



THE HARRISON BUTLER ASSOCIATION



NEWSLETTER No: 21

SUMMER 1985

OUR PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Including Secretarial Matters

2, The Chestnuts

May 1985

Dear Members,

Another A.G.M. has come and gone and you can read all about it in the Minutes. The most notable happening was a change of Chairman. Bill Forster said that, having reached years of discretion (it's taken well over 80 years!) he thought it was time to retire from the chairmanship of the Association.

Thank you, Bill, for taking the Chair for all these years with such éclat. We shall miss you - but only from the Chair, I hope. 'Every cloud' etc. and our 'silver lining' is Boyd Campbell who was voted in as Chairman. Boyd is one of our Founder Members and he and Desirée own DAVINKA, one of the "Bogles."

If you happened to watch the Agatha Christie "Miss Marple" plays on B.B.C. television you may be interested to know that you have seen the daughter-in-law (Joan Hickson) after whom my father named the "Bogle" design.

We did have some response - though not 100% - to my plea for recalcitrant members to pay their subscriptions. Some kind people added a bit extra but these bonuses come mostly from the members who pay regularly anyway. A reminder will be enclosed where memories need to be jogged and I hope you will respond. Payment can be made by Banker's Order and forms are available from Janet Band.

Many thanks to those who added a donation to the funds.

Among our new members we have acquired a rather grand boat: ALMONDE (an Englyn, built in Holland before the war) was at one time owned by the Commodore - or its Dutch equivalent - of the Royal Netherlands Y.C. and Queen Wilhelmina was wont to disport herself aboard when she wanted to enjoy sailing in private. Now, ALMONDE is in Belgian hands, those of Willi and Rita Mus.

Willi is not our only Belgian new member for ANDIRON, the Z 4-tonner which Alessandro Sternini discovered last year in Formentera, is owned by Alain and Christiane Depière and, as soon as my letters caught up with them they lost no time in joining.

YARINYA has changed hands and has moved from Guernsey to Holland with Peter Morée, who now becomes a Full Member. He and Ineke "X" (Sorry, I thought I had the name written down) flew as fast as they could from Holland in order to come to the A.G.M. but only made it in time to be roped in to help with tea, after the meeting. It's fatal to go into the kitchen; you're bound to be given something to do.

There's been a slight hitch in the Laying-up Supper plans because the "Jolly Sailor" has changed its tactics and now runs the River room as a Carvery, i.e. the meat is carved for you and you help yourself to the rest. The price is £5 for the meal, with drinks extra.

We can no longer book the room exclusively for ourselves but I have made tentative reservations for 36 people for Saturday, September 28th. I shall have to confirm or cancel these a week earlier so I must have names and numbers by the evening of Friday, September 20th at the latest. After that date you will have to apply to the "Jolly Sailor", direct and take your choice.

By courtesy of Tom Richardson, we are again able to use the available mooring spaces at the Elephant Boatyard. Elephant rates will apply.

Two suggestions have been made concerning the Newsletter. The first is a remark made by Derrick Harvey that it would be nice to have more contributions from members in the newsletters. You know the answer to that one! The Editor can only print what he has.

The other suggestion, made by Simon Richardson, is a Constitutional matter and will be on the agenda of the next A.G.M. (On February 22nd.1986). Simon thinks that it would be better to have one, larger, newsletter each year rather than two smaller ones as at present. It is important to know the wishes of all our members on this point because it may be that our overseas members - who do not meet, as we do, at the A.G.M. and the Laying-up Supper - will feel cut off with only one issue per year.

The Editor will give his views on another page; mine are as follows and my chief argument against the proposition is that given above.

On the plus side, it would mean just one mammoth effort per year instead of two. The work of the Hon. : Sec : would increase though because, with the present system, all the secretarial notices go out with the Newsletters and even if I type them it doesn't lessen Peter's work-load because, in order to preserve uniformity, he re-types everything. That is why the Newsletters look good, quite apart from their content.

The question would arise, when notices of functions had to be sent out: to whom should they be sent - to everyone or only to those members within a "reasonable" radius; and what is "reasonable"? The ergonomics will need to be considered.

At present, under Clause 2. (Objectives), section iv. reads: 'To issue, at least twice a year, a Newsletter containing contributions from members (ideas, suggestions, cruise notes, etc.) and information on and news of Dr T.Harrison designed yachts.' We could cover the situation and leave our options open by substituting "one" instead of "two".

Thus, there is likely to be another alteration and so we are not sending the corrected (at the A.G.M.) Constitution until next year and I must ask you to amend your existing copy as per the Minutes.

This proposal concerns us all and I ask you, therefore, to fill in and return to me the enclosed opinion-slip. Your views will therefore be known and will be considered even if you yourself cannot be at the A.G.M.

Ted and Betty Baker wrote from Australia in glowing terms about HURRICANE, saying that she sailed herself much better on her own than with a guiding hand on the tiller! And not only to windward. This pleased me no end for I had been told that she was a "Prima" but when I saw photographs I had to un-pleen rather smartly for she is a Zyklon. I am still delighted - and not at all surprised.

SANDOOK, also appearing in this issue, is - no, was (for, while on passage from Yarmouth, I.O.W. to Alderney thick fog was encountered north of Cherbourg and as they approached Alderney they dropped anchor as visibility was down to less than 50 yards. Conditions did not improve and at 02.30 the next morning they decided to make for Plymouth and at about 04.30 hrs. SANDOOK hit a submerged rock and was badly holed. Her owners, a middle-aged couple, took to the dinghy and when the fog cleared they saw the Casquets about 4 miles distant and they landed there and were tended by the lighthouse keepers until they were taken to Alderney.) the Plymouth Hooker in which we all learned to sail.

We learned the hard way, without an engine until 1932 and I am glad to have had that experience even though it meant grounding on Solent mud in almost every anchorage - but not every time.

I grew up from the time when I could run from end to end down below without having to stoop and it was a wrench to part from a boat which had been almost part of the family for 21 years (17 for me) but our sorrow was mitigated by the thrill of having VINDILIS built. There are several more SANDOOK stories.

Englyn is this number's design feature. She follows on from Yonne in the sequence of designs with a L.W.L. of 22'6" and with transom sterns. She was designed for inclusion in Francis B.Cooke's book "Weekend Yachting" and was deservedly a popular design: you will find six "Englyn"s in the 1985 Members List and we hope to add more. OTHONA has yet to be found and one of the yachts on our list is being scrutinized for authenticity. There may well be others.

The cover picture shows FARAWAY, owned by the late Douglas H. Johnson with whom we sailed quite often but sadly, Douglas is now dead and his boat lies somewhere beneath the Bay of Biscay. She was, for a time, owned by my brother Rupert (and was succeeded by SEASALTER - Fastnet design) and she was a joy to sail, as all the Englyns should be. The design comes out well on metacentric analysis. I have sailed in CORA A. and ENGLYN also and they had the same sea kindness as FARAWAY.

Douglas designed his own accommodation plan for FARAWAY and he also made some adjustments to the sail plan; shortening the boom and adding a bumkin and a permanent backstay - also, a genoa and a jib topsail.

Sailing qualities are not lost by the loss of 18" from the foot of the mainsail and T.H.B.'s subsequent designs took advantage of the fact. Also, on FARAWAY he discovered that mast-tracks were in fact quite all right: they had improved since the earliest ones, so mast hoops were no longer seen on the sail plans - except where a gaff sail was drawn. I think Englyn was the last design, apart from his little boats, to be designed with a bucket lavatory. Relations with mechanical lavatories had been soured by the device which had come with SANDOOK (and had been cast out in favour of a bucket) but, if the Baby Blake did not find its way to T.H.B.'s heart it at least got as far as his drawing board.

I heard recently from Geoff Taylor who had reached Horta in the Azores on his eastward journey. WATERMAIDEN is almost a transatlantic commuter. I hope the temperature will have risen before Geoff reaches England or he'll be off again before drawing breath.

There's a special welcome for the owners of all the new names on the List of Members: some have already been translated into faces and I hope that's only a beginning.

My very best wishes to you all, coupled, as always, with the hope of good weather, happy landfalls and a touch of serendipity.

JOAN.

P.S. Among the photographs which came to me when my father died is one of a small boat drawn up on the shore, on legs, with on the back, the name: FAOILLAG and a stamped 'Macdonalds Boat Builders Portbeg Oban'. I have always assumed that the Small Tabloid design, known as Bon Marché, had been used but I had no records. Now, after forty years, I have been proved right and FAOILLAG makes a very welcome addition to our fleet. Hector MacNeill, her (second) owner, tells me that FAOILLAG, in the Gaelic, means 'Young Seagull'. FAOILLAG is now a seagull of 63 years but evidently still young at heart. I look forward to the time when I hear the name pronounced: until then I shall merely spell it.

The design was published in the Y.M. Vol. XX, p.48 and there is further reference to FAOILLAG, though not by name, in Y.M., March 1945 (which also contains obituaries of T.H.B. and Cecil Kimber - FAIRWIND) in 'The Other Man's Boat', in which the writer's previous boat is mentioned as having been able to hold her own against his godfather's boat which had been built to T.H.B.'s design (Bon Marché).

(The other day I was talking to a chap in Woodbridge who had sailed in ANDIRON just after the war. She was then owned by Lt.Cdr. Geoffrey Packard of Bramford, Nr. Ipswich, Suffolk and was stationed at Pin Mill - Ed.)

NEWSFLASH

On Saturday, 20th July, CORA A. was cheered out of Frank Knights' dock at Woodbridge to the strains of 'Will you no' come back again'. Gareth and Christine Davies have spent a number of years refurbishing CORA and, after a trial cruise last year to Holland, they are now bound for the U.S.A. via the French inland waterways, the Canaries and Barbados. Their first Poste Restante is Sheppards Marina, Gibraltar. We wish them 'Bon Voyage' - they have worked hard for it and they deserve it!

UNDER ARREST

By

T. Harrison Butler.

During August and part of September SANDOOK becomes a house-boat. My wife and children spend their summer holidays on her, and I join them for occasional week-ends of the extended order. This method of taking a family for a long holiday is so inexpensive that I always assert that my yachting costs me nothing, and that it will eventually prove a source of income! Up to the present the yacht has lain on a mooring at Bursledon, but as the crew ripens we hope to change our port occasionally.

Last year when the schools broke up the war clouds hung heavy over the land, and as I saw the party off I said, "I fear that I shall be unable to join you; it is not a time for pleasure seeking, and all my assistants at the hospitals will volunteer, and then it will be impossible to get away." However, towards the end of August I found that I had much less work than usual, and my house surgeons told me that the War Office would not require them for about a fortnight. In the circumstances I decided to take ten days' holiday to fortify myself for the extra work that I expected would fall to my lot during the winter.

On Friday 28th.(1914) I travelled down to the South, and after a prolonged journey arrived at Bursledon at 10.30 p.m. The journey from Leamington had taken more than seven hours. I did not find SANDOOK's dinghy at the "Jolly Sailor" Hard, and concluded that my letter had not been sent on board the yacht. It was low tide, and the Hamble mud was much in evidence. All was as still as the grave; there was no one about, and none of the boats on the hard had paddles in them. I very reluctantly climbed the hill again with my bag, and walked down the river towards the spot where SANDOOK generally lies. Then I began to hail - in vain! I felt that I should be cursed by every yacht on the river, but I was determined not to remain out all night, and redoubled my efforts. Eventually a Good Samaritan from a yacht near by came off, and very kindly put me on to my yacht. On the way I met my wife in her dinghy. She had not expected me till the next morning, and the whole party had retired for the night. After a cup of coffee I was glad to turn in on the floor of the cabin, delighted to be once more on the water.

I must now describe my crew. My wife acts as chief steward, and is most particular that the yacht is kept scrupulously clean and tidy. The stoves, kettles and brasswork must shine like stars of the first magnitude, dust and dirt are banished above and below, and everything is kept in its place. With a crew of five in a six ton yacht it is difficult to realize these ideals. Rupert, aged thirteen, acts as cook, and his brother admits that "he is past master in cooking water." Eric, aged eleven, acts as mate, and can be trusted to steer on a wind and to keep a good compass course. Nora, aged ten, is rated as bo'sun and masthead "man". She is a competent splicer, and has a useful aptitude for whipping rope ends.

Although SANDOOK only measures 25 ft. by 8 ft. she is "all boat," like the lady whom an Irishman described as "beef to the heel." She can sleep the whole crew, and could manage one extra. If the mate and bo'sun grow rapidly things may become more difficult. My wife and I sleep in the cots in the cabin. The rest turn in before the mast. The forecabin cot is lowered on to the seat, and a flap from the starboard locker turned over. With the aid of the cabin cushions a flat surface is formed, on which the children sleep. The three pairs of feet occupy the fore peak, the heads diverge fan-like as the boat widens aft. The Port Health Authorities might object that the cubic capacity of the forecabin was too small for the crew, but the latter have so far made no objection. Stowing for the night takes time, but when it is completed the crew sleep snugly, looking up at the stars and riding light through the open fore-hatch.

On the 29th, after reeving running gear and shipping stores for a long voyage, we slipped the mooring and beat down the river against a foul tide. Eventually we passed the beacon opposite the boom boats, and promptly ran ashore. We lowered the sails, and got out the warp and kedge. At this moment a motor yacht hove in sight, and we hoped that she might take our line and pull us off. She did not, and the crew expressed the opinion that motor boat people were "rotters." This may be a narrow generalization which contains a germ of truth. The crew, however, learnt how to kedge off, and will now more fully appreciate the "Riddle of the Sands." Eventually we struggled down to Hamble and picked up a mooring alongside GULNARE. SANDOOK was excessively foul, and handled abominably. I had never before sailed in a foul ship, and had not realized the difference it made. After supper I went on board GULNARE and discussed the "Russians" and other war topics with the crew.

On the 30th we had a visit from a friend. He came aboard in golf shoes, with large square nails. We have teak decks, so we did not mind, and greatly enjoyed his company.

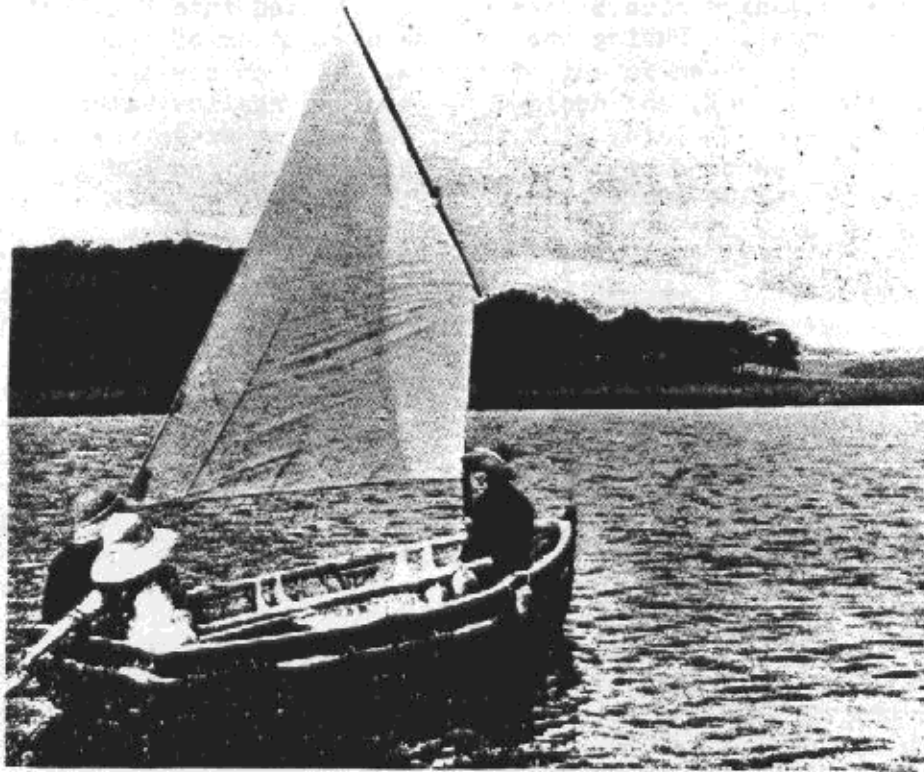
The 31st was a hot, stuffy day. While the chief steward went ashore to get stores, we took advantage of a little air to shift to an outside berth clear of the yachts. At twelve we let go the mooring, intending to take the last of the ebb down to the Beaulieu River. But, alas! the buoy rope fouled our rudder, and we were anchored by the stern. All attempts to clear it failed, and we had to wait till the ebb had done, when we easily got under way. The flood now began to make; we made no progress, and wondered whether we should ever get clear of the river. Beaulieu was out of the question, because no navigation is allowed after sunset. At this juncture our guardian angel, TERN III, appeared, as she always does when SANDOOK wants a tow, and passed us a line. We travelled behind her to Gilbury Hard, and made a careful study of her workmanlike sea-kindly counter. At Gilbury we found Mr. and Mrs. Percy Westerman in NORSEMAN and Mr. and Mrs. Yates in that pretty little single-hander LONA I. She looks as good as she was when Pain Clark built her many years ago at Burnham. We arranged to make a cruise in company to Newtown and to go out the next day at high water through Neadsoar Lake, locally known as the Bull Run. I should not have dared to attempt it, but Westerman knows the Solent like the palm of his hand, and said that he had navigated this short cut several times in NORSEMAN, which draws six feet, nine inches more than we do. As a matter of fact, we found plenty of water, although it was half way between springs and neaps. The channel is well boomed; it is quite short, and the passage is simple from the inside. It might be a little more tricky from the outside. The next day we had a splendid sail across, although the wind headed us whichever way we turned. We just managed to lie through the Bull Run, which was fortunate, for there is no room to tack. We had a dead beat into Newtown, and I think it was more luck than skill that kept us from picking up the mud. We were charmed with the anchorage at Newtown; it was peaceful, and yet fresh and breezy. The whole ship's company had a glorious swim. SANDOOK has a step on the rudder, which makes the bathing ladder an unnecessary luxury.

On September 3rd the usually docile and well-behaved SANDOOK decided that she would not go to sea, and when she was literally dragged out of the harbour, she sulked, said her bottom was not fit for sailing, and absolutely kicked over the traces, took the bit between her teeth, and bolted, defied the law - and suffered as all should who disobey orders - she was placed under arrest. Her excuse was a valid one, she was so foul, that, as she told us, she was unseaworthy. The morning of Thursday, September 3rd, was one of the most delightful days of a splendid summer. It was warm and bright, and a gentle breeze from the E.N.E. tempered the heat of the sun. High tide was due at 9.10, at which hour the ebb would have started to flow in the west. At 9.15 we got the anchor, and NORSEMAN "steamed" past, and we threw our warp, which fell short. NORSEMAN made a wide circle, and again passed us to starboard, and yet again we failed to establish a hempen connection. By this time we were ashore, and it taxed Westerman's small engine to the n + 1th to get us off again. Ultimately SANDOOK condescended to make a start, and we were towed out. Off the buoy we cast off and began our

eventful sail to Lymington. We had again arranged a cruise in company with LONA I. and NORSEMAN. LONA had made a start under sail a few minutes before us, and had got a good lead. The Newtown River Buoy is only incidentally a navigation mark; in reality, I am told, it indicates the extent of the property of the owner of the land. As we passed the buoy the mop fell overboard, and we lost some time retrieving it in the dinghy. As I mentioned before, SANDOOK had a fit of the sulks, and missed no opportunity of letting us know it. NORSEMAN was now well ahead, lying as close as possible to the wind to avoid being swept down the Solent by the hot spring ebb. We now realized our folly in starting for a cruise in a foul ship, and wished that we had not left the topsail behind. The wind got more and more paltry, and the tide roared past Hampstead Ledge Buoy. It soon became painfully obvious that we should have a struggle to get into the slack water on the Hampshire side before we were carried into Fiddler's Race and down the Needles channel. During the war the navigation of this passage is strictly forbidden, and Key Haven is out of bounds. I soon saw that we could not weather the Solent Bank's Buoy, and decided to get into shallow water off Yarmouth and anchor, but it was too late; the yacht had not steerage way, and we were relentlessly drifted down to Hurst, past Port Victoria. The LORNA DOONE now hove in sight, flying the Blue Ensign, and carrying a peculiar mark like a diabolé at the fore. As she came alongside she slowed down and asked us many pertinent questions, but gave no answer to my question, "How can I help it?" It was too deep to anchor, and, do what I would, the tide had us at its mercy. I first thought that we should go out through the North Channel, and then that we should bring up on the edge of the Shingles, but the SANDOOK decided for Alum Bay. Down we went at a good four knots. Suddenly there was a report and a flash from Hurst, and so I lowered the peak and head sails just to show that we realized the enormity of our crime. The absolute calm was now broken by a gentle southerly air, and we hoped that we might get into Totland Bay and anchor. We squared away and began to move through the water in the right direction, but we drifted down stern first till we were in Alum Bay. A torpedo boat came up and inspected us, and said nothing, but probably thought the more. We now seemed bound for the open sea, and I feared that we should be allowed to get out and then be forbidden to return, and condemned to circumnavigate the island, and bring up in Sandown Bay for inspection. But just as we reached the Needles a War Office tug came alongside, and her skipper hailed us, "My instructions are to take your name and port of departure, and then to take you in tow, and convey you to Port Victoria, there to await further instructions." We were "under arrest." The tug passed us a big hawser, which we made fast to our mast, and she slowly towed us back to Port Victoria. A sentry was stationed at the stern of the tug to keep us under observation. Arrived there, we tied up to the pier, and awaited instructions. We utilized the time to have lunch, and chatted with some of the soldiers, who turned out to be Warwickshire Territorials. As we were a Warwickshire ship, we took courage, and hoped that we should escape being interned till the end of the war to prevent our revealing the terrible secrets of the Needles Channel. The bo'sun, however, was so concerned when she was told that the skipper would probably be sent to prison, that she wept floods of tears. After about an hour a very courteous officer appeared and apologized for having been obliged to bring us back, suggesting that we "perhaps did not know that the Needles Channel was closed to navigation." We explained that we did, and thanked him for the tow. We asked permission to hang on till the tide eased, and were glad that we had not to pay for the tug, as we expected. At 3 p.m. we cast off, and at four picked up a friend's mooring just below the last lighted beacon, about a quarter of a mile from Bran's yard at Lymington. We had learned our lesson, and arranged with Bran to clean our bottom, so on Friday we sailed up to his jetty and lay alongside. At low tide the work was taken in hand, and well done for a charge of five shillings, which we considered very moderate. In future, when we want a scrub, we shall know where to go.

At low water the river at Lymington contracts to a mere ditch, but nevertheless the steamers manage to float up to the railway jetty, but I believe that they have to plough through the mud at springs. It blew hard all Saturday, so we remained alongside the whole day. In the evening Bran put us on a mooring, where he assured us we should only just sit in the mud at low water. We did, at an angle

of 45° against the bank. Before this happened the children took the dinghy, which has a very small sail of only 25 sq.ft. area, and beat down the river. Shortly afterwards I was amused to hear a gentleman in a dinghy hail a lady who was rowing down the river, "Miss X, are you going down the river?" Answer: "Yes." "You might look out for three very small children all alone in a dinghy; I have warned them not to go far, for they might drift out of the river, and they would have no idea what to do." Shortly afterwards the said small children appeared, running back before a fresh breeze. Six legs dangled in the water, and kept time to the strains of "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower." I thanked the gentleman for his kindness, and explained to him that the children had more or less lived in the dinghy for weeks, and could manage her better than I could. We were



THE LITTLE CRUISERS

soon fed up with life in a yacht at 45°, and went ashore for tea with friends. In the evening Bran towed us down the river, and we picked up WASP's moorings near the mouth of the river, to be ready for an early start next morning. On the 6th we turned out early, and at 5.20 we dropped the mooring, and immediately ran aground, although we were nearer to the middle of the river than we had been when on the mooring at the mouth of East Lake. The wind was north, and we were heading west, so we only had to wait till the tide rose sufficiently. We had, however, missed the last of the ebb, and in consequence we took a considerable time to clear the river. At 6.15 we passed Jack in the Basket, and found a nice little N.E. breeze outside, which aided by a strong east-going tide, brought us to the West Bramble at 7.40. The war regulations forbid craft to enter Southampton Water by the Thorn Channel; they must round the East Bramble Buoy and return to Hill Head. The reason for this regulation is not obvious. We had an interesting beat through a large fleet of transports stretched out from Cowes almost to Ryde, and when to leeward of them we noted a strong smell of Russian leather! We considered the advisability of pushing on to Wootton and bringing up for the night, but we realized that we should not find much water there at springs, so we squared away for Netley, where we anchored for lunch in three fathoms. When the first ebb made down we rolled a good deal, and had a constant tussle with the dinghy, which persisted in butting her parent. In the circumstances we decided that we might be very uncomfortable on the main ebb, and got

the anchor two hours after high water. We expected to get a good tide down to the Hamble Buoy, but the ebb did not really make down for another hour, three hours after high water at Southampton. The wind had veered all day, and there was a fine S.E. breeze, which gave us a dead beat. SANDOOK with a clean bottom was like another boat, and I took the opportunity to discover how close she would lie in smooth water. I found that she made an eight point course lying four points off the wind without any pinching. We had a splendid sail to Hamble, where we picked up the old mooring. Next morning we sailed up to Bursledon, and were directed to IANTHE's berth, which is on the edge of what is locally called the "heddy tide." It is difficult to pick up this mooring, because one never knows whether one is in the real or the eddy-tide. We luffed up short of our buoy, but adopted the lubberly trick of sending out a line to it with the dinghy. If we overshoot this mooring on a rising tide, it is easy to run gently aground and again send out a line and haul off. This is a still more discreditable method, but we once did it accidentally. Tuesday was devoted to the sad task of sending all the sea gear ashore and stowing it in the store for the winter. My wife and children remained for yet another week, and now SANDOOK is hauled up at Moody's, and the crew hope that the war will end in time to allow them to have another cruise next year.

SANDOOK has proved herself to be a good all-round craft, able to act as a houseboat or a cruiser. Her small sailplan makes her slow in light winds, but is a tremendous asset when short-handed. The short mast and light spars render her a very easy ship in troubled waters, and on the whole I have no desire for more canvas. I should, however, like a longer pole, which would allow me to set a jib header, and avoid all the bother involved by a yard topsail.

(This account of a family cruise on the Solent at the beginning of the 1914-18 War was published by Yachting Monthly in June 1915. It was evidently intended to provide some light relief to an increasingly sombre scene and, with war-time demands on his profession, it is difficult to understand how THE found the time or the energy to prepare it. In recent issues we have heard a great deal about SANDOOK without actually getting to grips with the boat, so in the next issue she will be featured in detail.- Ed.)

BEFORE YOU TURN TO THE NEXT PAGE

and whilst on the subject of future Newsletters, Joan has asked me to comment on the suggestion that there should be one "Bumper" issue per annum instead of the present two. The reasoning behind the suggestion is the realization that the supply of copy from old yachting journals is not inexhaustible and that we shall have to rely to a much greater extent than hitherto on contributions from Members. With this in mind, there is a possibility that the Summer issue, arriving as it does at the height of the sailing season, may not receive the attention that it otherwise might. The reasoning continues that if one single issue was received in the late winter (Northern latitudes) or early spring, at about fitting-out time, this would provide the necessary inspiration for Members' contributions. Joan is naturally concerned with continuity of communication, and the fact that the Newsletters are the life-blood of the Association, particularly in so far as Members overseas are concerned. There is also the consideration that the Newsletters provide a convenient vehicle for the dissemination of extraneous material. An opinion is of little value unless it is an honest one and so, from my own personal point of view, I feel bound to say that preparation of the Summer issue (or perhaps more truthfully thinking about it and endeavouring to motivate oneself) is in direct conflict with the serious business of commissioning my own boat for the season! To this extent I would support the new suggestion. As a compromise and in view of the fact that my Editorial duties combine with those of a sort of "Acting Assistant Secretary" it would be no trouble for me to send out the Summer paper-work accompanied by a letter from Joan. I remain at your service and it is up to you to decide. PLEASE DO LET US KNOW WHICH ARRANGEMENT you would prefer.

The Editor.

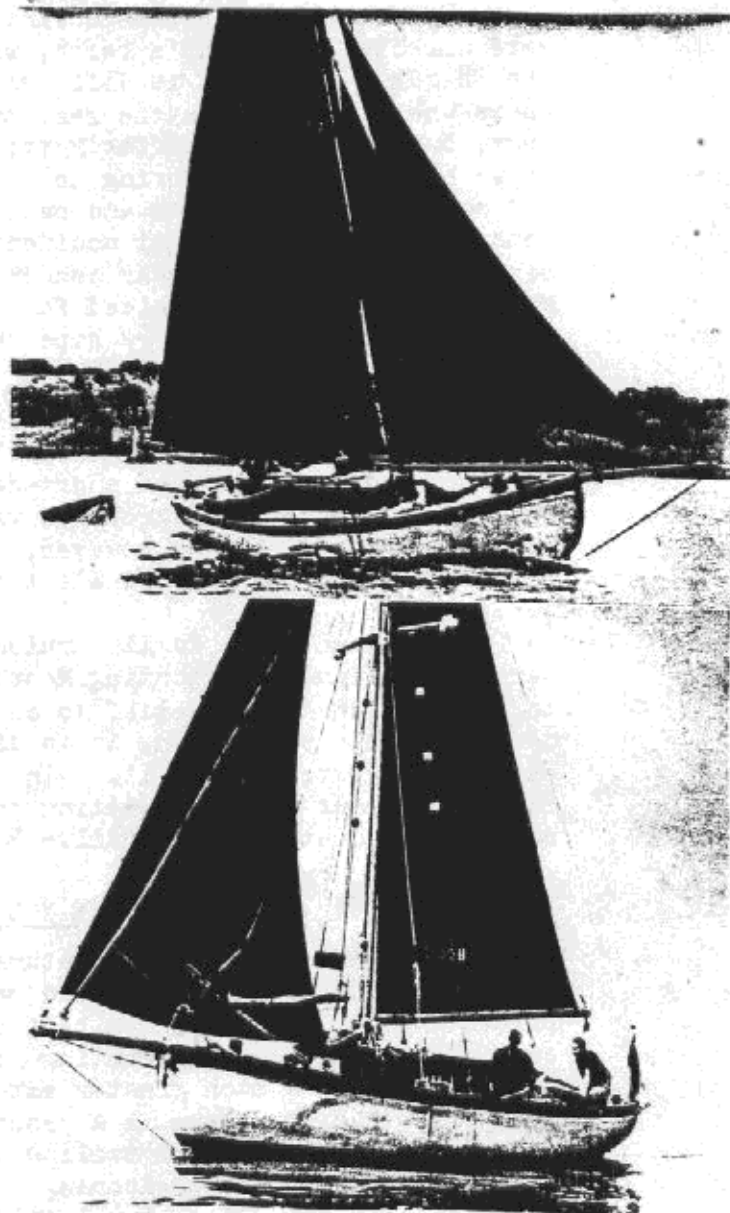
The ENGLYN design

Prepared by Dr.T.Harrison Butler for Francis B.Cooke's "Weekend Yachting" with
Descriptive Notes by the Designer.

SIZE. This has proved to be the most useful and popular. It is just large enough to allow a flush deck with comfortable sitting headroom under the beams, and a large area of deck for getting about with safety and comfort. She is large enough to look after herself, and for this reason would be an ideal single-hander. There is ample room to get at the gear in a sea-way, and there is no sail too large to be handled with comfort.

DESIGN. 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 L.W.L. of 22.5 ft. This drawing will be found in "Cruising Hints". Six of these yachts have been built and I have had the opportunity of sailing two of them. 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 18 ft. on the L.W.L. Three Yonnes have been built, but I am not yet in a position to speak about 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 has disappeared.

Englyn is a development of Yonne. On the same dimensions and displacement the stern has been fined down to give a better balance between the fore and aft bodies. The transom is narrower and the quarters finer. When heeled to 20 degrees the centre of buoyancy moves forward only one inch, which is negligible. The design has been made on a log keel with parallel sides. This is to give greater strength and to make the yacht easier and cheaper to build. The keel shown can be either iron or lead. If lead is chosen, some adjustment may be



PHOTOGRAPHS. NAIAD (above) under all plain sail, and PERADVENTURE (below) ghosting in light airs with her Genoa set. Whereas NAIAD's coach-roof is of normal height and stops short of the mast, PERADVENTURE's is high and extends forward of the mast, for her first owner was a tall man.

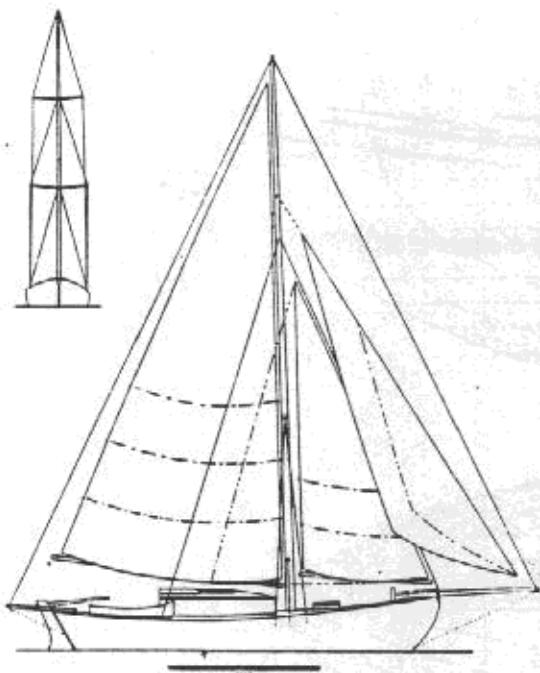


FIG. 43. *Englyn*, SAIL PLAN

Sail areas:

Mainsail, 242 sq. ft.	No. 1 jib, 73 sq. ft.
Staysail, 80 sq. ft.	No. 2 jib, 35 sq. ft.

necessary according to the weight of the engine. With a light engine a little will probably have to be cut off the forward end, because the weight is close to the total amount of ballast necessary with ordinary robust construction. I shall be glad if anyone contemplating building to this design will communicate with me, for I shall shortly have information about the behaviour and balance of *YONNE*, and it might be desirable to make minor alterations in the relation of centre of effort to centre of lateral resistance. One *Englyn* is already being laid down.

LAY OUT. This speaks for itself. The cockpit can be made deeper if desired, and the galley can come aft without any material alteration in the bulkheads.

Starting from the stern; there is a moderate-sized after locker for sails and warps. On the port side there are two lockers under the seat. The after one is a bo'sun's store and is shown containing lead-line and fog-horn. The forward one is the meat locker and will be zinc-lined. The compass is under the bridge deck and is viewed through

a sloping window which can be covered by a hinged flap. It will be electrically lighted. It is rather near the engine, but this cannot be avoided.

The petrol tank is under the starboard seat and forward of this is a large locker opening from the cabin. To port is a large hanging locker with hooks and coat hangers. I have found these most satisfactory on my *SANDOOK*. In the cabin, we have to port a folding chart box and table and in front of it a blanket bin that forms the back of the seat. We sleep on the cushions to port and let them be Vi-spring. On the starboard side there is a side table with a large locker under it. A folding pipe cot is provided on this side. Forward there is a heating stove and a pantry to port and a food locker to starboard. These both open into the fo'c'sle as well. In the fo'c'sle there is a swinging double Primus galley, with ample shelf-space behind it for all the cooking utensils. The navigation lights are stowed ahead of this. To starboard there is a folding pipe cot. In the eyes there is a large clothes locker for the guest. There is also a clothes locker under the pantry and food locker. There are five of these lockers in all. Right aft on the starboard side there is a cupboard for small articles, medicine bottles, etc. A simple bucket "toilet" has been shown forward; there is not room for a mechanical apparatus, but if such is desired it can be placed behind the food locker and under the folding cot. Provision will be made for attaching a gimballed primus to the heating stove at sea, so that cooking can be done under way without entering the fo'c'sle.

ENGINE. A 6 h.p. Watermota, or Stuart Turner, is shown, but there is ample room for a larger model. No attempt has been made to hide it away under the cockpit; it is completely accessible and does not have the evil effect on the moment of gyration that it would have if further aft. Again, there is room for a large water tank under the cockpit. The pump is in the cockpit and discharges through the topsides; it can easily in this position be fitted with a brake.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON T.H.B.

It may be that some new members are missing this interesting compilation by Joan J-B which was sent out with the last Newsletter. If this is the case please ask her for your copy.

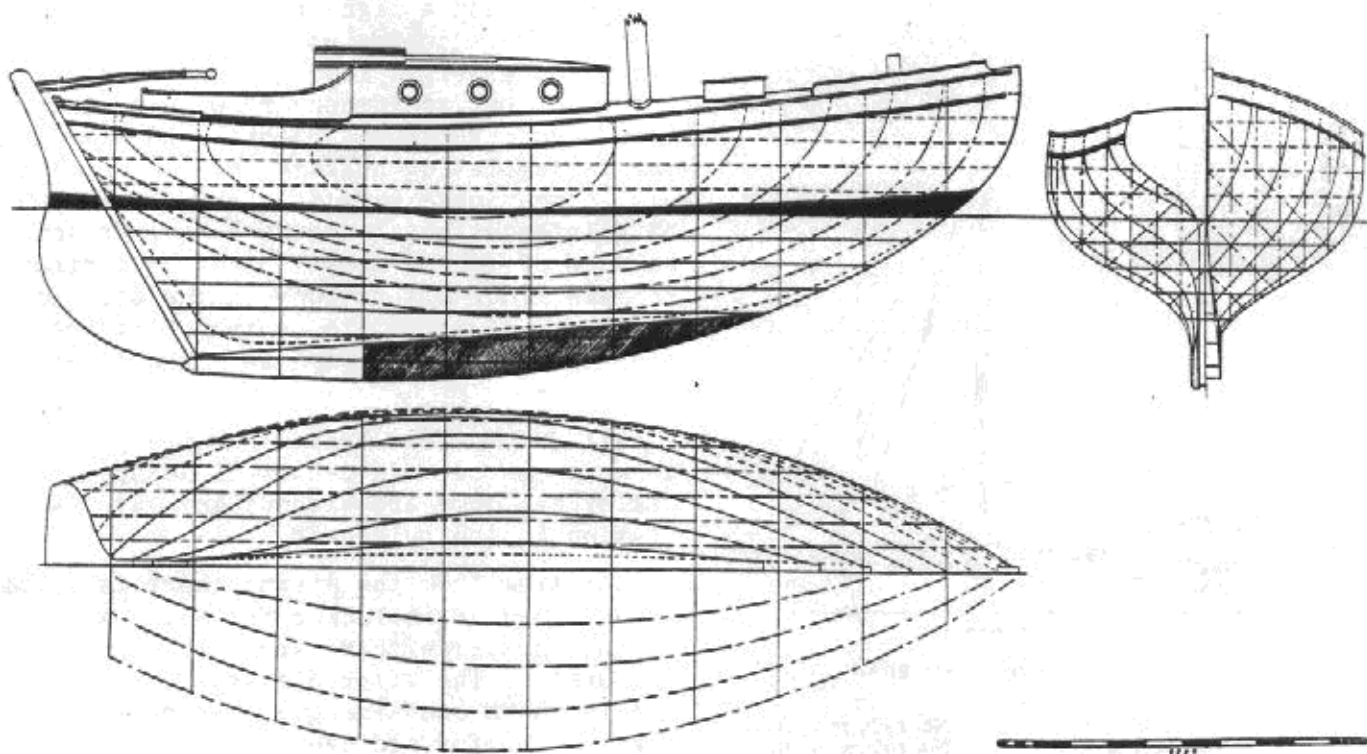


FIG. 41. *Englyn*, LINES
L.O.A. 26 ft. 6 in.; L.W.L. 22 ft. 6 in.; beam 8 ft. 7 in.; draught 4 ft. 6 in.; T.M. 7 tons.

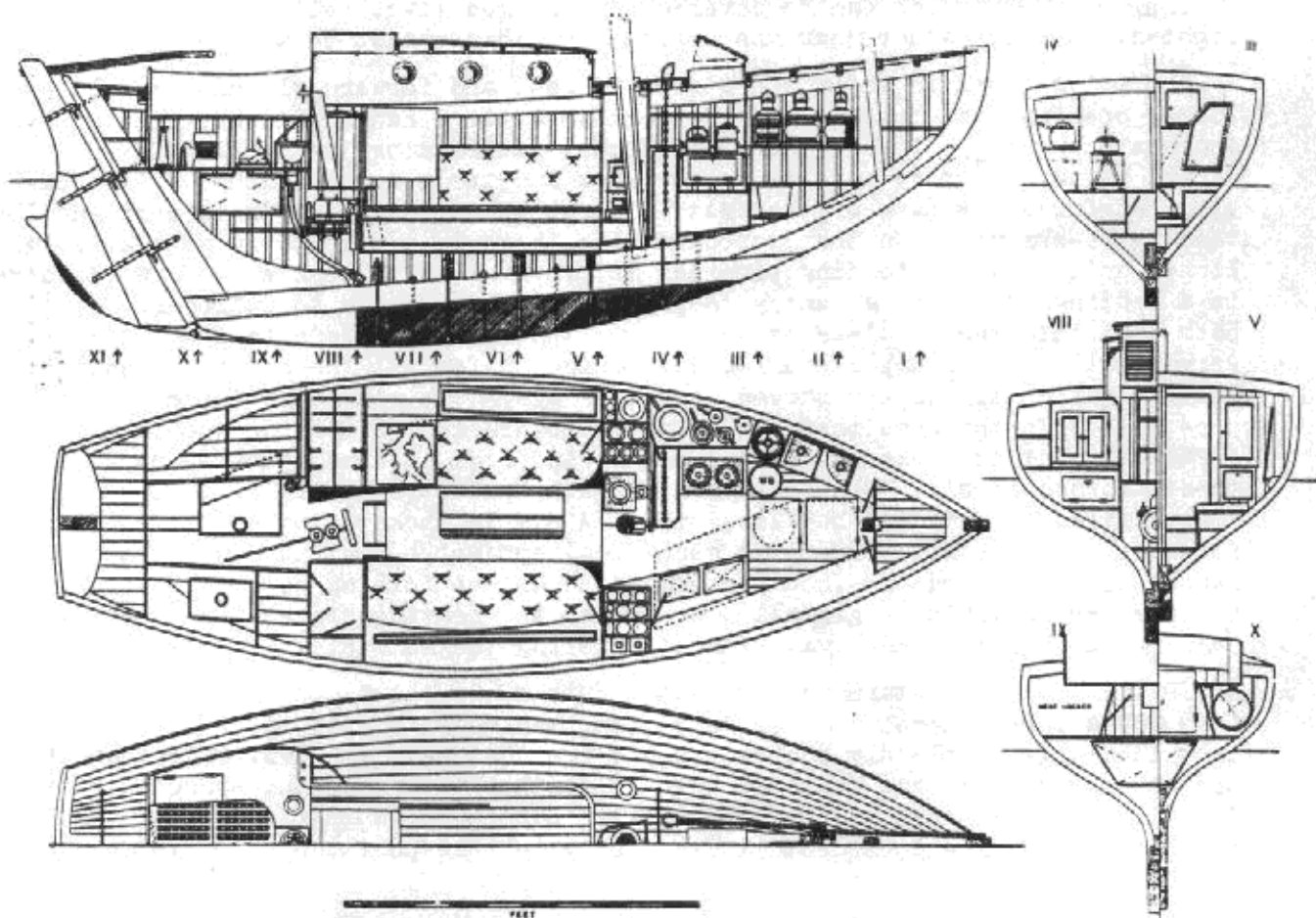


FIG. 42. *Englyn*, ACCOMMODATION

ADDENDUM TO MEMBERS' LIST

ASSOCIATE. Derek A. Stopps, Skerrols, East Road, St. George's Hill,
Weybridge, Surrey KT13 0LF Tel: Weybridge 46973.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Yacht WATERMAIDEN
c/o Nashford Bros.
Cremyll,
Torpoint,
Cornwall.

"Horta to Plymouth."

24th June 1985

Dear Joan,

Here we are back in Plymouth. This ride was a little more eventful than previous trips. After the usual start with a favourable wind and sunshine it changed to a N.E. blow after a couple of days and after about 10 hours hove-to I got moving again but the wind stayed N.E. for the next week in which time it had subsided to force 1 or less. At times calm - I think I made good 150 miles that week. I was obviously bang in the middle of the high (1034 mbs). (A week later I recorded 992 at the height of the blow off the Scillies). I certainly have to hand it to you people sailing for fun in U.K. waters. Anyway, the run in from Scillies was good although a 65 sq.ft. boomed staysail was all that was required as it was a good westerly. The only event was a wave which broke in the cockpit and sent a torrent into the cabin. I had the lower washboard in only. My mistake. But I had only once before seen a wave break when running. However, those seas off the Scillies were the biggest I've ever seen. It certainly is a majestic sight to see them rolling by. Interestingly, I learnt that even in such seas it is possible to reach - in my case under that boomed staysail alone, with no fear of broaching-to.

The wind was W. and I was able to head 130°T. making three knots. I think the reason is that the waves are so long and relatively smooth that the motion is no worse (and actually better) than beating into a shorter sea. The wind at the time was probably 8+. It sounded a lot worse and after listening to it for two days unabated you can imagine the relief when it finally went down. It has always seemed to me that the noise is the factor which is the most wearing on the crew (me) in these conditions.

However, I got into Cawsand Bay near Plymouth Breakwater at 0100 on 23 June and anchored. The following morning was a flat calm - so I didn't arrive too soon. So in all I did 1855 miles in three weeks to cover what should have been a great circle of 1250 and which I had previously done in 13 days. That's sailing!

Regards,

Geoff.

Yacht "Quest"
Mooloolaba. Qld.
Friday July 12th.

Dear Joan,

I hope that you're well, and enjoying some good sailing in the summer.

I thought I'd tell you about my cruise up to Queensland, which began when we left Sydney on May 11th. I have months long service leave, and my friend Jeff Rigby took some time off work. Our original plan was to sail to New Caledonia and then to Port Vila, in Vanuatu where my parents live. However it soon became apparent that this was far too ambitious for the time we had. Our first leg to Port Stephens was O.K., rather light on wind and heavy on swell, and we didn't feel too good. Had largely light winds and calm seas from Port Stephens to Coff's Harbour. While we were in Coff's a bad storm blew, up to 78 knots. 2 yachts foundered, with two men killed in this storm. Luckily we were in port where, at 2 a.m. (gales always blow hardest between 2 and 5 a.m. I think)

people were up securing lines, sail-covers, etc. My poor H.B. burgee is in shreds.

We left Coff's for Mooloolaba, 240 miles north, 4 days after the storm, with a strong southerly and fairly rough sea. Our second night-out was memorable, and a series of line squalls came up out of the south-east, the worst about 50 knots with pelting rain. QUEST did 6 knots under bare poles! There is nowhere to shelter on this part of the coast, and the forecasts kept right on predicting 20 knots! QUEST maintained a quiet confidence all the while, taking very little water in the cockpit, and relatively comfortable. By next day we found ourselves off Cape Moreton although you could only see the light because of rain and mist. We were in seas about 15-18' high and rather than try to round the Cape which we couldn't see, with reefs a couple of miles north, we headed to sea and hove-to for the night. Next morning we found clear skies, big seas and yet another gale warning out! We put up all sail, and motor, and ran hell for leather to Mooloolaba.

Had a good rest at the Yacht Club there, and from then on the weather improved, settling into the sunny warmth Queensland boasts. Sailed from Mooloolaba, overnight to the Great Sandy Strait between Fraser Island and the mainland. We spent a delightful week there, in peaceful anchorages with unspoilt bush on the island. Plenty of fish and dingoes ashore (very timid benign animals, grossly misrepresented). The waters abound with turtles, dugong and dolphins. The furthest north we went was a tiny settlement called "1770" because Capt. Cook went ashore here, his 2nd. landing in Australia. It still appears as he saw it, and his journal describes it very accurately. The entrance to the small anchorage is very shoal, and we went aground, on a falling tide too. We held QUEST up with anchors and the main boom used as a prop. She survived this very well, but it was rather alarming.

I've been delighted with QUEST. She's fast, and your father would be very proud of her runs. We averaged $6\frac{1}{2}$ knots for 2 of our 50 mile legs, and she's certainly the belle of any harbour we put into. In Coff's there was literally a queue of people asking questions, always surprised at her age. I think the design is in many ways ahead of its time - most of her contemporaries here are straight stemmed gaffers with very broad transoms. Is that the case in England?

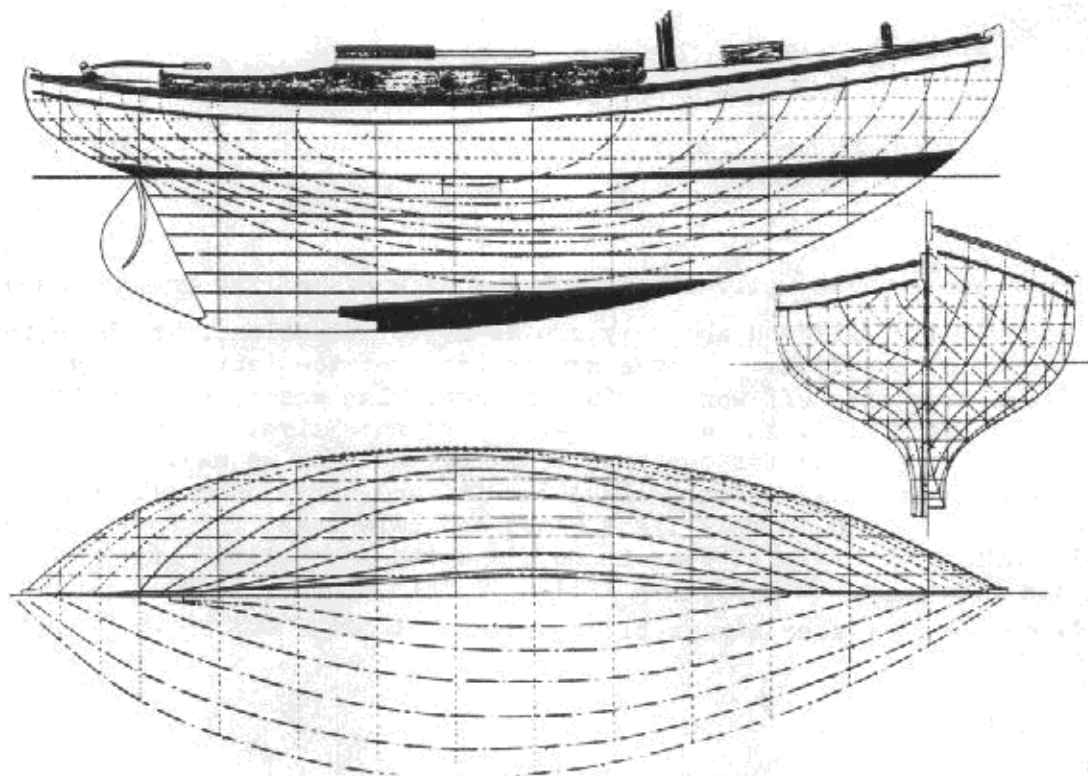
I am sure I am behind in my club subscription, but have no idea how much to pay. If you could let me know I'll send some money post haste.

We're headed south now, against the prevailing winds and into colder weather. Due back in Sydney in mid-August. Cheers to all in H.B.A.

Kind regards,

Kathy Veel.

Lines of QUEST



Davaar House
Campbeltown
Argyll PA28 5RE

7th. July 1985

Dear Mr. Mather,

I do apologise for not replying sooner to your interesting and exciting letter of 6th. June, and I must thank you for answering so comprehensively and in such detail my enquiry.

Your surmise that my boat FAOILEAG (meaning a young Seagull) was built to the Bon Marché design which appeared in the Yachting Monthly in 1921 is indeed correct. She was built for Sheriff Hamilton, Sheriff of Oban and North Argyll by John MacDonald of Oban, and launched about May 1922 by Mrs. Neil MacKinnon. Sheriff Hamilton sold FAOILEAG to me in 1954 so that I am only her second owner over a period of 63 years. The Sheriff, then approaching 80, fondled the hull and remarked, "She owes me nothing!" Mr. MacDonald was happily then still to the fore and he helped me to do a complete refit and to prepare FAOILEAG for sea - he was intensely proud of her. At the time of building he had been in correspondence with Dr. Harrison Butler and one or the other suggested that for West Highland waters a draught of 3'6" might be more satisfactory than the 3' as shown in the design, and Dr. H.B. drew out a slightly altered and heavier keel - I still have the signed drawing and have sent it to Mrs. Jardine Brown because I am sure she will be interested to see her father's signature again.

I am looking out suitable photographs for the Association's Collection. I still have a fragment of the blue-print from which the boat was built and therefore I should be extremely grateful to have copies (photostat) of the Yachting Monthly articles Nov 1915, XX p.47, 1921 XXX p.404 and Feb. 1941, and should be glad to reimburse you for any expense this may incur. Meantime I have sent off my Registration Fee and Subscription to Mrs. Jardine Brown; she also has written me a wonderful letter.

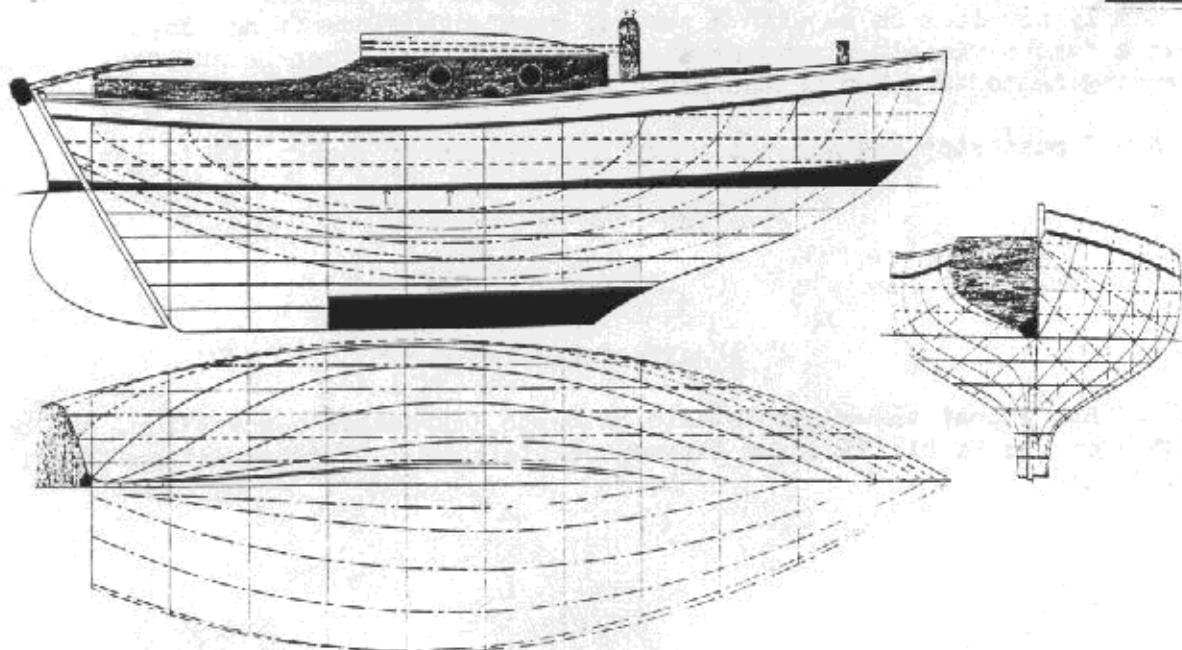
As Dr. H.B. said in his 1941 article FAOILEAG does carry a lot of weather helm when heeled over in a stiff breeze but that is when she is at her best - a great heavy weather boat and especially fast to windward. As you can imagine I have had in 31 years my share of triumphs and vicissitudes, but I am still madly in love with her.

Thank you once again for your letter and for your interest.

Yours sincerely,

Hector MacNeill.

BON MARCHE



(I cannot resist publishing this second letter from Hector MacNeill - any reference to the Sheriff is entirely anecdotal!)

Davaar House
Campbeltown
Argyll PA28 6RE

8th. August 1985

Dear Mr. Mather,

Many thanks first for your most interesting letter of 23rd. July and again for your magnificent photo-copies of the 3 Yachting Monthly articles showing the development of Dr. Harrison Butler's ideas on the "smallest possible cruiser".

It was a great joy to me to see at last the complete drawings of "Bon Marche" and especially the sail and rigging plan which has remained almost unchanged to the present day. I think it will be possible for you to detect that the keel is somewhat deeper (as seen in the 2 photographs which I enclose for the HB Association records) than in the original plan.

You may be interested to know that FAOILEAG was originally a day boat - $\frac{3}{4}$ decked with cockpit tent - and sweeps only for use when becalmed, exactly as you are suggesting to Mr. Goldstraw of Kirkcudbright (Elton Boatbuilding Company). I added a small cabin in 1957 something like the one in the plan but I suspect that Joan was horrified to see that the cabin windows were not round portholes as her father would have no doubt specified.

I shall try to let you have a couple of good photographs of FAOILEAG under sail. I think I told you that she sails extremely well to windward and if the wind is blowing hard enough for me to be slightly scared I am still able to pass any modern boat of similar size around here when close-hauled. My predecessor the Sheriff is reputed to have revelled in sailing her "on her ear" - did not believe much in reefing. He won the 25 mile Oban to Tobermory Race in 1935 and celebrated so freely as almost to have to spend the following night in Tobermory Gaol! In 1955 I came in 4th. out of 13 starters in the same Race - was lying last after 7 miles of no wind - when a brisk north-wester, dead on our faces, blew up and I proceeded to sail through the fleet passing no fewer than 8 boats on the way.

I am most grateful to you for the trouble you have taken to supply me with so much information and those priceless plans from the earlier part of the century. My family now look on me with a sort of reverence since it has dawned on them what a famous vessel we possess and my wife, I should not be surprised, will be pressing me to take her to the Association reunion.

Now I must stop and get this very late letter of thanks off to you.

Yours sincerely,

Hector MacNeill.

A gaff-rigged Zyklon?

MARY NIVEN, a boat answering to this hitherto improbable description, has been spotted on the Hamble River by Alessandro Sternini. Further information in the next Newsletter. Ed.

PLEASE LOOK OUT FOR THE FOLLOWING HB BOATS AND REPORT WHEREABOUTS AND IDENTIFY OWNERS

<u>YACHT</u>	<u>DESIGN</u>	<u>BUILDER</u>	<u>LAST KNOWN LOCATION</u>
ARA	Pépin	Harry King & Sons, Pin Mill(1936)	Mediterranean
ARD CHUAN	Cyclone II	A.M.Dickie & Sons, Tarbert(1930)	U.S.A.
ARDGLASS	Cyclone II	Anderson, Rigden & Perkins, Whitstable(1929)	
BONVEEN			
COOT ex CLIO II	Zyklon Z4	A.Lockhart (Marine), Brentford(1939)	Bosham
CURLEW ex ALLEGRO	"	" " (1938)	West Mersea
DISCORDE			France
D'VARA	Dream of	S.E.Bradfield, Como, W.Australia(1958)	U.S.A.
(Wishbone Ketch)	Arden		
EDITH ROSE	Edith Rose	A.H.Moody & Son, Swanwick Shore(1937)	U.S.A.
ELGRIS	Tabloid?	C.H.Fox & Son, Ipswich(1933)	Aldeburgh
ERLA	Sinah	Vigge Hansen, Copenhagen(1938)	U.S.A.
GARLEFFAN	Zyklon Z4	A.Lockhart (Marine), Brentford(1939)	
GREY OWL	Zyklon	Everson & Sons, Woodbridge(1938)	Majorca
IBIS	Cyclone		Germany
KAPOEAS(Steel)	Decreased	Built for H.Munnig Schmidt(1932)	Holland
	Khamseen		
LITTLE WYCH	Zyklon Z4	A.Lockhart(Marine), Brentford(1941)	
LITTLE ZAHRY	"	" " (1938)	
MEMORY	Memory	E.L.Woods, Cantley(1912)	Ireland
MEMORY	Cyclone		New Zealand
OTHONA	Englyn	J.W.Shuttlewood & Sons, Paglesham(1937)	
QUEST (Not Vindilis QUEST)			
SEASALTER	Fastnet	Anderson, Rigden & Perkins, Whitstable(1931)	
SORELIA ex	Zyklon Z4	A.Lockhart (Marine), Brentford(1939)	
SISTER			
SALTWIND	"	" (1940)	
TRANA	Omega	J.W.& A.Upham, Brixham(1938)	
WITTE WALVIS	Zyklon		Holland
YOLDIA	Davinka	Abe Batwarf, Abe(1928)	Finland



A L M O N D E
"Found" 1985

