A model that will not run down the wind unattended is of no use, but how many full-sized yachts will do it? MYSTERY, a perfectly balanced hull, will run by herself just like a model: she is, of course, a boat designed to conform exactly to Admiral Turner's postulates.

Rig: the rig of a small yacht will be sloop, cutter or yawl. The sloop may have a bowsprit, or it may be a stem-head or, as the Americans call it, "a knockabout rig." The question yawl or cutter is largely a matter of individual preference. There is little difference in performance between a Bermudian cruising yawl or a cutter; in fact, the modern bob-tailed cutter is a yawl without a mizzen mast! I find that the yawl rig that I fitted to VINDILIS is very satisfactory, and she goes to windward just as well as her fellows that are cutter rig. Probably the bob-tail is just as handy, but the old-fashioned orthodox cutter emphatically is not.

The hull must be designed to allow of a knockabout rig. The forward overhang must be longish and the mast well forward. If you try to put a stem-head rig on to an ordinary type of hull with deep forefoot and short overhang, then either the area will have to be defective or the yacht will tend to carry an excessive weather helm. Probably a yacht designed to conform to Admiral Turner's laws will allow far more latitude in this respect.

It is a mistake to have a complicated system of staying. Study the Dutch yacht. Here we have a tall mainsail with a long luff, practically a Bermudian, and it is all held up by a huge mast with no shrouds at all. Let us compromise between this rig and the modern spider-web, and we get the correct thing: a somewhat stouter mast, and very little rigging scientifically arranged. Each after wire should balance a forward pull and vice versa. The forward shroud is attached to the mast about half-way down at the cross-trees, and balances the pull of the sail which tends to buckle the mast aft. The after shroud leads to a spot above this where the forestay is attached. It balances the pull of the staysail and forestay. Then the runners take the jib strain, and the preventer backstay balances the topmast stay. Set up everything so as to get complete equilibrium. The Bermudian cruising sail of average shape calls for no more standing rigging than a gaff sail, and, of course, the running gear is far simpler. Have good purchase on the mainsail. A tight luff draws the yacht up to windward. Let it go slack and she sags to leeward. The clew-outhaul should lead to the forward end of the boom, so that the foot can be slacked out for a free wind and hauled flatter for going to windward. In many cases a yacht will gripe badly to windward when the foot of the main is in a bag, but as soon as it is flattened in she will steer herself. This is certainly the case with VINDILIS. The moot question, Bermudian or Gaff for small craft, is not practically settled. The gaff survives, but is moribund. In larger yachts it is quite possible that the gaff is still the best rig.

Practically all the yachts that have been built to my designs are Bermudian rigged. Not one of the owners has complained of any disadvantage, and to the best of my knowledge, none of them has converted the yacht to a gaff rig.

T.H.B.
1936.

TREASURE TROVE at NEWTOWN RIVER

The sailing club where we moor COBBER, the beloved Z4 known to our crew (aged 5 & 4 respectively *) as 'our Cobberboat', is a highly informal affair. Having no kind of property or premises except the lease on a small patch of the River Test opposite the Southampton Boat Show Site, it holds its members together, rather like the H.B.A., simply by the attraction of a shared IDEA, but alas, compared with the H.B.A., an idea sordidly ignoble and mercenary, namely, the desire for a cheap mooring between the waters of Hamble and Beaulieu. Our parsimony is sufficiently shared for some of us to have a jolly social evening of nautical chatter in a borrowed club premises once a month, but it does not extend to the degree of co-ordination required to achieve a successful rally to such distant foreign ports as Yarmouth (IoW) or Bembridge. Our sailing commodore, therefore, a realist hard-bitten by many seasons of braving violent weather on designated rally week-ends, only to find that he is the sole representative of the club who arrives at the moorings, let alone the chosen destination, lowered his sights and chose for the final two intended meetings this summer our two nearest (non-commercial) ports, namely Beaulieu and Newtown Rivers. We were inspired. Even with the limitation imposed by our crew, we felt we should be able to join him at one of those, and so we elected to go to Newtown on the 24th./25th.October. The crew were delighted too, as they wanted to return to Newtown to dig for Buried Treasure, that is, the spade we lost on the beach last time we went.

We might have known something would go wrong as we listened to the Shipping Forecasts during the week leading up to the Great Day; our sailing commodore had obviously made a miscalculation as the perfectly appalling weather he normally selects for the week-ends of these rallies steadily gave way through the week until the forecasters were promising us a sunny day with a favourable wind for the Saturday. It is true there were dark threats of a gale on the Sunday, but then, it's downhill on the way home, especially with a westerly gale.

So we would have been setting off in high hopes of joining our first successful Club Rally, had I not checked up on the rendezvous arrangements at the last minute and discovered that I had muddled the week-ends, and that we had missed the Newtown rally and were supposed to be bound for Beaulieu. A quick look in the household purse revealed scarcely enough to satisfy the rapacious desires of the Buckler's Hard Moorings Master, let alone the bottomless maw of the Master Builder (P.H., conspic.), so it was in a spirit of adventure into the Undecided that we set off early on Saturday morning. We did not wish to miss our Club Rally, but neither did we wish to miss the chance of a fair tide and wind to Newtown, our favourite port, and mutinous murmurings about Buried Treasure could be heard from the fo'c'sle.

The first half-hour on board was flat calm so the Engineer was sent below to coax life out of the Stuart Turner, while the crew, under the watchful eye of the Sailing Mistress, cleaned off the week's contributions of the local birds while she optimistically bent on some lifeless sails. By the time the Engineer could no longer confine his language to the engine-room (even a Z4, though wonderful in every other way, does have its limitations) and was convinced that the Magneto would have to be warmed to dry it out before we could start, a blessed breath had sprung up from the N. so we spread our goose-wings and set off at a spanking half-knot. The mag was duly removed and set to cook with a necessarily early lunch. (A fortnight before, we had been able to put it on the stove of the comfortable COPOCIOUS as she lay in the Hamble for the H.B.A. Lating-up meeting, but this time, no such luxury; just down beside the Primus). After lunch had been cooked and enjoyed the engine was reassembled and successfully fired up. However, it was no longer ^{needed} for the wind having taken three hours to bring us the six miles down-tide to Calshot, was stronger in the Solent, and COBBER was enjoying herself so much that suddenly the entrance to Beaulieu River seemed very near, and the best part of the day just beginning. Furthermore, there was no sign of any of our fellow-club-members, the lunch-time Forecast had been

even more favourable and the beauty (or should I say the Treasure?) of Newtown was calling us.....We abandoned yet another Club Rally, and as Beaulieu entrance sped past, irretrievably up-tide and up-wind now, we set course for Newtown River ("Is it that bay or that one?"....."I think it must be that one, because this is the one where I always expect to find it and it turns out to be the next one"....."No, surely it's this one because I remember that wireless mast" - possession of the helm, in these cases, being nine points of the argument).

Very soon we were dropping the sails and getting the anchor ready to run. The engine started obediently this time and we inched into our customary spot where the depth is greater on the bend of the river. Then it's let go the anchor, out with the boats, the fatigue party ashore with spades to dig for the Buried Treasure, leaving the Anchor Watch to set to work in the Galley.

With one eye on the crew at work on the beach, what was that I could see with the other, negotiating the entrance? Surely an H.B. boat, and about our size too? She had a bowsprit, but Joan had told us a fortnight before that some Z4s were rigged with a bowsprit. As I watched, she came to her anchor in the next bend downstream from COBBER, so when the crew had finished their excavations, and I judged it would be dark in half-an-hour, we set off back in the dinghy, taking our course past the newcomer. As we approached, the crew asked me in their penetrating voices, whether it was a boat like our Cobberboat, and when we could make out the name on her stern, ZEBEDEE, we were sure. The Skipper, on learning the reason for our inquisitiveness, proved, like all owners of H.B. boats we have met, to be most friendly, welcoming and courteous, but as it was getting near crew's bed-time, we parried his invitation with one to join us after supper, which was accepted.

So later, with the riding-lights above in the evening stillness, the lamps lit below, the kettle simmering on the gently roaring Primus, and four bright eyes peeping from under the blankets in the darkened fo'c'sle, we had a most delightful evening in the company of Captain Zebedee. He told us he'd had her for some years and moors in the Medina, but had "never got round to joining" the H.B.A., though he'd heard of it and "supposed he ought to", so we assured him that there was no "ought" about it; it just makes happy meetings like our one easier to come by! But he explained that his family didn't share his enthusiasm.

He was astonished at the difference between the interior of COBBER and that of ZEBEDEE, and so were we when we were privileged to see aboard ZEBEDEE just before she weighed anchor the next morning, and all the more in view of the information given in the Spring '82 Newsletter, that all Z4s were built with strictly identical interior lay-out and fittings. COBBER is flush-decked from side-to-side and from main hatch to stem, as in the description of BOLDUSTER in that Newsletter; ZEBEDEE is also flush-decked from side-to-side as far forward as the mast, but her foredeck follows the line of the sheer, so that you step down on to it as you go forward, and she has no fore-hatch. Below, she is emphatically a single-hander's boat, very spartan compared with COBBER, which is of course fitted out for family cruising. The difference between our two supposedly identical boats is such that, had we seen ZEBEDEE before COBBER we might have concluded that a Z4 could not be made to accomodate the four of us; whereas, in fact, we are, as readers of this Newsletter would expect, most comfortable.

We never did find the Buried Treasure and so we look forward to the Adventures the next expedition for it will bring.

As we tore home next day before a brisk Force 5 (the gale never came to anything) whipping up the white horses in the Solent that slipped beneath us at 6 knots and more, our youngest crew-member was heard to remark, "I like sailing in our Cobberboat but only when it's not too wavy"....."You mean, it's all right when it's flat like this?"....."Yes" (Sweet smile).

Such is the confidence that the Z4 inspires!

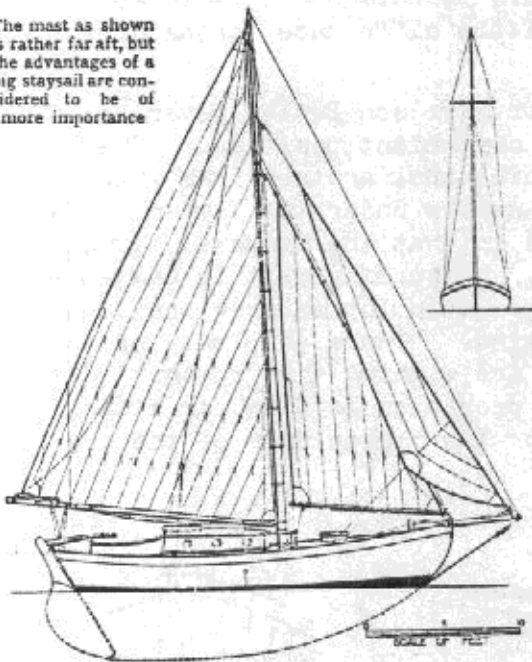
John-Henry Bowden.

* Now 7 & 6 (or even 8 & 7) I am ashamed to say!- Ed.

" Y O N N E "

An improvement upon Dr.Harrison Butler's Cyclone II

The mast as shown is rather far aft, but the advantages of a big staysail are considered to be of more importance



YONNE

As a designer of small sailing craft, Dr.Harrison Butler needs no introduction to our readers. All the craft built to his designs do not appear in Lloyd's Register, for the great majority are little ships, which serve their owners just as efficiently without the dignity of registration. It is probable, too, that Dr. Harrison Butler himself does not even know how many craft have been built from lines which he first drew on paper. There is one feature common in all his designs, and that is that they are all so eminently practical, and so they should be, considering that the designer finds his greatest pleasure in cruising round the coast in his little 6-tonner SANDOOK.

AN IDEAL

YONNE, the plans of which appear on this and the next page, represents, in most essentials, Dr.Butler's personal fancies in a 7-tonner. In order to obtain his ideal arrangement of sail spread and accomodation he has drawn out a special hull for the purpose; so that it may reasonably be taken that YONNE represents his ideal 7-tonner. She is very largely based upon a number of previous designs, notably Mr.Russell's ARDGLASS and MR.Williamson's MINION, both of which are representative of his earlier design, Cyclone II, and he describes YONNE as a "sports model" of Cyclone II.

It is a little unusual to find the mast of a Bermudian cutter of such small size stepped in the same position as that of a gaff cutter, namely, two-fifths of the waterline abaft its forward end, but this has been done purposely in order to obtain a comparatively large staysail. In fact, Dr.Butler describes her as "a single-masted staysail schooner". He has found that MINION would sail to windward under her headsails alone, and would come about readily in fairly smooth conditions in Southampton Water. With the jib aback and the mainsail lowered she would heave-to and remain steady, exactly like a schooner under foresail alone; hence his somewhat curious description of what is otherwise a Bermudian cutter. He anticipates that YONNE would behave in a similar manner under staysail alone. When running before the wind the staysail and mainsail would be goose-winged, and it should be possible to make the staysail spill the wind into the jib so that all sails are drawing instead of hanging idly, blanketed by the mainsail.

From a glance at the lines it appears that YONNE has plenty of grip of the water and a nice clean run, so in all conditions she should be remarkably steady on her helm, in spite of her short length. In small craft of this type steadiness and the ability to look after herself are very valuable qualities.

AN EASILY HANDLED RIG

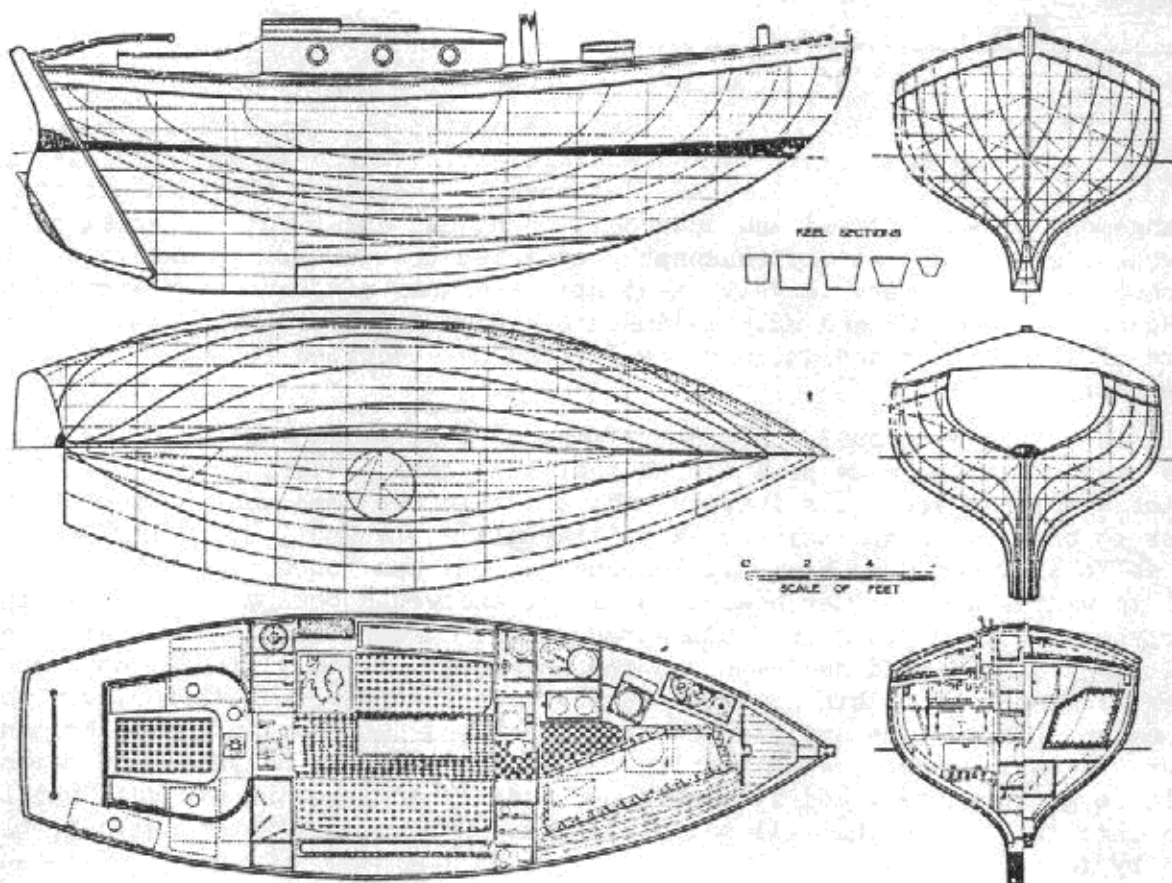
It will be noticed in the sail plan that no track is used on the mast, the sail running on hoops up to the cross-trees. This arrangement is exceedingly convenient on small craft where there is no great difficulty in making the head set unsupported by a track. A sail thus rigged can always be relied upon to come down, when wanted, at once. There is no possibility of a jammed track or

such small troubles which often beset a normal Bermudian rig. The foot is not laced to the boom, as in a small boat a Bermudian mainsail is apt to be a little pressing, and it is generally the case that the condition of the sea dictates how close to the wind it is advisable to sail.

In the accomodation plan the mast is actually shown stepped nine inches farther forward than in the sail plan; if a larger area were required this alteration would be necessary, and the larger mainsail would be balanced by a larger jib. Actually, the position shown would make very little difference to the arrangement below.

In small cruisers there is one thing which Dr. Harrison Butler never omits, and that is provision for handling charts in a convenient position. Just inside the cabin to port is a big hanging locker for oilskins, another item which is not always remembered. The engine is tucked away neatly under the companion ladder, and here we find a slight difficulty introduced in that the compass, carried on the bridge deck, is rather close to the engine. Accordingly it is suggested that a standard compass should be carried on the cabin top in some position sufficiently far away from the influence of the engine. There is plenty of locker space in the saloon, and the pantry and galley are withing easy reach. Just to port of the mast is a small heating stove, and provision is made for attaching a Primus in gimbals to the top of this stove for the convenience of the crew at sea.

Yonne



Dr. Harrison Butler has made the most of every inch below

It will be noticed that only on the starboard side of the saloon is a folding pipe berth. On the port side one sleeps on the sofa berth, and in the daytime bedding is stowed in the blanket bin behind the squab. Cruising men will appreciate the two lockers which are provided at the aft end of the cockpit; these are intended for the lead line or any other articles which are likely to be required in a hurry when under way. The position of the bilge pump just to port of the compass is well chosen, and it is worth noticing that the discharge from this pump passes through the topsides just below the rubber and not on to the deck.

Yachting World 12th. February 1932.

FIDELIS GOES SOUTH

It is always a pleasure to poke around a boatyard in a strange district and this was particularly so for me on the day of the Laying-up Supper when I came across the 8-tonner FIDELIS. This unique cruising yacht is not an HB but she was the first full size vessel to be designed on the Metacentric Shelf System of Balance invented by Eng.Rear-Admiral (then Captain) Alfred Turner, R.N. The system was applied originally to models.

Her designer was Mr.F.J.Welch, in conjunction with Mr.J.N.Welch and Mr.H.G.Coade, and she was built by Hugh McLean & Sons at Govan in 1931.

Designed as a gaff-cutter she was altered to Bermudian rig shortly before the Second World War. Her appearance today can only be described as pristine and her metal mast and spars in no way belie this description.

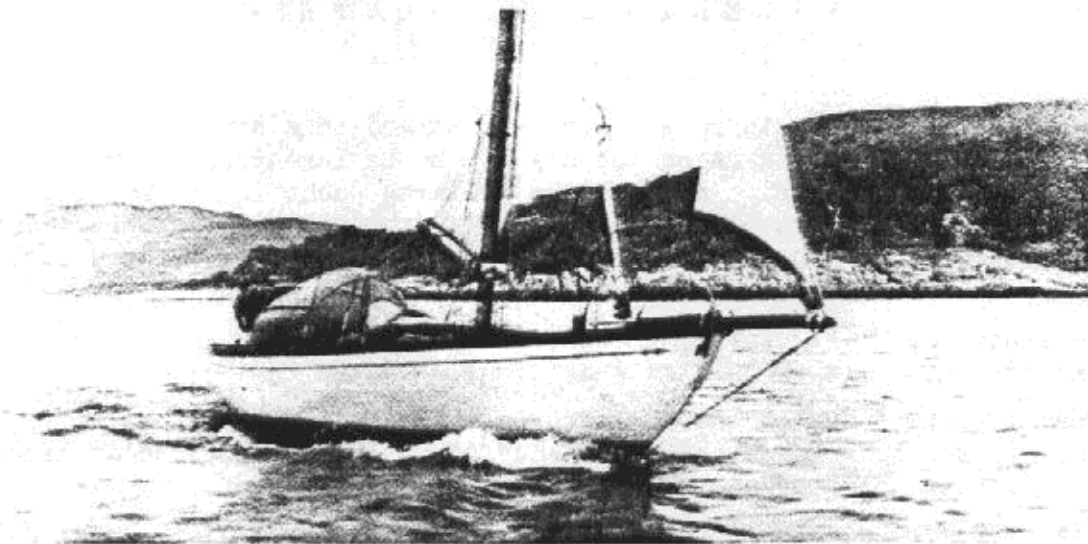
By 1931 Mr.F.J.Welch had for 20 years cruised the waters of the West Coast of Scotland and the Irish Sea in earlier vessels. Soon after FIDELIS was built he was posted to London and the yacht was, thereafter, stationed at Burnham-on-Crouch, where I first heard of her, and finally Cowes.

Her travels, and details of her design, were widely publicised in the yachting periodicals of the day and I can do no better than describe the yacht and her sailing qualities in the designer's own words:

'Built on the Clyde in 1931, FIDELIS was last year to be given the freedom of the more open waters of the Irish Sea. Our own design in lines, construction, rig, fittings, and finish, we were naturally keen to try her out at sea. As our fifth boat, and as the result of over twenty years' cruising between North Wales, Morecambe Bay and the Clyde, she was, I suppose, our "dream ship." But not the dream ship beloved of those who propose to heave-to in winter gales for a pastime, but a capable little lady with some pretensions to good looks and speed, to give us the maximum amount of pleasure in the sailing of her during limited summer holidays and weekends with moderate draught and straight iron keel for easy beaching, and moderate displacement for easy driving, with ample reserve buoyancy to keep the sea off the deck, she is just a normal cruiser - but with a distinction.

'We wanted a boat easy on her helm in light winds or hard squalls on any point of sailing, a thoroughly sweet-tempered biddable boat in calm or storm. Should the bow be fined a little or the quarters filled out to get the necessary balance of the ends? Admiral Turner, of model yacht fame, uses a method of balance called the "metacentric shelf," and FIDELIS is, we believe, the first yacht built to the design of which his method has been applied, with most gratifying results as regards speed, balance and sea-kindliness.

'A few fittings not found on all 8-tonners may be mentioned. An inverted stainless steel rudder pintle in which the sand cannot lie to form a grinding medium. An ample sized rudder head bearing to keep the rudder quiet. A light, non-geared mast winch for anchor chain and warps. Oversize stem-head rollers that really roll. Drop-nosed pins instead of screw shackles for speed with security. Hook blocks with home-made spring mousings (why are these not in the catalogues?). Jamb cleats for head sheets with a central hole to keep the end handy on a dark night. A deep cockpit for comfort (not the foot bath variety), but self-draining just the same. Conor O'Brien's throat block chock. Weston Martyr's cabin stanchion. F.B.Cooke's chain stopper, and oversize Wykeham Martin gear on headsails and a "TIERCEL" boom gooseneck. Lastly, an 80.lb dinghy stowed on deck. How many otherwise seaworthy cruisers take open dinghies to sea with them and come back reporting gales of wind because the poor little thing, dragged unmercifully along by its painter, happens to get into trouble? So much for FIDELIS, and now it is high time we got under way.



Down the Clyde

'Sunday, July 31st.- An 11.0 a.m. start from Rhu gave us a long beat down the Clyde with a light head wind of which FIDELIS made good use. Midnight found us becalmed off Holy Isle, Arran, with side lights lit and watches set, the crew consisting of Tom and myself; Tom with several years as owner of an ex-Clyde 30-footer. During this calm the noise of the wind could be heard to the north over the peaks of Arran. One squall hit us, and, expecting more to come, we tucked in reefs, but it took hours for that wind to get really going.

'Monday, August 1st.- Clear of Pladda, daylight showed the dark green line of the advancing wind coming from Kilbrennan Sound, and the seas were quickly capped with white and we began to travel, bound across the North Channel for Larne.

'A big swell coming in from the Atlantic and this new snort sea from the north livened things up very soon. What a glorious gallop it was! Now we could feel the thrill of our lady's behaviour amongst real waves - yes, she was balanced right enough - no sawing at the helm, but a steady drive over crest and hollow. A photo taken in the North Channel shows the helmsman's effortless attitude. But Tom found the motion disturbing just the same, and the effort called for to come on deck to use his cine-camera on a trawler wallowing past was considerable, but was amply justified when showing those sizeable seas to his relatives by the fireside afterwards.

Wave Pictures

'An upstanding wreck on the hidden rocks to the north of the Maidens Lighthouse puzzled us considerably, but the brilliant sunshine made navigation easy. Nearing the Maidens the ebb was now putting curly crests on the seas, but, as usual, the camera failed to portray anything to make it at all rough. The cine-camera certainly scores there. We romped into Larne in great style, coming to our anchorage off Olderfleet Castle under bare poles against the ebb at 1.0 p.m. It blew hard with bright sunshine all the afternoon and we rolled during the ebb.

'Tuesday, August 2nd.- Away from the yachtsman's paradise, the Clyde, we now had to consider tides, and Clyde boats do not start at 7.0 a.m. as we now did. It was dull and drizzly, but the strong S.W. wind forecasted never came, and we had an easy beat to Ballyholm Bay. We were interested to note that two parties inspecting FIDELIS asked who designed

her, but then Belfast men are keen and there isn't a slow or ugly boat in their fleet. Anyone keeping a boat on such a coast would need to be keen.

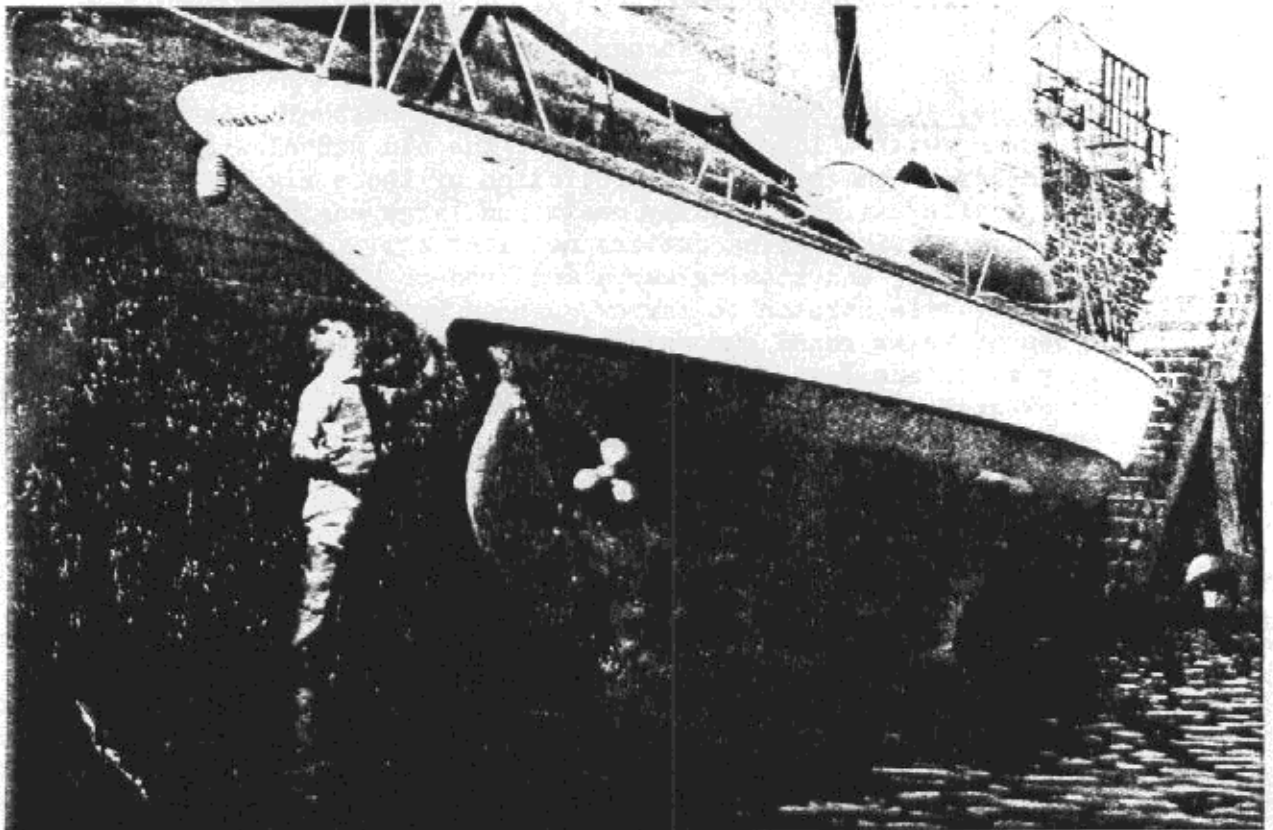
'A "daunder" up the Lough to Cultra showed us the Fairy we owned in 1911 -12 looking as smart and trim as ever. Coming back to Donaghadee for the night we found red buoys on the port hand with the flood stream in the sound, but as the Admiralty Sailing Directions seemed to think that was all right we raised no objection. A furious tide rip tried to bounce us clean out of the channel, and the wind failing, we had to use the motor to keep in the fairway and to make the harbour.

'Donaghadee was swarming with motor and rowing boats, finishing up with a grand high-speed fleet manoeuvre at 9.30 p.m., when all the motor boats full of passengers set off for the fishing grounds, apparently at some pre-arranged signal.

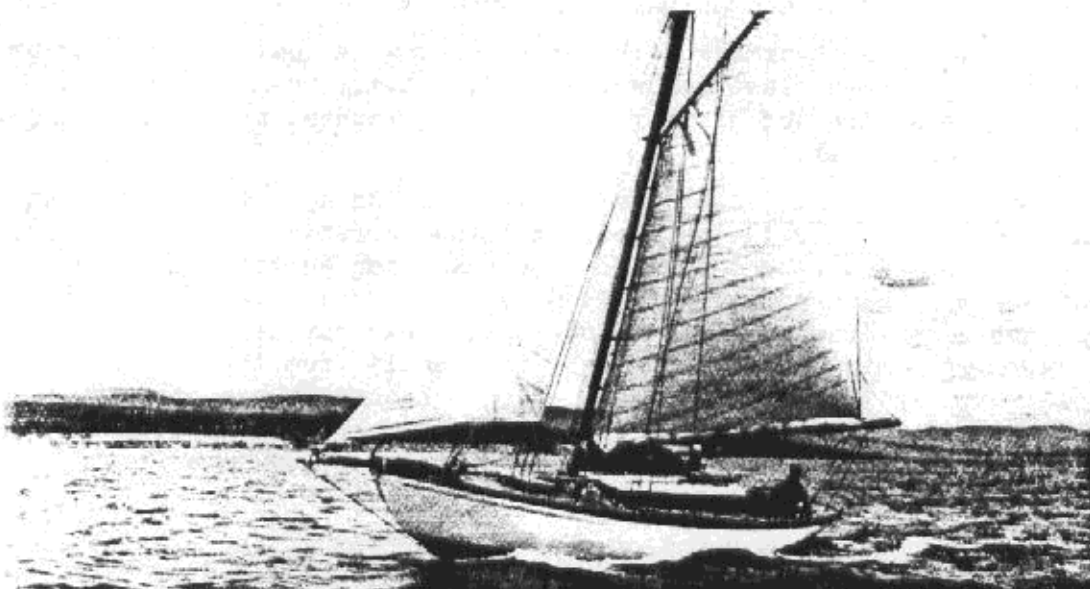
'Wednesday, August 3rd.- Away at 8.30 a.m. on a sunlit summer sea, we found our course for the Isle of Man rather erratic with a speed from 1 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ knots and a 2-knot flood on the beam, and we got good practice at cross-bearing navigation. By 2.30 p.m. the wind came fresh from S.W. and soon afterwards we hove-to and pulled down our usual two reefs. As we carry out this manoeuvre rather differently from the recognised method I will explain that we first roll up both headsails and drop the sail to the required reef with the gaff about 20 deg. from the horizontal. This kills her speed, and, putting the helm down, she now comes gently on a wind and lies about four points off.

'If inclined to fore-reach or sail herself round, the peak could be dropped farther, and falling off too much could be cured by hoisting the peak. Not having any headsail backed to blow her head off, there is little weight in the mainsail, so that reef tackles become unnecessary, and from seven to fifteen minutes is our average time for reefing our mainsail of 415 sq.ft.

'We were now in sight of Jurby Head, for which we were steering in order



to get the early flood round the Point of Ayre, but we passed a lively patch of sea on the edge of a 20-fathom bank before we got there, and were glad enough of our reefs. And now the sun disappeared and those innocent white tops immediately began to look angry. However, the rest of our passage was easy, and on a sluicing tide and smooth water we tore round the steep shingle beach at the point and head-reached in smooth water to an anchorage off Ramsey to await the tide. The faithful pressure-cooker provided a meal and the band ashore provided the music, and at 10.15 we motored up to our usual berth at the North Wall.



Thursday, August 4th.— We spent the day in port as Ramsey is always worth that, with its many interesting craft, and yachts are genuinely welcomed here. The sunshine tempted us to varnish the rail and covering board, and we took the opportunity to scrub while drying out. To keep the boat from falling away from the quay we used a sliding shackle on the topmast stay, which, consequently, did not require tending at floating and grounding as the throat halliards would have done.

Across to Barrow

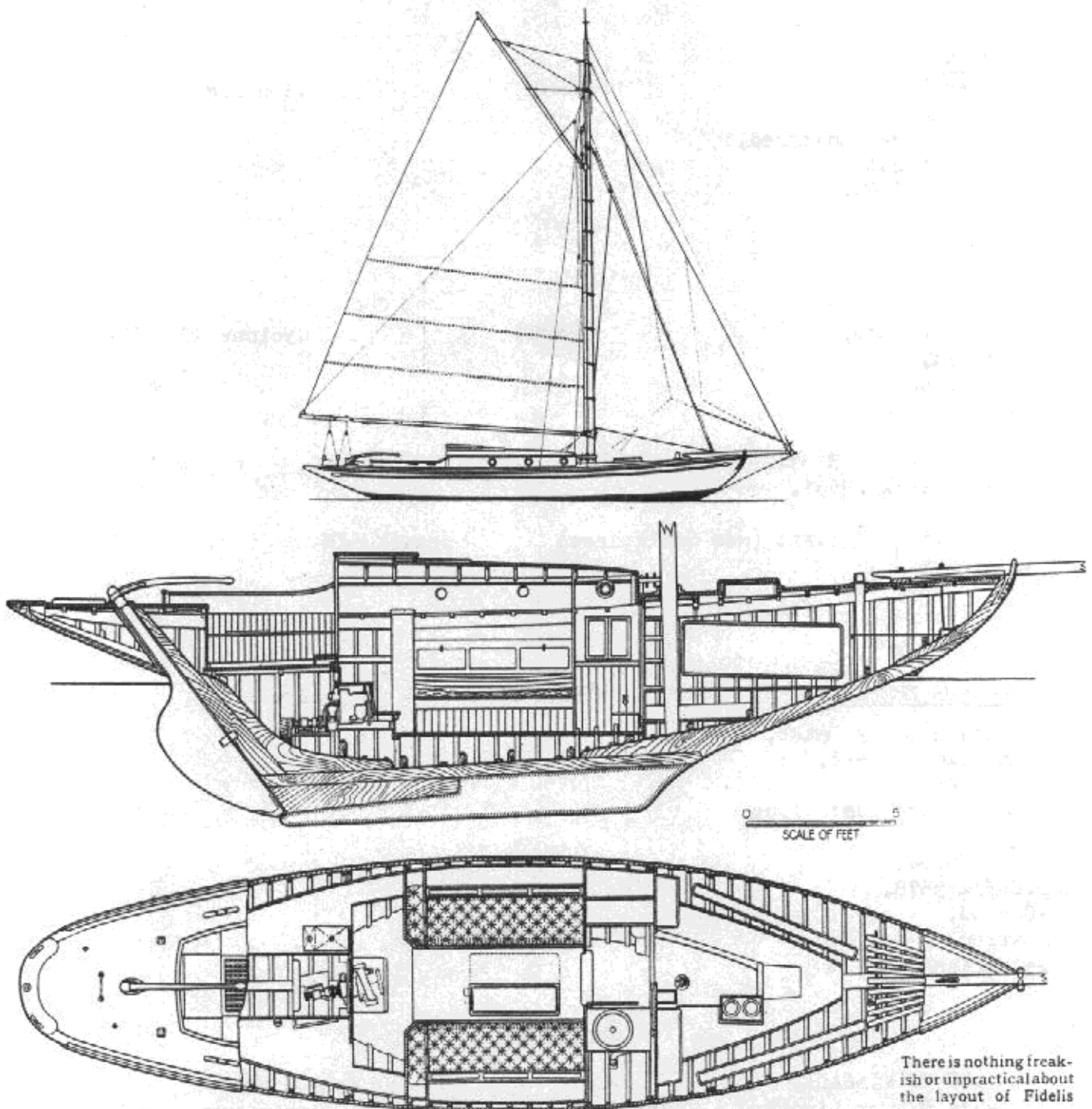
Friday, August 5th.— We dropped down the harbour under jib at 4.15 a.m. in company with a long line fisher of the old school without engine, and we exchanged comments on the spoliation of those big Ramsey cutters with their little sails and stumpy masts and large engines, when we had known them looking like racing cutters not long ago. We anchored till 6.0 a.m. for breakfast, and stowing warps and fenders and with a fair wind, began the fifty-mile stretch to Barrow, across what must be amongst the loneliest pieces of water round our coasts. Losing the land very quickly, it was 3.0 p.m. before landmarks began to appear over the horizon on Walney Island. So low does this Island lie, especially at high water, that one is always tempted to close the land before the last bit of it comes into view.

Rounding the south end against a 3-knot ebb, it was a proud moment when our latest creation turned her nose up the four-mile channel amid the sandbanks and made for the home of her owner's youth.

August 6th. to 19th. was spent day sailing in Barrow Channel and Morecambe Bay, with a trip across to Fleetwood. To be sure, we had sunshine and fine steady winds, but the fact that FIDELIS did the trip from Barrow to Piel Castle fourteen times in as many days down a narrow tide-ridden channel almost devoid of scenery, explains how sailing can be enjoyed in spite of uninviting conditions, which fact is incomprehensible to the ordinary citizen. With a spring range of thirty feet, Morecambe Bay is calculated to improve one's tidal seamanship, but FIDELIS never touched

bottom once in all her sailing, and she proved a most handy boat for the locality."

F.J.Welch.



Mr.F.J.Welch was responsible for a technique known as the "Welch Axis". In so far as I can understand it, this establishes an imprecise shelf but sufficient to determine the likely behaviour of a yacht from a given set of lines. It appears to be a stepping stone towards establishing the metacentric shelf proper and one imagines that it was the product of considerable originality of thought. I have been informed by a leading yachting historian, not given to inaccuracy of statement, that, following a conversation with Mr.Welch when the latter was nearing the end of his life, he formed the impression that the designer of FIDELIS had received insufficient credit for his contribution towards the metacentric shelf principle which was finally embodied in Admiral Turner's paper to the Institute of Naval Architects.

Peter Mather.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LIST OF MEMBERS. AUTUMN 1984

Please notify the Honorary Secretary of any omissions, mistakes or changes.

OMISSION

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QUEST

Vindilis

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Newton Tony,
Nr.Salisbury,
Wilts. SP4 OHA

ex.ENGLYN

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HURRICANE

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Netherlands.

FOR SALE

FAIRWIND OF KINSALE

Bogle

6 tons.

Contact: Trevor Lindlar, 4, Jubilee Cottages, Fordwich, Canterbury, Kent.
Tel: Canterbury (0227) 711441.

MYFANWY ex.CARIAD

Bogle (Raised topsides) 6 tons.

Being offered by Wooden Ships. Tel: Frogmore (054 853) 217/687

ZELLEE

Zyklon Z.4

4 tons.

Contact: Mrs.Shiela Scott, Little Orchard, Parsonage Lane, Fontmell Magna,
Nr.Shaftsbury, Dorset. Tel: 0747 811249.

ZETA

Zyklon Z.4

4 tons.

Contact: Michael Clift, 1, Maytree Road, Chandlers Ford, Southampton.
Tel: 04215 65349 and 0962 712220.

NUNKI

Zyklon Z.4

4 tons.

Contact: Nigel Langley, Vasonia, Alresford Road, Winchester, Hants. Tel: 0962 62726.

