



THE HARRISON BUTLER ASSOCIATION



Ibis

Carrick Roads

Sept. 1993

Newsletter No: 38

Winter 1993

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In addition to this Newsletter you should have received:

Details of the A.G.M.

Supplement to the 1993/94 List of Members

AND if you are in arrears with your subscription
a reminder from the Hon. Treasurer

DISCLAIMER. The Editor, and his long suffering wife, are invariably reduced to a frazzle by the time they have finished preparing almost 200 Newsletters for the post. If, perchance, you find a note from the Treasurer has been included in error it merely proves that even Editors can make mistakes.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH. My thanks to Jeremy Burnett, Edward's father, for lending me a number of his negatives from which to choose. Members will note that IBIS is sailing herself to windward with the tiller free - perfectly balanced!

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

2 The Chestnuts
Theale

November 1993

Dear Members

First, the cover picture: this is a photograph of Ibis (Cyclone design), sailing in the Carrick Roads below The Crag (the little house, high up among the trees) from where I so often write these letters. Indeed, I began this one at The Crag but returned home earlier than planned because I slipped on some wet concrete and fell onto the ironmongery in my left leg so came back for an x-ray - and some TLC (courtesy of Colin's family). No damage, luckily, and Mother Nature has stepped in to effect a cure.

Ibis has been restored by our youngest member, Edward Burnett with superb craftsmanship and he sailed her from the Fal to the Hamble River, sans engine, and is living on board while attending a Naval Architecture course in Warsash.

We overtook her beating down the Hamble when Jonathan Boulter and I joined Denis and June Murrin aboard Minion for the Laying-up Supper. We were under power and continued thus all the way to the Beaulieu River and although we did set the sails, this was little more than a gesture. I'm afraid Edward must have had much work with the sweep. The heavens opened as we entered the river and the rain continued until the evening. Perhaps it was lucky that the only boats present were Minion and Ibis, moored alongside, for fraternizing would have been a very wet exercise. It was interesting to see the two vessels alongside each other: Ibis, the Cyclone and Minion, the Cyclone II.

As always, the Supper was a very enjoyable occasion and although our numbers were down this year to twenty-one members and three friends, we were all grateful to John Lesh for making the arrangements for us and to the Royal Southampton Y.C. for allowing us to use their clubhouse.

Peter Hasler drove me back to Hamble after the Supper, to spend the rest of the weekend with Christine and him and on the following day, after visiting Mary Gray and fitting a solar-panel (for battery charging) we settled down to go through the List of Members, checking subscription payments. This revealed the alarming fact that 44 Full members and 24 Associates appeared not to have paid their 1993/94 subscriptions, thus depriving the Association of about £400, more than enough to pay for a Newsletter! Slips will be put in with this newsletter to remind those members who appear to be in arrears. If you wait until next year you will need to pay at the new rate of £8 - for all members, so get your £7 or £5 in quickly to Peter. Subscriptions are set at a rate which should relieve the Association of anxiety but such a long list of defaulters makes life difficult. Please try to remember: January 1st is HBA pay-day.

This paragraph should be edged in black. Barry King rang me recently to say that his name in the list of Full members was under false pretences as his purchase of Hobby had not been completed before he was swept off to Hong Kong in the course of his work. He asked if I had any news of Hobby so I followed a slightly tortuous trail and heard the very sad news that she had been broken up.

Alessandro Sternini has sailed into our ken again and has written from Brisbane where he is once again hard at work on Khamseen: less radical this time and he's making some alterations to the companionway in order to have easier access from the cockpit. He's replacing the wooden "doghouse" with a collapsible shelter (? pramhood type) as he thought that less damage might be done should a mass of water find its way aboard. He's also doing away with the cockpit coaming which he finds uncomfortable and very uncomfortable they can be, as well I know, having sailed to Malta in Easter. Actually, Alessandro has no proper cockpit but just a hole in the deck for his feet. I think I should want more comfort than that on my way round the world. My father held the opinion that one was more likely to be swept overboard from a shallow cockpit than one was to be pooped. He was all in favour of comfort.

Unfortunately, no mention was made of the voyage from New Zealand but vague hints suggest that Khamseen went aground somewhere along the way: neither are we told whether the alterations which Alessandro so painstakingly made to Khamseen have made any difference to her sea-kindliness. He says that although sailing around the world is a great experience, many people come unstuck and indeed, there are complications of various sorts along the way. He says that much of the time is incredibly boring and that's when you need to remain alert and not become apathetic if you wish to arrive somewhere. [I am paraphrasing his letter]

In his present anchorage, there is a nightly flight overhead of myriads of flying foxes - an incredible and spectacular sight. He expects to set off again in the Spring (their Autumn) but isn't planning yet in which direction it will be. Thus, there is plenty of time to write to him and the address is:

c/o Morris Marina, 72 Aquarium Avenue
Hemmant, QLD 4174 - Brisbane
Australia.

For years I've been nagging Charles Chatwin to write a few words out my father because now he's our only member, bar family, to have known him and I thought it would be interesting to have an impression of him viewed from a non-family angle. Now, we have his word-picture and I've added one of George Holmes' etchings, of THB rowing me ashore in Ower Lake, which seemed appropriate. Whereas Charles recalls that the Chatwin family's eyes were tended by my father and then, by my brother Rupert, he omitted to mention that the Butlers' legal affairs were looked after, first, by Charles' father and later, by himself. Thus, I have known Charles pretty well all my life although our paths have diverged.

I read with interest, in the last newsletter, Michael Burns' letter but must take issue with him in his interpretation of the term "Single-handed Cruisers". I myself was brought up in the era of "paid-Hands" and I never ever heard the term single-handed referred to them. Most people we knew who employed paid hands had but one. Certainly, the term, as used by my father, indicated one person on board. He designed several boats which were described as single-handed cruisers although he himself was not a devotee of sailing solo. Indeed, with a wife and five children it was irrelevant.

The following quotation is from the preface to Francis B. Cooke's

"Single-Handed Cruising", which he gave to my father in 1919:

'Single-handed cruising is usually considered by those who have not practised it as too lonely to be enjoyable, and so, no doubt, it is under certain conditions. To sail round the world alone, as did Captain Slocum and Captain Voss, must be a dreary business, and if all single-handed cruising were of that character it would attract very few sailing men. But the majority of those who sail alone make comparatively short passages, and when they bring up at night usually find company awaiting them either ashore or afloat.....'

What would surprise my father is the number of his boats which have been and are used for single-handed cruising - and for long-distance cruising.

One of our RCC friends, Miss Maud Weeding, used to sail with her father aboard Pole Star, a narrow gutted boat which she inherited from him. Latterly, she introduced a paid hand but, over the years he put on weight until in- and egress via the fore-hatch became impossible. What to do? A paid hand couldn't possibly use the "main entrance": not done. The problem was solved by giving Pole Star to George Naish and buying a more corpulent boat, Dolphin.

Please, Michael, will you use single spacing for your HBA contributions, to economise space: an extra sheet of paper may lift the newsletter into the next postal price bracket. Maybe Mark found it useful last time, being short of material but he always hopes to have enough "meat" to fill the pages with single spacing.

On the subject of Tramontana, I think that my father recommended that Morena, as she was originally, should have her keel dropped and I think that this was done by Moody's. There may be a reference to it in Vindilis' Log-book but this is out on loan at the moment so I can't check. I do remember that more ballast was recommended and this may have been one of the many occasions in my youth when we burrowed into the bilge for pigs of lead to lend for experimental trials. Quite a lot of my girlhood was spent thus: goodness, what a long time ago!

This has been a very peripatetic year for me: I have been away often, with but short periods at home. I spent a week in Dublin in July, with members of the Reading Tree Club and we had one free day so, in the afternoon, my friend Delphine Hoyle, who accompanied me one weekend to crew for Peter Rosser aboard Cora A, and I took a bus to Duff Loughaire to look for Englyn II and Memory.

After several abortive attempts, we found ourselves at the Royal St George Y.C. where I asked a young man if he could be of any help in the matter of these two boats which had been designed by my father, Dr T.Harrison Butler. At this, an elderly man emerged from the shadowy interior of the building and said: 'Did you say your father was Dr THB?' and we were well away. He had been a paid hand (whether single-, double- or multi- I know not!) and knew the Hamble River, Moody's and all my old haunts and many of the boats. The upshot was that he knows where Memory is and said that she is well cared for and that a friend of his knows the owner so I left my name and address and hoped to learn more but, so far, no reply. I was disappointed not to meet Ray Cashin and nobody seemed to have heard of Englyn.

I had written to Ray but had no reply. It seemed an awful waste of opportunity not to be able to meet. I doubt if I shall be in Dublin again in the foreseeable future.

John Graham Powell sent me photocopies of some correspondence between my father and the first owner of Quest, in New Zealand, which, besides being both useful and interesting, brought back lots of memories - even the familiar type-face of his old Underwood typewriter was nostalgic. One letter in particular was useful because it provides an a reason for the problem about which Matthew Holliday had written to me. He was worried about Quest's lively motion and the fact that she has a quantity of inside ballast. My father "confessed" that he had made an error in the calculation for Vindilis I's keel and it was too light and this, combined with the light construction of Quest resulted in her floating above her marks. The problem did not arise with Dilys (the other Vindilis I) because her scantlings are much heavier and that, coupled with her being planked in oak resulted in her floating about 2 inches below her designed marks.

I was sent a "Tear sheet" by Wooden Boat, from which I quote. I think it is both kindly and amusing:

'On The Waterfront

"The Working Waterfront" is a new newsletter sponsored by the Island Institute of Maine. It's about hairy-chested stuff - wharves piled with bait-barrels, sea farming, cargo terminals, Real Men in checked flannel shirts with bearing-grease under their fingernails - and it comes none too soon. "The Working Waterfront", Island Institute, 60 Ocean Street, Rockland, ME 04841.

'And then there is the newsletter of the "Harrison Butler Association" which is dedicated to the fine cruising boats designed by you-know-whom. Very English, full of interesting tidbits and digressions, eccentric in a between-the-World-Wars fashion, the HBA newsletter contains news of the membership, reprints of old articles from yachting magazines, lines plans, cruising stories, even the odd recipe or two ("Joan's Fruit Cake" in last winter's issue). Pour a glass of Old Buttblock, fill your pipe with Dunhill's Royal Yacht Mixture, jack yourself back in your Barco-lounger, open the newsletter at any page, and drift off into a world where yacht cruising is Yacht Cruising. The Harrison Butler Association, 2 The Chestnuts, 60 High Street, Theale, Reading, Berkshire, RG7 5AN, England.'

Following the publication of this write-up, I have received four letters: one from Italy, two from Canada and one from the United States. I hope it will result in new members.

We have, in fact, a new member from the Netherlands whom I'm delighted to welcome. He's Gerard J. Tanja and he would be interested to restore one of the larger size HB boats. Are there any available?

I have had letters from a number of members and I've even answered some of them - not all, yet, but I'm working on it.

I suppose, with Christmas now only a month-and-a-bit away, I can send you my very best wishes - and I know Mark is aiming to send the newsletters out this month so they may reach you in time. And I look forward to seeing many of you on February 26th at the AGM.

The bottom of the page seems a good place to stop, so, until I write again (and beyond), Yours,

Joan.

P.S. Two things - unless I think of others:

Michael and Jane Wrightson have sailed off into the blue, green or grey and I am left with two floppy discs on which are the List of Members and the addresses for labels. They need a home where some kind member has the necessary apparatus for converting them into lists and labels. Jane says that someone who uses WORD 5 and PC File can use the discs.

The work entails keeping the List of Members up to date (I supply the information) and printing the main List to be enclosed with the Spring newsletter and printing the Autumn Supplement to go with the Autumn newsletter. Three copies only are needed: for me, the Editor and the Treasurer. If they can be reduced to the A.5 size, so much the better but if not, the reduction can be done at the same time as the printing of the newsletters.

Labels go to the Editor and this includes the "If undelivered please return to..." labels. Very occasionally (because we can't afford frequent postings) labels might be needed for a special communication.

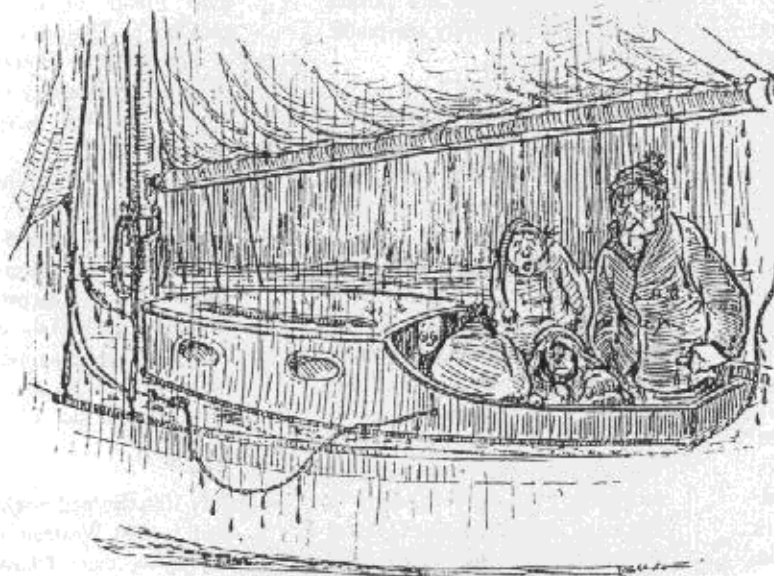
Please, is there a volunteer? I dread to think of having to return to the chore of hand typing the List of Members again!

The other matter which needs consideration is the office of Honorary Treasurer - not immediately, but probably at the 1995 AGM. Again, it's a matter of finding a volunteer. The Treasurer keeps the "wares" (burgees, Member's flags, ties) and brings them to meetings or posts them to members in addition to heeping the Association's accounts but you should contact Peter Hasler for further information.

In concentrating on the practical matters I omitted the good wishes of all of us to Michael and Jane for their voyage - to New Zealand, I've heard tell. Also, Jane, my own personal most grateful thanks for dealing with the lists and labels for the past few years.

P.P.S. Are we eccentric?

O.J.J.B.



Enjoy it? Of course we did. Every minute.

'CRUISING IN AVOCET'

The enjoyment obtainable from a small cruising yacht of just under four tons is immeasurable. Planning a cruise, equally offers both satisfaction and exciting anticipation. Winter evenings spent by the fireside, pouring over charts of distant waters, reading accounts of 'sailing greats' who have gone before. Such was the winter of 1990, with much enthusiasm, I began making preparations for a summer cruise, not one of great distance, but pottering about the harbours and creeks of local water in the Severn Estuary and Bristol Channel in true Maurice Griffiths style.

At that time I owned a small Bermudian rigged sloop of about 3 tons Thames measurement, designed by the renowned amateur yacht designer Dr T. Harrison-Butler in 1909. She was built to a high specification by R.J. Prior and Son of Burnham on Crouch in 1932 for Frank Haywood the then chief architect for the City of London. Priors at that time were predominantly barge builders. This being the first yacht built by them, great care and effort was undertaken in her construction, which was of pitch-pine on oak, copper fastened, with teak cockpit, coachroof and brightwork with a laid teak and yellow pine deck, her dimensions being 21' L.O.A x 18' L.W.L x 6'2" x 4'6". Originally called 'Wee Bess' she was re-named 'Avocet' in about 1970.

By late June 1991, I was able to make final arrangements for sailing on 6th July. After a great deal of planning, final fitting out and getting in stores, 'Avocet' was ready. The 6th July dawned dry and sunny with a reasonable forecast for the following week. By 10.10 I was aboard and within an hour had cast off the moorings and was heading downstream towards Tewkesbury about 4 miles away. 'Avocets' permanent mooring is about 50 miles from salt water of any description, usually taking about two days to reach after negotiating four locks and eighteen swing bridges. However the mooring is conveniently near home, an important factor when maintaining an old wooden boat.

Tewkesbury lock came into view

shortly before noon, by 12.20 we had cleared the lock and heading down the lock cut into the River Severn taking care not to run aground on the sand bar in the entrance. Within half an hour of steaming at half throttle we arrived at Lower Lode lock. The gates being open and the signal on green we entered and as directed by the lock keeper went alongside the right hand wall. Lower Lode lock is enormous, having been built over a century before, for the old sailing trows, which carried grain up to Worcester. We eventually descended and motored out into the river below. The time now approaching 13.00 hours and the sun long having passed the yard arm, I stopped for lunch, tying up against the bank at a convenient willow tree. 'Avocet' being an unusual vessel on the river, created a great deal of interest from passing pleasure craft, some of whom came rather too close to have a look, which rather upset lunch somewhat.

Naturally, 'Avocet' was built without an engine, however, during her life several 'iron topsails' have shared space aboard, the present one being a Ducatti 7 horse power aircooled diesel installed by the previous owner in about 1982. On cold winter days the constant flow of warm air into the cockpit is most welcoming, but on a hot summers day the heat after a time can become extremely disagreeable. However, the engine is most economical and pushes 'Avocet' along at a very acceptable 5½ knots.

By late afternoon the central tower of Gloucester Cathedral came into view across the fields. The river, for the past few miles has noticeably widened and the ebb tide started to run. We were soon in the lock cut, known locally as the partings, so named I do not know. The cut is about two miles long, very narrow and shallow, ending with a lock and weir. Being driven down on the ebb, towards this weir I always find worrying. Most relieved to be in the lock, undoubtedly the lesser of two evils. The lock about 100' long and 25' wide, surges as it fills, usually pushing 'Avocets' deep keel away from the wall, her

28' unstepped mast hanging over the stern is liable to get jammed against the lock wall. With only minor paint damage, when a large motor boat crashed against 'Avocet's' rail, we emerged safely into the dock basin, tying up on a vacant stretch of quay to enjoy the late afternoon sunshine and restorative cup of tea.

The 7th July shipping forecast gloomily predicted rain, South/Southwest force 7-8. I therefore, remained at Gloucester spending the time stepping the mast and setting up the rigging. By 9th July the weather had moderated somewhat and I decided to start out along the Sharpness Canal towards Sharpness docks.

The canal is a remarkable feat of engineering built between 1794 and 1827. At the time of opening this was the broadest, deepest canal in the world. The canal is still an important commercial waterway, handling ships up to 1,000 tons from all over Europe.

Having negotiated fifteen swing bridges, over a 17 mile stretch, with some degree of success, most keepers being ready and waiting to swing the bridges, others on a permanent tea break or tending their vegetable patches. I arrived at bridge 16, to discover to my horror that since previous trips the bridge was not now permanently manned and the keeper had to be booked in advance. As I had arranged to meet friends on their boat that evening in Sharpness, this rather shot the itinerary to pieces. Whilst seeking a temporary berth in the nearby crowded marina, I was shortly hailed by a fellow yachtsman, who informed me that the friends who were sailing up to Sharpness had radioed him to ask him if he saw me to say they were storm bound at Chepstow and the evening trip down the channel was off, although disappointing, this promptly solved the immediate problem of the illusive bridge keeper.

July 10th dawned bright and sunny with a light Westerly breeze ideal sailing weather. I hastened to the nearest telephone box, first to book the swing bridge for 15.45 and then to call my friends to make

arrangements for the evening tide. After collecting milk from the post office the day was spent mostly cleaning the ship from stem to stern, polishing the brass and checking finally, the running rigging.

At 15.30 hours the bridge was swung for a commercial vessel, taking no chances, I quickly went astern of him into the main dock. I never knew if the bridge was swung again 15 minutes later, but I didn't care, I was at last in the dock basin. After mooring up at a convenient wharf, I made arrangements with the lock keeper to be locked into the main sea lock at 1800 hours.

First into the lock was an 800 ton cargo vessel, which as her engines were kept running great turbulence was caused, which threw 'Avocet' about violently, despite the assistance on warps from several strong dock workers. As the gates finally opened I was signalled to leave first and with immense relief and glad to be still afloat, motored out and tied up against the pilings to wait for the flood tide to stop running.

The run of tide in the Bristol Channel and particularly the Severn Estuary has a sinister reputation, on high water springs the tide can reach upwards of 8 knots off Sharpness.

About half an hour before high water my friends arrived in their 1945 converted ships lifeboat 'Port Campbell'. I had been the previous owner of 'Port Campbell', she being my first introduction to small boat ownership. Like most conversion of her type she was not particularly good to windward but 'Port Campbell' had quite a reputation during the late 1950s with a number of silver cups to prove it.

After waiting for the last of the flood tide, we set off in company out through the pier ends. I was then able to unfurl the jib and hoist the mainsail for the first time on the cruise. The westerly wind, about force 3 proved to be ideal conditions for 'Avocet' and soon we were sailing at a great rate of knots. The 30' ships boat 'Port

Campbell' which carried a greater spread of canvas was soon left in our wake. After a few hours of perfect sailing we reached the Severn road bridge and went about to bear way from Chapel Rock. Then close hauled we cut across the channel towards the leading marks into Saint Pierre Pill.

Saint Pierre Pill is a small natural harbour, home for about forty yachts of the Chepstow and District Yacht Club.

On entering the pill, I started the engine and rounded up to the visitors pontoon furling the jib and lowering the main sail to come gently along side 'Port Campbell' who had resorted to motor sailing to get there first!

Dusk was now falling and after finally checking the warps, 'Port Campbell's' crew and I retreated to 'Avocet's' snug saloon for supper and a night cap, whilst catching up on all the gossip since we last met. I was interested to find out that we were moored nearby Adlard Coles old yacht 'Annette', which was thankfully being restored by one of the yacht club members.

In the early hours after final goodbyes I turned in, only to be woken soon after 'Avocet' took the ground. I had been assured the mud was fairly deep, however 'Avocet' settled down by the bow and listed to port making the starboard bunk intolerable.

After a restless night I awoke cold and stiff to grey skies and the threat of rain. After breakfast I ventured again on deck and decided as I didn't like the look of the weather and the forecast was not particularly encouraging either, to spend the day ashore.

That evening on returning to the ship, I was alarmed to find a good deal of water in the bilge, I immediately feared the worst as 'Avocet' had received several nasty bumps in the lock at Sharpness. On closer inspection I was relieved to find that the stern gland was the culprit, a problem easily rectified.

After a supper of beef stew, I turned in, not before finally checking the warps and stern gland

again. I chose the port berth to begin with, although ending up, after 'Avocet' took the ground, wedged uncomfortably against the ship's side.

I was woken the following morning by the sound of voices. The sun, slanting through the portholes brightly lit the cabin, glancing at the clock on the bulkhead, I was amazed to find it already 0900 hours. I dressed quickly and went on deck in time to see the club punt being swiftly sculled across the pill to an off lying yacht which I knew to be a Harrison-Butler designed 4 tonner 'Zingaro'. Clearly they were off for a day down channel, I envied them, regrettably my crew was unable to join me until that evening. The day soon passed, as it does aboard any small yacht, with endless jobs to do. Bill, my crew arrived shortly after 1600 hours, over a leisurely cup of tea, while the tide crept silently around us, covering the glistening mud, we discussed our intended passage. Bill, knowing the Channel well, suggested we took the last two and a half hours flood up to Berkley, where we could have a good sail in relatively deep water. In fact, when we got there, the depth sounder registered 52'. The forecast was again Westerley, backing slightly, Force 4 occasionally 5, visibility good.

We motored down the fairway, out of Saint Pierre Pill and head to wind hoisted the main and jib. Bearing away to clear the leading mark, complete with a seemingly statuesque cormorant on top, we rounding up to reach across the channel, the lee rail soon awash, 'Avocet' storming along.

After several hours of perfect sailing, the tide turned and we started to beat back with the help of the strong ebb tide, which we estimated to be about 4 knots. Noticeably the wind had freshened and we soon became aware of the wind against tide influence. 'Avocet' continued to hold her course, ploughing along in the increasing seas.

I first became concerned when about 300 yards off the port bow an area of broken water became

clearly visible. On remarking to Bill, he felt sure we would be able to keep well inside the outfall from the Bull Rock, presently submerged. Soon it became abundantly clear that we could not possibly avoid the outfall, the increasing strength of the foul tide rapidly pushing us off course towards the broken seas. All too soon we were completely surrounded by steep, angry white capped waves. 'Avocet' unable to recover from each sea which rose before her was smothered in muddy broken water. Despite the extremely short deep seas 'Avocet' bravely struggled on every sea sending clouds of stinging spray over us and we were soon wet through.

Eventually we cleared the Bull rock to find we had been driven considerably off course, without delay we needed to go about to cross the two mile channel back to Saint Pierre Pill. 'Avocet' became completely unresponsive to the helm, the heavy seas causing her to miss stays, with now no time to lose. I rush below to start the engine, the reliable Ducatti burst into life and soon 'Avocet' was back on the correct course making up the lost ground to westward. We now had a dangerous beam sea, the motion extremely uncomfortable as 'Avocet' was swept up each sea before being dropped into the next trough. Undoubtedly we were now over canvassed as the wind was really piping up to storm force in the gusts. The Wykeham-Martin furling gear chose this moment to jam, the cord having jolted out of the reel by the motion. 'Avocet' in the gusts was now taking water over the coamings. I decided to go forward to free the gear. Scrambling along the port side deck, getting immersed several times in the process. I finally freed the gear and furling the headsail, the motion became less alarming; however, the mast had started to whip, which concerned me greatly as about 10' from the deck a new section had been scarfed into the mast where previously there had been a deep crack. Each jerk put a great strain on the running backstays which were Highfield levers, the port bracket beginning to pull away

from the deck. Quickly I ran a line from the back stay block to the main sheet horse and managed to put a few turns on the port bottle screws which considerably reduced the masts movement. Bill all this while had been steering for the leading mark, just visible in the fading light. Soon we were in the lee of the land where the motion was easier. Taking stock of the situation, despite both being cold and soaked through, we felt cheered as our home port was in sight. I began to pump clear the not inconsiderable amount of water taken on board.

Later, back on the moorings, whilst drying out, we were visited by the owner of a smart 6 ton sloop. He had watched us coming in, having earlier been caught out in the channel himself. After thirty years of sailing in these waters, he told us that evening had been the worst conditions he had experienced. 'Avocet' had brought us safely through a real dusting with no doubt about her abilities, my affection for her grew measurably.

The coming weekend happened to be the occasion of the Lydney Yacht Club regatta to which visiting yachts were invited. I was assured by several members of a warm welcome and enjoyable weekend and therefore decided to go. As the forecast predicted moderating weather I agreed to sail from Saint Pierre early on Saturday morning in company with five other boats.

Saturday dawned grey and dreary but with a good whole sail breeze which I hoped would ensure a comfortable passage of about two and a half hours. We sailed at 07.00 hours after an early breakfast. Once underway we were very soon left behind in the wake of several Sadler 32's, but held our own with one or two of the smaller yachts.

After a pleasant and uneventful sail, not really able to believe conditions could be so different from our last passage, we arrived off Lydney. The tide as usual was still running hard past the pier end, so we beat back and fore across the channel to await slack water.

I knew from previous experience that the lock gates would be closed exactly on highwater, so as to preserve the level of water in the basin. Going below I started the engine, back on deck, I stowed the main's'l, furlled the jib and prepared to stem the tide off the entrance. As we drew nearer, I could see the water boiling around the end of the stone breakwater, which if the engine failed in the entrance, could be conclusive. Not knowing yet if 'Avocet' could stem the tide, I turned her head into the stream, at the same time increasing the engine throttle to maximum. With the engine screaming under the cockpit sole, 'Avocet' slowly inched forward away from the cruel stonework of the pier. Within half an hour, we were moored in the peace and security of the basin.

As predicted I did have a jolly enjoyable weekend in the company of a most hospitable club. Throughout Saturday and Sunday there always seemed to be a group of people gathered on the quay above 'Avocet'. I never tired of answering their many questions and all seemed genuinely interested in her history and designer.

After a hearty regatta supper in the club house on Sunday, the evening drew to a close and so my cruise. I stood on the breakwater watching 'Avocet' moored in the basin, her silhouette reflected in the water by the moonlight. As the strains of music and laughter drifted from the brightly lit windows of the club house, I pondered on a memorable Summer Cruise.

Extracts from: Cruising in 'Avocet' - by Paul Cowman 1991

AVOCET was built to the MEMORY design

A MEMORY OF T.H.B.

My first recollection of Dr Harrison Butler, as he was respectfully known to me during the first twenty years of our acquaintance - when perhaps he became "T.H.B.", was, I believe, in the middle of the First War when I was about seven years old. I remember him as a very big man, staying with my father. And big he was in all senses of the word, in outlook, in ability, in generosity and in diversity of interests. My father's friendship was certainly founded upon a mutual interest in sailing. Both were members of the Royal Cruising Club but at that time there was little sailing and I think our contact with him then may have been mainly as an ophthalmic surgeon. From then on, he, and his son Rupert, continued to have the care of the whole family's eyesight. I make this point because T.H.B. is so well known to us as a revolutionary designer of small cruising boats. But my father used to say, 'We must remember that all his design work was carried out in the spare time of a busy and widely recognized ophthalmic surgeon.'

Indeed, it is interesting to note that exactly the same applies to his friend and contemporary in the yachting world, Claud Worth. He also was a distinguished ophthalmic surgeon who, during a busy professional life, found the time to cruise, first in small and then larger boats and record his experience in those yachtsman's bibles, "Yacht Cruising" and "Yacht Navigation and Voyaging".

We lived in Birmingham and, whilst my father's first love was cruising (today some would call it "pottering about") in small boats, the day of weekending from the Midlands had not yet arrived so these were spent dinghy sailing on local reservoirs.

Immediately after the First War there were very few dinghy classes and most were of old design and my father wished to design and build for himself a new dinghy. This in fact he did and she was very successful in our local class. For this I remember he was closely in touch with T.H.B. who then gave him a planimeter which had belonged to Albert Strange (I inherited this and later, before the Second War, was happy to pass it on to the then young designer, J.d'E.Jones who became well known after the War). I make this reference to Albert Strange because he particularly, and George F.Holmes of Humber Yawl fame had an influence on T.H.B.'s designs. Both were personal friends.

In this brief note I shall say little about T.H.B.'s actual designs as these have been so excellently discussed over the years in the Association's Newsletters but, in my opinion, the genius of T.H.B. lay in his ability to draw on the ideas of earlier small boat designers (including Strange and Holmes) and consolidate them into the small, seaworthy, liveable cruisers that we know so well and which - as demonstrated by the fact of the Association itself - have stood the test of time.

It was not until about 1924 that I got to know T.H.B. and his family properly. From then on, for five years and thereafter, intermittently, until the war, we were based on Moody's yard, Bursledon and were close neighbours of Sandook.

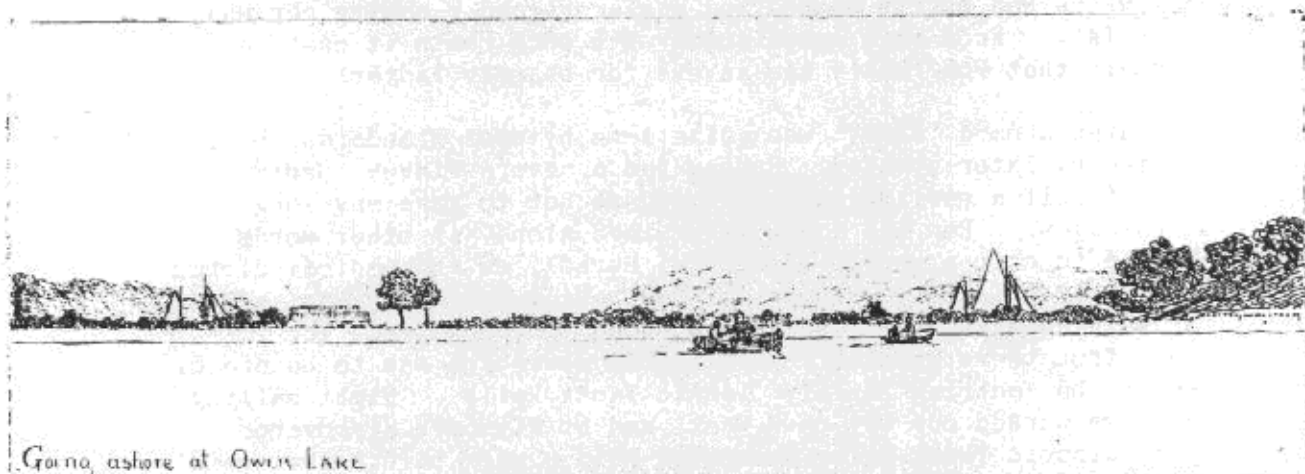
Now, again, I return to my recollection of a big man, esconced in one corner of Sandook's cabin, in a thick grey woolly jersey, talking; and when he talked one listened. We always did!

In Birmingham, before the Second War, we organized the Midland Yachting Association. It met once a month during the Winter to hear what eminent sailormen had to say. T.H.B. was our President and of course we got him to tell us about metacentric shelf design. Although I was never a designer I (almost) understood what it was all about but I do remember that T.H.B. made it clear that it was not a universal method of design but rather a check that the design was good. It was on this occasion that I first met Robin Balfour (now Lord Riverdale and the winner of several R.C.C. awards for his ocean and coastal cruising in Bluebird II). He was at that time designing and building Bluebird II, a steel twin keel job of some 20 tons or so, when such things were quite a novelty; and he came down from Sheffield to learn from the horse's mouth about the application of the metacentric shelf to his design.

To my regret, the Second War was not far distant and from then on I was away and thus was unable to see T.H.B. again before he died in 1945.

My recollection of him remains of a big and generous man, always interesting and always ready to help everyone.

Charles Chatwin.



Going ashore at OWEN LAKE

[T.H.B. rowing O.J.B. August 18th 1928]

Mary Goodhand (exLindy 11)

tells of winning a prize

On reading Mark's comment on the paucity of copy from our numerous current members, I felt that I should make an effort to provide a small contribution. When the association was in its infancy, Ron was the Honorary Editor as well as Hon. Secretary, and he experienced the same problem - although there were fewer members at that time. I well remember the effort involved in producing those quarterly letters, with Ron and the late Peter Rosser burning the midnight oil to produce creditable and interesting letters. This they did, although without the modern aids and healthy funds which are available today, the reproduction left much to be desired! However the contents still hold good.

And now for my own modest effort.....

A RALLYING CALL.....

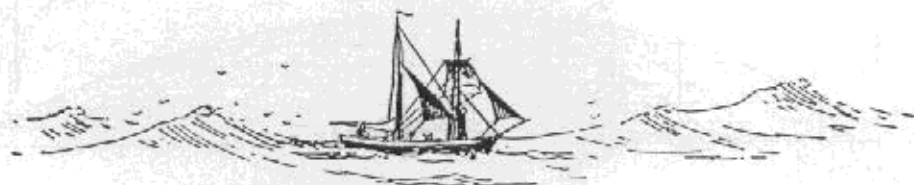
Over the last few years neither Ron nor I have enjoyed particularly good health, hence our absence from several A.G.Ms. About three years ago we decided that the time had come regretfully to part with our beloved yawl 'LINDY II' after a long association and many sea miles. Before owning 'LINDY II' - (same design, same builder and launched a year later than T.H.B's own yacht 'VINDILIS') - we owned and sailed 'CRUINNEAG'. Prior to this, in 1963 we'd commissioned Sandison's of Baltasound in the Shetland Islands, to build a typical Shetland 'Foureen'. A pretty little boat which Ron partly decked and gunter-rigged - naming her what else but 'BALTA'. From this association with such boats it must be apparent to all that Ron really has an eye for shapely ladies!

Our final cruise aboard 'LINDY' was quite tame by most standards, but was heightened by later events. Having had a severe kidney complaint, my doctor - himself a sailing man - advised me not to make any long overnight passages. Ron and I always cruised alone (in other words 'single-handed to coin a phrase of Michael Burns), so the medical dictum was hard to swallow. We've always enjoyed making long passages, and in particular sailing at night. We had intended to make direct for Falmouth and from there gradually to Brixham, where Ron was to be one of the judges in the Yachting Monthly Classic Yacht Rally. Night sailing being 'out', we worked our way down West, and at Plymouth discovered that another Classic Yacht Rally was being held a week before the one at Brixham. As Ron was debarred from entering 'LINDY' in the rally at Brixham by reason of his role as one of the judges, we decided to enter her in the Plymouth rally, and thus enjoy the camaraderie which ensues at such gatherings - a sort of mutual admiration society! There were several fine boats present, many lovingly restored by their owners, with or without professional help. We always maintained 'LINDY II' ourselves with tender loving care.

There was much to-ing and fro-ing and swapping of ideas and anecdotes as can be imagined. 'LINDY II' came in for her fair share of admiration, and we were pleased and delighted to recognise among the many visitors, Robin Knox Johnson, who appeared to be impressed by 'LINDY'. He asked if we'd mind if he brought along a friend of his, and they later joined us for a welcome cup of tea. We discussed 'LINDY' in greater detail, with Ron proudly pointing out that her construction included bronze floors, bronze keel bolts and lead keel as well as her obvious teak-laid deck. He also extolled the advantage of her rig and showed a few adaptations of his own, designed to make life easier for single-handed sailing. The following day we did our duty by sailing a designated course in the Sound, showing off the different points of sailing. We'd no intention of racing, and held back from the hurly-burly at the start, being intent on just enjoying the pleasure of sailing the course. Once back on our mooring, we went ashore to R.A.F. Mountbatten to join in the festivities and watch the award of prizes for the various events which had been held. Imagine our surprise to discover that not only was Robin Knox Johnson presenting the awards, but that he was also one of the judges for the 'Concourse d'Elegance'. The final presentation was for this event - the Cattewater Trophy, a large and impressive silver cup. Our astonishment and joy knew no bounds when we heard our names called, and 'LINDY II' being designated the finest yacht in the rally. Further to this was Robin's comment as he presented the trophy, that he would be prepared to step aboard 'LINDY II' at a moment's notice and set off anywhere in the world. With such an accolade ringing in our ears we stood six feet tall! Needless to say the cup was later filled with cider and passed around enthusiastically. We were complimented in all directions on owning such a beautiful boat, but for me the greatest praise of all came from the wife of one of the judges. She made a point of searching me out and told me that she was on board the committee boat as 'LINDY II' sailed past. "I know nothing at all about sailing or yachts," she said, "but I must tell you that I've never seen a prettier sight than your yacht under sail!" Such a compliment would have surely pleased T.H.B. himself.

I hope that this little anecdote might inspire other members to enter their boats in Classic Yacht Rallies, which are now becoming quite popular events. A great deal of interest in 'LINDY II' materialised at the Brixham rally also, even though she wasn't participating. I like to feel that she was partly instrumental in encouraging Robin Knox Johnson to join our association, as indeed she was in Brian Hawkin's production of the B.B.C. film on H.B. boats in general. Our return to base was marked by one of those memorable night passages - yes, I confess to defying my medic's advice; but with a fair offshore breeze, a velvet black sky studded with stars and a crescent moon, it really turned out to be the frosting on the cake!

We treasure our replica of the trophy, and although we sadly parted with 'LINDY II', we know that she's still being lovingly tended by Ron - Ron Matthews, her new owner and past owner of 'CARACOLE'. My Ron, ex-Skipper, is still feeling a sense of bereavement. But then every dog has his day.....and my dear old Seadog certainly had his!



Two Canoe Sterned Designs by T.H.B.

Rose of Arden

L.O.A.	30 ft.
L.W.L.	23 ft.
Beam	8 ft. 9 in.
Draught	5 ft.
Displacement	5.84 tons
Iron keel	2 tons
Inside ballast	10 cwt.
Stability factor (Turner)	20

THE plans reproduced here represent Dr. T. Harrison Butler's latest development in small cruiser design. Based on the design of Edith Rose (V.M., March, 1937), the Rose of Arden has been lengthened 6 in. at the bow to accommodate the stemhead rig, while the canoe stern is a true Albert Strange parabolic stern.

As it was found in practice that Edith Rose needed more stability the new boat's displacement is .34 tons greater, while the iron keel has been increased to 2 tons and about half a ton of ballast is to be carried inside.

Of this design, Dr. Harrison Butler writes:

"The metacentric analysis has been calculated with the inclusion of the rudder. Theoretically, therefore, she ought to balance on a wind with the rudder amidships, and carry faint weather helm with a loose helm. The cabin plan is that of Vindilis with the improvements suggested after four years' experience with this yacht. The port side is unaltered, but on the starboard side the after part has been modified to bring the galley farther into the ship for greater convenience. A hanging cupboard is arranged aft of the galley. We feel the want of it on Vindilis. At the back of the hanging cupboard is a bin for the trysail and the second jib. To make room for the hanging cupboard aft a small cupboard and side-board forward had to go, but there is room for a small cupboard of a triangular shape in the fo'c'sle opening into the saloon. This is very narrow at the bottom because of the shape of the bunk in the fo'c'sle, but it will be useful for medicine bottles and small toilet articles, cosmetics, etc."

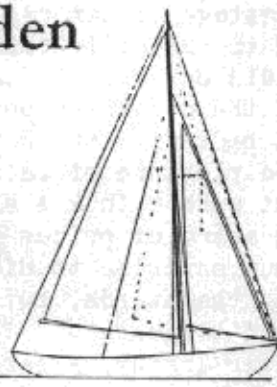
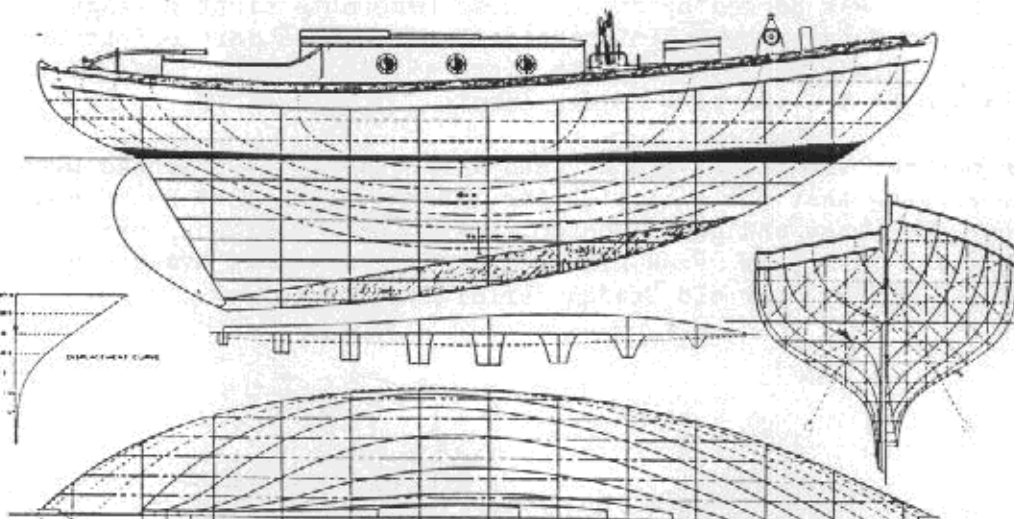
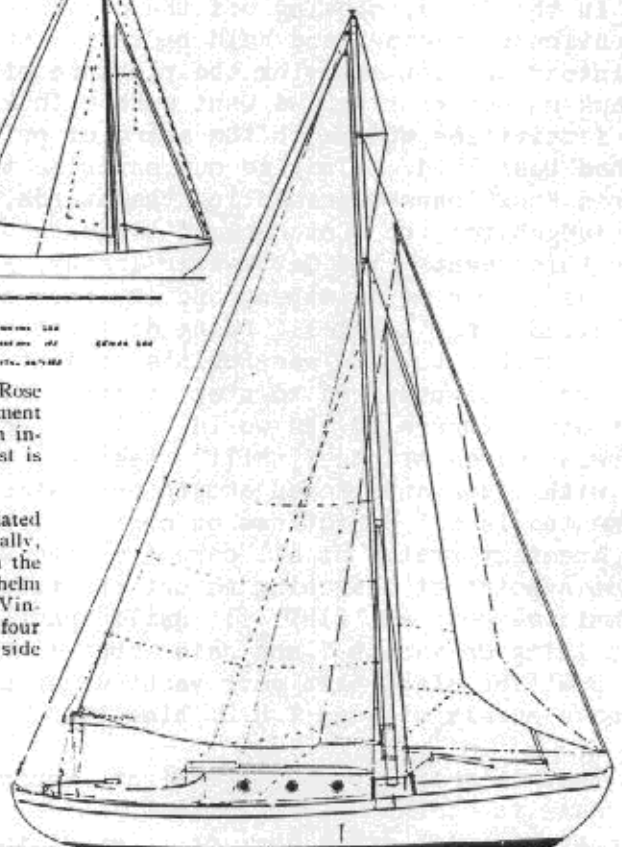


FIGURE 100
ROSE OF ARDEN
1938, 30' L.O.A.

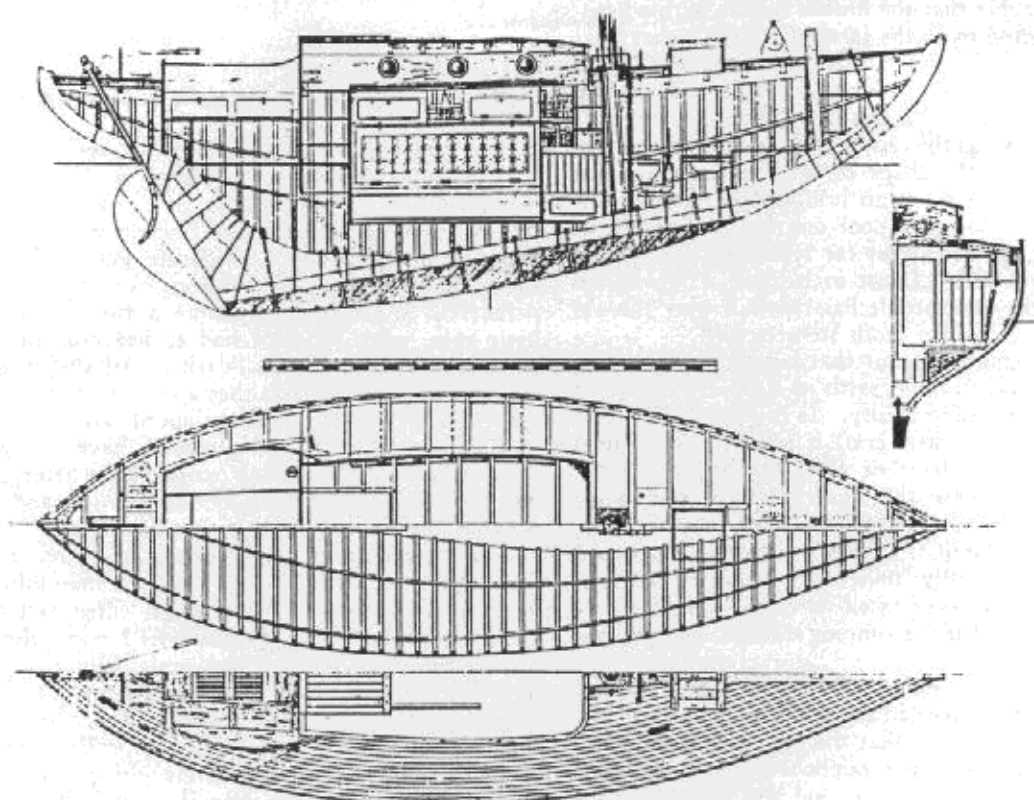


'a true Albert Strange parabolic stern'

As Dr Harrison Butler remarks overleaf " there is no design that cannot be improved. ". DREAM OF ARDEN is an improved version of ROSE OF ARDEN. Reproducing these two designs in the same newsletter enables members to compare the lines and consider the thinking behind the changes.

It is understood that three yachts were built to the Rose of Arden design - Romadi, Rose of Arden and Watermaiden and four to the improved version. These were Ardene, Chencharu, D'Vara and Selamat. (A pencilled note on my list says " two more in Perth ". I am sure Joan will explain this in the next issue.)

In his book " Cruising Yachts: Design and Performance " H.B. draws attention to a chain just forward of the mast that connects the main beams with the keel and is set up with a bottle screw; this passes on the strain of the halliards from the main beam to the keel, a precaution that should, he says, never be omitted.



The sail plan and accomodation lay out is common to both designs.

Dream-of-Arden

BY

T. HARRISON BUTLER, A.I.N.A.

Thames Measurement	8 tons.
LOA	30 ft.
LWL	23 ft.
Beam	8 ft. 8 in.
Draught	5 ft.
Displacement	6 tons.
Lead Keel	1.94 tons.
Inside Ballast (about)	7 or 8 cwt.

IN August, 1938, this journal published the design of *Rose-of-Arden*. It will be found in Volume 65, page 352.

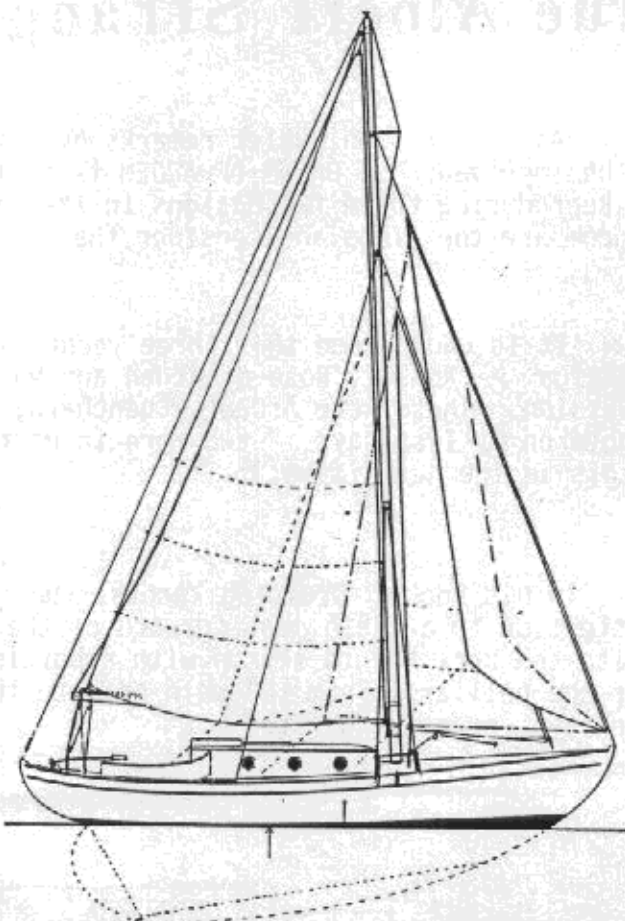
Three yachts were built to the design, but owing to the war I have not been able to get much information about their performance. I do know that one of the owners took his yacht to Brittany and was pleased with her ability.

Generally speaking, there is no design that cannot be improved. After a few months have passed I always find that there is room for development, and *Rose-of-Arden* is no exception.

The chief change I have made is in the profile. The original one-sweep profile has a long "leading edge," which is said to be advantageous to windward, but none of the chief racing yachts adopt it, so it is probable that the broken profile with a "toe" has been found to be the fastest design. Apart from speed and weatherly qualities the profile that I have adopted in the new design has other points that make it desirable. In the first place, for the same draught, it brings the centre of gravity of the ballast lower. Then the shape of the keel cuts into far less wood, especially if an iron keel be fitted. The profile of the *Rose* is a poor one for hauling out or for putting against a post for scrubbing. Weighing the pros and cons against each other it would appear that the new profile has the pull over the old one, the clean sweep from stem to heel.

There is another factor that might be considered. The clean-sweep profile, with its drag aft, is said to confer good running ability. Is this the case? The old-fashioned long keel craft is not handy; she does not easily come about or alter her line of travel. This ought to mean that she runs well, and so she does under ordinary conditions. My old *Sandook*, with her long straight keel, with massive deadwood aft, ran beautifully under all ordinary circumstances. I was never faced with really hard conditions that would make running difficult and perhaps dangerous.

To settle the question which runs best, the long or the short keel, we can study the model yacht. All model designers know that the long keel is no good. If a model will not run straight she cannot, however fast she may be, win races, and the long keel type will not run. It is said that deadwood aft confines the outflow of the bilge stream, throws it up against the counter, and makes for uneasy running. The modern model has her after deadwood drastically cut away, and her keel becomes almost a fin. These models, the short fin type, win the races,

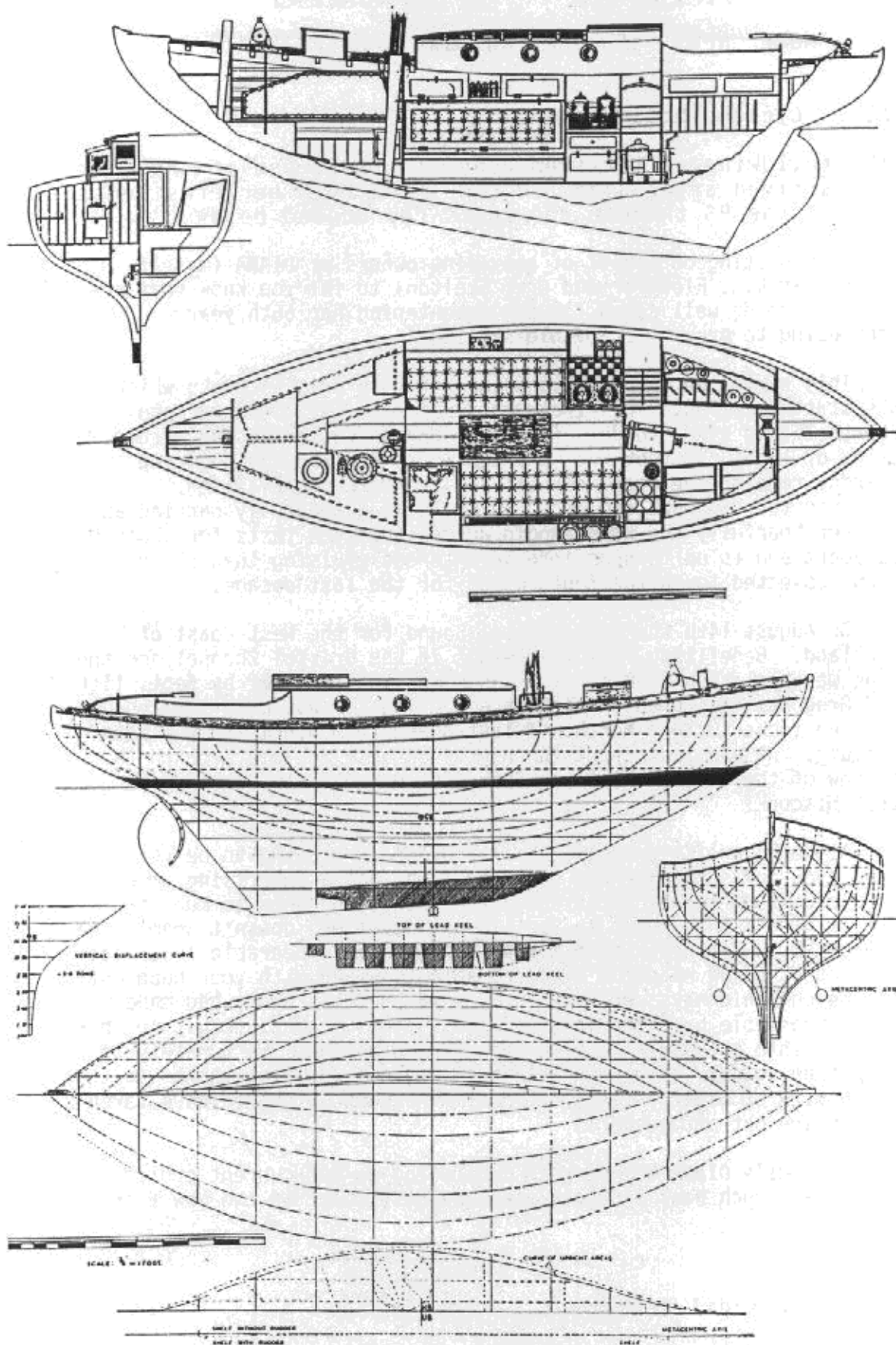


The sail plan is the same as Rose-of-Arden's.

they run straight, and get there. It seems obvious that the same must be true of larger yachts. I have no experience of the actions of racing craft, but Mr. Crankshaw tells me that *Noreen* can be steered easily, running before a moderate gale. We also know that *Yankee* on her voyage from America did wonderful work running before a full 60-mile-an-hour gale, when *Atlantic* had to heave-to and carried away some of her bulwarks. All the evidence seems to point to the fact that a modern racing craft runs well if she has a well balanced hull.

There is another reason why I have cut away the deadwood in *Dream-of-Arden*. The after deadwood in *Rose-of-Arden* is not very wide and it is possible that it may be a source of weakness.

The alterations in the profile of the *Rose* called for slight alterations in the bow to maintain the metacentric balance. It has been filled out very slightly. When I made the analysis I was delighted to find that the "shelf" was practically a straight line, and that the hull was a metacentroid. The centres of the curves of heeled and upright areas coincide, and so the yacht is theoretically perfectly balanced. How far theory blends with practice may be found out after the war if anyone builds the *Dream-of-Arden*. But the owner must measure up his yacht with all her gear inside ready for sea and satisfy himself that his ship is really floating on her designed water-line, nor can he expect her to be the designed hull if he crowds four hefty men into the cockpit!



The modified lines of Dream-of-Arden. The accommodation plans remain unaltered.

Refs: ROSE of ARDEN YM No. 388 VOL 65 Aug. 1938 p.352
 DREAM of ARDEN YM No. 466 VOL 78 Feb. 1945 p.220

WHO WENT WHERE WHEN

MORE NEWS of MEMBERS and their BOATS

DIANA. Cyclone Design

The following letter from John Floutier, one of the joint owners, arrived after Joan had completed both her Presidential Letter and the PS thereto and so is reproduced below.

" I am writing on behalf of the joint owners of DIANA (myself, my father, Mr K.L. Floutier and Greg Skelton) to let you know that she is still being well cared for and is entering her 66th year continuing to provide enjoyable sailing.

This summer we completed a major refit in Bristol docks which was started in 1990. This included repairs to the coachroof and beamshelf and a new rudder, following damage caused by the autumn gales of 1989. We took the opportunity to replace the covering boards, recover the deck, get all the ironwork regalvanised, refasten the hoodends etc etc. In short we got totally carried away! However hopefully the work should ensure that she lasts for another 65 years and is up to some more adventurous cruising than she has been subjected to on the South Coast for the last decade.

On August 14th she left Bristol Bound for the West Coast of Scotland. Benefiting from fair winds in the Bristol Channel and the fine weather at the end of August she was in Stranraer by Sept. 11th and Greg has continued on his own exploring the wonderful islands and sea lochs further North. I last heard from him last week from Mallaig. He had just spent two nights in Loch Scavaig beneath the shadow of the Cuillin hills on Skye, following in the wake of Eric Hiscock!

Although a little small, at 21', DIANA is proving to be very good even for such extended cruising. She has a surprising amount of useful room in her cabin and with a paraffin stove to keep it cosy living aboard, even in Scotland in November, doesn't seem to be a problem. One thing which makes this much more bearable in a boat without standing headroom is being able to stand with your head out of the companionway. Unfortunately some previous owner had made this impossible by extending the access steps to the cockpit further forward into the cabin to make room for an engine. Fortunately we have been able to return them to the original position thanks to the small size of modern diesel engines! (Perhaps we should have taken the engine out altogether!)

Hopefully DIANA may be seen continuing on her current cruise making via Loch Ness and back down the East Coast in the New Year. "

ALEXA. Askadil Design

We spotted ALEXA anchored at St Mawes one weekend in August and entertained Patrick and Lesley Gibson to tea. They had cruised down from Chichester hoping to reach the Isles of Scilly but with the unsettled weather had decided Falmouth was far enough.

MIKE and JANE WRIGHTSON past owners of MAT ALI are on their way to New Zealand aboard their steel ketch COLLEEN

Their first excitement was in Falmouth where they had stopped to have a cutlass bearing renewed and were further delayed by the storm of 12th September when many boats in the harbour were damaged.

We were in Falmouth the day of the big blow, when Violent Storm Force 11 was forecast. The harbour was full of white horses that day, and after a German ketch had narrowly missed us when picking up a mooring and whilst watching a 52ft wooden ketch slowly dragging its way through the anchorages towards us. Mike had the engine running. Good thing he did as our mooring warp severed and it was fortunate that we were able to power our way out of the anchorage. It was really hard standing on deck and the wind and rain were really painful as we headed up the river to Falmouth marina. Kay Price had watched all this happening from her house and when we came alongside the OYC ketch "Lady Beaverbrook" there was Kay waiting to take our lines. It was really good to see her. We stayed there for a couple of days before returning to the harbour, whilst we waiting for a window in the weather which came on the 17th.

We beat most of the way down to La Coruna, not a very pleasant trip. We also had problems with our new anchor windlass which has a design fault that at times was letting in 8 gallons of water each hour, which made life even more unpleasant. We hove-to one night to get some rest and Mike rigged up an electric pump which made a change to bucket and chuck it. It was really good to see La Coruna after five and a half days at sea. We stayed there for four days.

From Corunna they called at Caraminas, Muros and then Bayona.

We spent nine rather damp and dreary days in Bayona. The wind blew and the rain came down at times by the bucketload. Bayona is surrounded by hills and they were shrouded in mist and low cloud for most of the time we were there. We were at anchor, together with a number of yachts. The yacht club/marina were most unfriendly and wouldn't let any of the people at anchor leave their dinghys on their pontoons and wouldn't allow us to use any of the facilities, ie the showers. We couldn't even pay to have one, which of course left us all slipping in whenever we could. Even people in the marina had problems, one couple were asked to produce a receipt for their marina berth before using the showers. Not a friendly place, such a change after La Coruna. I had one brief excursion to Santiago, which was charming, and I'm sure would look even more so in sunshine, but again it rained and the cathedral looked somewhat oppressive in the drizzle.

We left Bayona on the 7 October and were really glad to be away. We sailed in company with a couple of other yachts and kept in radio contact most of the way, which was really nice. We got into Leixoes late that same day and anchored outside the marina in the main harbour and were very glad to relax, eat our curry and settle down for the night.

Their next port of call was Porto Santo in the Madeiran archipelago.

The bicycles are beginning to pay off. Mike put together the Bickerton for me in Leixoes and it was great for transporting heavy things like the gas bottle, and for nipping round quickly to do the shopping and now here in Porto Santo the harbour is quite a step from the town, so we now have two bikes operational and we cycled in this morning to do our shopping. It's flat all the way and it was really great to pedal away.

Our next stop is Madeira where I hope we'll pick up our mail from Funchal and then its off to the Canaries before where we'll get ready to cross to the Caribbean. From the bits of news from home it sounds as though winter has already set in. For us things will be getting warmer as we head towards the sun. I just can't believe the difference in temperature between here and the Portugese mainland. It was so damp there I was beginning to think I would grow mould! The boat is beginning to dry out, Mike has just said that the door to the focsle is shutting, which is a good sign. I did go swimming and the water is really pleasant, still a bit cool to get into, but once you're in its fine.

I was just about to post this letter when yet another gale blew in and we were stuck on the boat in the harbour for three days. For three days and three nights we stood anchor watch, together with other yachts in the harbour. For much of the time we had the engine running to ease the strain on the anchor gear. Two boats went adrift, one which was unoccupied ended up on the rocks, the other managed to save itself, four dragged their moorings and many boats reanchored, some a number of times. A new brigantine, 60 metres, from Holland, had a permanent list to the deck and broke some of its mooring lines, and had to use the ferry mooring lines to stay secure to the dockside. We had winds in excess of 50 miles an hour and sustained gusts of over 55 miles per hour and the wind veered and backed, and veered and backed. All in all it was certainly worse than Falmouth and is yet another gale story to add to an ever increasing list.

As Jane remarks at the end of her letter " life so far has been a bit hectic." We look forward to hearing more of their adventures.

INSPIRED BY EXAMPLE

In Newsletters Nos. 16 & 17 my predecessor as editor, Peter Mather, drew up a family tree showing how Dr Harrison Butler's series of designs had evolved over the years.

Inspired by Peter's example, I would like to carry his research a stage further and ultimately produce a definitive illustrated record of all H.B.'s designs and writings.

This will take time. The list herewith is only a start. It is not complete but will enable members to see at a glance if a particular design has already been published in a past newsletter. Also it makes it easy for me to identify designs which have still to be featured.

AELLA	No 26	Winter 1987	
ARGO			
ARISTENE			
ASKADIL	No 22	Winter 1985	
BOGLE	No 20	Winter 1984	
BON MARCHE	No 21	Summer 1985	
CANOE YAWL			
CAYUCA	No 37	Summer 1993	
CYCLONE 19' LWL	No 14	Autumn 1981	No 34 Winter 1991
CYCLONE II 22.5' LWL	No 20	Winter 1984	No 23 Summer 1986
CYCLONE 20' LWL	No 19	Summer 1984	
CLYCLONE A	No 31	Summer 1990	
DAVINKA	No 18	Autumn 1983	No 30 Winter 1989
DREAM of ARDEN	No 38	Winter 1993	
EDITH ROSE	No 33	Summer 1991	
ENGLYN	No 21	Summer 1985	
FASTNET			
IRMIGER	No 22	Winter 1985	
KHAMSEEN			
KHAMSEEN A	No 19	Summer 1984	

LA BONNE	No 17	Spring 1983	
MAID of ARDEN	No 35	Spring 1992	
MARITA	No 32	Winter 1990	
MEMORY	No 22	Winter 1985	
OMEGA	No 23	Summer 1986	
OMOCRON	No 23	Summer 1986	
PEPIN	Metacentric Analysis in Yacht Design by John Harlock		
PHILESIA	No 34	Winter 1991	
* PRIMA	No 24	Winter 1986	No 33 Summer 1991
QUEEN of ARDEN			
ROSE of ARDEN	No 38	Winter 1993	
RUSSIA	No 31	Summer 1990	
SABOT	No 26	Winter 1987	
SEAGULL	No 17	Summer 1983	
SEAGULL II			
SINAH	No 28	Winter 1988	
THUELLA	No 27	Summer 1988	
WESTWIND	No 28	Winter 1988	
YONNE	No 20	Winter 1984	
ZYCLON Z4	No 15	Spring 1982	No 33 Summer 1991
SINGLE HANDED CRUISER 1904	No 22	Winter 1985	
CHEAP SINGLE HANDED CRUISER	No 32	Winter 1990	
SINGLE HANDED CRUISER 35' LOA	No 36	Winter 1992	
17 ton AUX YAWL	No 36	Winter 1992	
TABLOID CRUISER	No 25	Summer 1987	
No 16 TABLOID	No 25	Summer 1987	No 26 Winter 1987
	No 27	Summer 1988	No 29 Summer 1989

* PRIMA was designed by our President Mrs O. Joan Jardine Brown
nee Ormonde Joan Butler

I HAD NEVER sailed with a boomed staysail until this year when we delivered our new boat from the Orwell to Falmouth. The theory of the idea is perfectly valid. It is self acting and, just like the mainsail, there is no need to touch the sheet when going about. If, like us, you have two headsails then you only need one pair of winches.

But (and I know that it is not good form in the best circles to begin a sentence with a preposition) in practice there are problems.

You cannot use the sail either to heave-to or help the boat's head round if she has missed stays. You could of course rig an extra sheet but that reintroduces something you are trying to avoid.

Then there is the problem of setting and lowering. Due to the geometry involved there has to be either a jackline rove through eyelets in the luff of the sail and the lower hanks on the forestay or a track on the top of the boom to ease or tighten the clew. Either of these is a complication.

The biggest problem we found was that the boom was a nuisance on the foredeck. Ours was pivoted on the anchor winch and had to be unshipped to insert the winch handle. Lying at anchor the sheet blocks rattled on the horse unless tightly lashed down.

After a few weeks and a few hundred miles experience, Priscilla and I took it ashore. Our staysail is now rigged in the usual way. Admittedly it is difficult with only one pair of winches to tension both jib and staysail sheets efficiently when short tacking but we consider it more seamanlike when beating in close quarters to sail under just one headsail, mainsail and mizzen.

The foredeck is now more spacious and much safer as we no longer have to climb over or fall over the staysail boom.

HARRISON BUTLER designs have featured prominently in the magazines over recent months. Did you see the splendid picture of CORA A. racing in the Antigua Classics Regatta on the cover of August Classic Boat?

The June/July Boatman carried a detailed and beautifully illustrated article on ELGRIS, previously owned by our past editor Peter Mather and now belonging to Frank Willetts.

Not to be outdone by the specialist glossies, Practical Boat Owner included an article describing Neil Hills Englyn design NAIAD in their Classic Cruiser supplement to the October issue. A few pages further on they featured THALAMEGE, undoubtedly a classic but not a pure HB. Our President had been consulted about this boat's pedigree and I enjoyed her decision - "derived from the designs of the late Dr T. Harrison Butler."

STILL ON THE subject of magazines, members keen on boat-building will have noticed that the excellent American publication Wooden Boat has been unavailable in UK for the past few months. This was due to the demise of the importers Barnacle Marine. However distribution has now been taken over by Dalton Young Associates from Bodmin, Cornwall and they will have supplies of missing issues.

WE SELDOM VISIT marinas. They are not really our scene but just occasionally we have been glad to visit one.

One summer we were anchored in Ballyholme Bay on Belfast Lough. The wind, which had been in the South, gradually went round to the North East, blowing straight onshore. We veered some more chain, checked our anchor bearings and kept an eye on a Thames Barge lying ahead of us.

The wind continued to freshen, we started to pitch and it began to get dark. Prudent seamanship suggested one or other of us would need to be on watch throughout the night. This did not appeal so we upped anchor and motored slowly, rolling heavily, across the bay.

The entrance to Bangor Marina involved negotiating a dog leg turn to starboard and then following the lines of pontoons round three sides of a square to the visitors area. How nice to be in calm water, with the breakwater cutting off the wind and to have our lines taken by a berthing master who said "We saw your lights approaching and called you up on the radio, to direct you to a berth, but you didn't answer." He was surprised when I explained we did not carry a VHF set.

For anyone cruising the East Coast of Ireland I can recommend that marina. Helpful staff, immaculate toilets and showers, twenty four hour fuel service from an easily reached pontoon. Less than five minutes walk to a good range of shops.

You just have to get used to the armed police.

ABOUT FORTY YEARS ago I went on board CHENCHARU. She had been shipped to UK from Malaya, where she was built, and was laid up in Bonds Yard, Rock Ferry on the Mersey. I remember being very impressed by the spacious accomodation. Both she and SELAMAT had overall cabin tops.

Some acquaintances of mine contracted to deliver Chencharu to the South Coast. They ran into bad weather in the St George's Channel and abandoned her, leaving the engine running. They were taken off by a passing steamship.

The yacht was later found by some fishermen off Sennen Cove motoring sedately round in circles. I recall that the then owner was not at all pleased with the erstwhile delivery crew.

MY THANKS to all those who sent items for this Newsletter. Without their efforts it would have been a very thin production.

We still need more contributions from members, full or associate. Accounts of cruises, completed or contemplated; Improvements to rig or accomodation; Technical Hints or Tips; Queries; Letters to the Editor etc. Long Articles or just a couple of paragraphs. Next Press Date 30th March 1994.
Mark Miller Old Field Cottage Feock Truro Cornwall TR3 6RX

**A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO ALL OUR MEMBERS**

BOATS FOR SALE

Apply to:

(Ardglass	-	Cyclone II	under offer	Wooden Ships Brokerage)
Myfanwy	-	Bogle, (built up topsides)	Keith Towne	
Free Spirit	-	Philesia	John Paton	
Ardene	-	Dream of Arden	John Hartley (Australia)	
Saltwind	-	Zyklon (Z 4 tonner)	Rowland Dowling	
Bismillah	-	Zyklon (Z 4 tonner)	Gurmukh Ladher	
- ex Leueen			54 St Mary's Road, Southampton, Hants. SO2 0BH Tel: 0703 337562	
Kastag	-	Zyklon (Z 4 tonner)	M.B. Brazier	
			14 Promenade Villas, St Mary's Lane, Maldon, Essex. CM9 7JZ	

Said to be in very good condition.
Decks recently recovered.
New sails (1990) by Gayle Heard of
Tollesbury. 12 HP Vire, good runner
but needs new solenoid (£35).

Message can be left on
0621 851149

£3000 o.n.o.

BOATS WANTED

Gerard J. Tanja - a new associate member - is looking for a Harrison Butler design, LOA approx. 26 - 30 ft., LWL 22 - 24 ft., maximum draught 4.5 ft., not canoe stern, preferably in need of (major) renovation.

Mario Li Voti - also a new associate member - is interested in purchasing a Cayuca (Tramontana), Dream of Arden or similar, in good condition.

For addresses and telephone numbers of both new members see Supplement to 93/94 Members List herewith.

Plymouth Classic Boat Rally

c/o Clovelly Bay Marina, The Quay, Turnchapel, Plymouth. PL9 9TF
Phone 0752 404231 Fax 0752 484177

The Secretary,
Harrison Butler Association.

PRESS RELEASE.

20th November 1993.

After a two year lapse the PLYMOUTH CLASSIC BOAT RALLY will take place again next summer on 30 - 31 JULY 1994.

Hosted by PLYM YACHT CLUB and CATTEWATER CRUISING CLUB, with participation of the CLOVELLY BAY MARINA and DEREK WOOD MARINE SERVICES the Rally will be based on the Cattewater.

The dates have been chosen so that boats may progress from Plymouth to join FOWEY CLASSICS during the following week, carrying on to FALMOUTH CLASSICS on 6 - 7 August.

Two nights free berthing at Clovelly Bay Marina, Turnchapel, will be offered to participating boats. Small craft arriving on trailers will find good launching facilities.

The organisers are planning a full programme of events and attractions, including a Concours d'Elegance.

ENTRY FORMS from: Dianne Webster, Harman, 24 Dean Hill, PLYMSTOCK, PL9 9AD Tel: 0752 406711.

A mention in your columns to alert potential entrants would be very much appreciated.

Yours sincerely,

Jonathan Ward-Hayne.



Jonathan Ward-Hayne, who is organising the Plymouth Classic Boat Rally, used to own a very definitely classic boat himself. She was WILFUL, at one time owned by Maurice Griffiths and featured in his books "The Magic of the Swatchways" and "Ten Small Yachts".

These Classic Boat Rallies seem to be becoming very popular, though the one organised by Yachting Monthly at Cowes this year came in for some criticism. They allowed entries made from G.R.P.!

