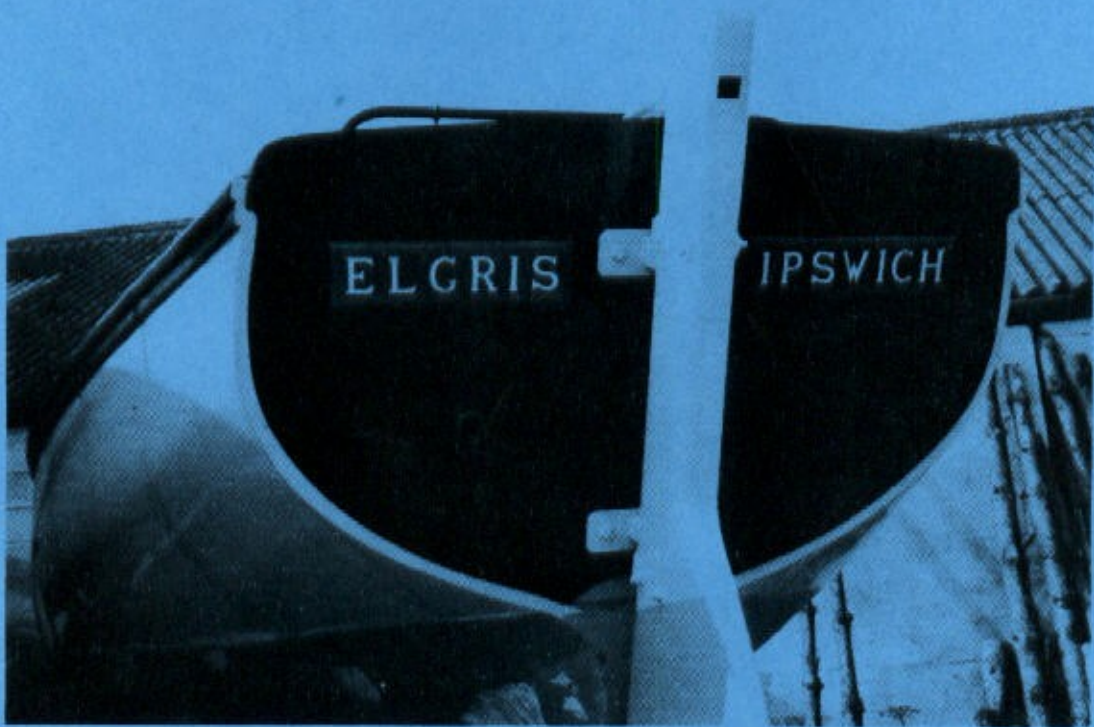




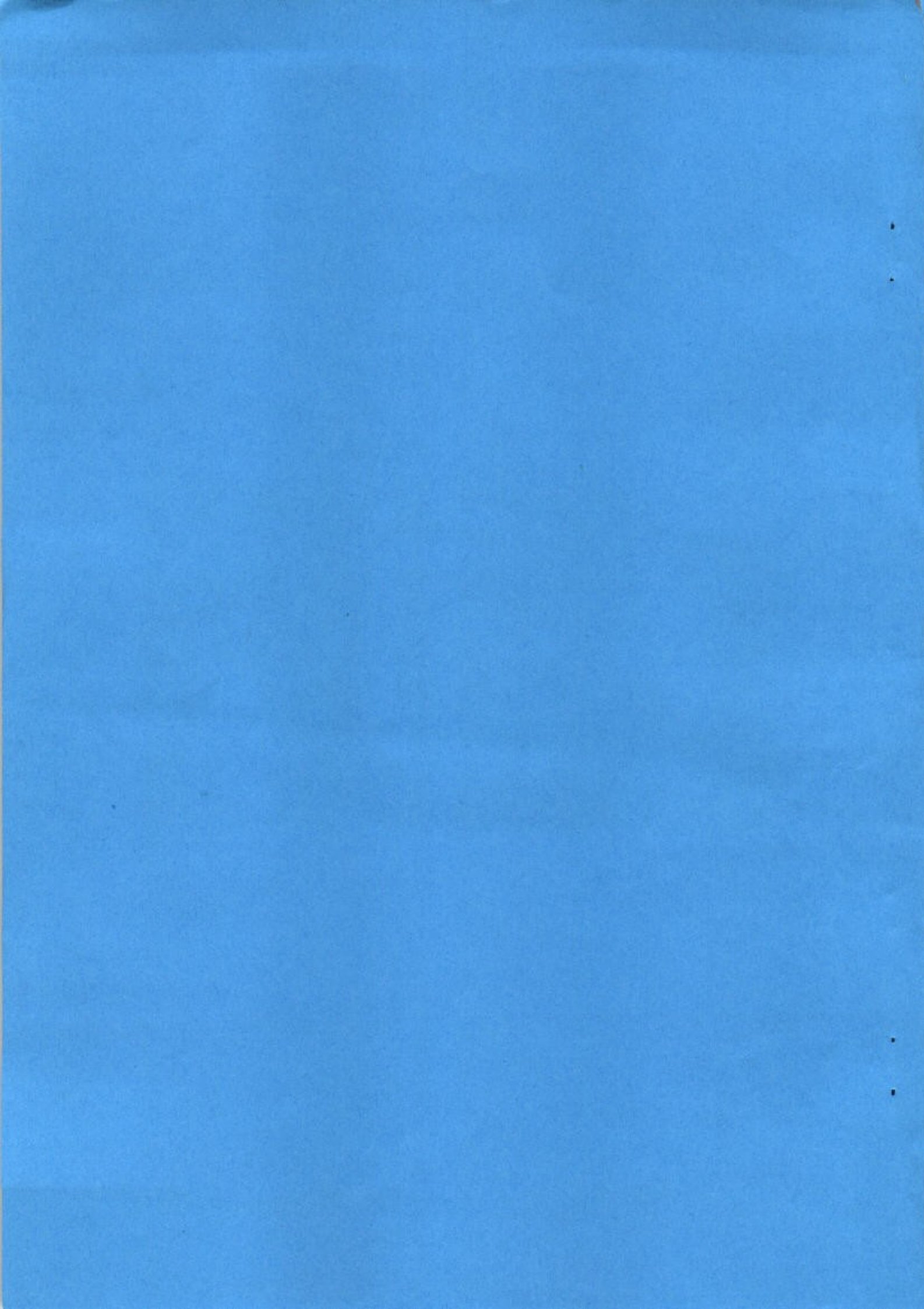
THE HARRISON BUTLER ASSOCIATION



"No-16"

NEWSLETTER No: **29**

SUMMER **1989**



LETTER FROM OUR PRESIDENT

The Crag
St Mawes

June 1989

Dear Members,

I must hurry this missive to Peter or or there won't be a Summer Newsletter and I'd like to start by welcoming all our new members to the H.B.A.. You'll find quite a lot of new names in the 1989 List of Members. Several of these have joined since the supplementary list was sent out and one or two of them are trying to buy H.B. boats and I wish them success.

At the A.G.M. we were again missing our Chairman as Ron and Mary had flown to the Virgin Islands and couldn't get a flight back in time for the meeting. However, Denis Murrin made an admirable sit-in for what turned out to be a very interesting meeting.

Before the meeting, we had a talk by H D. Brodie Good, a one-time Associate member who had written to me because a client of his wished to build an Englyn in F.R.P., using a one-off system which Brodie's firm markets and he wished for the approval of the H.B.A. and for my own approval. He came to lunch and those at his table were able to discuss the matter and learn something about the CHC-HULTEC system before the meeting. Brodie described the method in his talk and answered some fairly searching questions, some of which, we felt, were not wholly answered. During the meeting we had a very full and wide ranging discussion and the upshot was that we agreed that, subject to certain safeguards, we should allow H.B. boats* in materials other than wood. It has been done in the past: there were at least two steel boats built before the war and in November I was told that there is a ferro-cement H.B. on the Dart: pirated, I suspect! Details of the meeting appear in the Minutes which I think you'll find make interesting reading.

We have decided to have two functions in September: a Meet at Ginn's Farm, Beaulieu River: on September 2nd, with Supper at the Royal Southampton Yacht Club, and, the Laying-up Supper at the Bull Hotel, Woodbridge, on September 23rd. Details about both are included with the newsletter. I hope a good contingent from the South will migrate to Woodbridge to meet our East Coast members - the ones who haven't been able to make it to our previous functions in addition to those whom we have already met in the South.

I was very glad to be able to report that the Fawley B. project had been dropped - at any rate for the present. The idea of a vast coal-fired power station and coal jetty there, in addition to the existing commercial complex was horrible to contemplate.

Remember to keep February 24th 1990 free so that you will be able to come to the A.G.M.. For those who don't know, it's much more like a large family gathering than a formal meeting - even to helping with the washing up!

The news of Alessandro is sadly still not good and we are still trying to find a purchaser for **JARDINE**. I'm keeping all my digits (toes as well as fingers) crossed for the current nibble to turn into a bite. Unfortunately, Tahiti is on none of our doorsteps.

Just as I was on the brink of setting off for Dorset/Cornwall, I was rung up by a very new Associate member (in fact, he became a member during the course of our conversation) to ask for **PERADVENTURE**'s vital statistics as he wanted to enter her in the Round the Island (Isle of Wight) Race. Michael Hibbit sails **PERADVENTURE** when Hugh is too busy to do so and now that he has joined us we shall still be able to keep tabs on her.

I don't often pass up opportunities of offering membership to interested

* to be built

people and I did just this at the wedding reception of Lucy Hunter-Weston, a great granddaughter of T.H.B. (daughter of Caroline) where William and Mary Temple joined Derek Dawes and Ken Baillie were also enrolled on the phone.

Some of our U K based boats are still far-flung: **TRADEWIND** is probably thinking about her return from the Caribbean and I suspect is now in U.S. waters. We have a very interesting account of their voyage thus far from Phil and Jill and I hope we shall have the final instalment for our next issue. We also have further words on **GALATEA**'s cruise in the Galapagos by Tom Keppel who sailed with Steve and Marlene.

Boyd and Desirée visited the Galapagos Islands this year with friends, by public transport and I hope there will be a word or two from them too. The nearest I've been to these islands is to lend Desirée a camera.

The last time I heard of **CORA A.** she was in Venezuela but she must have left there long ago. Perhaps Peter has more up to date news.

Geoff Taylor has commuted back from the Caribbean: how many trans-Atlantic crossings does this make? I'm hoping to see him while I'm here and, who knows? Perhaps he'll turn up in **WATERMAIDEN** who must, I think, return to her native element again this season to sail. Last year she did little more than dip her toes in the water rather diffidently after her long spell in Mashford's shed but she must have gained from all the T.L.C. given by Geoff each summer.

Another boat which has emerged from an extensive refit is **JUNE**. Rodney Nevols sent me photographs of "Before and After" and the change is fantastic. Peter Mather tells me that she is afloat and sailing again and that she is looking immaculate. I hope it won't be too long before the same can be said of **THE LADY MARY OF WOODBRIDGE**, **GREYLAG**, **DORADO OF KEYHAVEN** and any other H.B.s which are being worked upon ashore.

ELGRIS is one of these and as a result of a last minute change of plan it is she who is being featured in this number despite the fact that it means repeating the Tabloid design. I'm sure our Editor is impatient to get her into the water so that he can compare her sailing qualities with his two previous H.B.s, both of which were Z.4-tonners. Even two Z.4s can feel different from each other, I'm told. I have yet to sail in one myself.

LINDY II has well deserved compliments paid to her - and in parenthesis, to the Goodhands, in the June Yachting Monthly. T.H.B. is certainly still on the map. I do hope that Lindy will have some other H.B.s to keep her company at the Classic Boat rallies this summer.

My post-bag has been as busy as ever and I'm still in default: I can't devote my whole life to H.B.A. affairs so there are bound to be delays. I do like to be reminded if I keep people waiting too long: it does sometimes mean that I have forgotten.

In a letter to Wendy Funnell, to be passed on to me, Ian Robertson (a past Associate member) has answered the question I posed in the last newsletter anent the respective merits of the two designs, **Sinah** and **Dream of Arden**, T.H.B.'s first and last metacentric designs. He writes:

'I have been sailing in **ARDENE**, John Hartley's **Dream of Arden**. I have found her to be not near as good as his previous boat **AMIRI** which is a **Sinah** design, in the manner of hull balance. That boat was absolutely uncanny. In any wind or sea condition or combination of sail it was perfectly balanced with absolutely neutral helm, even with far too much sail and heeled to such an angle that the lee deck was inches under the water, still feather light helm.

'If only T.H.B. could have sailed that boat he'd have been ecstatic about its performance.

'Richard and Maureen Lee own it now as you probably know and it's on an

extensive cruise. It's a very fast boat for its type also.

'The *Dream of Arden* is stiffer but once the breeze is at 15 knots it has very strong weather helm. It can be relieved by reefing the mainsail but *AMIRI* didn't mind how much sail was on.

'It's not as steady downwind as *AMIRI* either and needs constant helm correction. *AMIRI* just went downwind as if on rails. The rudder on *AMIRI* is farther aft and considerably more vertical.

'I'm sure that *Sinah* was T.H.B.'s ultimate boat, he just happened to hit it right, with that one.

I noticed in the last newsletter that Joan wondered how these two compared. Mine, as an unbiassed opinion may interest her and I'd like you to pass it on to her.'

It does interest me, considerably, and it appears that the metacentric designs with his customary profile with an unbroken curve from stem to stern are better balanced than the "more modern" profile he adopted for later designs e.g. *Dream of Arden* and *Sylph of Arden*. Actually, there is a slight reverse curve in *Sinah*'s forefoot.

Wendy Funnell relinquished the Association's purse to Peter Hasler at the A.G.M. and there is information about the change after this letter. Please note that Peter's name is HaslEr, not HaslAr: he's neither a creek nor a hospital.

I'm very grateful for the help which Wendy gave me throughout her term as Treasurer - and it wasn't restricted to monetary matters either for the A.G.M. lunches owe much to her help in the kitchen on the eves of the meetings. She is Galley-Slave-in-Chief and I hope will continue as such.

Do remember that I enjoy visits from members either at The Chestnuts or here. There's never enough time to talk to people at the A.G.M.s because I wear so many hats.

Returning to the subject of boat behaviour, Frank Hart tells me that he had some trouble with lee-helm aboard *ISABELLA* (Omega) but that it has been cured by putting a curve in the mast. I wonder if the trouble was caused by adding a bowsprit to what was designed as a stem-head sail plan?

On that query I will end this letter, with the hope that I shall see many of you at our meets and/or in my home and that life will treat you well and give you good sailing.

My very best wishes to you all.

Yours aye,

Joan.

*****O*****

THE WITHIE

One day the men who live by the quay sought out a young sapling. They chopped it down, lopped off its twigs and smaller branches, and dipped its foot in tar.

When the tide was at its lowest ebb they carried the young tree, now stripped and naked, across the mud to where the channel bends, and there dug and pushed until it stood firmly and unaided.

Then, when the tide came back again with the flood, the young tree withstood the power of the waters swirling round its trunk, and told strangers and old friends too, too, just where the channel turns.

So to-day when I sail up the silent creek on the flood, passing the wind-blown trees on the seawall and the old hulk that has lain there since I do not know when, the young tree, though it is dead and grows no more, tells me just where to port my helm and haul my wind that I may safely arrive at the quay.

Robin Carpenter.

THE HONORARY TREASURER

Please note that our Treasurer is now:

Peter W. Hasler
34 Tavistock Square
London WC1H 7DS
Tel. (Evenings) 01 637 0855

If you pay by Banker's Order, please notify your bank of the new account number and the address of the branch:

The Woolwich Building Society
236 High Holborn
London. WC1V 7DS
Account No. 7-532-87744

If you wish to pay by Banker's Order, write to Peter for a form.

If you haven't yet paid your subscription, which was due on January 1st, please do so now, quickly, before you forget again.

Subscription rates: Full Members £7

Associate Members £5

Cheques to be made out to The Harrison Butler Association, please.

Ties £5.25 Burgeses & Houseflags £5.00



WENDY was built to the Askadil design by W.A. King & Sons, Ltd* in 1934. She is a circumnavigator that has become temporarily lost to the Association. Let us hope that her owner, whoever he or she may be, will come forward and join us.

*Middlesbrough

Filling the Hungry with Good Things

Stimulated by a fortunate second-hand purchase, I have been re-reading Commander E.G.Martin's book Deep Water Cruising (OOP 1928), based on his Atlantic sailing in JOLIE BRISE between 3 April and 27 July 1926: 6,000 miles out, the Bermuda Race and 3,000 miles home.

There is a wealth of wisdom and entertainment to be found in some of these old books, and what a pleasure it is to handle good paper and see ample margins, fault-free letterpress and splendid black and white photographs. A bonus is the light they shed on customs and attitudes of the day: for example, one of the 'real uses' for an engine, in Martin's view, is to ensure that one 'is not becalmed at sea with ladies on board.'

As for food, 'not an attractive subject', though Martin devotes a whole chapter to it, five men for six weeks called for, as well as whisky, claret, white wine, rum and brandy, 200 lbs of fresh beef, 70 lbs of bacon ('not enough'), 200 lbs flour, 100 lbs biscuit, 15 dozen eggs, 60 lbs butter, 20 lbs tea, 30 lbs coffee, 4 x 4 lb Dutch cheeses ('the tropics seemed to suit them') and much else, including Marmite ('I am told by a doctor that it is very wholesome'). Though he had reservations about other aspects of the game ('I have never met with any sail which is as troublesome to handle as a raffee'), Martin regarded food as the one really troublesome and difficult part of one's work in preparing a ship for sea.' Troublesome, not unnaturally considering the context, was one of his favourite words, occurring thrice in nine lines in the chapter on the Gulf Stream.

If the Editor feels benevolent I may submit a further piece on Martin's book, perhaps considering another aspect of interest to HBA members: yacht design. Meanwhile, here is the recipe for

Commander E.G.Martin's Onion Soup

Get the largest and finest onions available. Here, Spanish onions seem to be the best. Peel them, for choice sitting a few points to windward of them on deck; or peel under water, or one can see to do only about three. Allow about two for each man. Cut them into quarters and put them into a large saucepan with a cover. For five men I should cut up 12 onions. Pour in enough cold water to make plenty of soup for all hands; add two full tablespoonsful of Bovril; about one-quarter pound of butter; a dessertspoonful of Lea and Perrins Worcester sauce; black pepper, with caution; and if there is any, a small wine glass full of sherry, or rather more white wine, when the cooking is nearly finished. It seems best not to add any salt in the cooking. Allow the mixture to boil gently, and stir occasionally until the onions have all fallen to pieces and are perfectly soft. The soup is then made.

P.W.Hasler



SHOTLEY POINT MARINA, Suffolk

CLASSIC BOAT FESTIVAL

On Saturday, 24th June on its last day, Ruth and I paid our visit to the Festival by road. It was a glorious day and had been all the week.

The Festival was open to all gaff, lug and sprit rigged craft of whatever age and an equal welcome was given to Bermudian yachts designed prior to 1955. There was a varied programme of races and cruises in company to neighbouring waters by day; and song, music and conviviality by night. Also, whilst craft were away during the day, shore visitors like ourselves were entertained with sea shanties from the deck of the Thames Barge **DAWN**.

The last Saturday coincided with the Pin Mill Sailing Barge Match so those craft were in great evidence, in addition to those that had come from near and far a week earlier, including a contingent from the River Blackwater that had beat down the Waller against a foul wind in order to be there.

One of our objectives was to make contact with any HB boats that might have been there. We looked almost in vain. Then, we spotted a familiar canoe-stern profile which turned out to be the 8 ton Edith Rose design **KEEPSAKE**, built by the Ponsharden Shipyard, Falmouth in 1937. She is owned by Mr C.E. McKinney of Little Yeldham, Essex who is not yet a member of the Association although he has been invited to join us more than once.

Unfortunately, she was locked up but evidence of her owner's recent presence was the Festival banner flying bravely from the crosstrees: the motif shown above on a yellow field. Had he been there we should have used our best endeavours to sign him up.

KEEPSAKE appeared to us to be quite the most elegant of the Bermudian cruising yachts present and thus it was that we felt even more keenly our disappointment that more HB boats were not present particularly when, apart from **ELGRIS** who was not ready on time, we knew of at least four other HBs moored less than half a day's sail away, and possibly more.

A more tenuous link with the HBA was the 4½ ton gaff cutter **SWIFT** that had sailed across from Amsterdam (Ijsmuiden - Harwich 130 miles) to attend the Festival. She has been in Dutch ownership since the sixties but was designed originally for Claud Worth as a "day boat" during his latter years by G. Cozens who was Arthur Payne's draughtsman. She was built in 1929 by Anderson, Rigden and Perkins. She is almost flush-decked which means there is little headroom below but her small deep cockpit makes her very safe and seaworthy. She has an almost identical sister called **MY QUEST** (originally **QUEST**) except that the latter has a conventional cabin-top and as a result much more room below. **MY QUEST** was built for one of the Sufflings in 1930 by E.L. Woods of Horning and both craft are still in fine condition. Whilst talking to the crew of **SWIFT** we discovered that they were planning to leave her at Heybridge Basin (where **MY QUEST** is berthed) so that they can take part in the Old Gaffers Race together. The HB connection is that they know Peter Morée and were able to report that **YARINYA** is in fine fettle, part of her restoration being the replacement of her ironwork with cast bronze!

Two other craft that attracted considerable interest were Commander R.D. Graham's **EMANUEL** whose present owners, Robert and Jan Holden, were acting as "curators" with museum-style documentation laid out on her cabin-top thanks to the fine weather; and the 42 foot steam schooner, **MYRA**, built at Rowhedge in 1893, owned by Peter Darby of Woodbridge.

In a short description such as this it is impossible to do justice to the wide range of craft that were present ranging from a Brixham trawler to a West Solent Class through a variety of shapes, sizes and rigs. Suffice to say that the Festival appears to have been a huge success and is to be repeated next year.

We found the Marina itself impressive. One of the first things we noticed was the row of flag poles flying the emblems of France, Belgium, the Netherlands, West Germany, Denmark and Norway - indeed all the countries which border the North Sea, a clear indication of the Marina's long-term ambitions. Although its value was understood by the Royal Navy during two World Wars, Harwich Harbour has been slow to develop - first commercially and now for private pleasure, hopefully on an international basis.

The Marina is located at the confluence of the Rivers Orwell and Stour, on the north shore of the latter, just upstream from Shotley Point and almost in the shadow of the recently restored mast which was for so long a feature of the boys' naval training establishment, H.M.S. GANGES. An approach is made through port and starboard "goal posts" and a dredged channel to the lock gates. Directional stability is maintained by means of an Inogon Navigation System. This passive optical light mounted at the lock entrance directs the approaching vessel with a display of arrows to show which direction to steer. A vertical black line is displayed when the vessel is in the centre of the approach channel. There are two waiting pontoons if the lock gates are shut. The most up-to-date computer controlled "mitre and sector" gates ensures that easy access to the Marina is assured in all weather conditions, and virtually every state of the tidal range. The lock itself, which can hold a single vessel of about the size of a Thames Sailing Barge, is most conveniently arranged with handy bollards every few feet and rubber lined sides towards the top of the lock, so that for part of the time in the lock fenders are unnecessary.

Once inside, there is no need for the visitor to panic as there are numerous uniformed officials on hand - friendly, helpful and efficient - to direct one along a broad "avenue" on the Orwell side to an allocated branch cul-de-sac each of which is lettered and the individual berths numbered. As a general rule yachts lie one each side of a "finger" pontoon, and there is ample room to manoeuvre. All berths are served by hoses and electricity whilst ashore are the usual showers and lavatories.

Happily there is no residential or hotel development which can be such an unpleasant feature of "country" marina sites. However, E & J Leisure Ltd operate the so-called Nelson Suite comprising Lady Hamilton's Restaurant, the Trafalgar Tavern and the Admiral's Yacht Club. Nearby there is also the Admiral's Larder, the prices in which we did not investigate. The Marina is intended to be family orientated so no doubt these places have their value but for those of less pretentious tastes the Bristol Arms is a few hundred yards down the road serving food both in the bar and in a separate restaurant as well as a reasonable pint.

Berths during the period of the Festival for those taking part were FREE (see what else you missed!) but the basic twelve months berth rent is £168 per metre based on a minimum of 7 metres (5 metres for Visitors Short Term). The period April-September only is 80% of the annual charge, and 40% for the other six months October to March. A three months Visitors Long Term would be £48.30 per metre and there are options of one month and one week. There are discounts for pre-payment and for a year there are "easy terms" but with a 10% loading. There are, incidentally, special terms for 10 or more visiting boats.

Some of our Suffolk friends take a lot of convincing but those whom we know attended the Festival pronounced themselves well pleased despite considerable locking delay at the outset due to the sudden arrival of so many craft.

The Editor.



"TRADE WIND"
Mochima,
Venezuela.

29.7.88

As you can see from the address **TRADE WIND** has brought us further than our dreams of a few years ago. I do not, however, wish to bore you with details of our trip which has been done hundreds of times before and by many with more talent with a pen than I possess. Just some impressions.

Biscay started well but degenerated into a strong south-westerly leaving **TRADE WIND** hove-to and me sick, wondering if I was really cut out for this life.

North Spain was unspoilt and glorious. Our first port, the little village of El Barquero, was the closest we have been to paradise for the whole trip.

Eating and drinking in Portugal is cheap so we indulged ourselves as we worked our way south. Oporto we visited by ancient tram rather than brave the bar at the river mouth. It was a trip not to be missed. The town, set in a gorge in the river is quite beautiful. So too is Lisbon which we loved. We wandered round the city. Like the tourists we enjoyed lunches in little back street restaurants. Just around the corner, so to speak, is Sesimbra where they build and repair wooden fishing boats in a setting that would not be out of place when **TRADE WIND** was built, 53 years ago. We found it captivating.

Two depressing attempts for Madeira were made. Both were repelled by S.W. winds and vile conditions. We'll just have to save that excursion for next time.

We finally left Portugal from the Algarve. **TRADE WIND** perked up suddenly realising what this ocean was all about. She took us the 550 miles to Lanzarote in 4 days 20 hours, much of the time under Yankee alone.

All too short a time was spent in the Canaries being committed to the A.R.C. (Atlantic Rally for Cruisers). The A.R.C. was, with hindsight, one of our less clever arrangements. We all sailed over the start line in grand style well aware that the winter season hadn't settled down and the Trades had not begun to blow. Friends who waited a few weeks made much better time.

The Atlantic was not the idyllic trip we had been led to believe it would be. Two days out we were hove-to in a S.W. gale (at least I wasn't sick this time). This was followed by six days of head winds. When we reached the spot where the butter melts we turned right and although the wind always had an easterly component, from then on it was not a case of sitting back to enjoy the ride. Constant sail changes were the order of the day as the wind swung to the north and south of east. It varied in strength too, from flat calm when the log hung vertically and I could almost see the bottom 3 miles down, through frustrating fickle winds when the spinnaker would fill and collapse making hand steering in blistering heat necessary, to 6's and 7's when we romped on with the Yankee doing all the work. The last day we were treated to winds of 45 knots, caught with my pants down and too much sail up we had the wildest ride of our lives, seas boiling up past the quarter on both sides. But all things are relative; by late afternoon when the wind went down to a mere Force 7 we put **TRADE WIND** back into Aries' capable care. I went to sleep and Jill washed her hair.

The seas too were not as promised. Where was the long ocean swell we expected? In its place short steep seas reared up astern, never coming aboard from that direction but occasionally sneaking up on our starboard side and leaping uninvited into the cockpit or even down the open main hatch.

There were good times too when **TRADE WIND** roared along with a bone in her teeth almost up to the gunnel, when the sails pulled hard and Aries nodded, with storm petrels for company by day and a million stars at night. The

sheer romance of it was heady stuff. Neither boredom nor loneliness was a problem. Each day the afternoon sight provided the excitement of plotting yet another cross on the big blue space between Africa and America.

Jill made fresh bread almost every day and seldom did we not sit down together at the saloon table for supper, washed down with a glass of wine.

So after 27½ days we arrived in Barbados just before midnight. There was a party ashore on the dockside with a jazz band playing "the Saints" as we tied up. It made our arrival seem rather special.

Would we do it again? Yes, without hesitation.

After a couple of weeks we sailed the 90 miles to Bequia and spent the next few months sailing up and down the island chain.

Our impressions of this "sailor's paradise"? Hot sun, warm clear water, cold rum punches, spectacular snorkelling and wind, wind, wind. We seldom sailed with a full main, often with a double reef. Our Genoa came out of the bag twice I think, and on both occasions we regretted it within minutes of hoisting. Between the islands is normally rough with water flying everywhere but dressed in bathers water at 80°F is no great hardship to endure. One should in theory always be reaching but more often than not, especially working north, "on the wind" is the normal state of affairs. The weather forecasts have a certain monotony, "wind between NE and SE at 10 to 25 knots." So one sets out with the possibility of a Force 3 broad reach or a Force 6 thrash to windward, usually the latter.

What of the islands and the people?

We found the Caribbean to be charming and fun-loving. Sure, a few are out to make a dollar from wealthy yachtsmen, and why not, they have little enough themselves. If one does not want the services of the boat boys they bear no ill feelings; they wave and cheerful greetings are just the same. The talk in the yachting press from time to time that guns are needed seems quite ludicrous to us.

The most southerly island, Grenada, we remember for the very pretty waterfront at St. Georges where the trading schooners unload their cargo. What a pleasure to see sail being used commercially.

Working north, the Grenadines, spectacular islands rising out of unbelievably clear water. We've been sailing fast and still been able to see the bottom at 40 feet and anchored in the Tobago Cays our anchor was clearly visible by moonlight. It was on the leeward side of Union that we first saw pelicans. What a delight they are; we never tire of watching them.

Bequia is a rather special island where yachtsmen and locals enjoy a social life together. Here, anchored off a beach we were able to watch turtles swimming slowly round the boat. It's a hard island to leave; some yachtsmen put their anchors down three years ago and have not left yet.

St. Vincent - well, it's on the way to St. Lucia and very pretty from seaward, perhaps the best way to see it.

St. Lucia has two rather exciting anchorages. In the south a small bay has a palm-lined at its head while to one side a 2500 foot sheer rock face rises straight out of the sea to the summit of pointed peak, the Piton. To add local colour an elephant strolls up and down the beach crunching up the occasional coconut and, from time to time, attacking French yachtsmen. He's quite selective in this. A few miles north is Mariget Bay. One sails past a sandy spit with palm trees hanging out over the water into an utterly peaceful mangrove-lined lagoon.

Our furthest north so far was Martinique. Quite simply Martinique or France with black faces. We loved it. The patisseries, chic boutiques, Prisunic and the whole Gallic flavour.

With the arrival of the hurricane season we enjoyed magnificent sailing

south to hurricane-free Venezuela.

The area we are cruising is a huge National Park peppered with islands and inlets providing hundreds of potential anchorages and an abundance of wild life. Dolphins, turtles, exotic fish, some of which appear to walk on water, parrots, eagles, kingfishers, woodpeckers and many more as yet unidentified.

Ashore we can visit a local bar and buy an ice-cold beer for 10p. or delicious fresh coffee for 4p. Prices here are most attractive with beer at £2 a case, gin or rum under £1 a bottle, good steak £1 per pound and diesel 8p. a gallon. We can live well eating all the fresh meat and vegetables we want for £25 a week for the two of us.

As I write this we are anchored at Mochima, described as one of the finest harbours in the world. It is a narrow inlet that cuts 4 miles into the hills with enough islands to make it totally landlocked. At its head is a small village with the friendliest of locals keen to give us gringos lessons in Spanish. Here have been scraping and varnishing the brightwork but after 3 weeks, we must move. We're anchored in 40 feet of water but in danger of going aground on our own pile of beer cans!

The real heroine of this little adventure is **TRADE WIND**. She has been magnificent, doing all we asked of her in a most uncomplaining fashion. She receives accolades wherever she goes, constantly being photographed and even painted. It was remarked that when **TRADE WIND** is in an anchorage everybody knows - she stands out as something very special. Her bold sheer followed through by the tapered bowsprit, the gleaming varnish from her hefty rubbing strake to mast truck and the colourful sailplan make her unique.

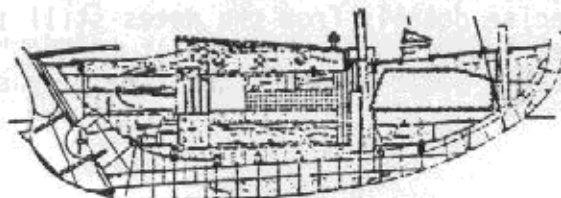
"Little **TRADE WIND** a sight to behold,
Not very big and 50 years old,
With her three coloured sails, red blue and white
In Grenadine waters, a memorable sight."

She is, however, not just a floating antique, she really works. Her performance has surprised many. Despite exceptionally heavy scantlings, overweight ground tackle, water and stores she has frequently outsailed larger yachts. She has averaged 6 knots on a 20 mile passage between islands and recently logged a steady 6.4 knots under spinnaker (real Walker Excelsior Mk IV knots not your "electricity" type). What little bit of magic did the good doctor work into her lines to make this possible?

On board too she is rather special. Guests are struck by the atmosphere below, the warmth of teak and soft button backed upholstery give an old world charm. But once again it all works well. The saloon table converts to a comfortable double berth and the much modified Taylor's paraffin stove to starboard with lots of work space to port enable Jill to turn out cordon bleu meals. Although small the cockpit sports a table round which 4 can sit, just, so our meals are taken outside as befits this climate. She has no 'fridge but a large cool box forward supplies ice and cold beer. What more could we want.

She is a yacht of which we are justifiably very proud.

Philip and Jill Gordon.



" ELGRIS "

Built by

C.H.Fox & Son of Ipswich

1933

to the Winning Design by Dr T.Harrison Butler in the
YACHTING MONTHLY Competition for an 18 ft L.W.L.Cruiser, 1929.

Just why my attention was drawn to an advert in PBO in the summer of 1987 for a "3½ tonner built by C.H.Fox & Son of Ipswich in 1933" I shall never know. Perhaps it was a subconscious reaction because I am slightly acquainted with Bob Fox, grandson of the founder of the firm, or simply because I knew that DAVINKA had been built at that yard in 1936. No mention was made of a designer.

Come the following Saturday, I was standing in Peter Jones' front garden in Surrey staring at a very pretty little hull with the name ZOE on its transom. There, I thought, is an HB or I have never seen one. Correctly, as it turned out, she put me in mind of both MEMORY and FLEETWING (ex SEAGULL), both of which I had seen out of the water on the East Coast. When questioned, Peter knew nothing of the boat's design history although he did recall that he was once approached by a lady at Portsmouth Hardway with the question, "Is she a Harrison Butler?" Also, he knew that the name had been changed by Mike White, the previous owner, but could not recall what the former name was.

On my return home, having made Peter the usual promise to "think it over", I was surprised to receive a 'phone call from him with the information that ZOE's previous name had been ELGRIS, which his predecessor did not like. This rang an immediate bell: I turned to the list of "Missing Boats" which is published in the Newsletter from time to time and.....there she was!

Having researched early HB designs I decided that she was either "A Tabloid Cruiser", published in Y.M. in January 1920, or the design known as "No.16" which is a slight modification of "Tabloid" and won the Y.M. Designing Competition in 1929. ("No.16" represented the order in which the designs were published for judgement by the readership). 1920 was a bit early for a boat built in 1933 so she had to be "No.16", which was confirmed in my mind after studying the ballast keel arrangements of the two designs: the ballast keel of "Tabloid" runs the full length of the backbone (as in a Z 4-tonner) whereas that of "No.16" stops short approximately in way of the main cabin bulkhead. It was time I talked to Joan.

She told me that the list was not actually of "Missing Boats" as such but of those that had been culled from Lloyd's Register over a span of years, some of which had been discarded as "near misses." ELGRIS was one that remained outstanding. She appears in my copy of L.R. for 1935 and, when I rang Lloyd's, they confirmed that she appeared in 1934 also, the year after she was built. It seemed unlikely that she would have been misrepresented at that time or so soon after she was built. Moreover, reference to the designer, "T. Harrison Butler, M.D." had an authentic ring about it. I cannot now remember the precise details from the notes still in Joan's possession but we concluded that two boats had been built to the "No.16" design - the other one being VA DANCER, built at about the same time as ELGRIS in

France for R. de Kerdrel and in the late fifties destined to become a Trans-atlantic voyager, albeit a reluctant one as described in a previous Newsletter; and one to the original "Tabloid" design in 1926 for Dr. Young. In his letter of appreciation to the readership of Y.M. for awarding him First Prize in the designing competition THB wrote:

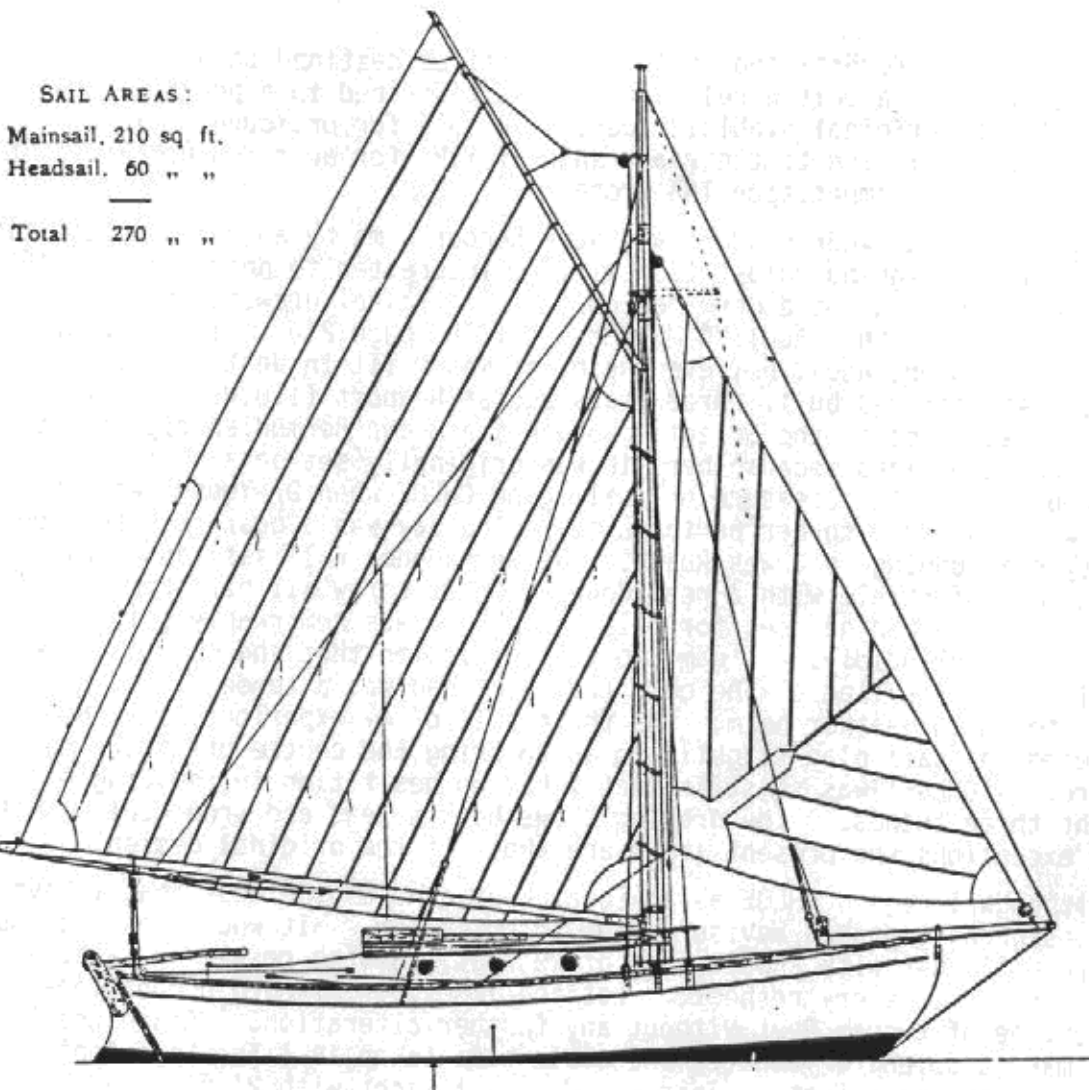
"I am sure that your readers who have honoured me by awarding me the first prize in the designing competition will be interested to hear that "No.16" is an actual yacht and not a mere design. The original drawings of the "Tabloid" were published in the YACHTING MONTHLY, Vol.28, page 210. I sent drawings to various yachtsmen, and I believe the boat was built in Western Australia at Perth. Another was built three years ago at Newport (I.O.W.) for Dr Young, and is still owned on the Solent. She has a brown Bermudian rig, and can easily be recognized because her jib was originally set on a boom and has a flat foot. I had the pleasure of sailing on CHLOE when Dr Young owned her and I was charmed with her performance. The day was a gusty one and there was a nasty sea running in Cowes Roads. We were under full sail and would have been more comfortable with a reef down. CHLOE threw all her spray over her foredeck and we had no need for oilskins. She was remarkably stiff and went to windward splendidly. I came to the conclusion that she was the nicest boat I had ever sailed. The only fault she had was a tendency to carry rather too much weather helm. As the result of my experience in 'CHLOE', I altered the sail plan slightly so as to bring the centre of effort more forward. 'CHLOE' was so stiff that I had no hesitation in reducing her draught three inches. The drawing shows both a lead and iron keel. With these exceptions the present lines are those of the original design.

'Although I regard CHLOE as an ideal boat, and as the best that I have ever designed, I cannot advise anyone to build her. It would cost not much more to build her with a waterline of 20 feet, and the resulting yacht would be far better in every respect. Let the lines be enlarged proportionally to a waterline of twenty feet without any further alteration. Again the lines would make a splendid yacht if the scale were taken as $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to a foot instead of 1 in. to a foot. This would give a yacht with 24 ft. load waterline, and 9 ft. 4 ins. beam....." (Indeed, the design for Yonne was "practically the same" as "No.16" enlarged to a waterline of 22 ft.6 ins.)

But I digress. To return to Joan's notes it seems possible that if there was no "feed back" from the "Tabloid" built in Western Australia this boat may not have been included in the final record. Another curious point is that Joan told me that the iron ballast keel of "No.16" was noted as being $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons (I think) although the drawing shows it to be 1 ton. I think this latter figure is more likely. ELGRIS' ballast keel does not seem to me to be as heavy as $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons, although it is very broad, and the ballast keel of Zyklon is only 1 ton 7 cwt with 6 ins. more draft.

Having by now decided that nothing was going to prevent me from buying this boat, if only to prevent her from falling into possibly less caring hands, I arranged a survey and it was decided that there was no more decay in her than could fairly easily be put right. The main worry was the forward end of the cabin top which in due course proved to be not unfounded. Anyway, she changed hands and quickly found herself at Robertson's Boatyard, Woodbridge. I had also purchased a cradle on wheels, fabricated by Peter Jones who is an engineer, which has proved an absolute boon.

It would perhaps be appropriate at this stage to mention ELGRIS' early history, gleaned from Lloyd's Register. She was built for Guy Reynolds of Aldeburgh in 1933 and it is not difficult to visualise her lying to a mooring at Slaughden Quay near the Aldeburgh Yacht Club of which Mr Reynolds was a member. Other boats owned by the same family were the 6 metre WHIMBREL, (Mrs Iris Reynolds) and the West Solent Restricted Class NOREEN ex DINAH, (H.L.Reynolds). Nothing much seems to be known about the Reynolds family today, although the boatman at the A.Y.C. remembers them vaguely from his boyhood days. The house where they lived, called "The Hatch", is still there but now bears a different name. Guy Reynolds seems to have made



SAIL AREAS:
Mainsail, 210 sq ft.
Headsail, 60 " "
—
Total 270 " "

RIGGING AND SAIL PLAN OF "A TABLOID CRUISER"

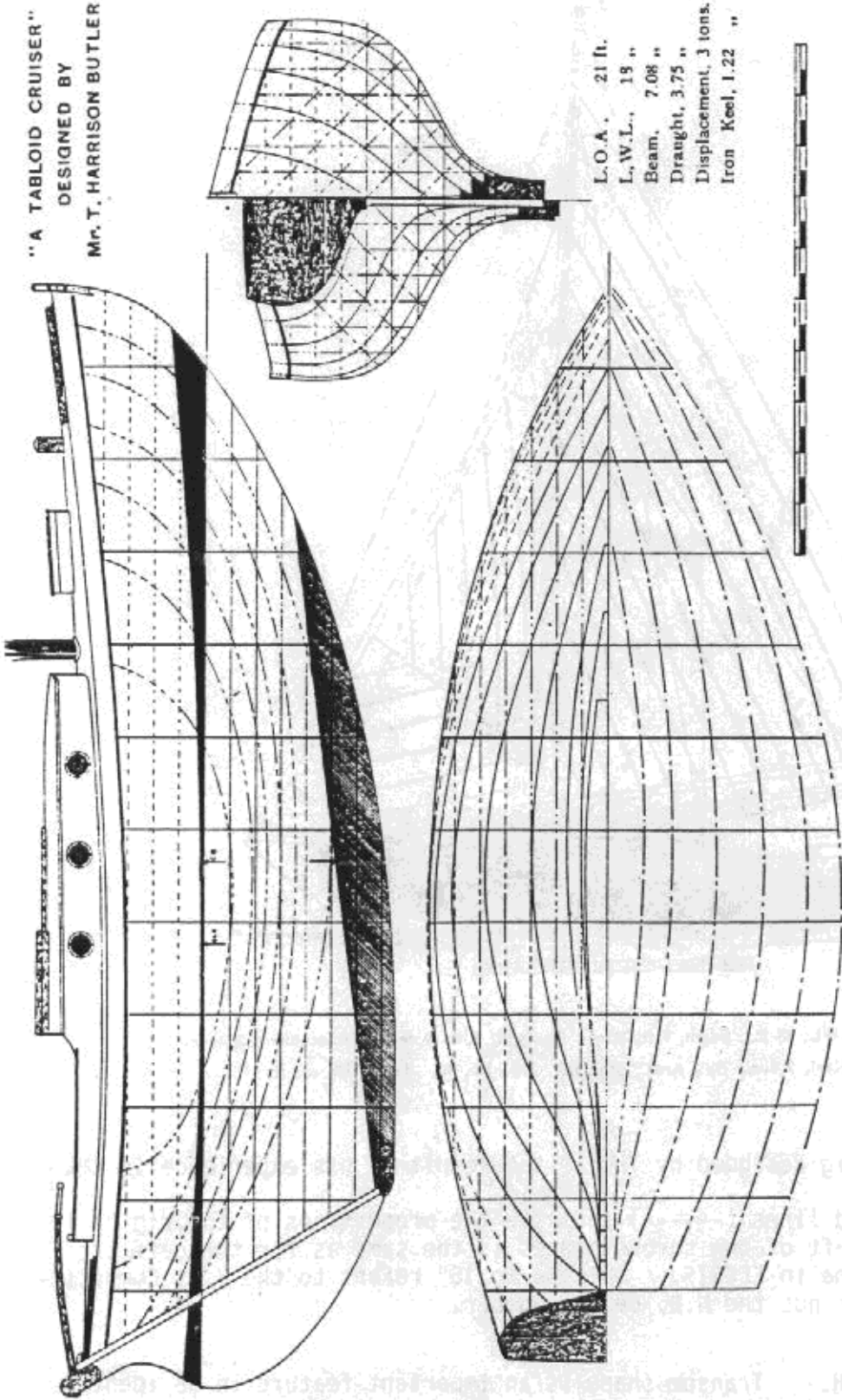
Whilst THB did not advocate the gaff rig for small yachts of less than about 10 tons T.M. (although he recognized its value in the unbalanced hull) this clever little sail plan bears careful examination.

It will be seen that there are no purchases on the peak and throat halliards whilst the boom is attached to the mast by means of a sliding gooseneck. The halliards are hauled as taught as convenient and then the luff and throat are simultaneously tensioned by setting up the tack tackle. If the jaws are tensioned downwards it follows that the peak can only move upwards. Less friction and less rope. The halliards can be led aft if required. The gaff and the bunt of the mainsail are controlled by twin topping lifts and a lazy jack.

A preventer tackle leads from the hounds to the samson post in the event that the bowsprit should carry away. This also doubles as a useful handhold and also overcomes the problem of snarled sheets.

The jib is set on a Wykeham Martin furling gear.

"A TABLOID CRUISER"
DESIGNED BY
Mr. T. HARRISON BUTLER

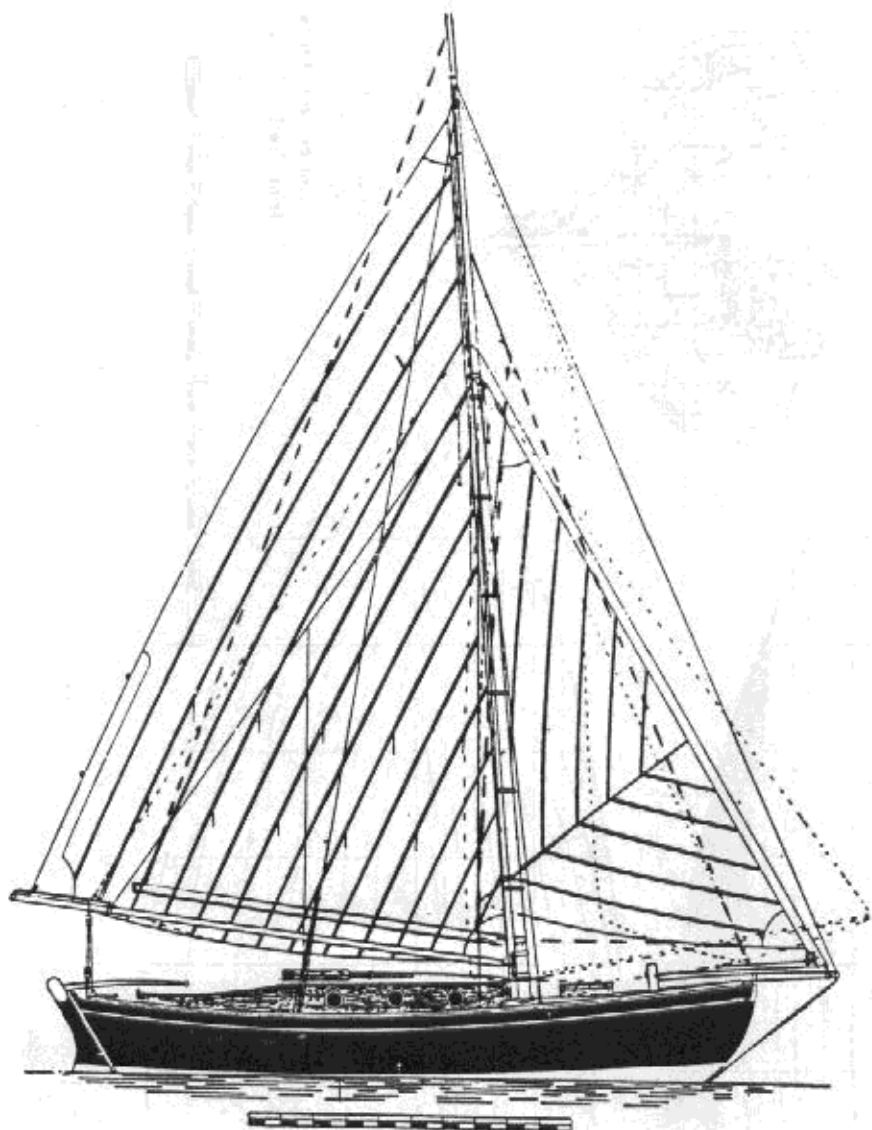


L.O.A., 21 ft.
 L.W.L., 18 "
 Beam, 7.08 "
 Draught, 3.75 "
 Displacement, 3 tons.
 Iron Keel, 1.22 "

"It is the first of his boats which has quite pleased my eye.....We admire the efficiency in man, horse, dog, flower, or whatever it may be; and I admire Mr Harrison Butler's boat, for in his search for efficiency he has arrived at an accepted standard of beauty."

Herbert Reiach
 Shipbuilder, Naval Architect and
 Founder/Editor of YACHTING MONTHLY.

DESIGN No. 16

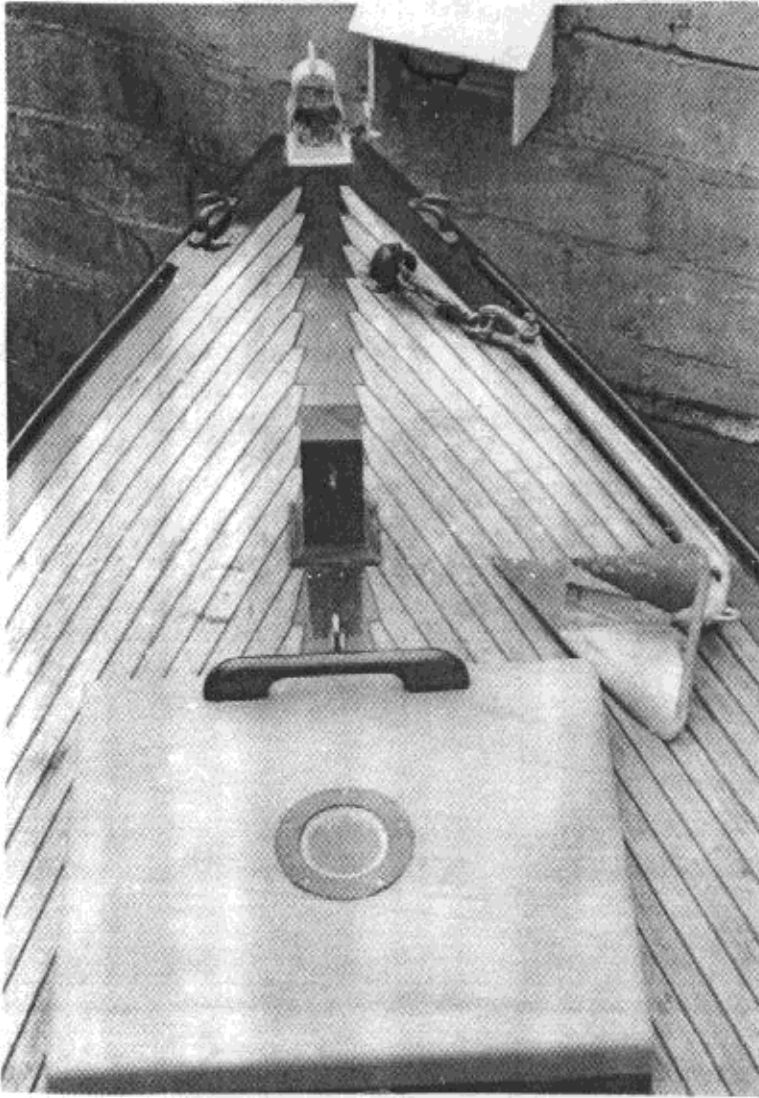


LOA, 21 ft.; LWL, 18 ft.; Beam, 7 ft. 1 in.; Draught, 3 ft. 6 in.; Displacement, 3 tons.
Iron Keel, 1 ton. Sail Area: Mainsail, 190; Jib, 76. Total, 265 sq. ft.

The Bermudian rig designed by THB as the result of his experience in CHLOE.

The heavy pecked lines (-----) indicate the proportions of the rig as it is today. The draft of the shroud plates is the same as for the gaff rig and remains the same in ELGRIS. "Design No.16" refers to the Y.M. Competition sequence and is not the H.B. design number.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH.- Transom shape is an important feature in HB identification. ELGRIS' appears to be correct. The name boards are the work of Rob Lewis, a skilled Suffolk wood carver.

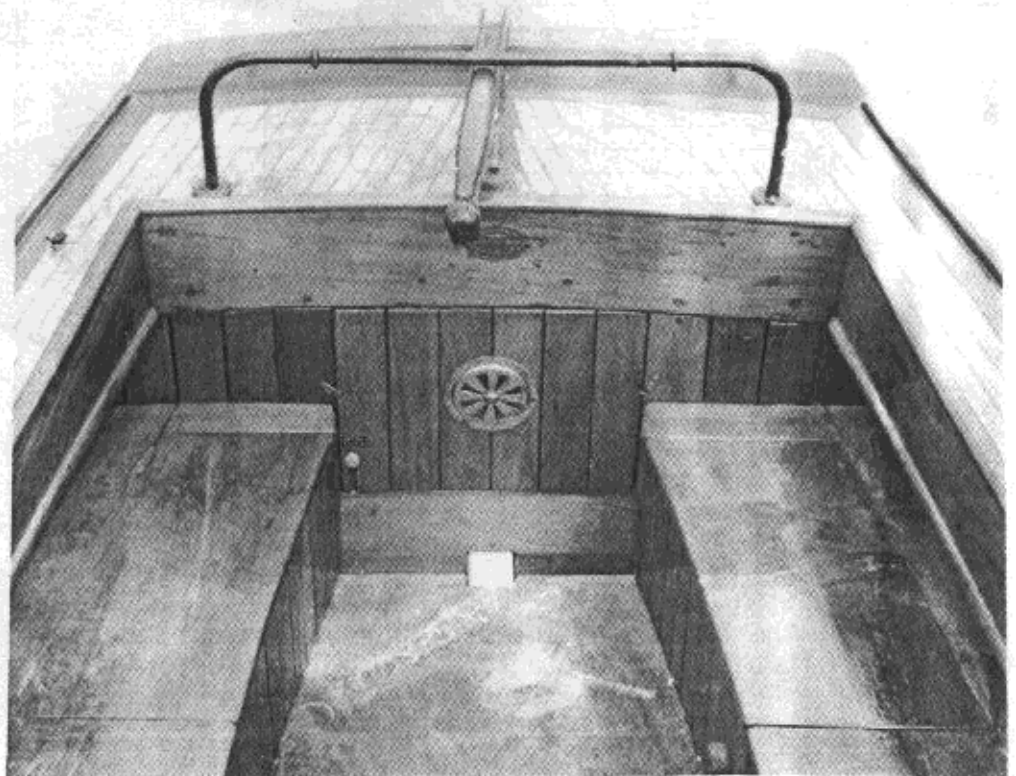


HB's early designs lacked the "shoulders" of his later work.

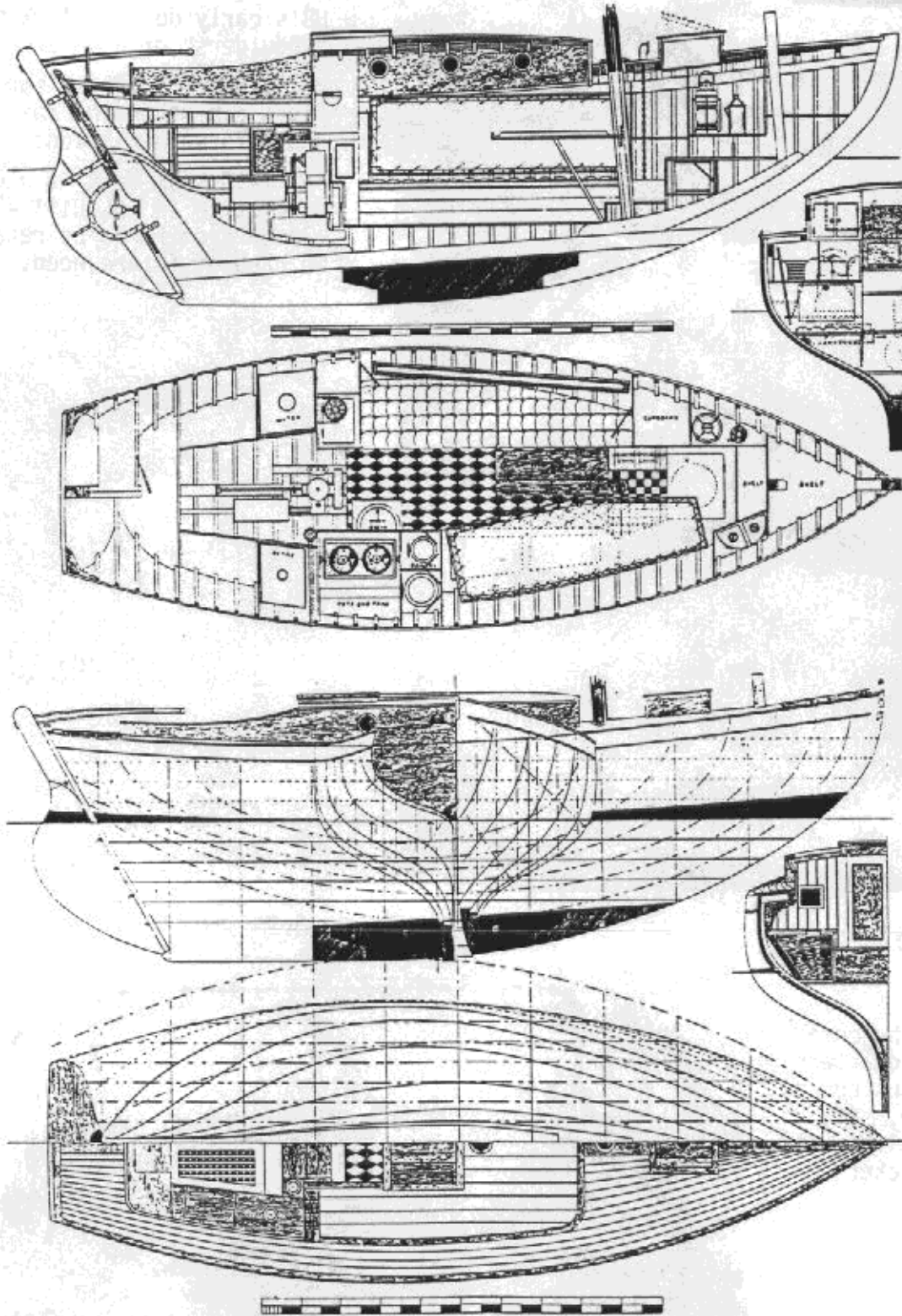
Here the line of the foredeck gives a hint of the somewhat sharp forward sections.

The laid teak deck is a recent innovation in 'ELGRIS' - the gammon iron is to be retained in case of future need.

Conversely, the comparatively full quarters give a spacious cockpit compared with, say, Zyklon-as well as roomy seat lockers.



DESIGN No. 16



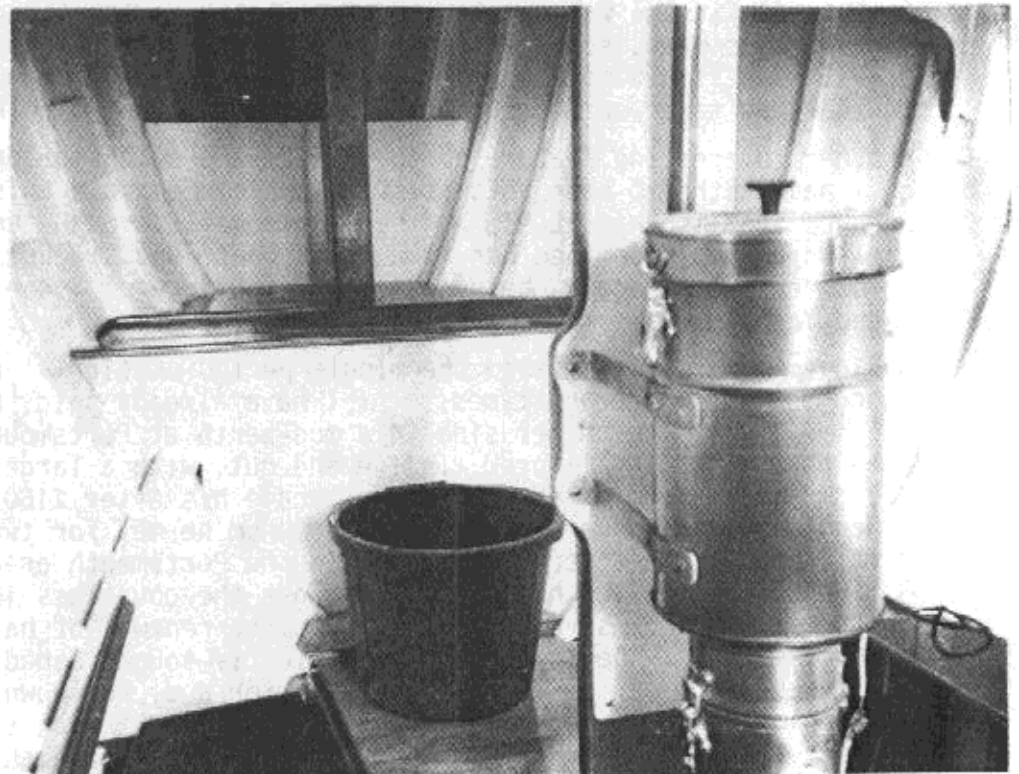
LINES AND GENERAL ARRANGEMENT OF ELGRIS.

The design provides for both lead and iron keels. The iron keel is the lower of the two and assisted in identification. Compare the transom shape with the cover photograph. The new deck gives an appearance very similar to the drawing except that the plank ends are joggled into the king plank which enhances the appearance.



The galley facilities
are unsophisticated.....

.....as are
the sanitary
arrangements!



rapid progress in his cruising career because my 1947 volume of Lloyd's Register (and I believe Joan's for 1939) indicates that, in addition to the Aldeburgh Yacht Club, he had been elected to the Cambridge University Cruising Club and the Royal Cruising Club.

Having identified the Reynolds family I then wrote a letter of enquiry to the East Anglian Daily Times and before 0900 on the morning of publication I received a telephone call from an excited Mrs Jeanne Russell of Felixstowe with the information that her father, the late Thomas Fenn of Bucklesham Road, Ipswich, had been the second owner of ELGRIS. She said also that the boat had been designed by Dr Harrison Butler. As she was but a child at the time that her father owned the boat she could not possibly have known about the entry in Lloyd's Register. Later she introduced me to her sister, Mrs Angela McNeillage of Ufford, Nr Woodbridge, who not only gave me a photograph of ELGRIS, taken at Pin Mill in the late forties, thus confirming the boat's identity, but also came over to Woodbridge to see ELGRIS in Robertsons shed. Unfortunately, neither of the daughters could remember when their father sold the boat or to whom.

It is at this point that an historical void sets in. I knew that Michael White had bought ELGRIS in 1977 in a very bad state but the years between are a vacuum. The only remaining evidence of serious interest in the boat in former times is the alteration to the rig. The rig shown on another page with bowsprit and overhanging boom was designed by THB at the time of the Competition in 1928 as the result of his experience with CHLOE. At some point the rig was changed to high aspect ratio and clear evidence of this is the scarph, just below the spider band, where the mast was lengthened. The height above deck of the cross-trees has been lowered and diamond shrouds fitted higher up, all of which required specially made fittings in the manner of the forties and fifties. The boom has been shortened by several feet and the bowsprit was obviously intended to disappear although the fitting for it, in combination with the chain roller, remains. To me, on a stemhead sloop, this fitting "sticks out like a sore thumb", but perhaps a majority of people would not notice it. In any case, it is obviously handy as a fairlead for mooring ropes. When I took over the boat the rig did include a bowsprit which had been made, so I understand, by Michael White who wished to experiment with a cutter rig. However, her existing headsails do not suit this concept and so a stemhead sloop she will remain for the present. At first I was tempted to keep it but having taken careful measurements of the mast, spars and sails and superimposed them on to HB's original sail plan it became apparent that a bowsprit would be out of place in a rig that had taken on something of the appearance of a Folkboat.

Another interesting feature of the rig is the swinging spreaders with which I have hitherto been unfamiliar. I have been told this a racing device so perhaps that is what ELGRIS had been doing all through the years. Michael White has described her as a "fast boat" and, indeed, she is something of "a sports model", being almost a miniature of Yonne. (See F.B.Cooke's 'Weekend Yachting').

Having, perforce, dismissed the middle period of Elgris' history, we move on to comparatively recent times. As I have already said, Mike White bought ELGRIS in 1977, lying on her side in a mud-berth at Portsmouth Hardway, painted bright yellow all over, inside and out, with a large hole in her planking. He liked her shape and she became his after £150 in notes had been handed over in a carpark to a vendor whom he met for two minutes! Mike is a woodwork teacher at a school in the Portsmouth area and his work on ELGRIS undoubtedly saved her life. Amongst the countless jobs he undertook were, part renewal of several planks, complete renewal of half her steamed timbers by means of the lamination of patiently sought Canadian Rock Elm, complete rebuilding of the cockpit and interior and, to crown all, he gave her a beautiful swept teak deck laid on ply. This noble work took the best part of seven years. Rumour has it that he is looking for another wooden boat to restore - how about.....?

ELGRIS' bottom planking is of elm, as is her wood keel - 18 inches at its widest part - and when I burned her off I was astonished to see such well preserved timber, particularly when English elm has the reputation for being a treacherous wood. With care it seems likely that the bottom planking will last indefinitely. The topsides are some species of pine and it is this area where part replacement has taken place. Even so, the vast majority of the original remains. ELGRIS was soundly if not expensively built and the fact that she has survived so much trauma in her life is a tribute to Fox's yard at Ipswich.

When she arrived at Woodbridge I went over her very carefully with the yard and decided what work was needed. The deck was due for repaying and as this had been done with Arbakol when laid it was clear that the same material should be used. It was also quickly discovered that the corner posts at the forward end of the cabin-top structure were rotten and so they had to come out for renewal. Whilst we were at it we decided to renew the forward coaming and the cabin-top itself was sheathed with marine ply and G.R.P. The yard made an excellent job, as they did of the main deck.

Peter Jones, my immediate predecessor, had decided to give the boat four berths, with only limited success, and I believe that he would now agree that was a mistake. He was handicapped by being unaware of the design history nor had he ever seen the plans. Anyway, the interior is being restored to the designer's original concept as funds become available. All the varnish work has been restored by me to (I hope) a high standard, made easier by Mike White's extensive use of teak during the reconstruction period. The work on the exterior of the hull is nearing completion, never an easy job after a burn-off if a good finish is required.

The hurricane of October 1987, whilst a disaster for many, was for us a mixed blessing. ELGRIS was undamaged by the storm - although she actually moved on her wheeled cradle and nuzzled against the boat next door! - and soon afterwards was moved into Robertsons shed. The yard is geared to wooden boat repairs (and new building if one can afford it) and so the hurricane produced a crop of major repair jobs. As a result, the work on ELGRIS had to be set aside to enable the yard to deal with more pressing matters which included the completion of two Cornish Pilots. She was in the shed for almost a year which was an unexpected bonus.

There is still some interior work remaining to be done, for which we are now back in the queue and once this has been completed she will be just about ready for launching. In the meantime there is the rig to deal with as well as many other commissioning jobs. Reading the classic boat diaries in the various yachting magazines there can be little doubt that, nowadays, the gaff rig adds a further dimension to one's sailing interest and as the original "Tabloid" was designed for that rig it could reasonably be adopted for ELGRIS. However, from enquiries I have made, I fear that it would be too expensive.

I cannot speak too highly of the work of Robertsons of Woodbridge (who built RAMA II in 1932) and of their tenant, Mike Clark, who seems to have a constant stream of wooden boats for restoration and did much of the skilled work on the Z 4-tonner, JUNE.

I have enjoyed working on ELGRIS, not least the applause from other wooden boat enthusiasts. We aim to be afloat this year without fail! I forgot to mention the recent installation of one of Pascall & Atkey's charcoal stoves.

Sometimes I have wondered whether it has all been worth it. There are quite a few who would simply regard her as a "little owd East Coast bot" but to Ruth and me - certainly with the whereabouts of VA DANCER unknown - she is something very special.

Peter Mather.

SAILING TO GALAPAGOS

By

Tom Koppel

Our story evolves into a voyage of discovery among Darwin's wondrous islands.

"LAND," SAID MY CREWMATES handing me the binoculars. And so it was. But what emerged from the haze was the strangest island we had ever seen. Flat on top, its sheer cliffs had been undercut by pounding waves ever since it first rose from the brine in a paroxysm of lava and steam several million years ago. Rounding the southern side, where it opened to the sea, we doused our sails and motored into a deep, partially sunken volcanic crater fully two kilometres across.

Within the bay, which swept around us in a nearly perfect arc, there was an eerie calm. GALATEA, our 13-metre yawl (Fastnet design), was alone at the isolated anchorage. The harsh equatorial sun beat down on a landscape in shades of gray, devoid of life except for seabirds nesting in parched brush atop the crater's rim. Not exactly the luxuriant, inviting tropical isle of every sailor's dream. Still, sheltered from the prevailing swell, we savoured the first motion-free night of sleep after a week at sea and revelled in the satisfaction of having reached our remote destination. This was Darwin Bay at Genovesa Island, our first stop in the fabled Galapagos archipelago.

THE ODYSSEY BEGAN at the Pacific end of the Panama Canal, where I joined old friends Steve Phillips and Marlene Rice who had been cruising the coast of Central America for 10 months. Back home in British Columbia, Marlene had worked long shifts as a registered nurse to finance their adventure. Steve had spent three years rebuilding the 55-year-old wooden sailboat from bowsprit to mizzen mast. The boat I boarded in Panama was a well-equipped, ever-pleasing nautical gem, with classic lines, teak decks and an efficient, modern sailing rig.

Over the next six weeks, we cruised 2,300 kilometres through the coastal islands of Panama; out to lovely Cocos Island, 500 kilometres southwest of Costa Rica; then south to the Galapagos Islands, which straddle the Equator 1,045 kilometres west of Ecuador. I had sailed the sheltered coastal waters of B.C. for 10 years in a smaller boat of my own. But I had never the thrill of leaving land behind and striking out across the open sea. To me, it was all new and exhilarating.

After two days provisioning the boat in Panama City (and taking a quick look at the canal), we crossed to nearby Taboga Island, a favourite place for Panamanians to beat the heat and crowds of the city. Wooded and rugged, Taboga boasts the second-oldest church in the hemisphere and a charming village with narrow lanes that are, blessedly, free from automobiles.

The harbor was full of small boats. There were also big rakish tuna clippers, each with its own tiny scouting helicopter, and a fish-processing ship that provides employment for the modestly prosperous islanders. This deepwater anchorage first attracted Spanish ships in 1515, when the strategic importance of the Isthmus was already recognized. It was from Taboga that Pizarro set out to conquer Peru in 1524. In the 16th and 17th centuries, the island was a stronghold for pirates, who lay in wait for galleons bearing fat treasure.

In the late 19th century, when the French began digging the Panama Canal, it was to cooler, less rainy Taboga that they escaped for picnics. There was also a sanitarium, where convalescents with tropical diseases could stroll

along the seawall or rest in the shade of the lime trees. The island's idyllic reputation enticed painter Paul Gauguin to Panama in 1887. He dreamt of buying land on Taboga and living on fish and fruit, as he wrote, "for nothing, without anxiety for the day or for the morrow." When he arrived, however, he was broke and had to slave away on the canal, swinging a pickaxe. Looking into land on Taboga, he found it priced beyond his means. So it is Tahiti, instead, where he went a few years later, that the world knows from his work.

We ambled among the pastel houses, down paths lined with fiery-red bougainvillea, stopping at one home to buy a football-size papaya, at another to visit an old man who collects seashells and has festooned his entire property with them. That night, the village resounded with salsa music and dancing. Fireworks filled the sky. It was our last taste of civilization for many weeks.

NEXT MORNING WE SAILED OUT to the sparsely populated Pearl Islands, which sprawl across the middle of the Gulf of Panama. The once-fabulous pre-Columbian pearl fishery drew Balboa's attention and brought his brutal subjugation of the island natives. One chieftain sought to placate the armed intruders with a basket of pearls weighing 27 kilograms. The conquistadors reciprocated by slaughtering and enslaving the Indians. Disease completed the grim deed. By 1610, only a dozen remained out of 500 in one large village. The Spaniards brought in black slaves from Africa to dive for pearls and cultivate crops. Today, their descendants, racially unmixed, subsist in isolated villages, fishing from simple but seaworthy pangas (dugouts) and hunting the iguanas and wild pigs that thrive on the 50-odd sizable and mainly uninhabited islands.

We dropped anchor frequently to explore. Steve rigged an awning over the deck and hung hammocks, where we spent lazy days reading while I adjusted to the sun and to the undemanding pace of cruising life. We dove for oysters, snorkelled through a world of colorful fishes and gathered shells on long, white, empty beaches. I was dazzled by the delicate orchids, the pungent frangipani blossoms, the spiky air plants (bromeliads) that clustered in trees and seemed to live on nothing. And I never tired of watching the pelicans flying in squadrons or dive-bombing their fishy prey.

At one anchorage, we visited a tireless German couple who have created a seaside Eden. Inspired by tales of earlier European hermits in the South Seas, Gerda Leve, 50, and Dieter Zeisler, 60, bought a sailboat to seek their own tropical island. By the time they reached Panama, six years ago, more experienced travellers had told them to forget Polynesia or the Maldive islands. Everywhere they heard, the authorities or local natives were hostile to latter-day castaways. Then they found San Jose Island: large (45 square kilometres), uninhabited, with plenty of fresh water, even a river full of alligators. It was owned by a wealthy half-German Panamanian who took a vicarious interest in their dream and allowed them to moor their boat permanently and plant a garden on shore.

Today, **El Paradiso**, the plantation they hacked out of virgin jungle, is an emporium of fruitful splendour. But it has been an uphill battle against ravenous boas, pigs, rats, even marauding crabs. At first, they grew only enough for themselves. Then, yachts travelling the canal discovered their hideaway, which also offers excellent drinking water and a warm welcome. Now, 60 or 70 boats stop each year, all eager to buy fruit and vegetables for cash or in exchange for staples such as kerosene, batteries and soap, hard things for the homesteaders to get out in the islands. "It's a lot of work," Gerda sighs, gazing with pride on her pineapple patch. But they are building a small stone house and intend to stay for the rest of their lives. Bronzed muscular from their healthy regimen, they expect that to be a long time.

It was with sadness - friendships form easily in such places - that we sailed out of paradise after four days, loaded with papayas, bananas, manioc, even fresh eggs. A fast overnight run under a full moon took us to a bay on

western coast of Panama, dry rolling country where the people raise Brahman cattle and ride horses and jeeps. Then, another nighttime hop to Cebaco Island, where slash-and-burn farmers in primitive shacks eke out a living on the steep slopes. There we topped up our water tanks and set out on our first long offshore passage to Cocos Island, a speck of land far to the southwest across a watery expanse.

Truly at sea, we switched to the humdrum of regular three-hour watches. The person on duty had to scan the horizon for ships every 10 minutes and keep the boat on its compass course. Most of the actual steering was done mechanically by the Aries wind vane, a clever device that kept the boat moving in a fixed direction relative to the wind, but needed adjustment whenever the wind changed direction or strength.

I took one midday and two night watches every 24 hours. Keeping lookout at night, I found, was cooler and more relaxing than in daytime. Being alone on deck, with the others asleep below, was a soothing, almost hypnotic experience. The compass card, lit by a soft red light, swung gently around in its oil-filled globe. Lying back in the cockpit, I watched the dark silhouette of our mainmast trace slow figure eights against the Milky Way and followed the progression of moon and planets across the firmament. When conditions were moderate, I was lulled by the rhythmic slosh, gurgle and hiss as waves rolled under us and fizzled out.

THE FIRST NIGHT WAS A SNORTER, with a strong wind and large following seas. We surfed along as each wave, breaking into white froth along its crest, overtook us with a threatening roar and sparkles of phosphorescence poured off our bow wave. But always, GALATEA's stern rose in time to let the steep peaks of water pass harmlessly.

Later that night, we sailed through a region of fast-moving squalls. Towering cathedrals of cloud, each illuminated from within by flashes of heat lightning, swept across a wild moonlit seascape of tumult and spume. An occasional lightning bolt struck the water tongue-bitingly close. Then I heard a thump and saw a small bird - a tern - fluttering up from behind. It landed on a lifeline near my seat and clung there for hours, its head tucked under its wing, oblivious to me, my flashlight and the boat's violent motion.

Life offshore took some getting used to. Cooking with the boat heeled over or pitching was a challenge. The stove itself was gimballed to compensate, but, as the boat rolled, pots or dishes left on the countertops slid one way, then shot back the other, like the hilarious scene from Chaplin's *The Gold Rush* inside a cabin teetering on a cliff. Once I awoke to bedlam: We had hit a sudden squall and had to scramble to close the hatches and portholes as rain and spray lashed in horizontally. Or I would be asleep at one angle, wedged into my bunk with pillows, then have to readjust as Steve or Marlene tacked the boat and we suddenly heeled over the other way.

There was more to see out there than I had expected. Boobies, slightly goofy pelagic birds, showed up at odd times. They hovered around the rigging to gawk and hitched rides on our soft sail bags. Flying fish skittered across the wave tops, while tiny petrels swooped through the troughs. Huge manta rays leapt into the air. Green sea turtles wallowed past. Most spectacular of all were the playful dolphins, which would appear out of nowhere to frolic in our bow wave or eye us from close alongside. One night, a dozen of them stayed with us for hours, weaving ghostly green tunnels of phosphorescence under our keel as they crisscrossed our path with breathtaking choreography.

Before dawn on our fifth day, the dark hump of Cocos Island appeared dead ahead. Not to be confused with the Cocos of Keeling Islands in the Indian Ocean, Isla del Coco is the only spot where the long volcanic Cocos Ridge pierces the surface of the Pacific. About eight kilometres long and mountainous, Cocos gets 7,000 millimetres of rain a year, or almost three times as much as B.C.'s coastal rain forest. Scores of waterfalls pour out of the

lush green jungle canopy of tree ferns, palms, almonds and figs, all overgrown with mosses and vines. Isolated from the mainland, it has no snakes, few insects and several unique species of animals and plants.

The seclusion and dense jungle made Cocos Island a perfect place for pirates to bivouac and stash their loot. At least six major treasures are believed hidden there, including \$60 million from Henry Morgan's sack of Panama City in 1671 and the \$100-million treasury of Lima, stolen from Peruvian officials by their Anglo-Canadian ship's crew in 1823. This booty, in turn, has attracted droves of 19th- and 20th-century treasure hunters, who have spent fortunes of their own, but with little luck.

Cocos Ridge is a haven for marine life. U.S. President Franklin Roosevelt visited four times to catch sailfish. Cocos is also known as "Shark City". Anchored when we arrived was a large Swedish schooner chartered by Italian scuba divers who had come especially to swim among the vast schools of hammerheads. While in the Cocos area, these migratory monsters are in a sociable mood, schooling up by the hundreds, rather than feeding, and are allegedly not dangerous. Captain Leif Fahlgren assured me that in six seasons, his groups had made 500 dives without an attack. I tried to find this reassuring. Ever since a close encounter with a sleek, bluish-gray projectile in the Pearl Islands, I had been taking only quick dips and staying close to the boat.

Now a Costa Rican national park, Cocos Island is watched over by several young rangers whose main task appears to be shooting the pigs and goats that threaten the environmental balance. Other than dive charters, only private yachts and a few fishing boats regularly visit the place. One tiny commercial boat was manned by hardy young guys who dove at night with air hoses and lights to spear spiny rock lobsters. They were delighted to barter their catch for beer, jeans, Frisbees, cassette tapes, anything we could spare.

Besides listening to shark stories and gorging on fresh lobster tails, we hiked up into the hills and bathed in granite pools of cool, sweet, fast-flowing water under the tendrils of drooping vines. Visiting ships had left their names and dates chiselled in the rock since the 17th century, and Steve did the same for **GALATEA**. Accepting the presence of sharks fatalistically, like the risk of a plane crash, I explored Cocos' clear, turquoise waters and found them full of brilliant blue and green parrotfish, long needlefish, moray eels, massive coral heads and, yes, white-tipped reef sharks. Small ones. I never did see a hammerhead.

HEADING SOUTH FROM COCOS to the Galapagos, we faced directly into the wind and had to tack repeatedly. On the chart, our course looked like a cartoon lightning bolt, long diagonal zigs to the southwest alternating with shorter zags to the east. The going was slow and uncomfortable. Beating to windward meant we had to take spray over the bow and keep the hatches closed, which made the cabin hot and stuffy. The pitching motion was amplified, making us queasy. We had long since run out of fresh fruit and vegetables and experienced a loss of appetite. Days passed all too slowly, in a hot monotonous torpor. Passage-making in the tropics, I found, could be far from idyllic.

It was a great relief, therefore, two days after our initial landfall at Genovesa Island, to sail into Puerto Ayora, a bustling outpost of 4,000 on Santa Cruz Island and the centre of **Homo sapiens** activity in the Galapagos. Puerto Ayora has only a few paved streets, and its power plant shuts down at midnight. But there are small, friendly restaurants, laidback hotels, even a movie theatre and live music at night, making it the hotspot of the eastern Pacific. Set against the lava and cactus landscape that typifies all the islands at sea level, the watered lawns, palms and flowering shrubs of the town's tidy harborfront make it particularly inviting.

We arrived during Easter week to find the town abuzz with Ecuadorian tourists. Most foreigners fly in to adjacent Baltra Island, then transfer to

cruise ships with fixed itineraries. They stop in Puerto Ayora only to visit the Charles Darwin Research Station, the internationally funded base that monitors the archipelago's ecological health.

With about 25,000 tourists a year, the Galapagos are a major asset of deficit-ridden Ecuador. Environmentalists fear an adverse long-term impact on the wildlife and want a firm cap placed on the tourists. But even more threatening is the influx of settlers and the domesticated animals they have introduced. Santa Cruz, for example, has large highland areas full of coffee and banana plantations and ranches with some 12,000 head of cattle. In 1985, fires, apparently started by local settlers, ravaged 40,500 hectares on Isabela, the largest island. Tortoise eggs from several islands have to be brought to the Darwin station to hatch. The juveniles are returned only when big enough to survive among the wild cats, dogs and pigs.

Tourists must now be accompanied by licensed guides and may only visit designated sites. Private yachts are especially restricted. Steve and Marlene were preoccupied with finding scarce fuel, water and provisions for the long trip back to Canada, so rather than tout the far-flung islands in GALATEA, we joined fast local charter boats on day-trips.

At North Seymour Island, we wandered through a nesting ground of the comical blue-footed boobies, which do a slow mating dance while pointing their beaks rigidly skyward. Hunched in the scrub were frigate birds, whose two-metre wingspans, shaped like those of the extinct pterodactyl, make them excellent flyers. They don't land on the water, though, and live by scavenging or pirating food from the smaller boobies. The male frigates were displaying brilliant-red throat pouches, inflated like balloons, as a sexual enticement. Along the shore were fierce-looking charcoal-gray marine iguanas, the only lizard that feeds in the sea.

Santa Fe Island has a forest of tall, woody opuntia cactus, large but docile land iguanas and two sea lion colonies. The great bull sea lions bellowed and charged when we came too close, and mothers aggressively protected their pups. But the fun-loving juveniles were utterly fearless. When I swam among them, they fought mock battles with me, swiftly feinting and dodging.

BACK ON CENTRAL SANTA CRUZ, we rented horses in the highlands and rode through elephant grass and groves of tall, frilly scalesia, a relative of the sunflower that, lacking competition, evolved into a tree-like form. At the end of the trail, we found a reserve of land tortoises that gave the Galapagos their name. Only a few of the huge beasts were in the area - most had migrated down to the coast - clunking slowly along in full armor. When we approached, they exhaled mournfully, sounding like deflating tyres, and withdrew into their metre-long shells.

At Bartolome Island, we hiked up a volcano flanked by smaller secondary craters that formed where lava had erupted through fissures in its side. In some places, lava had splattered as it hit the ground, still hot. In others, it had flowed in rope-like rivulets down the steep slope. The resulting bizarre cratered landscape is lunar, but the colors - yellows and browns, with a deep layer of reddish lava ash - are reminiscent of photos from Mars.

Herman Melville called the Galapagos the "enchanted isles". They were Charles Darwin's key to "the mystery of mysteries", the appearance of new life. No visitor leaves untouched. To cool off after climbing the volcano, I snorkelled over to rocks full of dignified little Galapagos penguins, which can live at the Equator because of the relatively cool Humboldt Current. Far from showing fear, they hopped in and joined me. From below, I watched them swim and dive, using their short vestigial wings as paddles. Where else can you see with such intimate insight how the pieces fit together in the great mosaic of life on this planet? I was content to be one tiny part of it.

